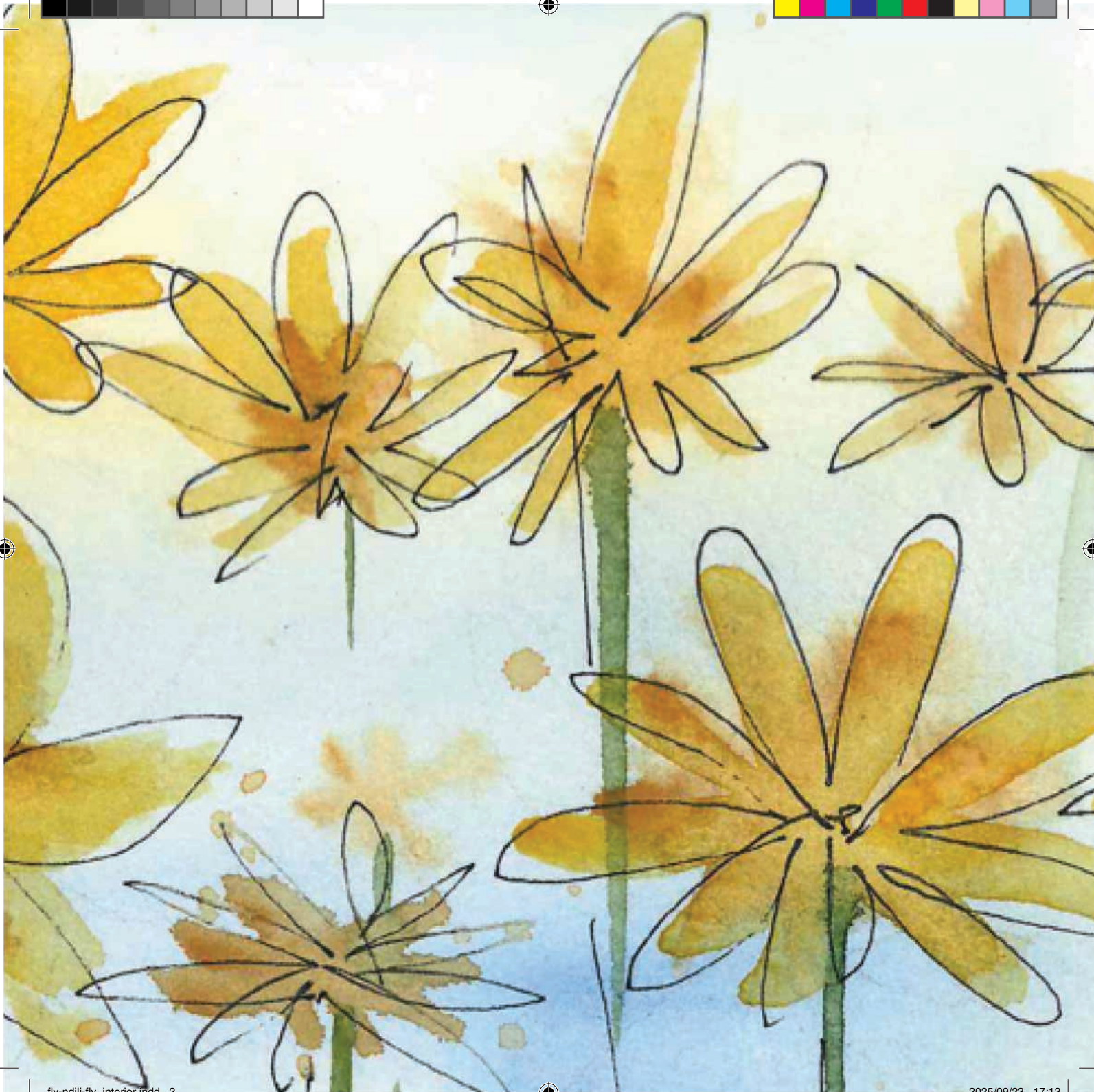




Fly, Ndili, fly

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Fly, Ndili, fly

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Helena Louw

Naledi Nakuta

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**Ndili is watching the other birds fly
high in the sky.**







