

Vertigo

A little bird was born in a tree in a forest. His father and mother named him Voing and every day they fed him small worms and pieces of fruit. Voing grew up. Its wings filled with feathers and its legs gained strength. Until one day his mother said to him:

-Dear Voing. You're ready. You can leave the nest and start flying.

But little Voing leaned over the edge of the nest and, seeing how high it was, was frightened. I had vertigo! He wasn't able to jump.

Day after day, Voing woke up thinking that he would finally dare to jump and fly like his friends did. But every time he leaned over the edge of the nest, fear gripped him, and Voing lowered his head and shrunk his wings tightly.

It was the end of spring when one morning Voing saw that near the tree where he lived, down there, on the ground, there was a small egg that had fallen. Voing began to chirp as loudly as he could, hoping that some adult bird would hear him and might rescue the egg. But all the birds that could fly had gone off to look for food.

The one who did hear Voing's chirping was a hungry fox that was already sniffing the ground, near the fallen egg.

-You're going to find it!" He'll take it in one bite -he thought.

With no time to think, no time to be afraid, no time for anything, Voing jumped out of the nest. He flapped his wings instinctively and, to his surprise, knew how to do it! He knew how to fly! He was able to steer toward the egg on the ground and catch it with his paws, just before the fox arrived.

Voing returned the egg to the tree from which it had fallen and returned to its nest. His chest swelled, his wings spread, and he jumped again!

