


L.I. To read aloud. To write instructions.

The Greggs flew down and sat on the wall near the door. Mrs Gregg began to cry.  
'Oh, dear! Oh, dear!' she sobbed. 'They have taken our house. What *shall* we do? We have no place to go!  
Even the boys began to cry a bit now.



'We will be eaten by cats and foxes in the night!' said Philip.  
'I want to sleep in my own bed!' said William.  
'Now then,' said Mr Gregg. 'It isn't any good crying. That won't help us. Shall I tell you what we are going to do?'  
'What?' they said.  
Mr Gregg looked at them and smiled. 'We are going to build a nest.'

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'A nest!' they said. 'Can we do that?'  
'We *must* do it,' said Mr Gregg. 'We've got to have somewhere to sleep. Follow me.'



They flew off to a tall tree, and right at the top of it Mr Gregg chose the place for the nest.

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'Now we want sticks,' he said. 'Lots and lots of little sticks. Off you go, all of you, and find them and bring them back here.'  
'But we have no hands!' said Philip.  
'Then use your mouths.'  
Mrs Gregg and the children flew off. Soon they were back, carrying sticks in their mouths.



Mr Gregg took the sticks and started to build the nest.  
'More,' he said. 'I want more and more and more sticks. Keep going.'  
The nest began to grow. Mr Gregg was very good at making the sticks stick together.

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After a while he said, 'That's enough sticks. Now I want leaves and feathers and things like that to make the inside nice and soft.'

The building of the nest went on and on. It took a long time. But at last it was finished.

'Try it,' said Mr Gregg, hopping back. He was very pleased with his work.

'Oh, isn't it lovely!' cried Mrs Gregg, going into it and sitting down. 'I feel I might lay an egg any moment!'

The others all got in beside her.

'How warm it is!' said William.

'And what fun to be living so high up,' said Philip. 'We may be small, but nobody can hurt us up here.'

'But what about food?' said Mrs Gregg. 'We haven't had a thing to eat all day.'

'That's right,' Mr Gregg said. 'So we will now fly back to the house and go in by an open window and get the tin of biscuits when the ducks aren't looking.'

'Oh, we will be pecked to bits by those dirty great ducks!' cried Mrs Gregg.

'We shall be very careful, my love,' said Mr Gregg. And off they went.

But when they got to the house, they found all the windows and doors closed. There was no way in.

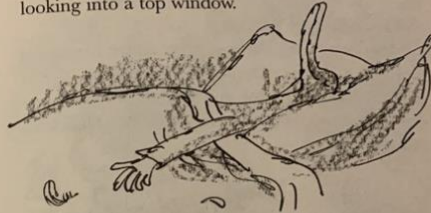
'Just look at that beastly duck cooking at my stove!' cried Mrs Gregg as she flew past the kitchen window. 'How dare she!'



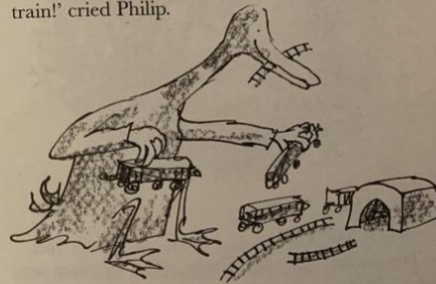
'And look at *that* one holding my lovely gun!' shouted Mr Gregg.



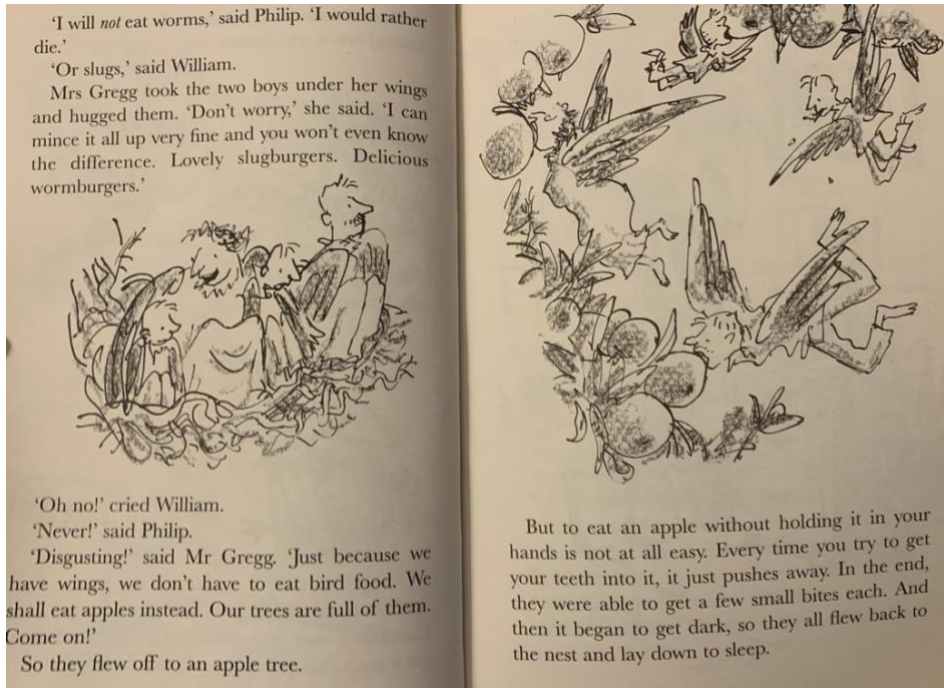
'One of them is lying in my bed!' yelled William, looking into a top window.



'And one of them is playing with my electric train!' cried Philip.



'Oh, dear! Oh, dear!' said Mrs Gregg. 'They have taken over our whole house! We shall never get it back. And what *are* we going to eat?'



Can you write a set of instructions to help the Greggs to make a birds nest?

e.g:

What you will need

- Sticks
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1. First gather as many small sticks and twigs as you can find from around the garden.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.