Ariff Can Fly

The last cow was always slow and lazy.

Ariff pushed the cow out of the way.

Then he washed the floor of the stall.

Some days he loved the cows. They had big eyes, and wet tongues.

Some days he hated the smell. Today he was tired of the work.

A fly buzzed near his head.

Ariff tried to hit the fly with his hand.

Then he threw water at it.

The fly flew away.

“Lucky for you, fly!” he said.

A little bird hopped on the ground near the water.

Ariff splashed water at it.

The bird flew away.

“Lucky for you, bird!” he said.

He saw the bird again.

It was sitting in a tree.

It was looking right at him.

“Why am I lucky?” asked the bird.

“Because you can fly,” answered Ariff.

He was surprised that the bird talked.

“Then you are lucky too,” answered the bird.

It quickly flew away.

Ariff wondered about what the bird said.

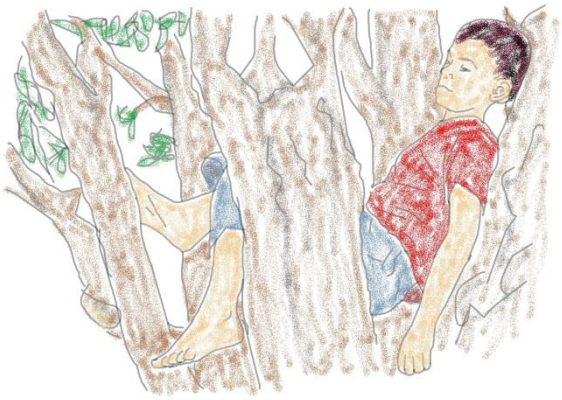
Ariff's grandmother came out of the house.

She had an important letter in her hand.

The wind blew the letter away.

Ariff saw the letter stuck in a tree.

Suddenly Ariff was in the tree too.



He saw the little bird looking at the important letter.

“You are lucky too!” said the bird.

“Did I fly here?” asked Ariff.

But the bird flew away again.

Ariff smiled at his grandmother as he handed her the letter.

“Oh! Thank you, Ariff!” she said.

She smiled a really big smile at him.

Then she looked at the little bird. “Hello again, Bird!”