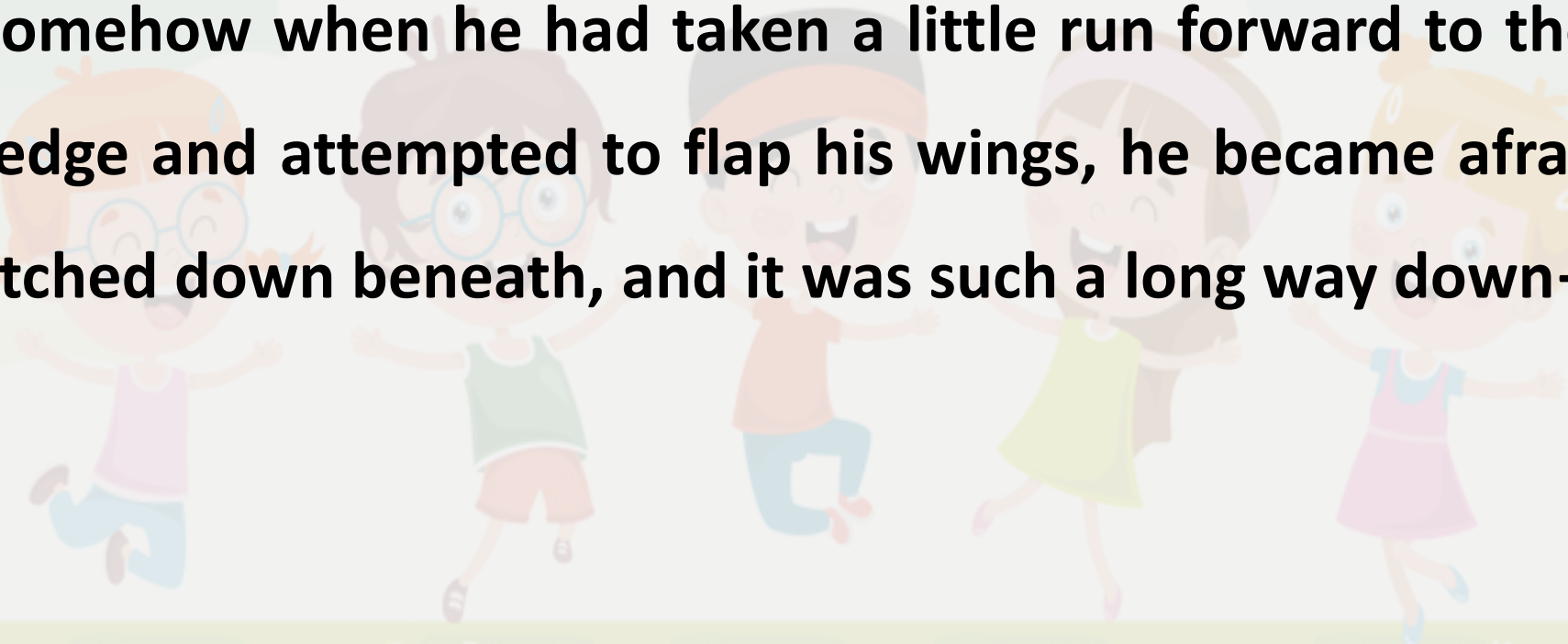


# 6. His First Flight

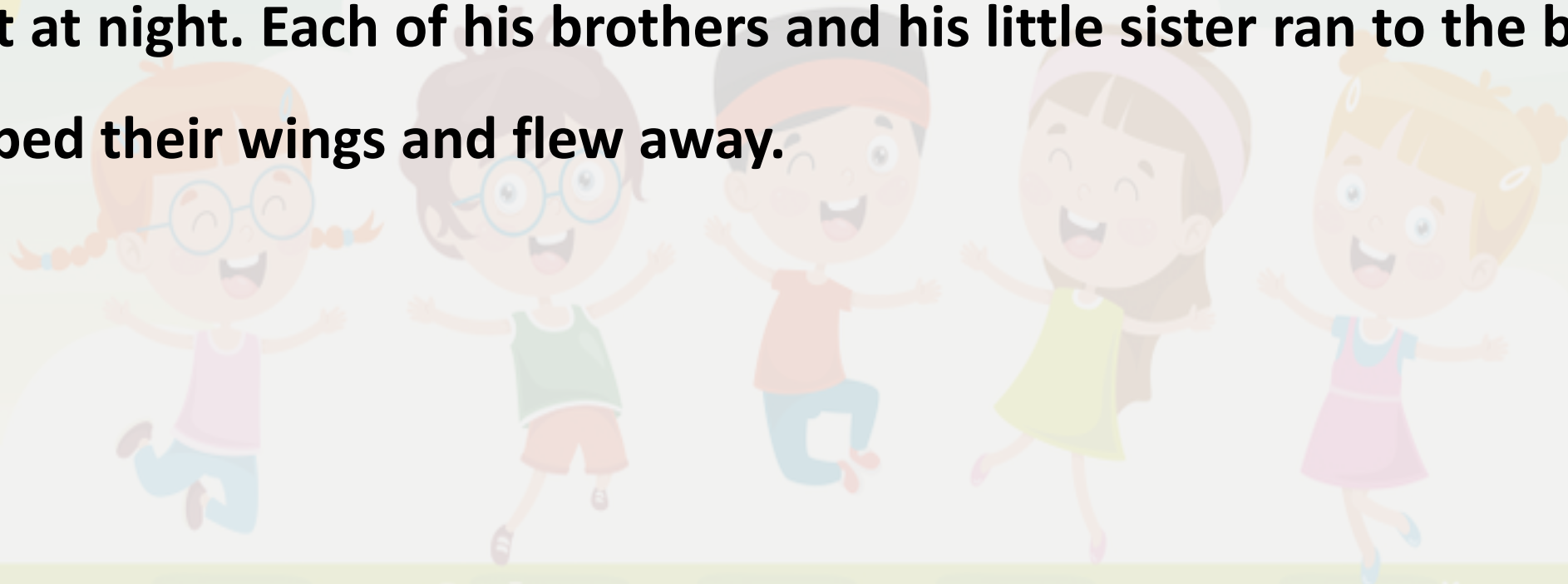
## Class 5 English



**The young seagull was alone on his ledge. His two brothers and sister had already flown away the day before. He had been afraid to fly with them. Somehow when he had taken a little run forward to the brink of the ledge and attempted to flap his wings, he became afraid. The sea stretched down beneath, and it was such a long way down—miles down.**

