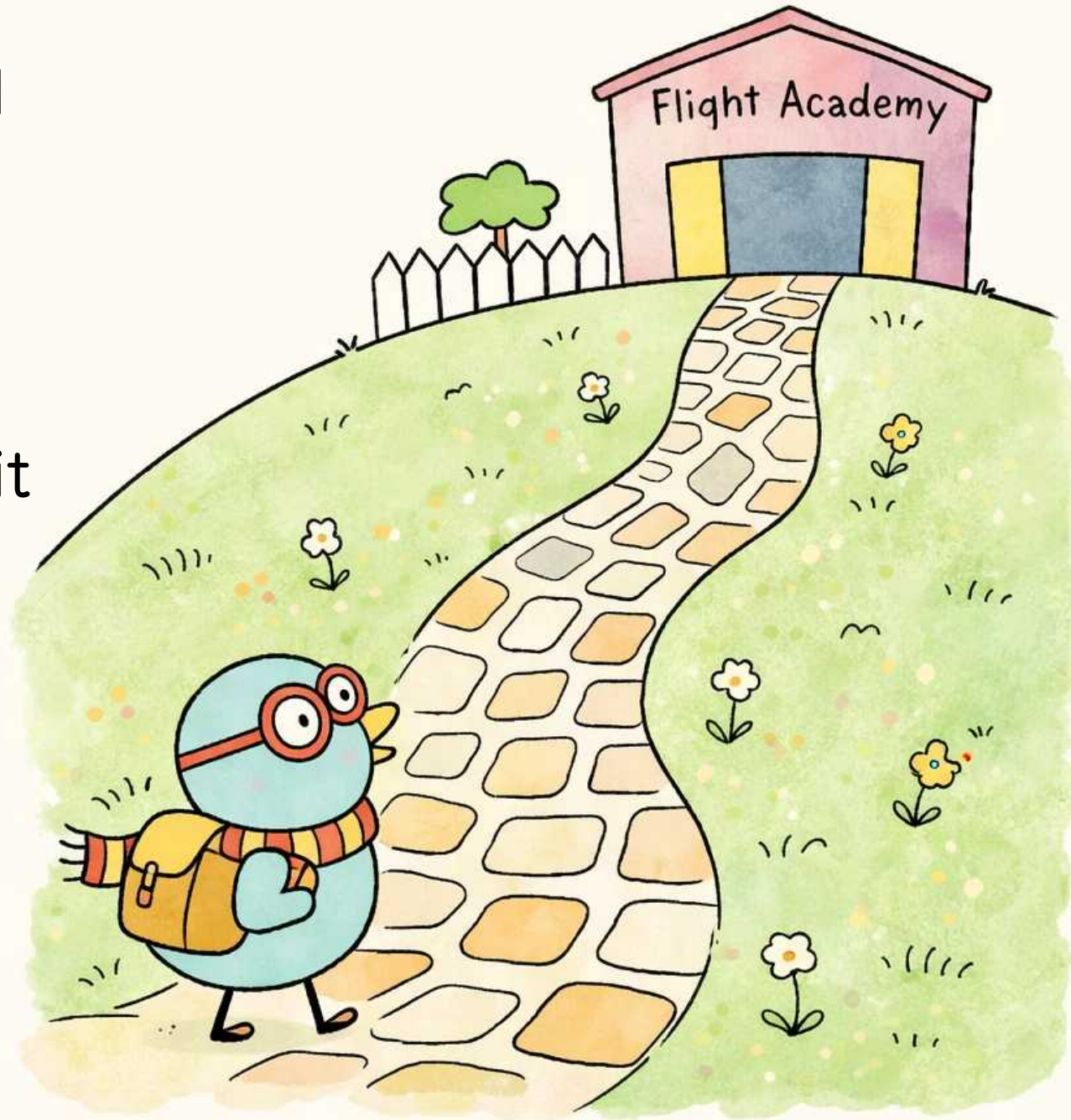


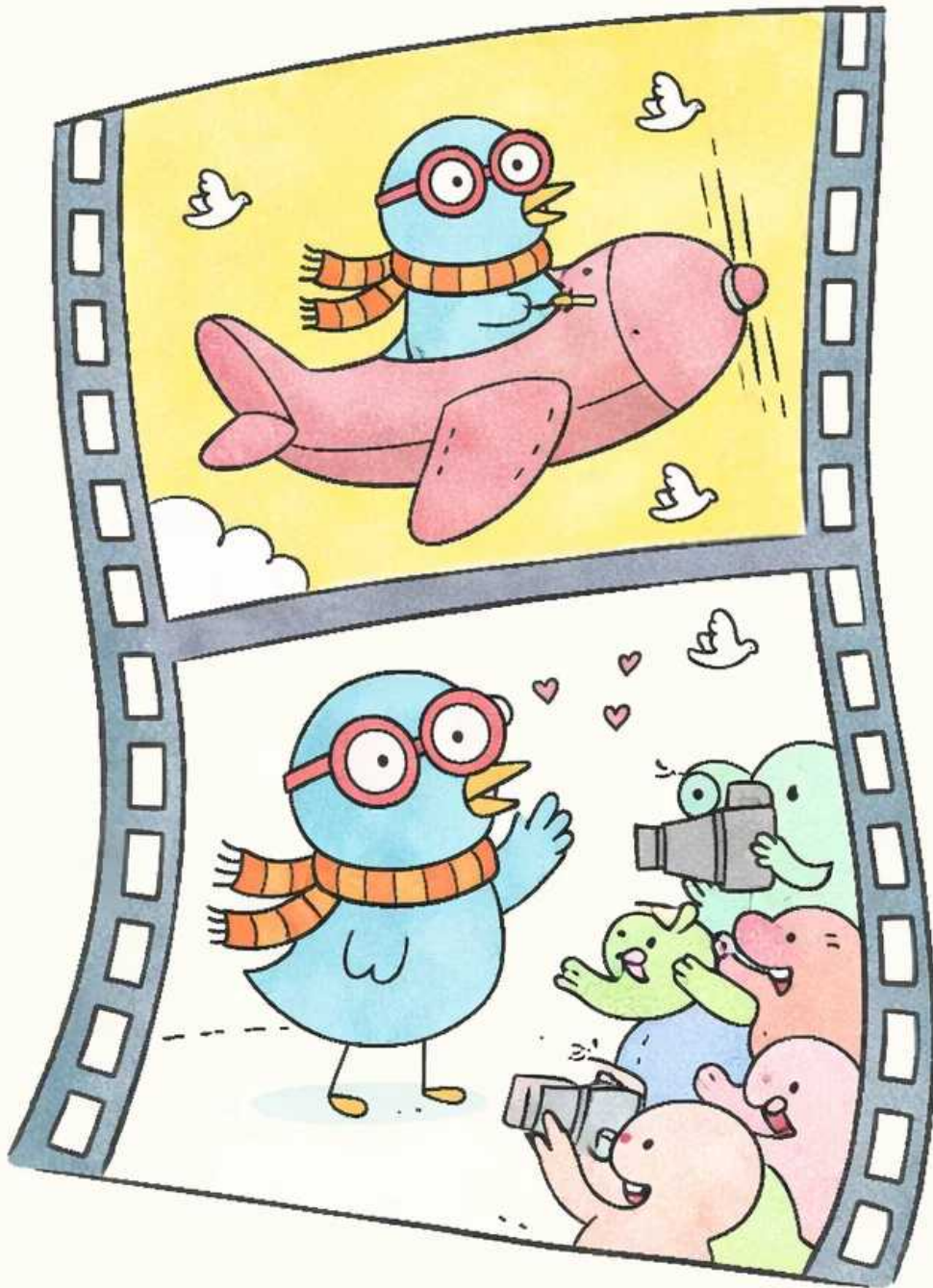
Birds
Like Me
Don't Fly



I daydream about flying every day, but I cannot get off the ground by myself.

Some birds need a bit of help. Today I put on my backpack and head up the pathway to Flight School.





When I learn to fly, I will go for roles in films! I will fly from the airport and dive out of airplanes high in the sky.

The spotlight will shine on me, and I will have so many fans!

In my first class, I try to take off into the sky. I crash and land flat on the hilltop. The other birds point and yell at me as I lie there in the dirt. My daydream of flying feels so far away.





They swoop around me and say that I will never fly.

