

Cricket & Watson



The Story of Two Little Birds who
~~Can't~~ Can Fly

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Chapter 1: Stuck in a Tree

Watson and I are two little birds
with downy, grey feathers and lots of words
to say to each other... well, I talk more than him:
he's really quite quiet, but smart and trim.



We're brother and sister and we live in a tree
in the middle of the forest with our family.

My name, by the way, is Cricket Lori Keet,
and fruit is my very favourite treat.



My brother Watson and I, we so want to fly!
Why, there's nothing we want more than to soar through the sky!



So, day after day, we try to take off,
but flapping our wings just isn't enough
to lift us up high into the sky,
and so it would seem that we're birds who can't fly.

Watson says to me, "Cricket, in time we will fly.
You'll see, we will soar high up in the sky!"



So I wait and I wait, but I can hardly bear
that we still can't fly into the open air.

I sit in our tree and I wonder at night
if we could take just the littlest flight.



I wonder what it would be like up there,
high up in the sky in the open air.
Watson is patient, more patient than me,
for I just can't bear being stuck in this tree.

That's why I decide to watch other birds
to see how they fly: in other words,



I think we might get some how-to-fly tips,
or at least, maybe, we'll learn a few tricks.

I watch Mum and Dad as they fly near our tree
and come back with food for Watson and me.



I notice their wings are bigger than mine,
and how their bright feathers look mighty fine
as they spread them out and course through the air:
they fly with grace and poise and flair.

I say to Mum, "Please, oh please, can you teach us to fly?
We'd do anything at all to get to the sky!"



She says to me, "Cricket, it's going to be fine.
All you need to do is give yourselves time.
Soon your wings will grow, your feathers will come in
and you'll fly round in circles till my patience wears thin!"

So I look at the eagle who soars way up high
and I think, 'Now there's someone who knows how to fly!'



I say to my brother, "We're so very small,
on his tail feathers we'll grasp. He won't notice at all."



Watson says, "Are you sure? If you think so, okay!"
That's how, as usual, I get my own way.

Chapter 2: Operation Eagle

We wait and we wait. It takes a few days,
but Watson and I, well, we have our ways.
The eagle, he lands on a branch of our tree,
not far away from Watson and me.



We hop, one little hop at a time,
and our little plan is working just fine,

when, just as we grab a-hold of his tail,
the eagle lets out the most awful wail.



I whisper to Watson, "We're tiny and small.
If we hold very still, he won't see us at all."

Just then, the eagle, well, he turns around,
still making that really terrible sound.
On us he fixes his beady-eyed glare
and, let me tell you, can he ever stare.



He says, "Little birds, go back to your nest,
and as for grabbing my tail, just give it a rest!
High up in the sky I must glide and soar.
You're weighing me down and that's just a bore!"

We get such a shock, we hop way up high,
but we get nowhere near the sky.



Instead we land in a feathery heap.
I'm on top of Watson, who lets out a cheep.

After all the excitement, we just need to rest,
so we hop away, back into our nest,
but after a moment I remember that we
are still two little birds who just sit in a tree.



That isn't the life for Watson and me
for I just cannot bear being stuck in this tree.

Chapter 3: Operation Willow

I say to Watson, "Look at that, near the ground!
Do you see what that is? Can you see what I've found?"



He says to me, "Cricket, that's a long willow twig.
What's your idea? I know that it's big!"

I say, "You know willow, it bends, doesn't break.
From that twig, a flying device we can make.
If I stand at one end and jump up and down,
you can stand at the other and shoot up off the ground."



Once you're in the air, start flapping your wings.
That way you will fly - I am sure of this thing!"
Watson says, "Are you sure? If you think so, okay."
That's how, as usual, I get my own way.

I ask Dad if he'll fetch me the twig.
He says, "Why do you want it? It's so very big!"
I say, "It's quite the prettiest twig, don't you see,
and I thought it would look so nice in our tree.



Please, please could you fly down and get it for me?"
"Of course," he says, "I'll fly down there and see."
That's how the twig ends up in our tree,
a flying device perfect for Watson and me.

