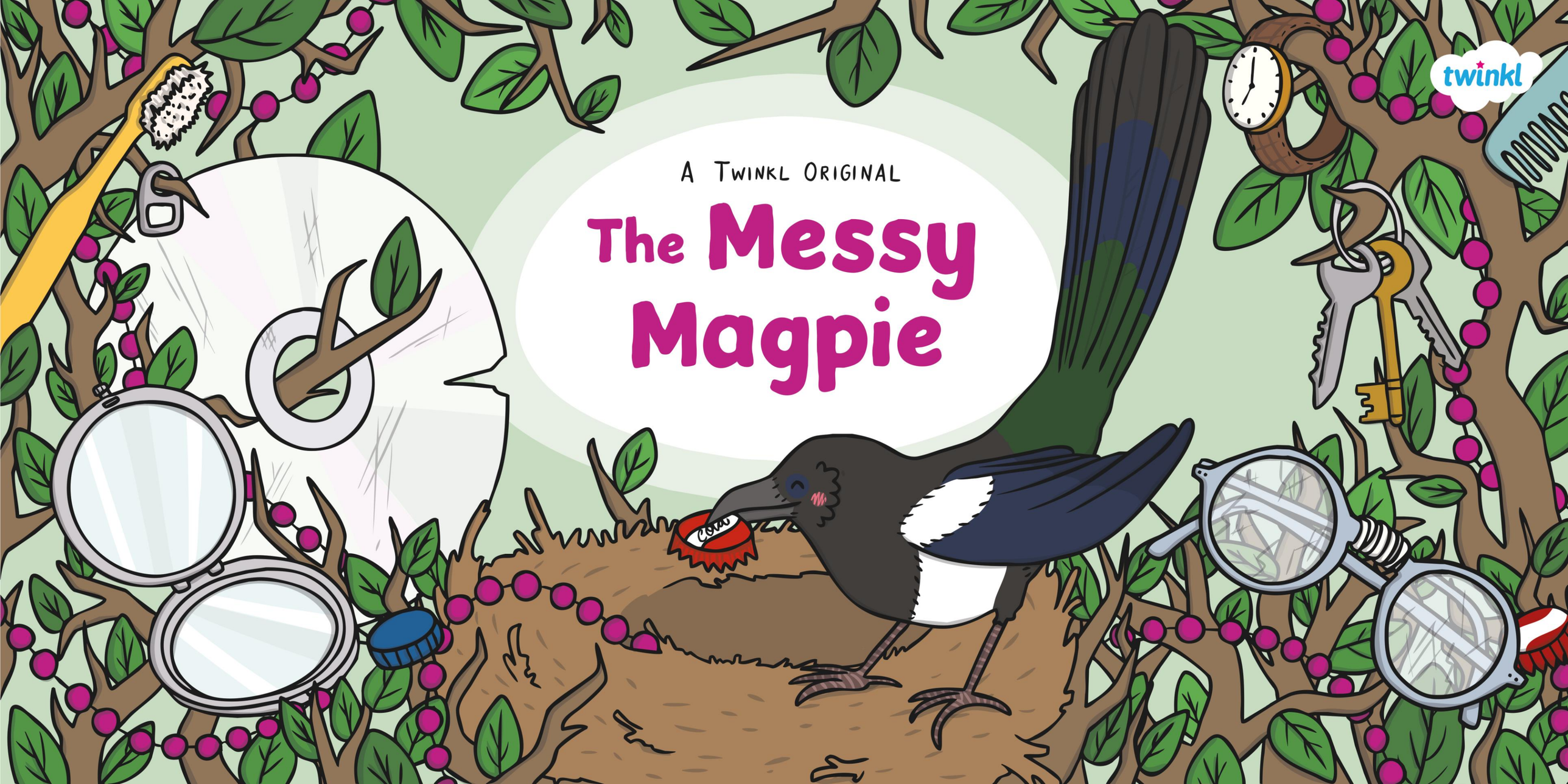

A Twinkl Original
The Messy Magpie
twinkl





It's often been noted as years have gone by
That magpies collect all the things that they spy.

Morris the Magpie's the same, it would seem,
As he loves to pick up any objects that gleam.

He takes them all home to his nest in a tree
To make it look special for others to see.