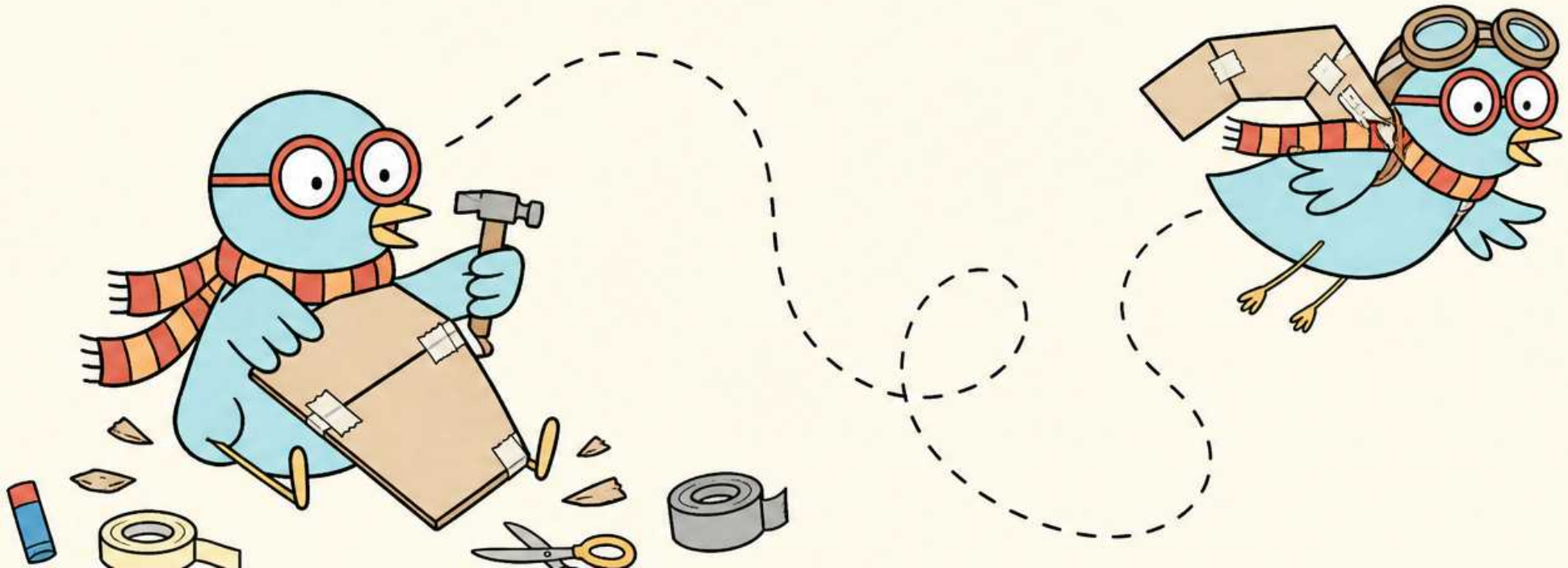
I pick **myself** up and walk away down the path. Each **footstep** drags slow in the dirt, and I do not look back.

My pride is hurt. They
can all fly so well, and I
cannot even leave the
ground.

They tell me I am too
big. They say birds like
me never take off. But I
hold on to my
daydream.

