A Swallow's Journey

It was a cold autumn morning when the swallow woke up. He could see the trees blowing in the wild wind and the rain was splashing on the ground. He shook his feathers, took a deep breath and set off to look for food. He looked all around the village. He looked in the brown bushes, the tall sticky trees and the soft, wet mud. He looked everywhere but he could not find any food. 'What am I going to do?' he thought.

He knew it was time to set off on his journey south. Just then he heard the other swallows calling so he left his nest behind and set off. They flew for miles and miles across the busy, noisy streets. At first, he was excited to be going on this journey. He knew that when they reached their destination there would be plenty of food and water.

After many weeks the swallows were flying over the vast, turquoise ocean and had nowhere to rest. Their wings felt heavy and their tummies were hungry but they could not stop. How tired they were! Just then, as they were flying towards Africa, they spotted a huge, hungry eagle. The eagle swooped down towards the poor, exhausted swallows. Open-mouthed, he tried to grab one of the swallows. What a greedy eagle. Quickly they dipped out of his way as they could see the land just ahead.

Finally, they glided down and landed on a green, bushy tree. What a long journey that was! As they looked around they could see the animals drinking at the watering hole. The swallow could feel the warm sun on his feathers as he laid down to rest. The next morning, he woke up and went to search for some food. When he returned to his friends, he brought juicy, red berries, a wriggling, brown worm and leafy plants to make a nest. That night they rested happily with food in their tummies.