**“I want to fly like the birds in the sky!
Can you teach me how to fly that high?”
asks Ndili.**

**“Of course, we will. But first, you need to
grow stronger,” Mama says.**





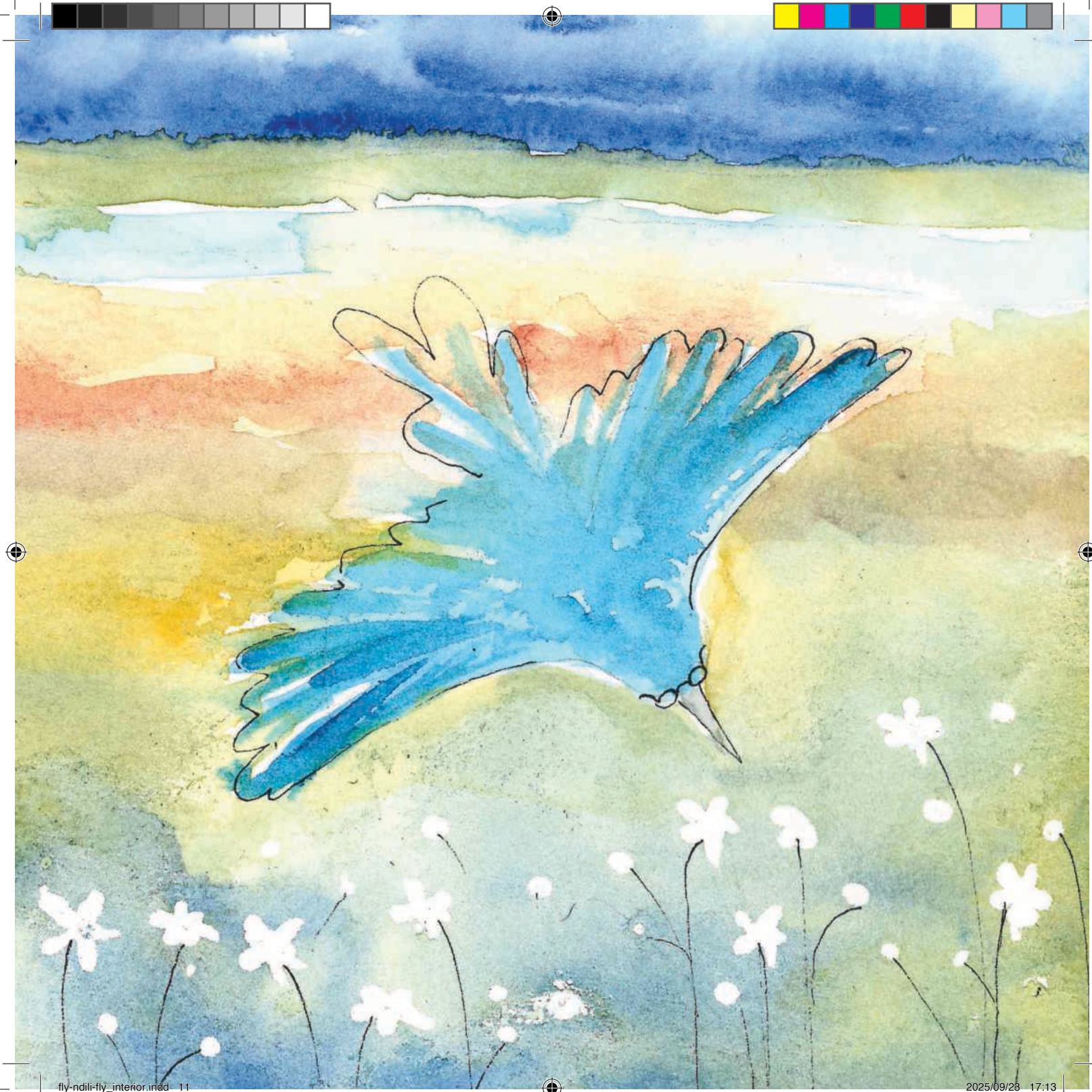


**“I am strong! I want to fly now!”
Ndili insists.**