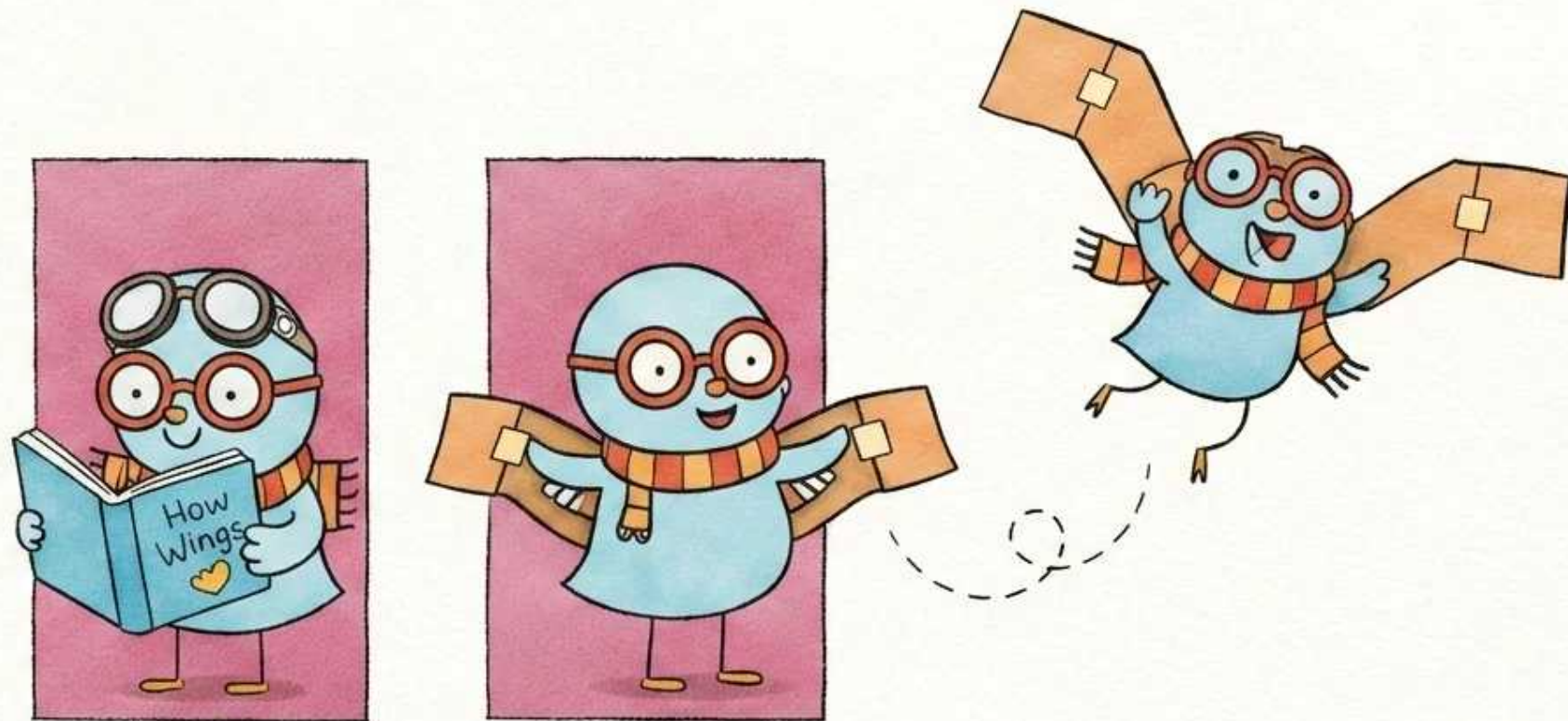


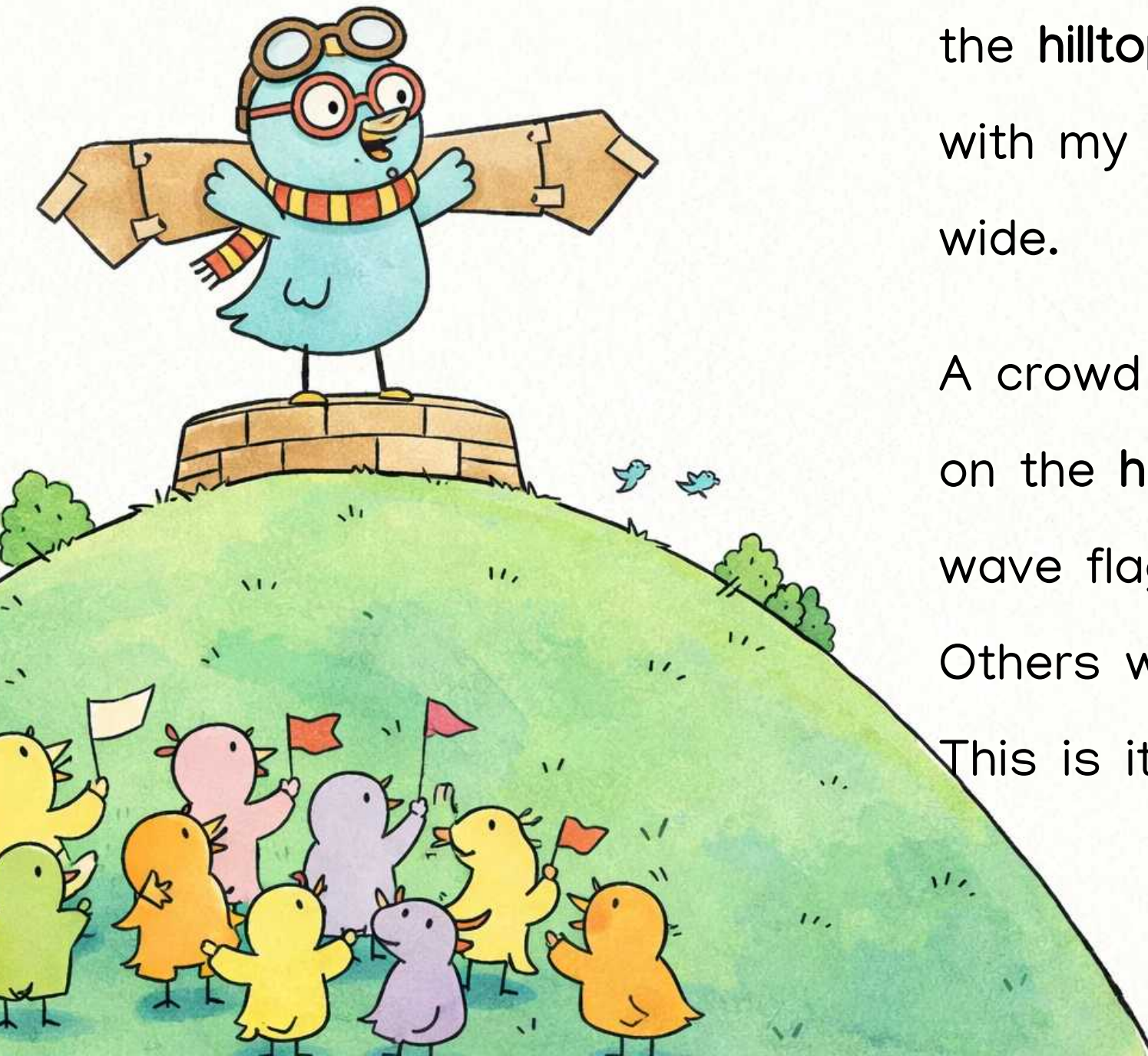
That night, I get a big plan for my **daydream**.
If my wings are too small, I will make bigger
ones! I grab **cardboard**, tape, and a hammer,
because every great plan needs a hammer. I
bang my thumb two times, but my
homemade wings look ready for the **sunshine**.



