

Flap Your Wings P.D. Eastman: Storybook

Video: <https://youtu.be/HPkafnjRWtU>

An egg lay in the path.
He saw the egg.
He looked around.
He saw flamingos and frogs, and turtles
and alligators.
“Whose egg is this?” he called.
But nobody answered.
Then the boy looked up.
He saw an empty nest in a tree.
“Here is an egg without a nest,” he said,
“and there is a nest without an egg.”
The boy climbed the tree.
He put the egg in the nest.
Then he went away.
Mr. and Mrs. Bird came home.
They were surprised to find an egg in their
nest.
“That’s not **our** egg,” said Mrs. Bird. “Look
how big it is!”
“But it is an egg. It’s in our nest,” said Mr.
Bird. “If an egg is in your nest, you sit on it
and keep it warm. It doesn’t matter whose
egg it is.”
“All right,” said Mrs. Bird. “But I wonder
what kind of bird will come out of that egg.”
They took turns keeping the egg warm.
First Mrs. Bird sat on it.
Then Mr. Bird sat on it.
And sometimes, because it was so big, they
both sat on it.
One day Mrs. Bird heard a squeaking noise.
“Help!” she said. “This egg is squeaking!”
Mr. Bird came back to the nest.
He listened to the egg.

“The egg is not squeaking,” he said. “It’s
not our baby that is squeaking. He is ready
to come out of the egg.”
Mr. and Mrs. Bird waited.
The egg started to crack.
Then it cracked some more.
And there was the baby!
Mr. Bird was very excited.
“It’s Junior!” he shouted. “What a beautiful
baby!”
Junior opened his mouth.
It was a big mouth.
It was full of teeth.
“That’s the funniest-looking baby I ever
saw,” said Mrs. Bird. “Something is wrong.
I don’t think he’s our baby at all!”
“He’s in our nest, so he must be ours,” said
Mr. Bird. “His mouth is open. That means
he’s hungry. When your baby is hungry, you
feed him.”
Mr. and Mrs. Bird went away to get some
food for Junior.
Mr. Bird brought a pink worm.
Mrs. Bird brought a green one.
Junior ate both worms in one gulp. Then he
opened his mouth wide again.
“We have to get Junior lots more to eat,”
said Mr. and Mrs. Bird.
Hour after hour, day after day, they brought
food for Junior.
Mrs. Bird got berries and cherries.
She got butterflies and caterpillars.
She got dragonflies and mosquitoes.
She got ladybugs and tiger beetles.
Mr. Bird got crickets and spiders.

He got grasshoppers and snails.
He got red ants.
He got black ants.
He got centipedes, too!
“What kind of bird eats so much?” said Mrs. Bird.
“It doesn’t matter,” said Mr. Bird. “He’s still hungry and we have to feed him.”
Weeks went by.
Junior never stopped eating.
And he never ...
... stopped growing.
He grew **bigger** ...
and **bigger** ...
and **bigger**!
Finally Junior got so big that Mr. Bird said,
“It’s too crowded here. Junior has to leave the nest. It is time for him to fly away.”
“You are right,” said Mrs. Bird. “The time has come. We must show him how to fly.”
Mrs. Bird pushed and pushed.
Mr. Bird showed Junior how to fly.
“Jump into the air like his,” he said. “Then flap your wings.”
Junior got ready.
He took a deep breath and jumped.
Up ... up ... up into the air he went.
“Flap your wings!” yelled Mrs. Bird.

“Flap your wings!” yelled Mr. Bird.
Junior flapped and flapped.
But it didn’t do any good.
He didn’t have any wings!
Down ... down ... down went Junior.
Down into the water.
SPLASH!
It was cool and wet in the water.
It was just right for Junior.
“You know,” said Mrs. Bird, “I don’t think Junior was a bird at all!”
“It doesn’t matter,” Mr. Bird said. “He’s happy now. And just look at him swim!”

