

# Splendor

THE MAGNIFICENT



Rebecca  
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Splendor the Magnificent by Rebecca Bielawski



A baby bird hatched from his egg,  
Strong of wing and long of leg.



The bird was splendid  
And fine to see,  
Perching on  
An almond tree.

His mum decided  
It was her duty  
To give him a name  
To fit his beauty.



The name was Splendor. Everyone said,  
"What perfect feathers. A lovely head."

beautiful!



yes, yes  
quite lovely



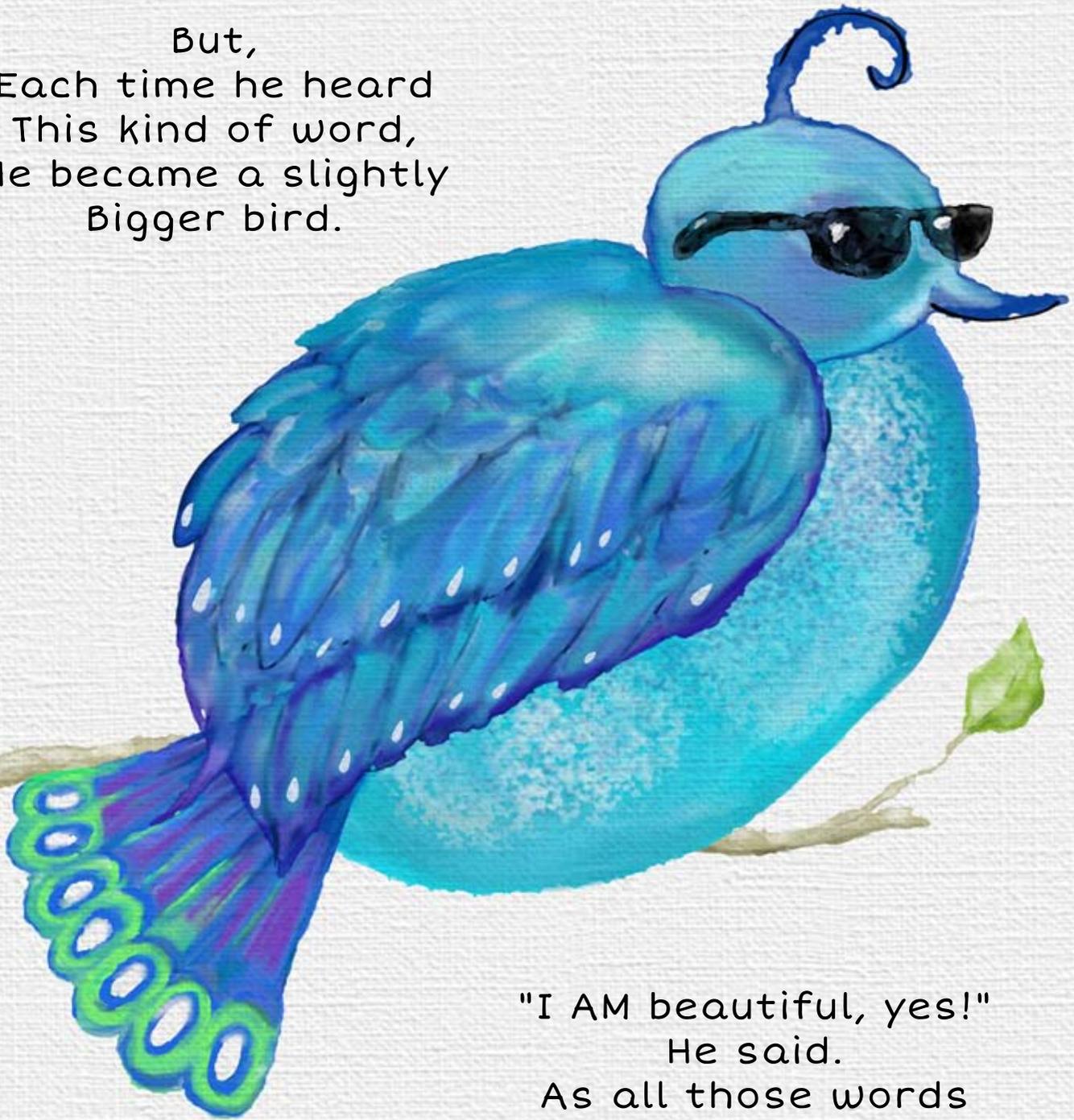
"That purple, blue  
And turquoise green.  
Such magnificence  
I've NEVER seen."

simply...

