

Sammy the Sparrow

Sammy was a sparrow. He perched on a branch in the early morning. The sky was pale blue.

The air was still. Sammy tilted his head.

Then he sang.



Cheep-cheep. Chirp-chirp.



His notes rose and fell. Short. Bright. Clear.
Another sparrow called back. Then another.

The trees were full of sound. Each bird had its own song. Sammy hopped to a higher branch.

He sang again, louder this time.



His feathers shook with each note.



Down below, leaves moved in the wind. A squirrel ran through the grass. But Sammy stayed still.

High in the tree. Singing.



When the sun rose higher, Sammy stopped.
He ruffled his feathers, flew to another tree,
and began again.