They love all things colourful, shiny and bold,
No matter how tiny, no matter how old.

Now one day, young Morris was struck by surprise
When a gift was thrown down right in front of his eyes.



As it flew from a car, Morris said, “Could it be
That this human has given a present to me?”

He swooped down to pick up the beautiful gift,
Which was hard to manoeuvre and heavy to lift.



He carried it home, though it took him all day,
Then he cleaned up his present to put on display.

He wanted to decorate all that he could
So the next day, he went to the edge of the wood.



He flew to the place where the gift had been dropped,
Where he saw that a family of humans had stopped.

He hopped down to search for his gift on the floor
But he noticed that this time they'd left many more.



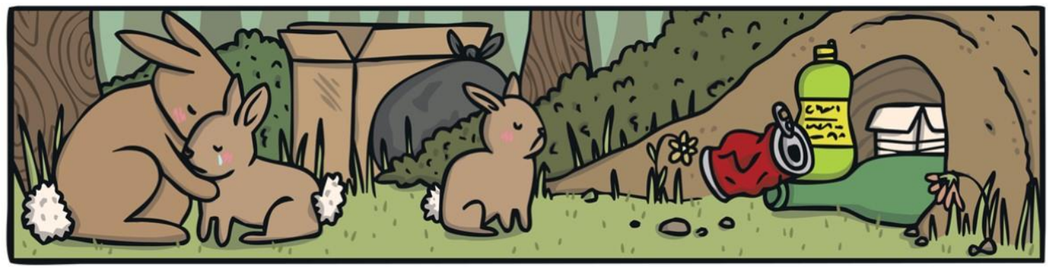
Shimmering treasures amongst all the green,
These gifts were the finest that Morris had seen.


Each day, he returned and he couldn't believe
All the wonderful gifts that were left to retrieve.
His tree was soon bursting, with no space for more,
So he started to spread them all out on the floor.
The more of these gifts that his human friends threw,
The more his collection expanded...

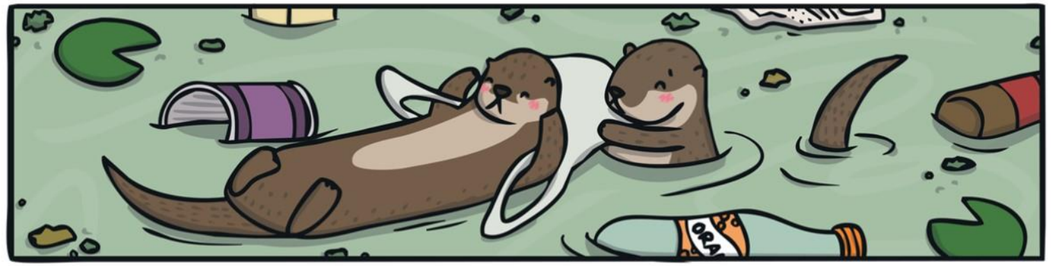

...and grew!

Then one day, as Morris was sat in his tree,
Admiring the beauty of all he could see,

He noticed that things were now changing below;
That the plants were all dying and struggling to grow.



The grass was not green like it had been before.
The flowers were wilting, not bright anymore.



His animal friends watched in fear and distress
As their homes and their food were soon lost to the mess.





He turned to the stream, which no longer looked blue
But instead, had a horrible muddy-like hue.

The water was flowing more slowly that day
As the big piles of rubbish were blocking its way.

"Oh no!" Morris cried, as he gasped with alarm,
"I never intended to cause all this harm.

The forest is damaged; the humans weren't kind.
All these gifts were just rubbish that got left behind."

The pride Morris felt for his lovely display
Was soon turning to sadness, regret and dismay.

He adored the collection he'd lovingly built
But his joy had now turned to a feeling of guilt.