Gorgeous!



But,  
Each time he heard  
This kind of word,  
He became a slightly  
Bigger bird.



"I AM beautiful, yes!"  
He said.  
As all those words  
Went to his head.



Birds from everywhere  
Flocked to see him.



Teenage birds  
Wanted to BE him.



Say "Seeeeds!"  
" " " "

He posed for photos,  
They gave him presents.

Ravens, parrots,  
Hawks and pheasants.





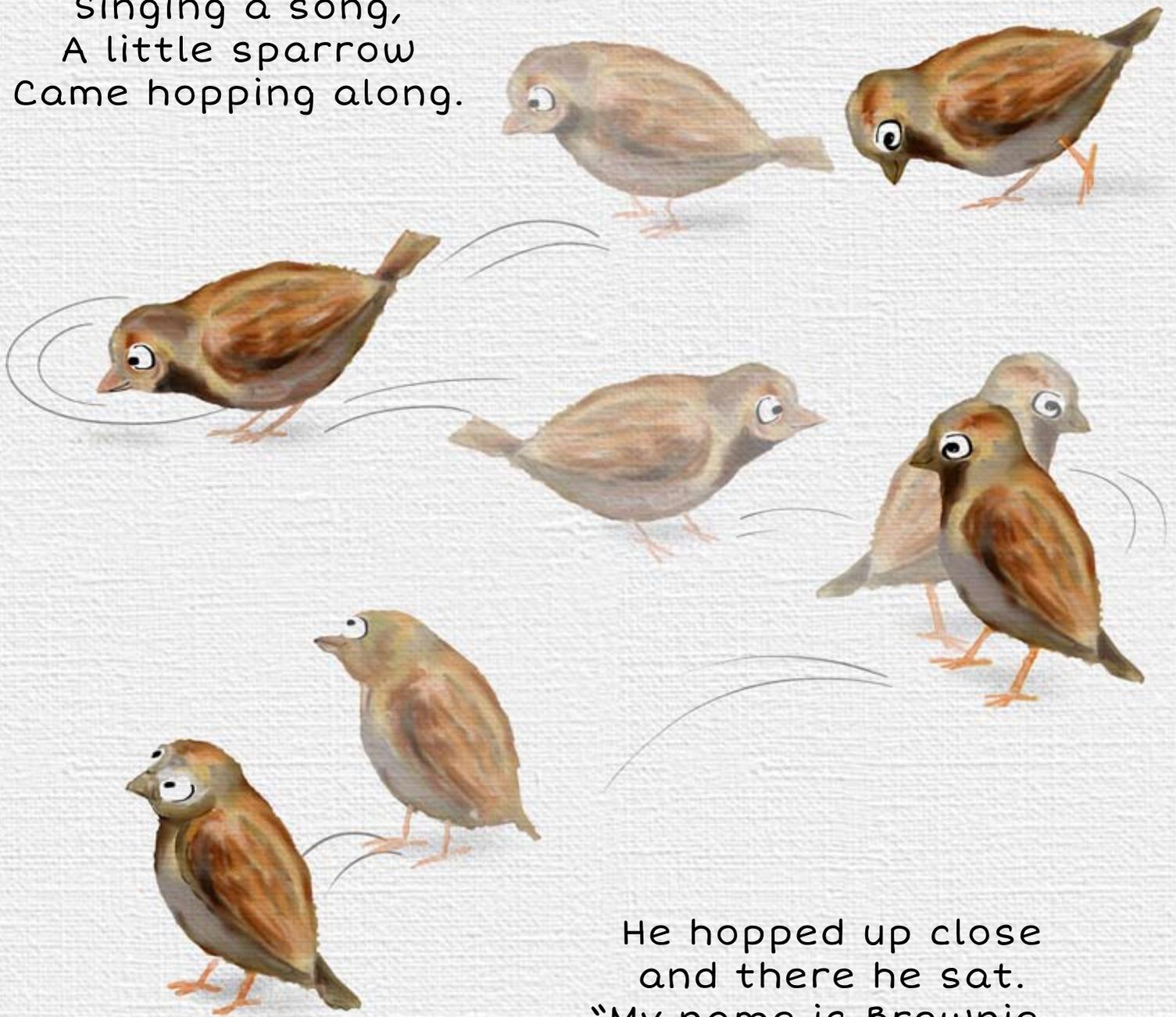
With so much attention  
He grew and grew.  
His big head grew,  
His body grew too!