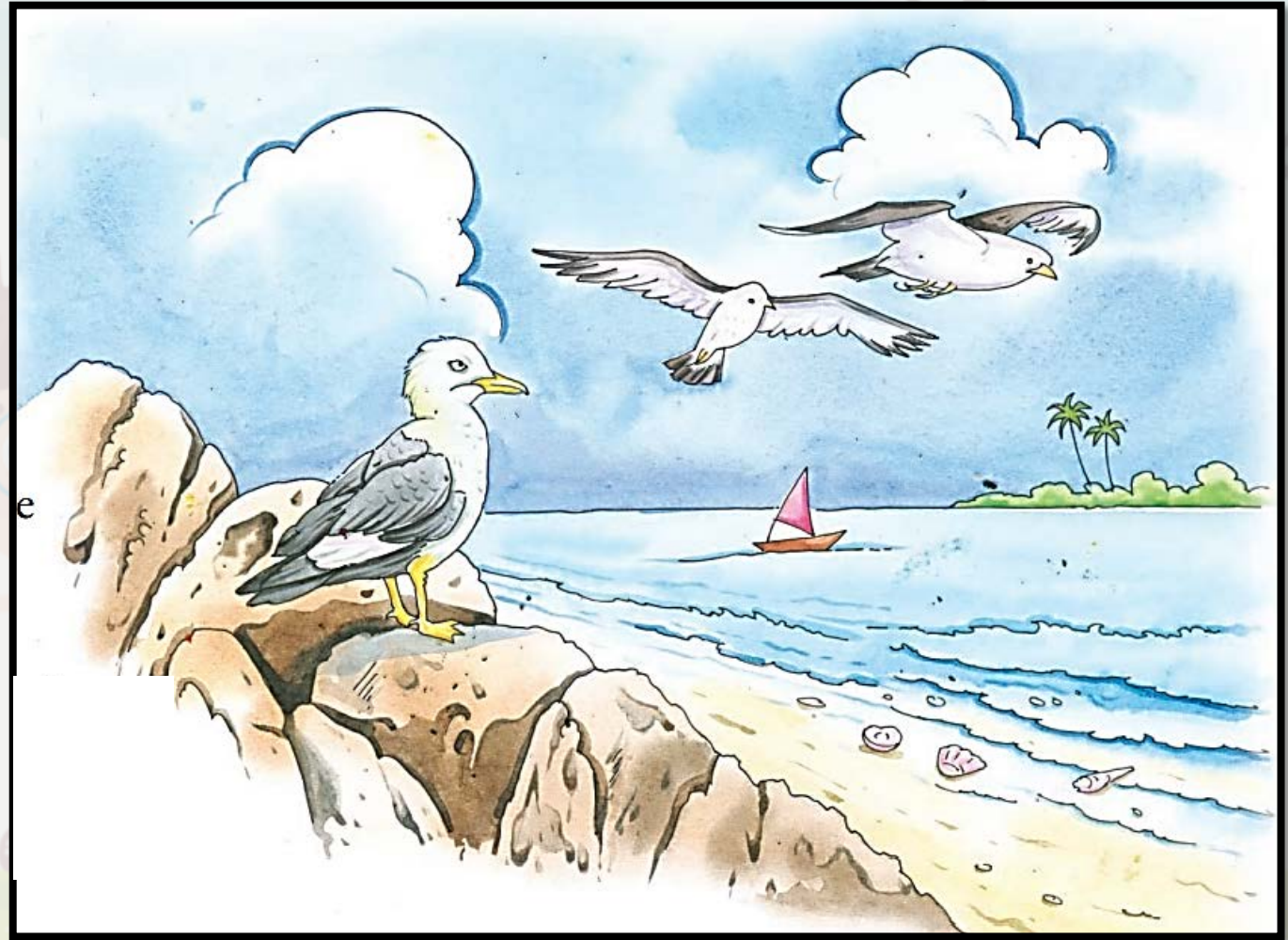


**He felt certain that his wings would never support him, so he bent his head and ran away back to the little hole under the ledge where he slept at night. Each of his brothers and his little sister ran to the brink, flapped their wings and flew away.**



