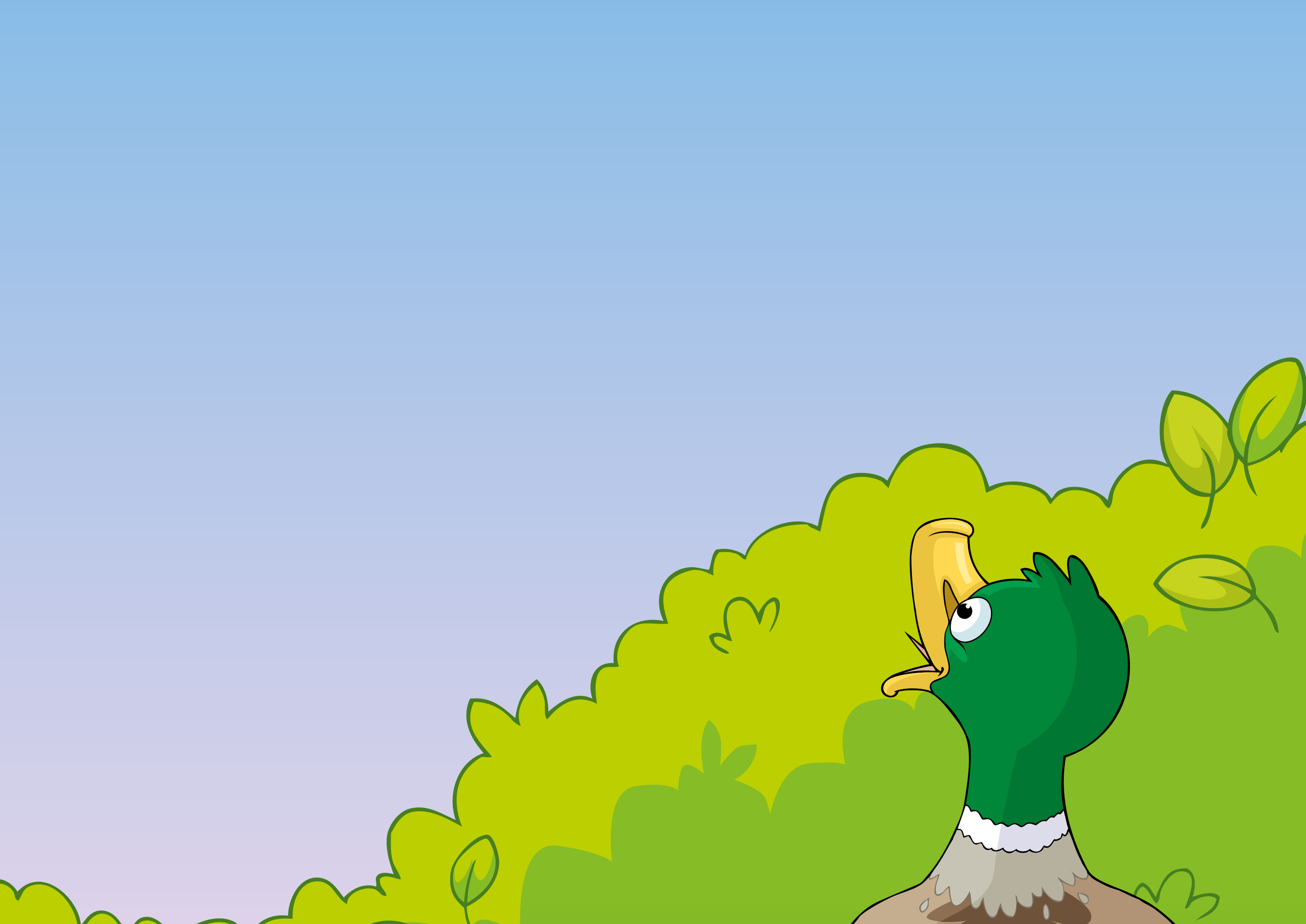




giving
nature
at home

Lucky Duck





Lucky Duck

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Duck was paddling round and round the pond feeling very happy. "I really belong here," he said to himself out loud. "I can swim with my big webbed feet. I can gobble up the water weeds with my big wide beak."

Duck could see his reflection in the water. "How colourful I am!" he cried out. "My head is green, my beak is yellow. My neck is brown and my feet are – he lifted one foot out of the water to see – orange! What a lucky duck I am."

Just then, his friends Blackbird, Robin and Blue Tit turned up. Duck suddenly felt very sorry for them. "Poor Blackbird," he said. "You are not very colourful at all. You have nothing but black feathers and a yellow beak."


"Maybe so," said Blackbird. "But I can sing." He sat on a perch, opened his beak and sang and sang and sang. Duck tried to sing like Blackbird, but all he could do was give a little quack.




Duck looked at his friend Robin. "What a lovely red breast you have, Robin," said Duck. "But I have a great big beak to eat up my food. You only have a tiny, tiny beak." "Maybe so," said Robin. "But with my tiny, sharp beak, I can catch tiny bugs." And with that, Robin hopped along the ground and picked up



a bug so fast that nobody could see what it was. Robin swallowed the bug with a loud GULP! Duck tried to catch fast bugs but he was too slow. No matter how often he opened his great big beak, the bugs managed to run away.



Duck looked up at his friend Blue Tit, who was sitting in the tree.
"What a bright blue head you have, Blue Tit. And your front is as yellow as a buttercup," said Duck. "But poor you, for you are so small and you have such little feet. You could never swim fast round the pond like I can."



"Maybe so," said Blue Tit.
"But watch what I can do."
Blue Tit flew all the way to the end of the tiniest twig on the tree. And then she hung upside down by her feet.

She pecked up a tiny insect that had been hiding underneath. "Can you do that?" she asked Duck. Duck jumped up to land on a tiny twig just like Blue Tit. But he was far too heavy. Down he went and fell into the pond with a mighty SPLASH!



“Well,” said Duck, as water dripped off his beak into the water with a plop, plop, plop. “I thought I was a lucky duck. But you can all do clever things that I can’t. So that must mean we are all lucky.”

And with that, the friends went off to play.