Blown up with pride  
Like a blue balloon,  
He blocked out the sun,  
He eclipsed the moon.

looking  
good  
son!



Then, one day,  
Singing a song,  
A little sparrow  
Came hopping along.



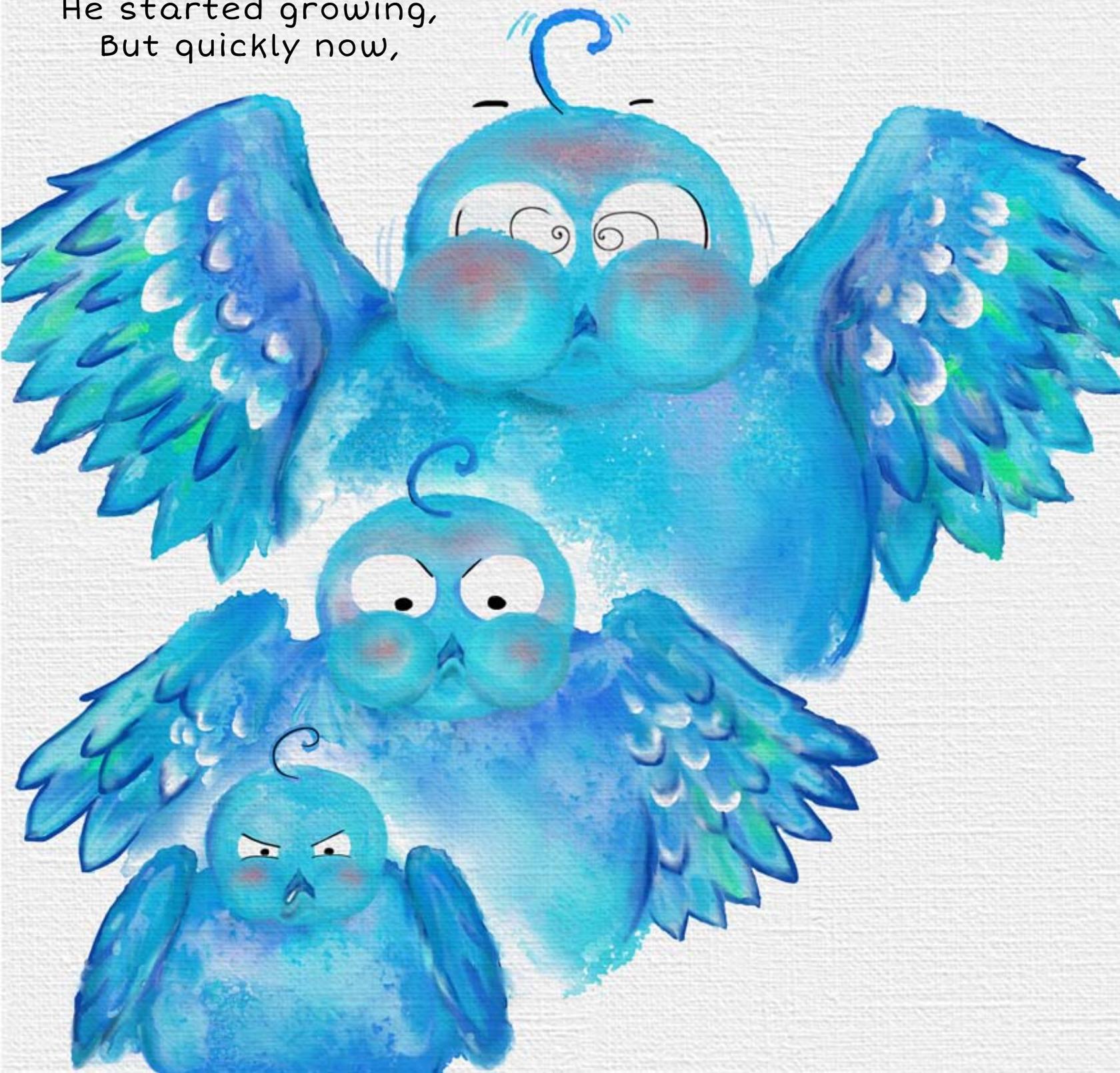
He hopped up close  
and there he sat.  
"My name is Brownie...  
Why are you so fat?"