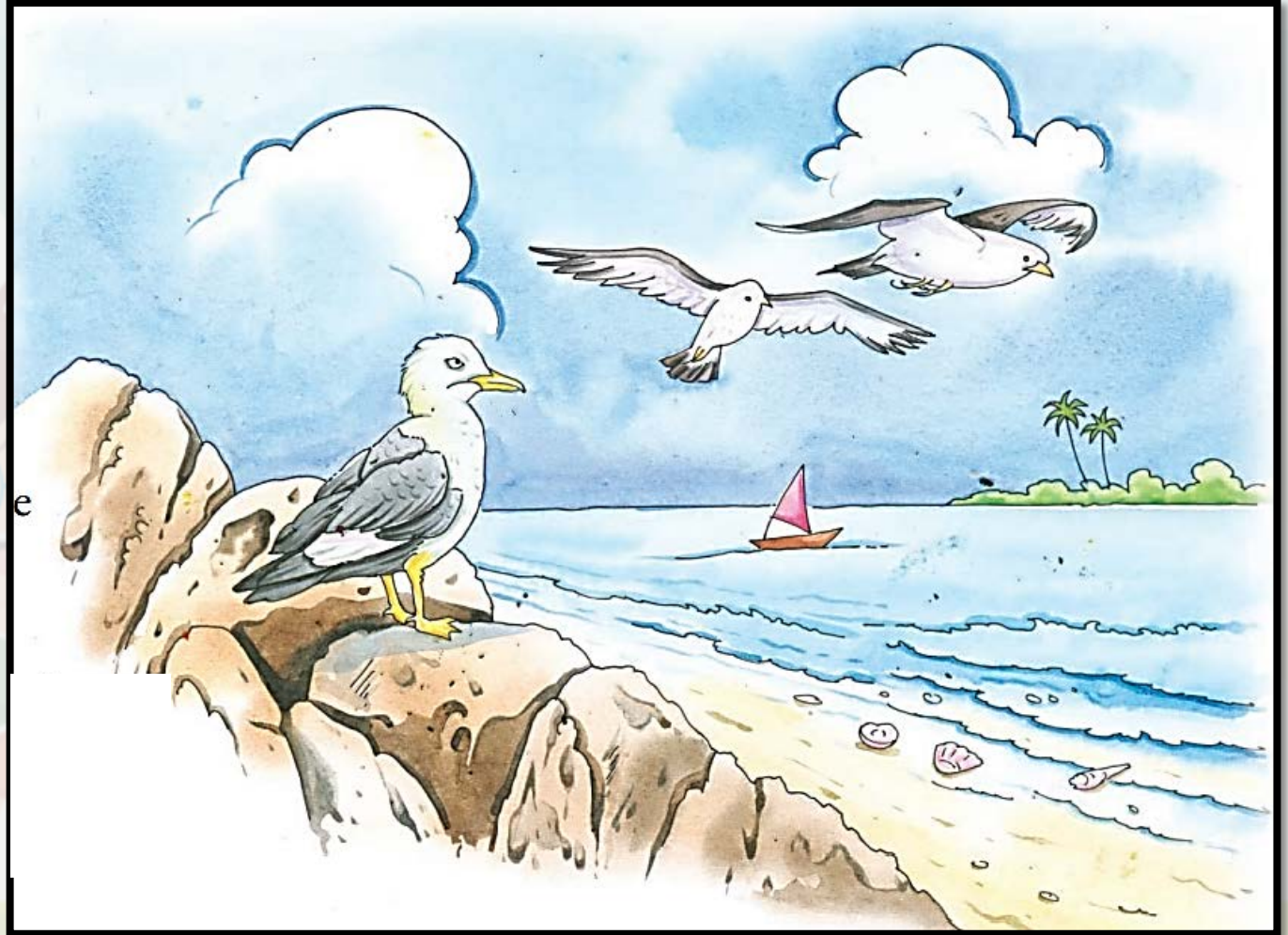


**He failed to muster up courage to take the plunge. His mother and father came around calling to him