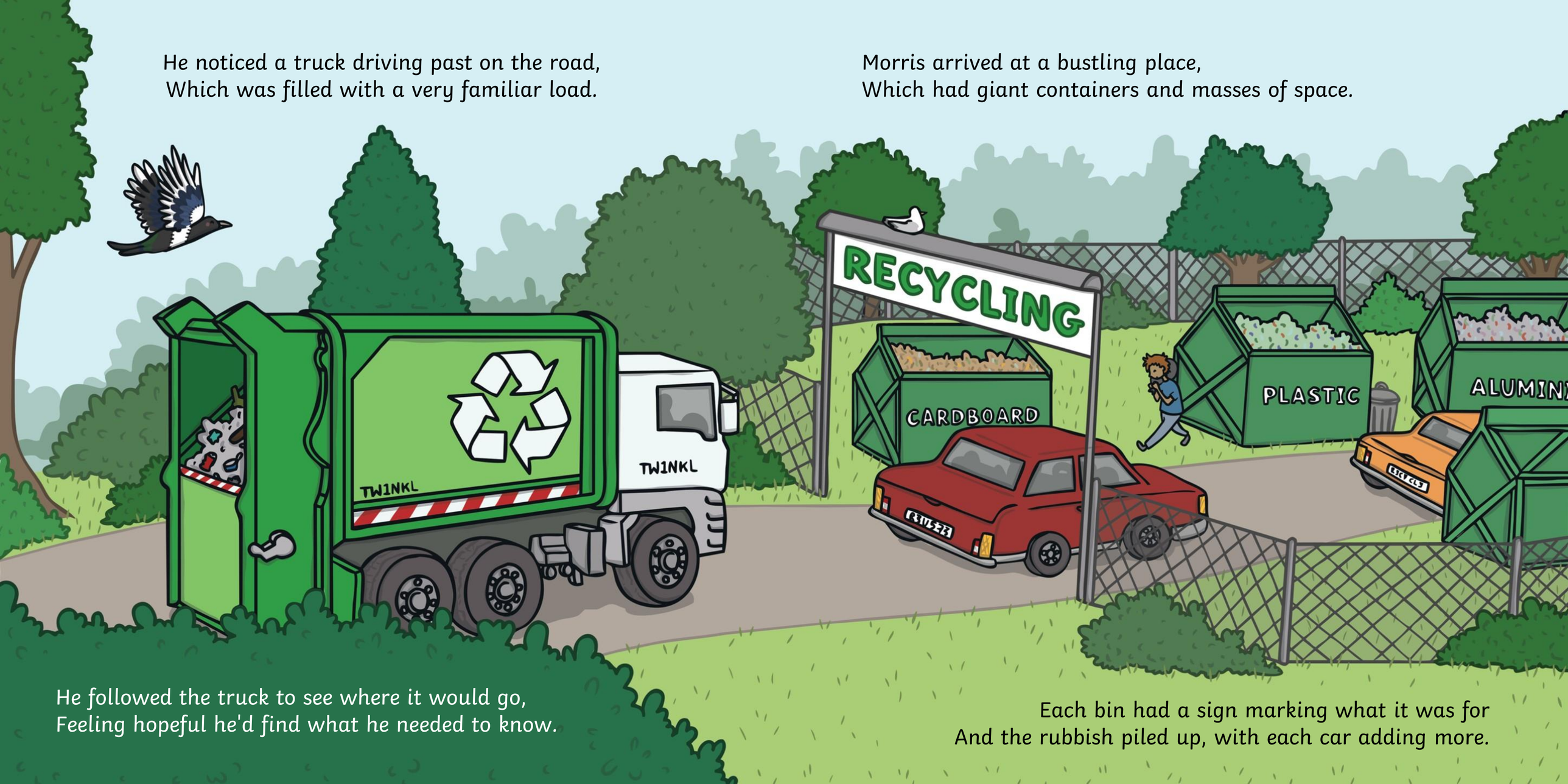
He vowed to himself he would put it all right
So he leapt off his branch and then quickly took flight.



He soared high and low looking out for a clue
That would show him the safest and best thing to do.