“Did you say FAT?  
Is that what you said?”  
He got so angry  
His face turned red.

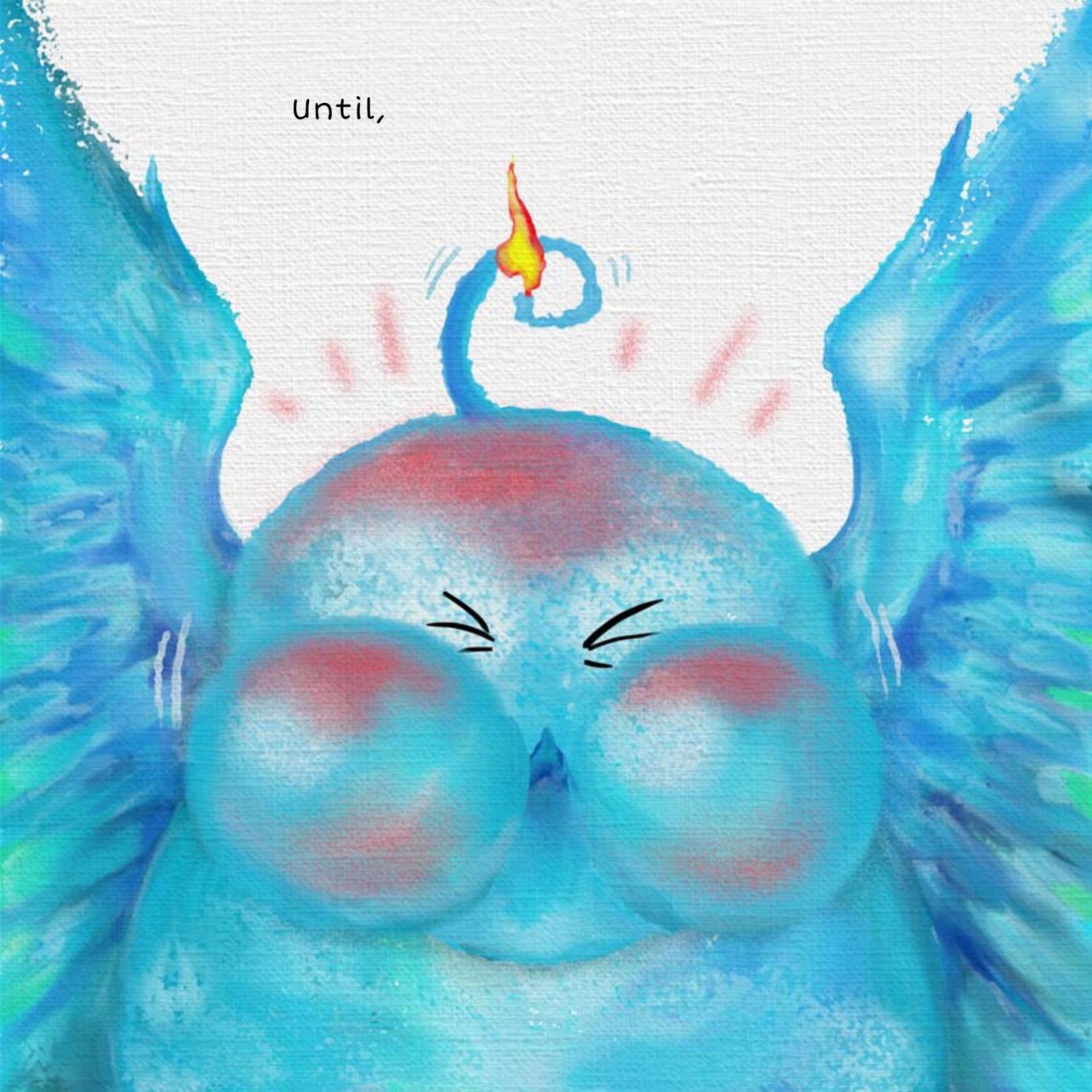


WHAT!

He started growing,  
But quickly now,