shrilly, threatening to let him starve unless he flew away.**



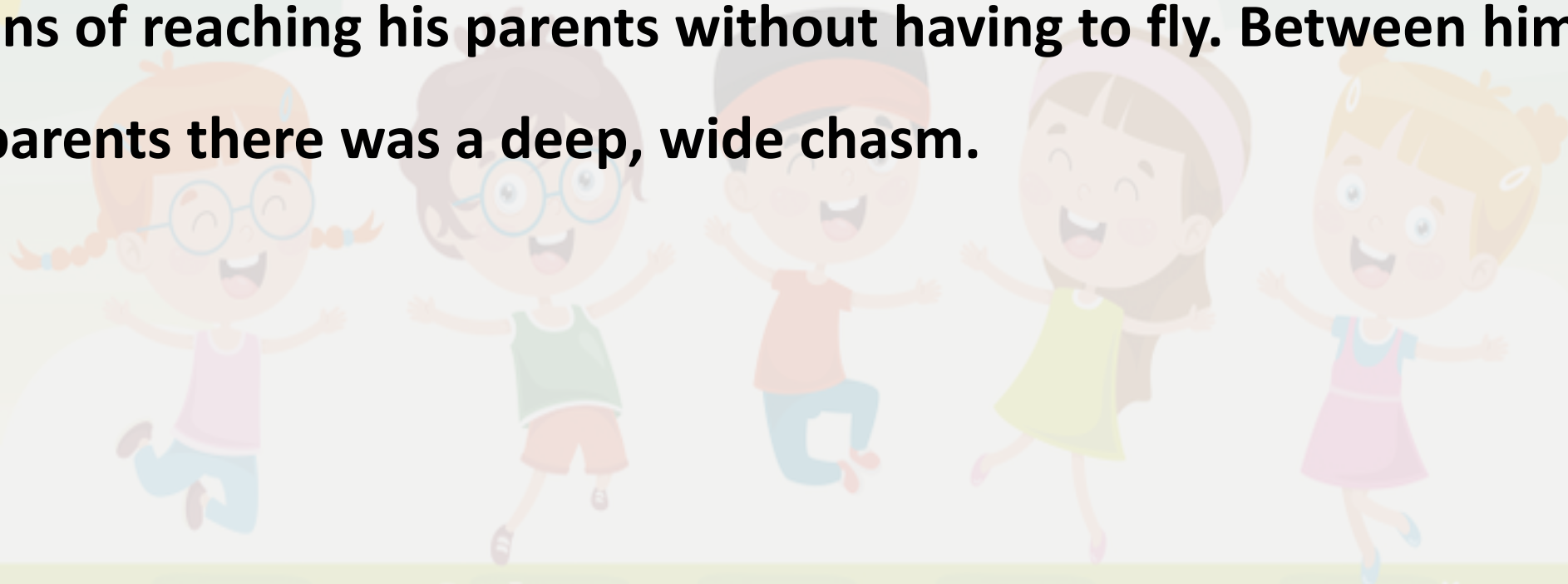
**But for the  
life of him, he could  
not move.**