**“Of course, you are strong, Ndili,”
Mama comforts her.**

**“But before you fly in the sky, let us fly
together in the garden,” says Papa.**



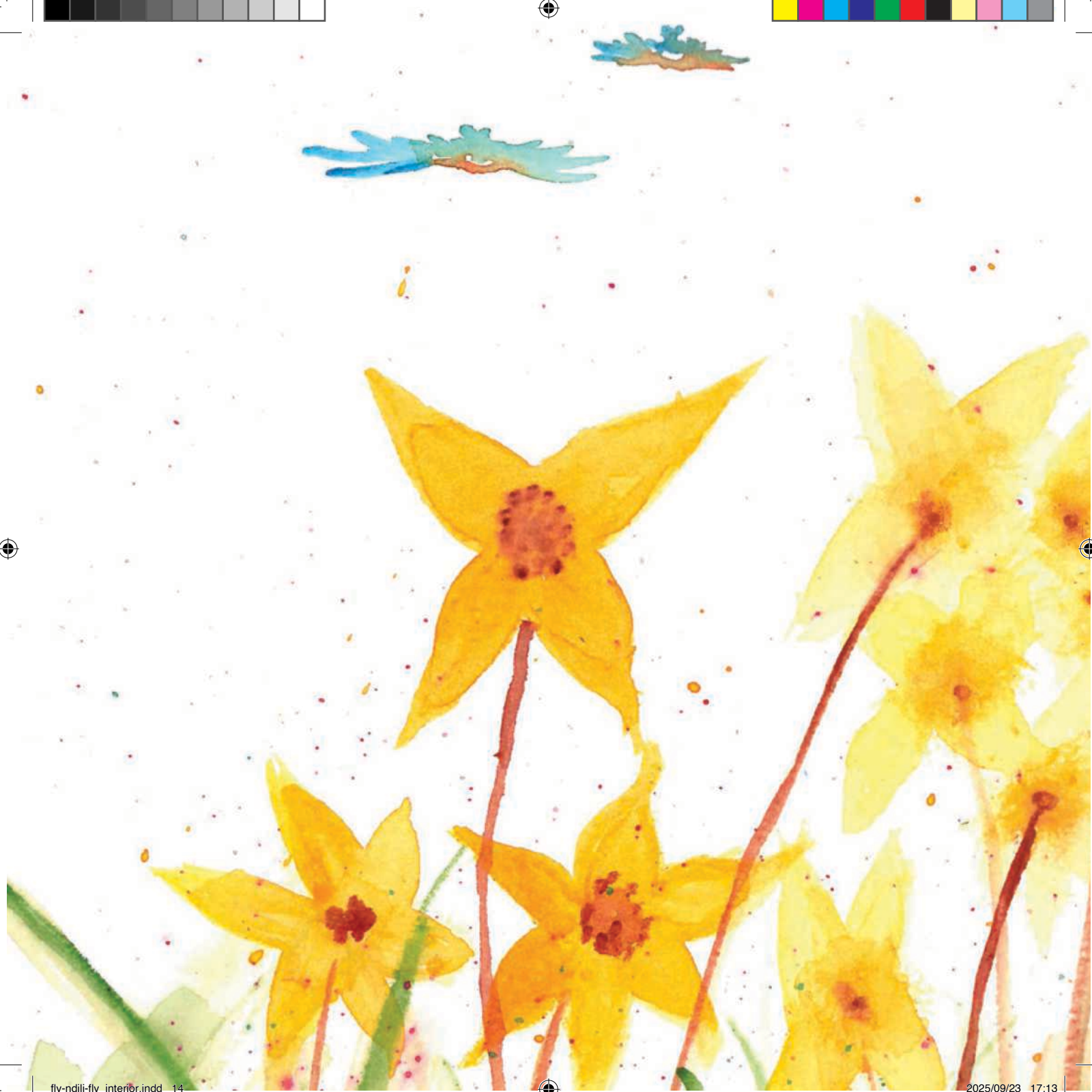




All three birds are flying out
of the nest.



