



Once long ago, the birds had a meeting. They wanted a king, just like people and animals. Which bird should be king?



"The Eagle, he is strong and kingly!" said one. "No, he has no crown, and when he calls, he sounds too sad," said another. "Then Ostrich, because he is the largest and roars like a lion," one called out. "No, he can't fly. The king of the birds must be able to fly."



"I think I should be king,"
said Peacock, fanning his
tail. "I am so beautiful." "You
are too proud," said Owl. "I
have the largest eyes of any
bird. I should be king." "No,
not you, Owl," they shouted.
"You go to sleep when the
sun rises."



And so they didn't get very far. Then one bird had an idea. 'He who can fly the highest will be king,' he said. 'Yes, yes,' they shouted, and they all flew up, up, into the sky.



The Goose flew for one day, straight over the highest mountains in the world. The Eagle flew for two days into the blue above the mountains. But the Vulture soared for three whole days without stopping, straight toward the sun.

Way above them, the birds
heard Vulture cry, "I am the
highest, I am king!"





But then just above him Vulture heard a tiny voice, "Tink, tink, tink! I am the highest, I am king." It was Ncede, the Neddicky, the smallest bird of all! He had held onto the great wing feathers of Vulture as he soared into the sky!



"You won't beat me again,"
said Vulture, and soared
straight up into the air.
He flew up and up until he
could fly no more. "I am
higher than any other bird.
I am your king!" he cried.



But out from under his wing crept the tiny bird. "Tink, tink! Tink, tink! It is I, the smallest one! I am your king." Vulture was too exhausted to fly any further.



So down he sailed - with the little bird still under his wing. The other birds were furious with Ncede. They waited for him, ready to pluck out all his feathers.

But the quick little bird saw how angry they were, and flew into an empty snake hole.





“With your big eyes, you must keep guard at the hole and catch him when he comes out,” they said to Owl. So Owl sat in front of the hole.



But the sun was warm and soon Owl was fast asleep. The little bird peeped out, saw that Owl was asleep, and z-zip, away he went.



Owl was very ashamed that he had let the little bird escape. Now he only hunts at night. In the day, he sleeps, away from the sight of the other birds.

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