**That was twenty-four  
hours ago. Since then  
nobody had  
come near him.**

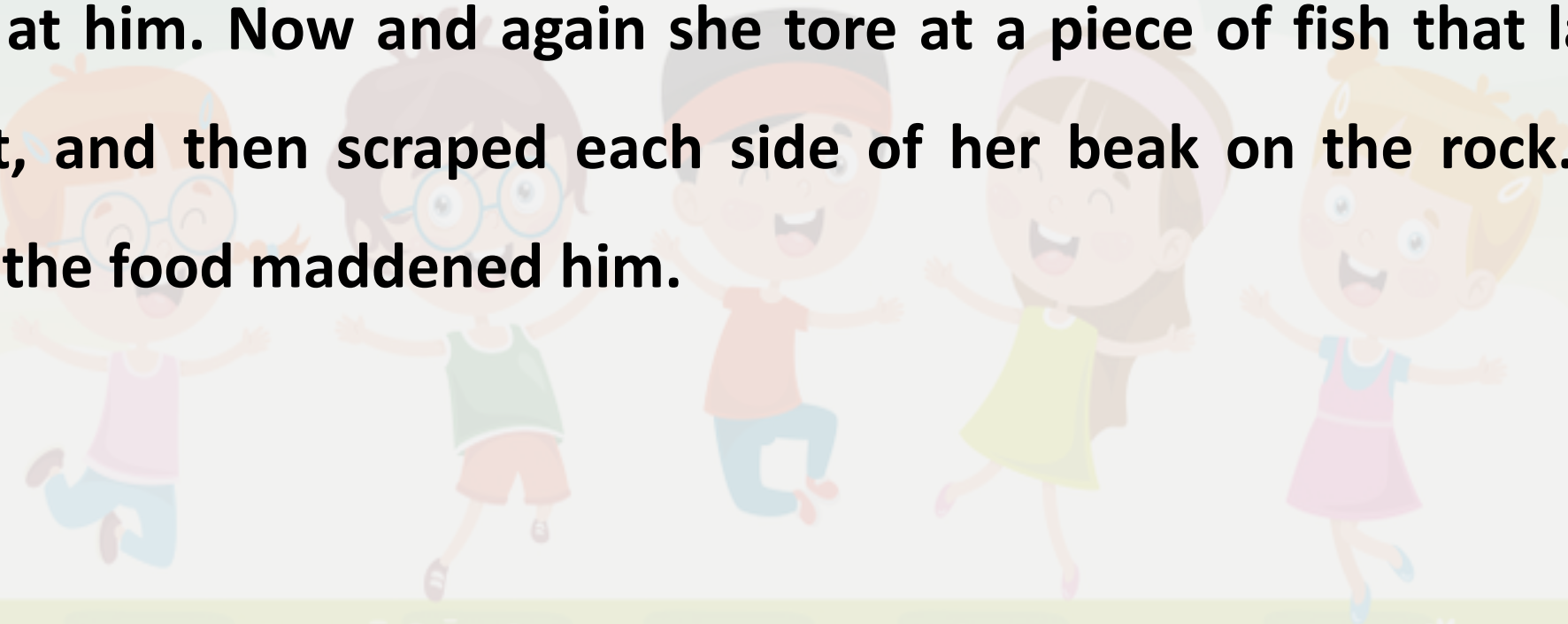


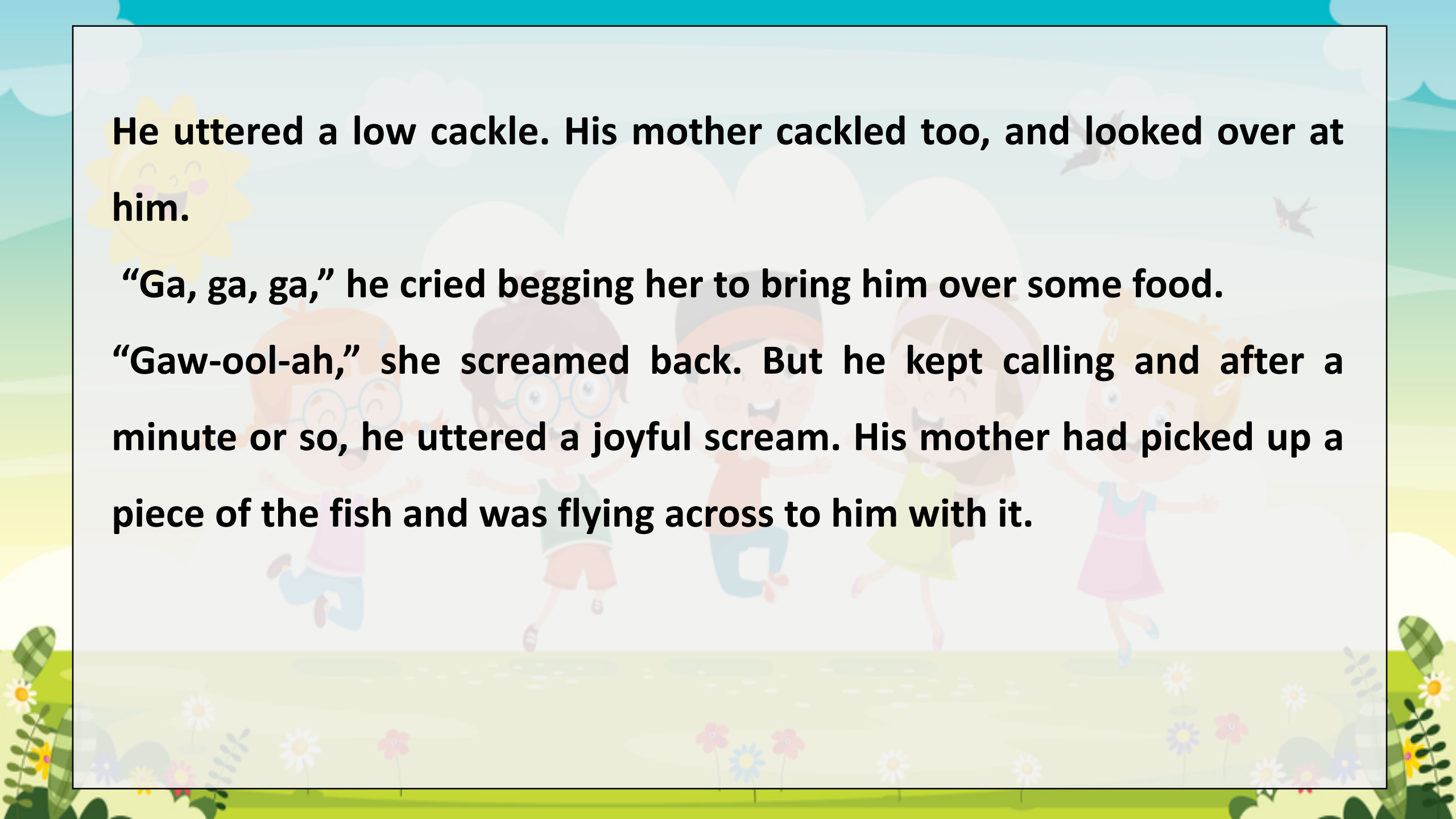


**He had not eaten since the previous night; there was not a single scrap of food left. He then trotted back and forth trying to find some means of reaching his parents without having to fly. Between him and his parents there was a deep, wide chasm.**