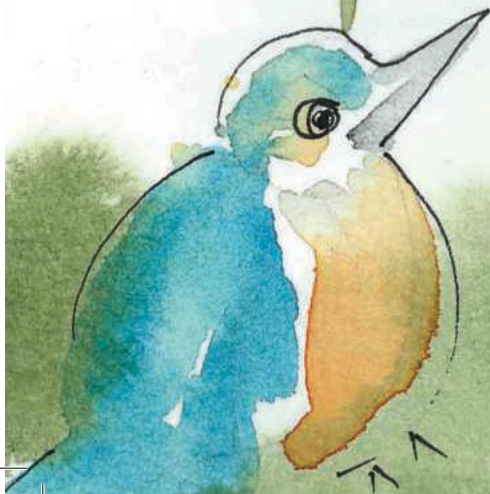








**“This flower looks like the sun,”
says Ndili.**



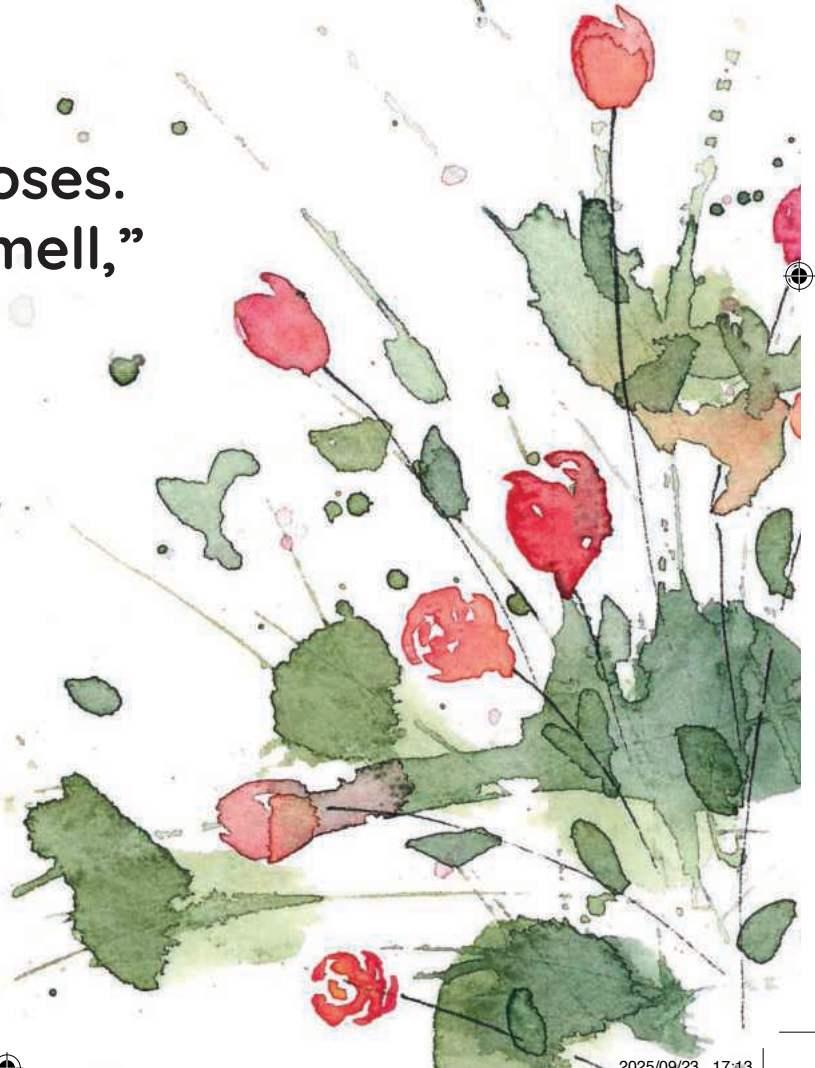


**“That’s why it’s called a sunflower,”
says Mama.**



“These flowers smell so lovely,” Ndili says.

“They are called roses.
They have a nice smell,”
Papa says.





“Achoooooo!” Mama sneezes.