until,



until...

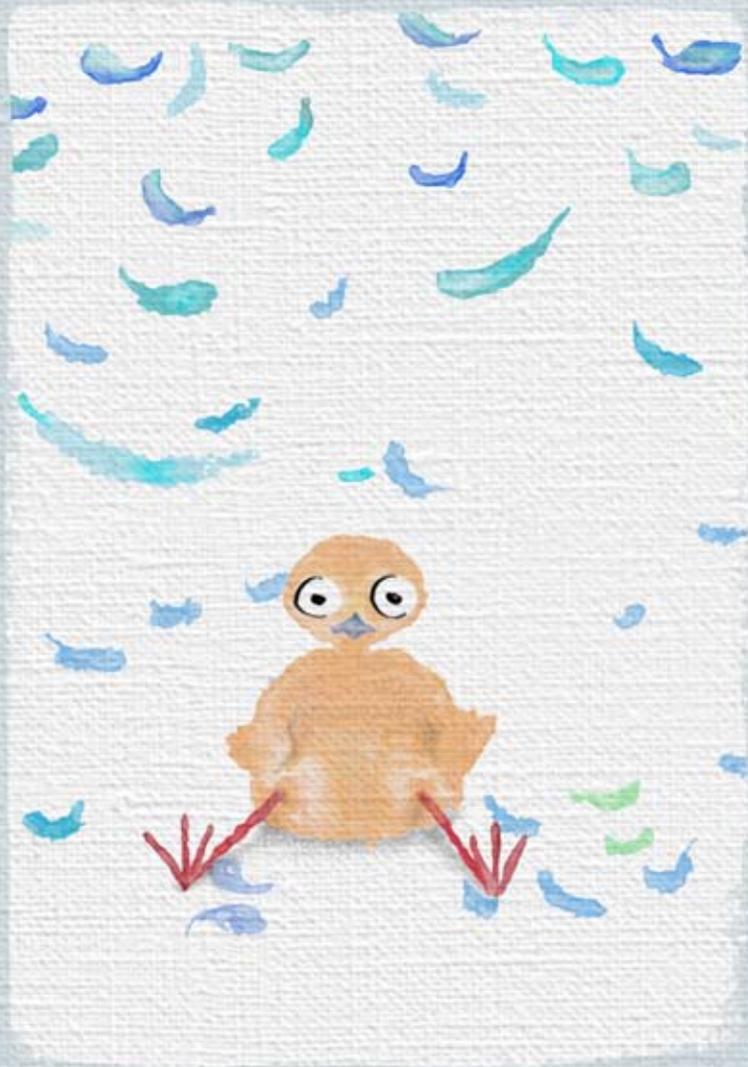
He went

**KAPOW!**





What was left after  
The bang was heard  
Was a bald and quite  
Deflated bird.