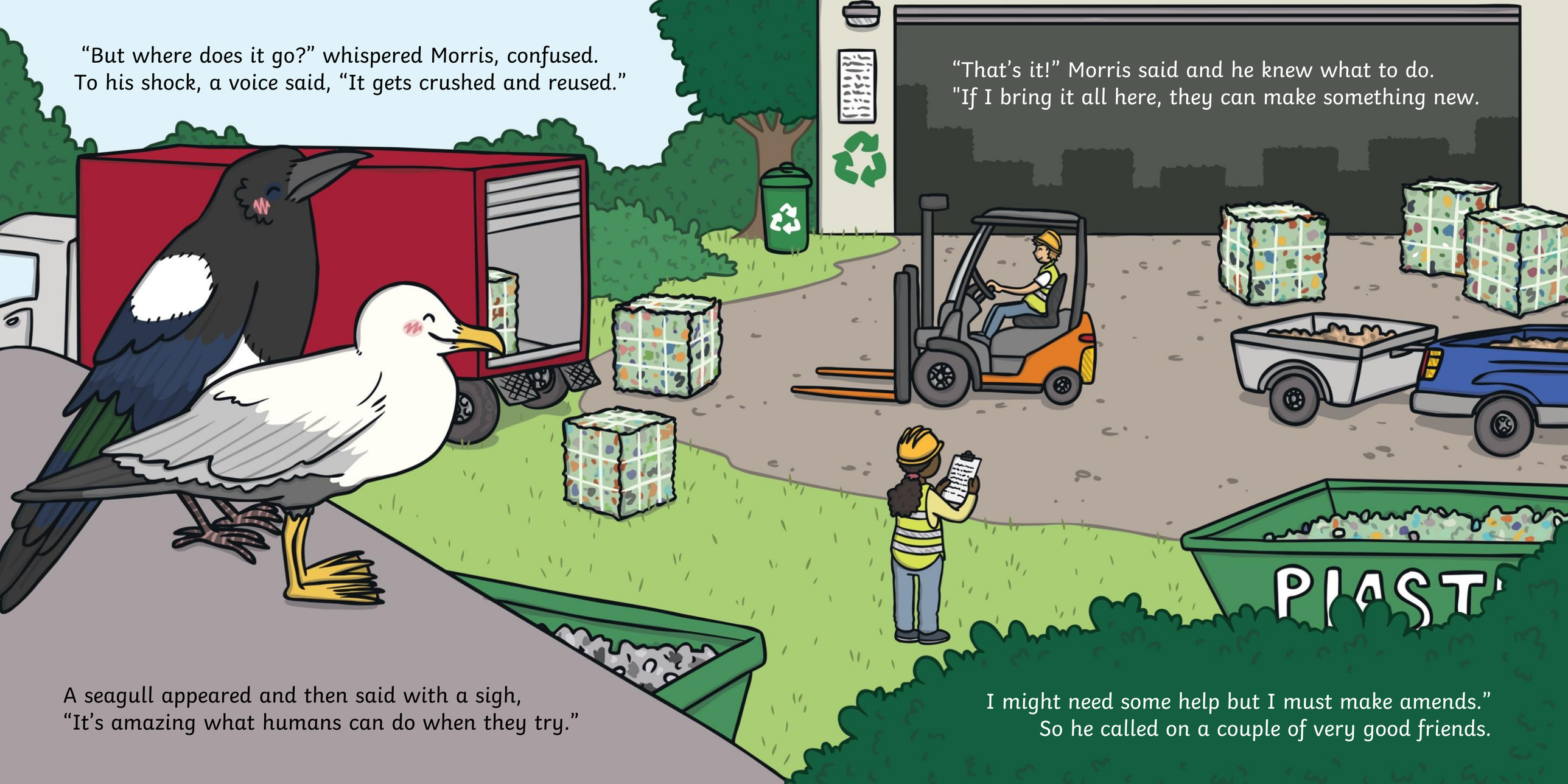
He noticed a truck driving past on the road,
Which was filled with a very familiar load.



He followed the truck to see where it would go,
Feeling hopeful he'd find what he needed to know.

Morris arrived at a bustling place,
Which had giant containers and masses of space.

Each bin had a sign marking what it was for
And the rubbish piled up, with each car adding more.


"But where does it go?" whispered Morris, confused.
To his shock, a voice said, "It gets crushed and reused."
"That's it!" Morris said and he knew what to do.
"If I bring it all here, they can make something new.
A seagull appeared and then said with a sigh,
"It's amazing what humans can do when they try."
I might need some help but I must make amends."
So he called on a couple of very good friends.

They fetched and they carried for most of the night
And they worked as a team till they'd put it all right.



When the rubbish was gone, Morris looked all around,
At the stream and the flowers, the trees and the ground.

He desperately hoped that he'd made enough room
For the beauty of nature to once again bloom.