I read every **handbook** I can find on how wings work and draw each **outline** like a **blueprint**.

Then I strap on my big **cardboard** wings and get set to fly. They creak and flex. They feel like they might really work!





This is the day! I stand on the **hilltop** in the **sunshine** with my big wings spread wide.

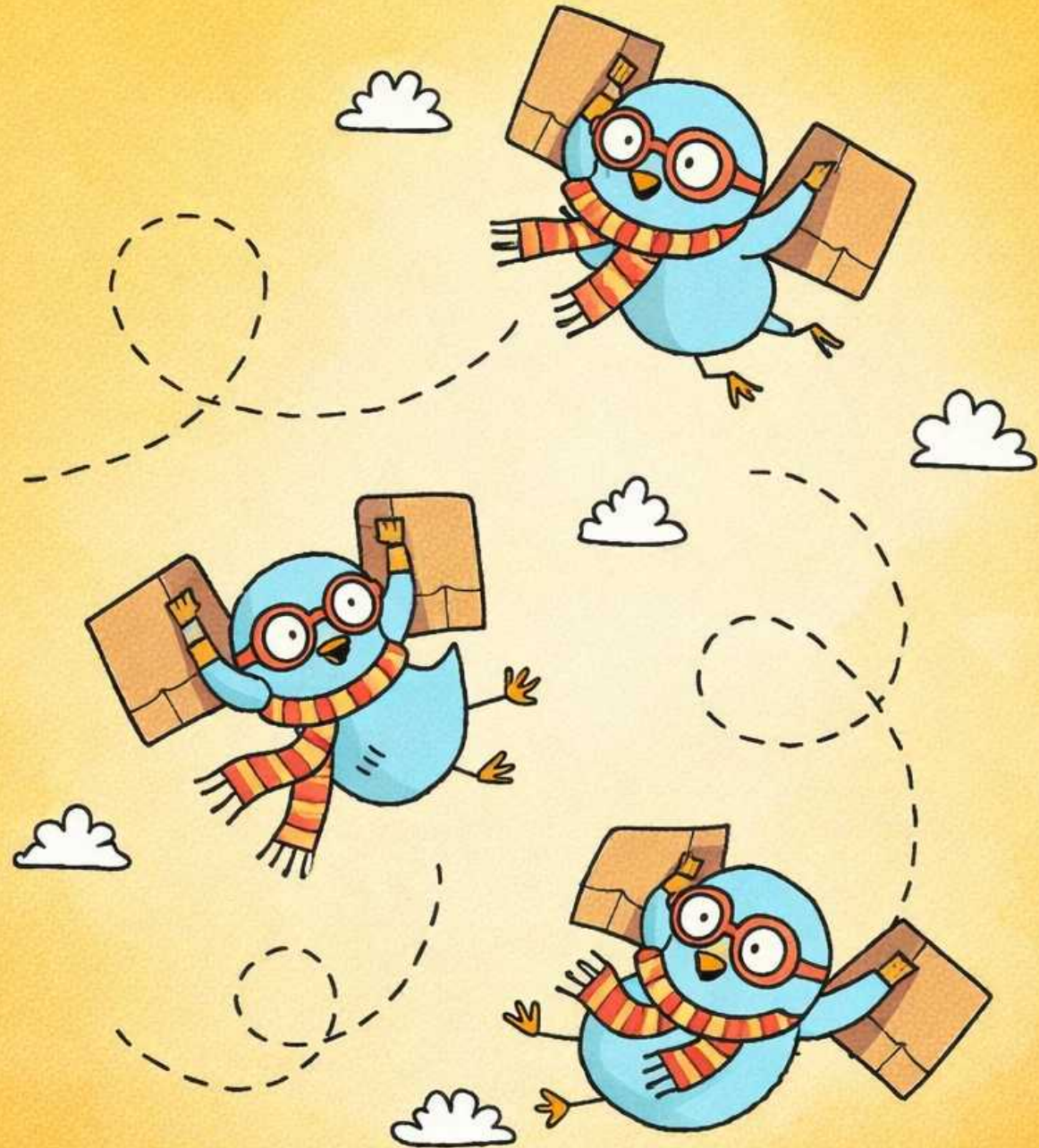
A crowd of birds gathers on the **hillside** below. Some wave flags and cheer.