He looked for his fans  
In the feathery pile.  
No fans, no photos,  
No gifts, no smile.



He thought his world  
Had come to an end...

Until he realised  
He had a friend.

Brownie?

"I'm sorry,  
I really am.  
I didn't wish you  
To go KERBAM!"





“What a lot of feathers!”

“That is true.  
I have an idea  
For what to do.

Something helpful  
And good for others,  
Like pillow-stuffing  
For our injured brothers.”

# THE BROKEN WING

CEN + RE  
FOR INJURED BIRDS

Thank  
you!

SOOO  
SOFT



So, Splendor did  
A splendid thing,  
New pillows for the centre  
Of the BROKEN WING.



"I feel happy", Splendor thought.  
"So what if I am bald and short?"

He could finally see the way...

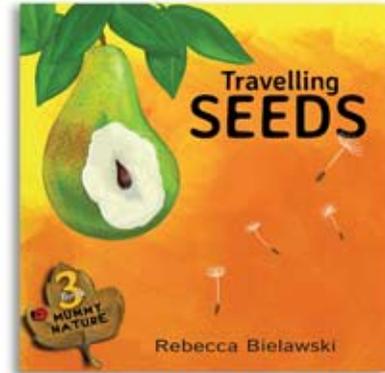
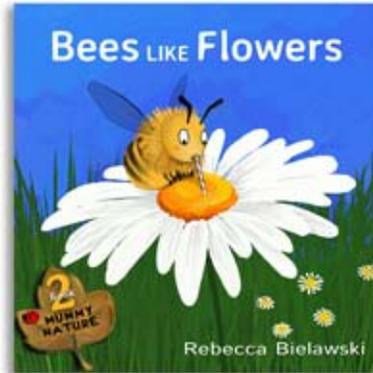
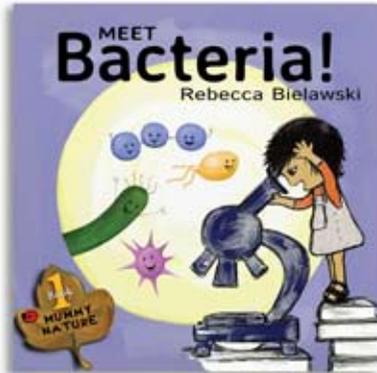
He'd take friends  
Over beauty, ANY day!



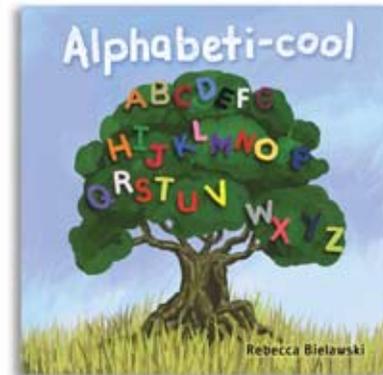
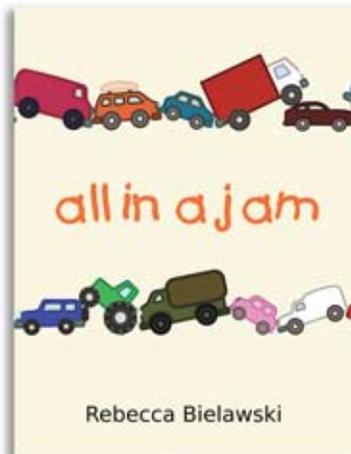
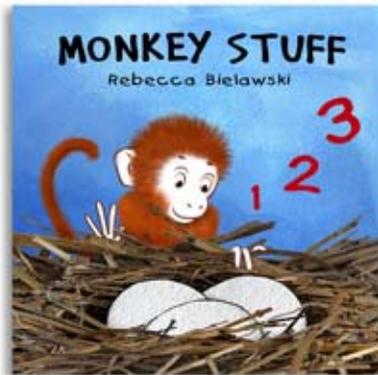
The End



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