He planted...

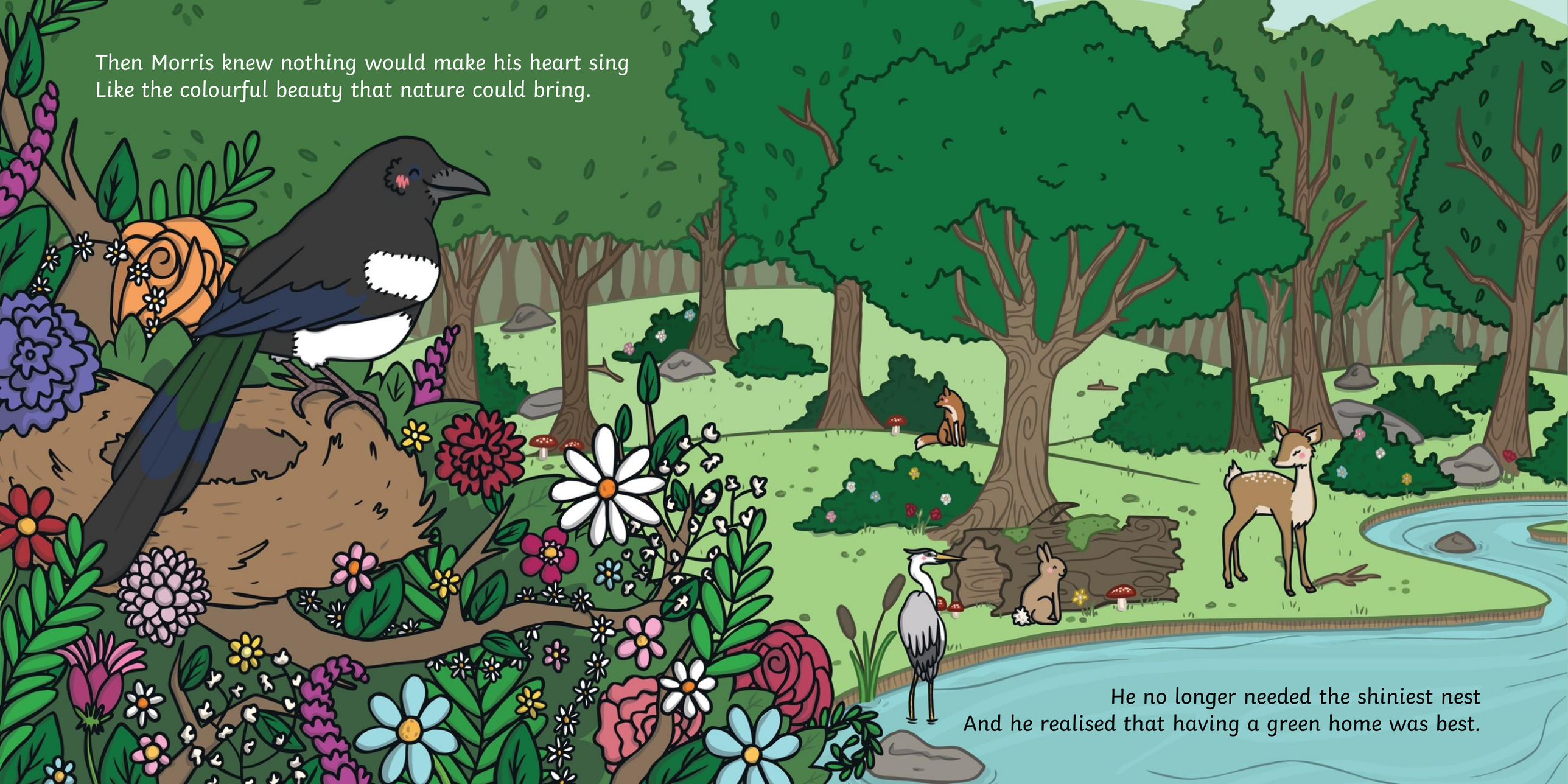


and watered...



and nurtured away...

Till the forest was thriving and growing each day.


Then Morris knew nothing would make his heart sing
Like the colourful beauty that nature could bring.
He no longer needed the shiniest nest
And he realised that having a green home was best.




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