



The Kiwi and the King

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The King of the Forest was very sad.

His trees were sick.

Their leaves were falling.

Their barks were full of holes.



The King called to the birds.
“Oh, birds! I need your help!
Bugs and worms are eating my trees!”
“What must we do?” asked the birds.
The King told them.



“Bugs and worms live on the ground.
So you must live there, too.
I will give you strong legs to run with.
I will give you a long beak to dig with.
You will lose your bright colors.
You will not have a tail.
You will not fly again.”



Three birds shook their heads.

"I don't like dirt," said the first.

"I love my bright colors," said the second.

"I don't want a long beak," said the third.

"We all love to fly!" they said together.



The last bird spoke.

It was Kiwi.

"I will do what you ask," said Kiwi.

"I will save your trees."

Just like that, the kiwi changed.



The King of the Forest smiled.

“Brave Kiwi!” he said.

“People will always know your name.

They will tell stories about you.

You are the bird who saved my trees.

You will be the bird I love best.”