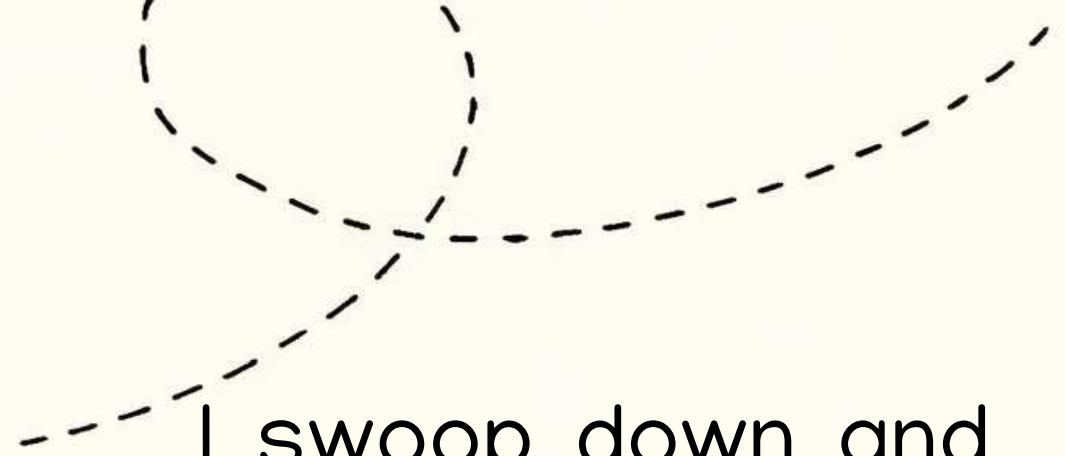
Others watch with doubt.

This is it!

The wind grabs my wings
and up I shoot into the
sunshine! I dive and twist
and loop until my glasses
fog up. I do it again with
my eyes shut, just
because I can.

'Birds like me do fly!' I
shout, and the sound
rings across the **hillside.**





I swoop down and
land with a proud
grin.

My daydream came
true. I can fly, and I
did it my own way.



Birds Like Me Don't Fly

What happens when a big bird with tiny wings dreams of soaring through the sky? Every day, our hero daydreams of airplanes, spotlights, and cheering fans - but one tumble on the hilltop leaves feathers ruffled and hopes crushed. Can a backpack full of courage, a homemade blueprint, and a whole lot of cardboard prove the doubters wrong? A heartwarming tale about chasing your own path. This decodable reader practices compound words such as 'backpack,'

Reading Skills: Compound

airplanes, airport, backpack, blueprint, cannot, cardboard, daydream, eyewear, footstep, handbook, hillside, hilltop, homemade, into, myself, outline, pathway, spotlight, sunshine, today

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