**Papa, Mama and Ndili are
playing in the sky.**



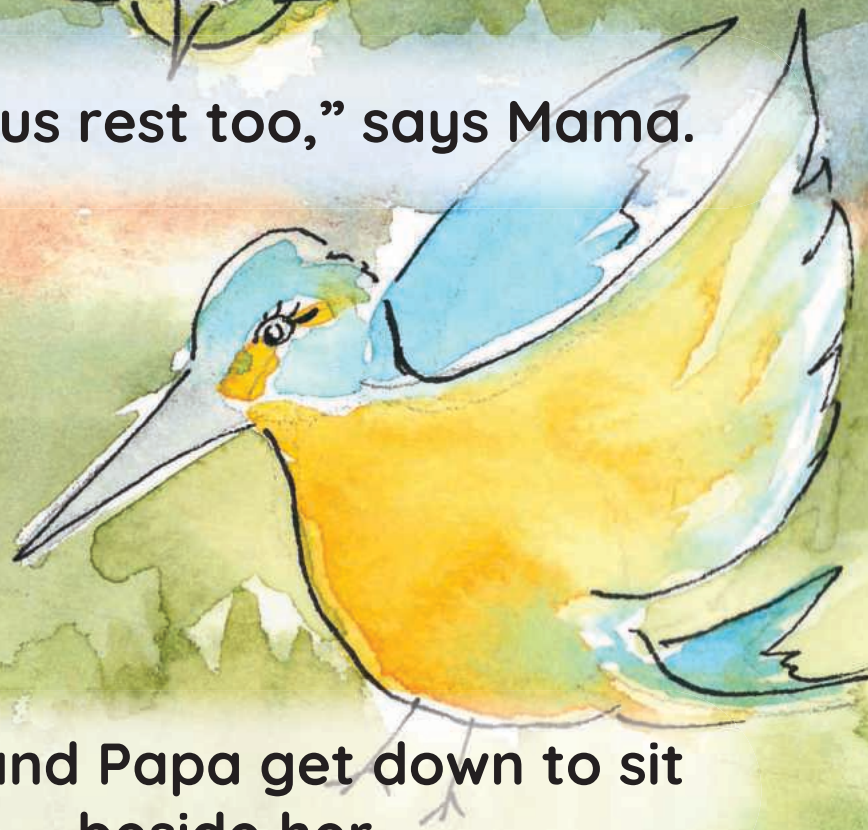


“I am tired,” Ndili says.





“Let us rest too,” says Mama.



