



The big white bird flew through a cold world of dark storm clouds, wild winds, thunder and lightning. Day after day, it looked for a place to rest. It was hungry. Its strong wings grew tired and its brave heart grew weak.

Sample pages



Sample pages

Sometimes, the big bird's black eyes blinked closed and its wings stopped beating. It dropped down towards the wild waves. But, just before it hit the water, it woke up and flapped back up into the clouds. Lost, cold, hungry, tired, it flew bravely on.