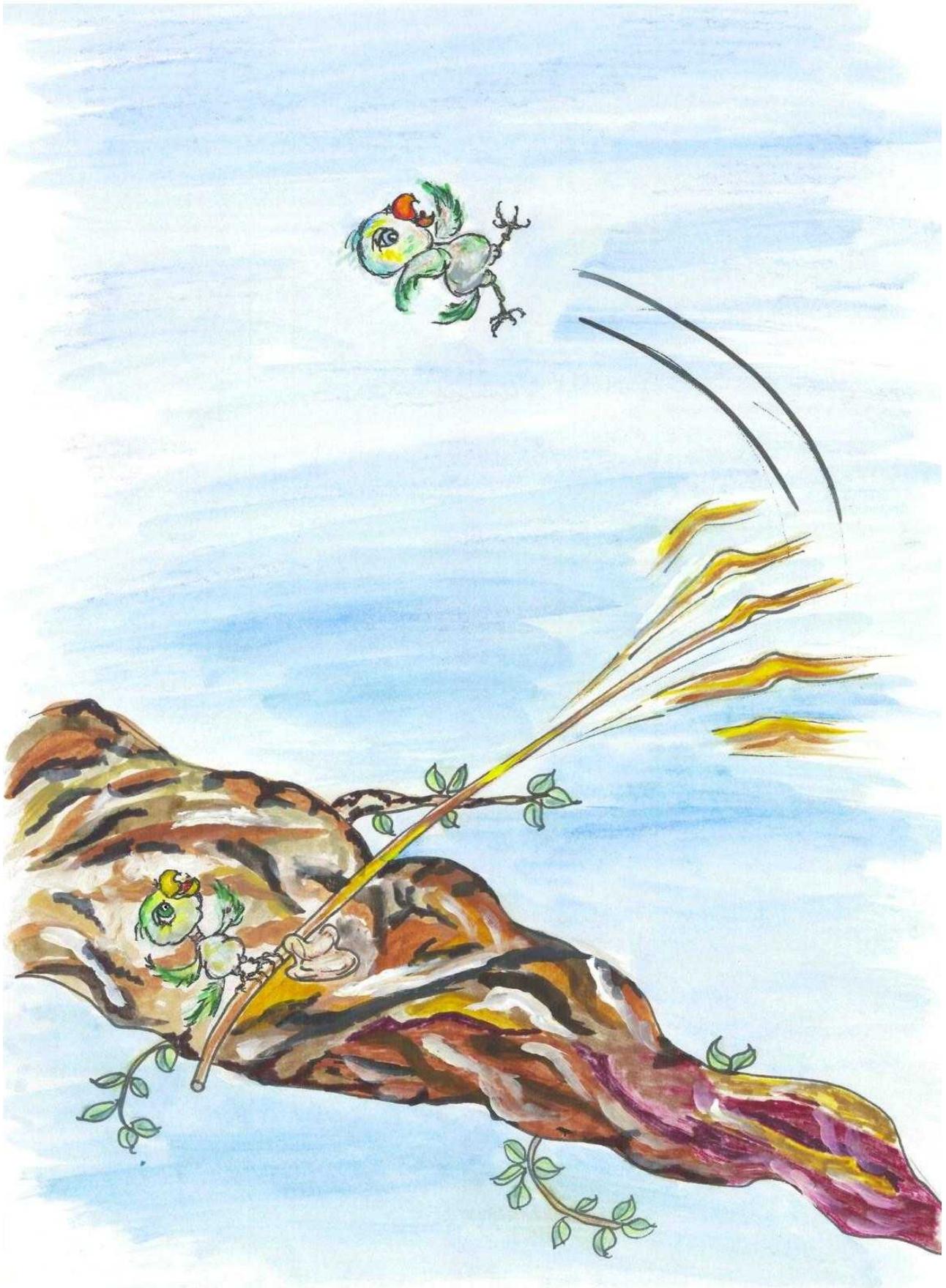
I say to Watson, "Stand right there near the bend and I'll jump up and down right here at this end."



When he gets in position, I jump up and down,
but as he shoots upwards, Watson wears a big frown.



He flaps and he flaps, but he doesn't fly,



and soon he heads for the ground, not the sky.





He lands in a feathery heap on the ground
and, at first, well, he makes not a sound.



I can tell he is angry. Well, it must have hurt,
and poor old Watson is covered in dirt.



He asks, "Why was it me at that end and not you?
You wanted to fly, but I'm black and blue!"



Soon Mum flies to Watson, brings him back to our nest and says, "Now, little ones, you must get some rest."



Of course, I'm so glad that Watson is fine,
but nothing can change this great dream of mine.

Somehow, I have to get to the sky.
Yes, I still have to learn how to fly.

You see, a life without flight just isn't for me.
As you know, I can't bear being stuck in this tree.



So I think and I think and come up with a plan.
I know we can do it. Oh yes, we can!

Chapter 4: Operation Trapeze

I work through the night to build my device:
a surprise for Watson, oh, that would be nice!