**Mama and Papa get down to sit
beside her.**

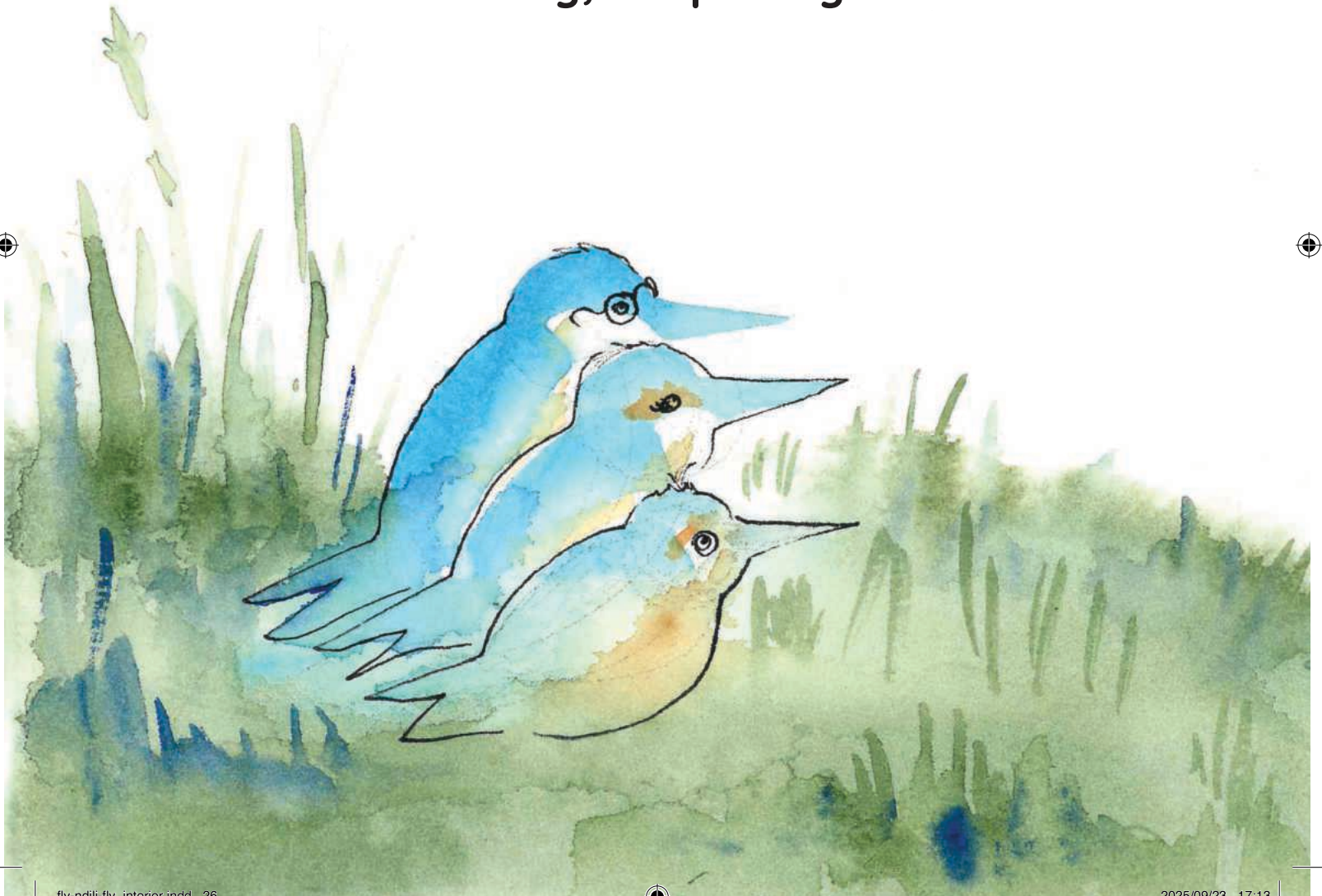


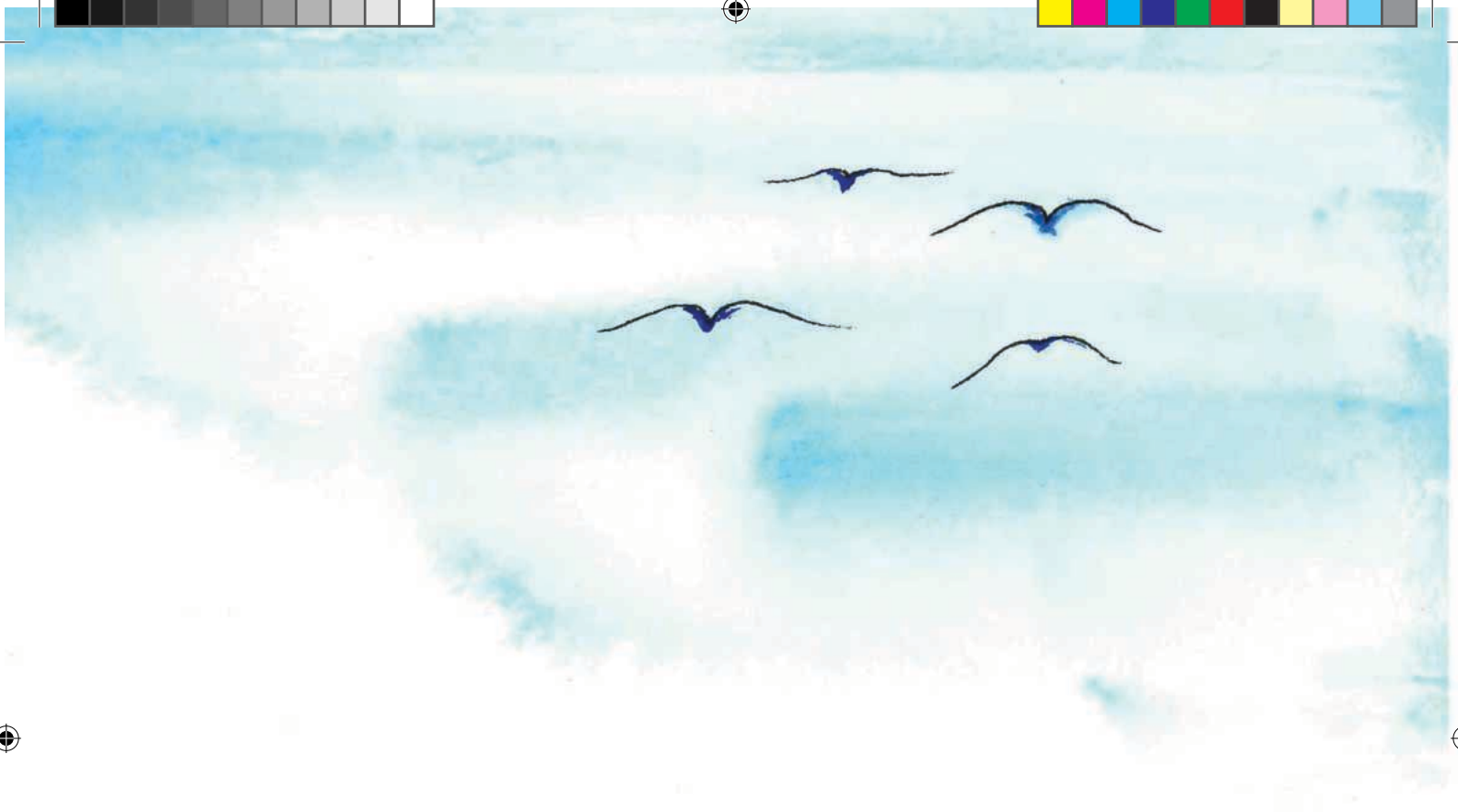






**“This is how we birds get the strength
to fly,” Papa says.**





**“First, in the garden and then high up in
the sky,” sings Mama.**