What I build, well, it is a kind of trapeze,
made from some wood and vines from the trees.
I shall launch Watson into mid air.
He can jump off and fly as soon as he's there.

So when it is morning, "Rise and shine, sleepyhead!"
I call to Watson, and he hops out of bed.



By a stroke of good luck he lands on my device
and, you know me, I don't have to think twice.

I push him hard and he swings into the sky,
and then I shout, "Watson, jump off and fly!"



Letting go of the vines, Watson flaps his small wings,
but what happens next is a terrible thing.

He flips upside down, his claws clasped to the wood, rather than fly, as I'd thought he would.



Even worse, I can see that he's losing his grip,
and his fall to the ground is an awkward back flip.



Watson yells, looking up at me in our tree,
"The next time we fly, it should be you and not me
who tests the flying device. Don't you see
that all I want is to get back to our tree!"



This time it is different, you know, I can tell,
and I feel so dreadful that poor Watson fell.
I will never make him try flying again,
until he feels ready: he can say when.

Chapter 5: Never Give Up!

Every day in our tree I still try to fly,
but I never get anywhere close to the sky.



I flap my wings hard, until they hurt,
step off our branch and fall into the dirt.



One day I wake up, and I feel very sore
and say, "Watson, I just can't try any more!"



Watson looks at me hard, says, "I don't believe you.
Trying to fly is all that you do."
I say, "I think that we know that I'll never fly.
I'll just never course through the wide open sky."

Watson says, "Flap your wings now! You know what to do!"
I say, "You know I can't fly and neither can you!
We have to accept that we're stuck in this tree.
Birds who can't fly. That's you and me."



Watson can tell that I've started to mope,
and he cannot bear that I've given up hope.

He says, "Now Cricket, we cannot give up,
or else in this tree we shall always be stuck.



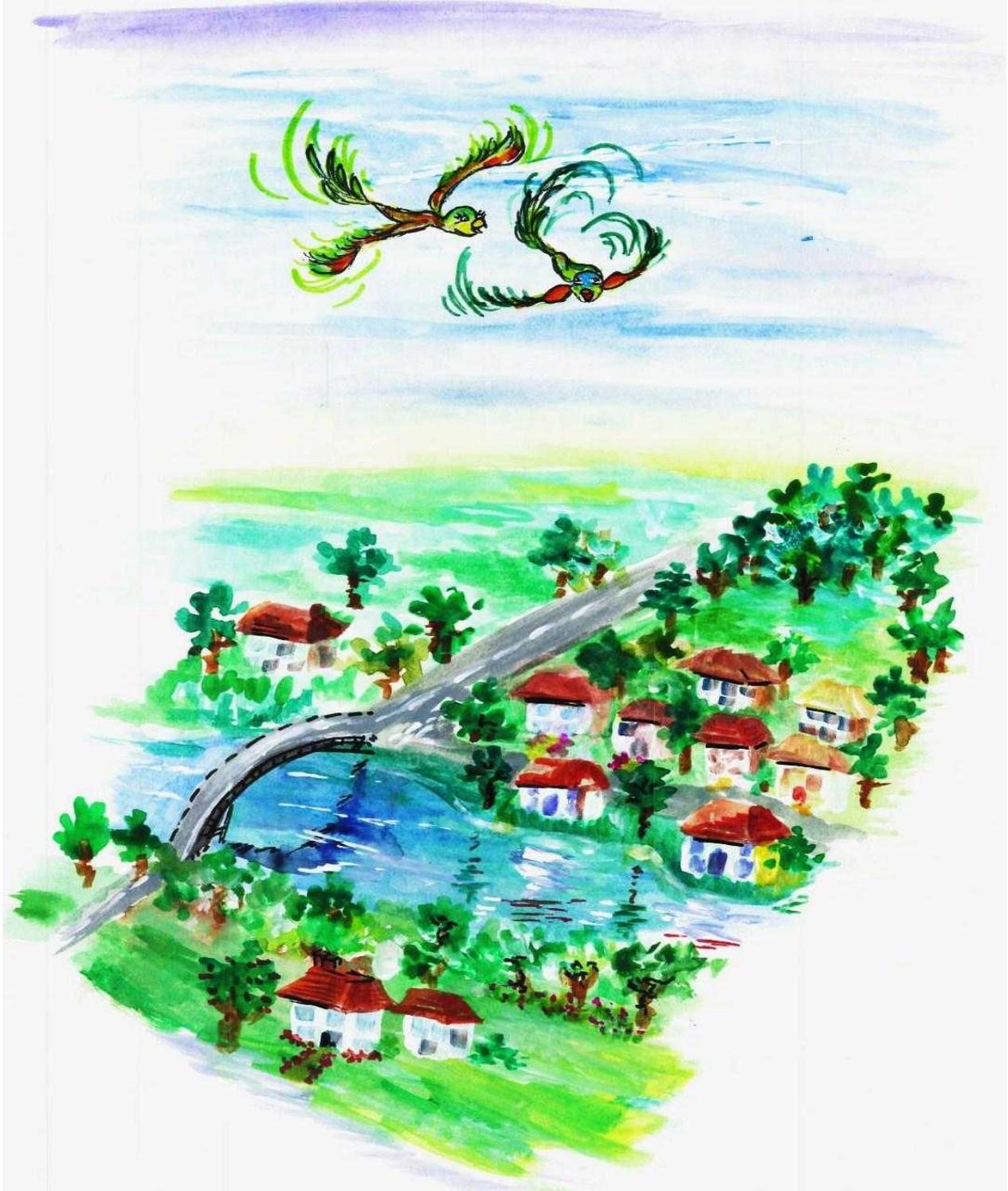
We must believe in ourselves, give it all we've got.
We're Watson and Cricket, and quitters we're not!"

So, once again, there we are, just flapping our wings,
but what happens next is a marvellous thing.

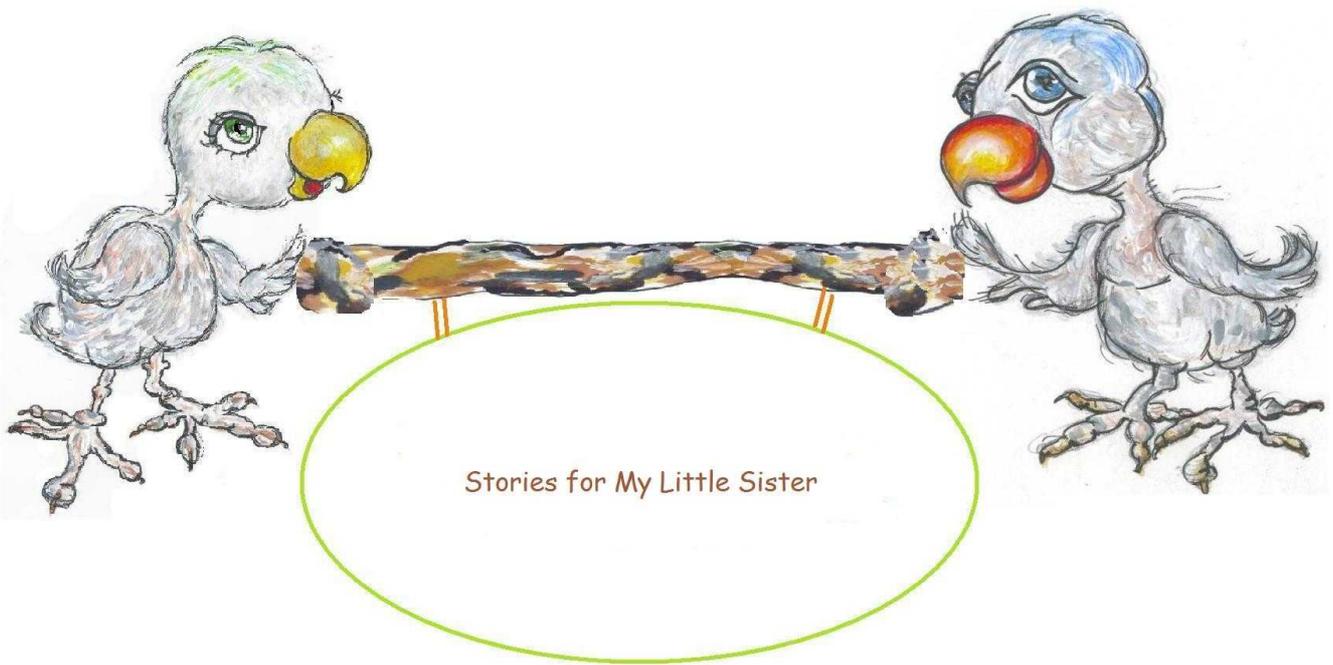


We seem to be floating up into the sky.
That's how, at last, we find we can fly.

We spread out our wings and we course through the air,
gliding and soaring, we really are there.
Above the houses and over the trees,
even over the clouds, we feel so free.



We can barely believe we are up in the sky,
but, it is true, we really can fly.



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