**He saw his two brothers and his sister lying on the plateau dozing. His father was preening the feathers on his back. Only his mother was looking at him. Now and again she tore at a piece of fish that lay at her feet, and then scraped each side of her beak on the rock. The sight of the food maddened him.**



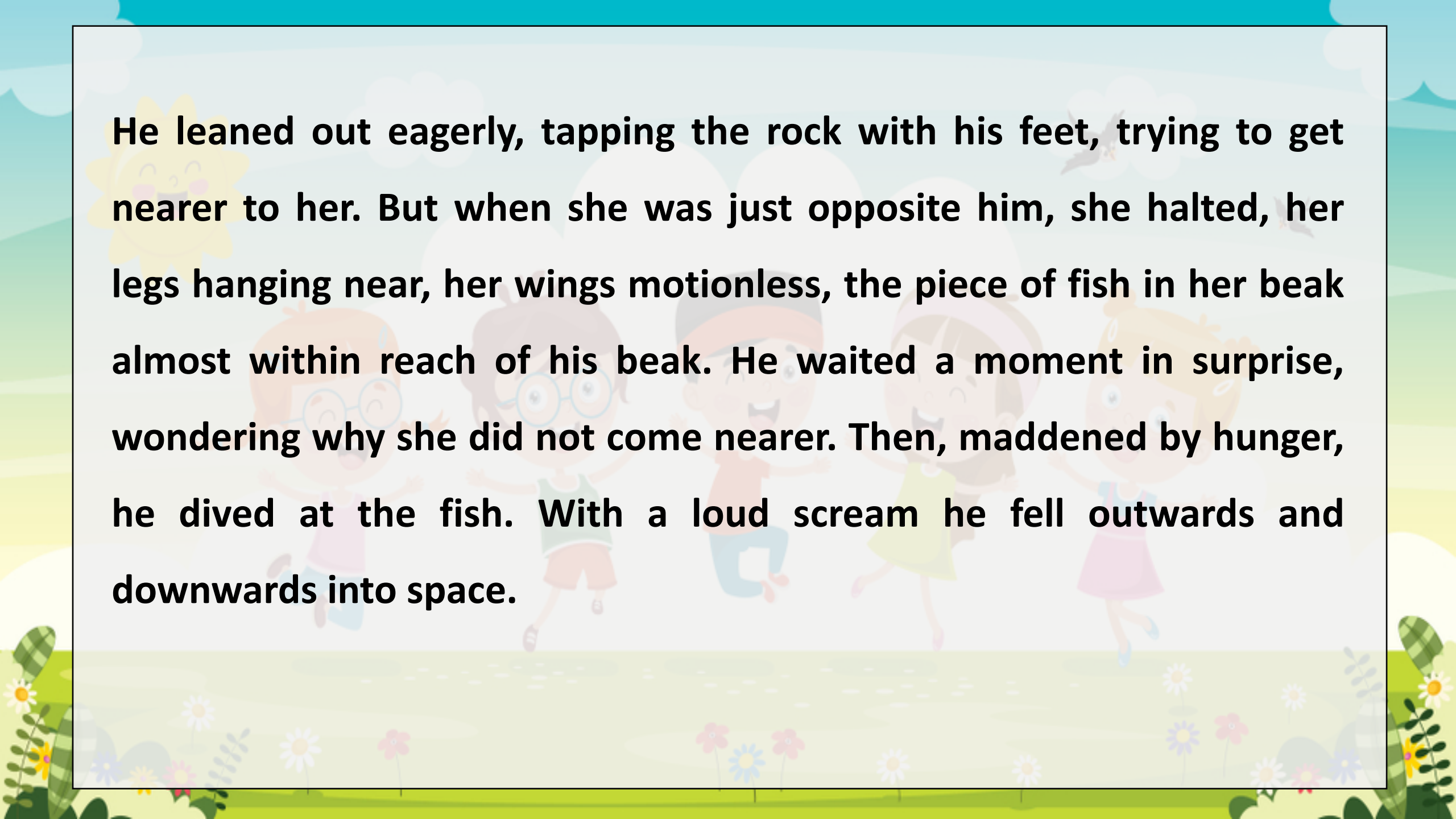


**He uttered a low cackle. His mother cackled too, and looked over at him.**

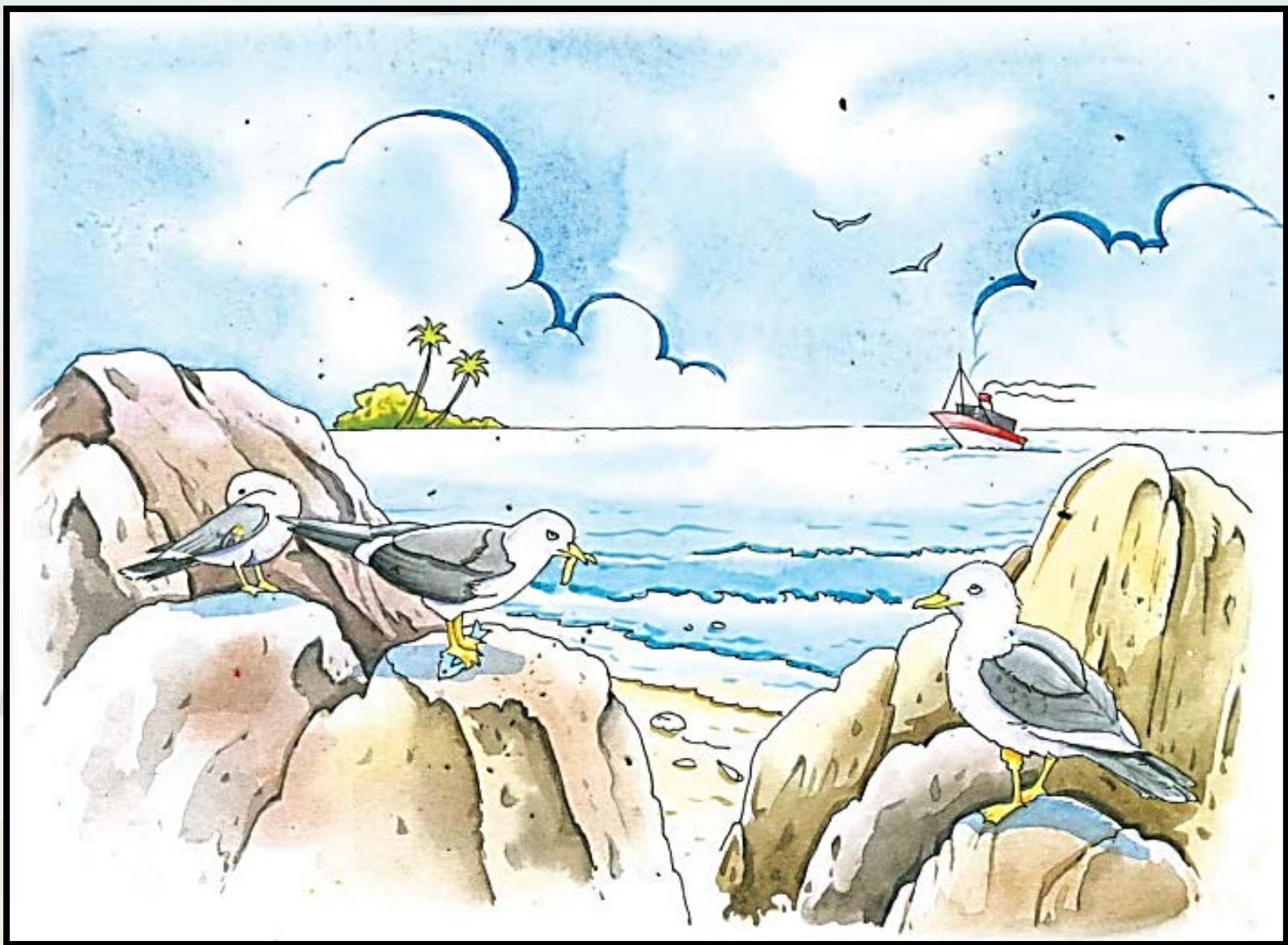
**“Ga, ga, ga,” he cried begging her to bring him over some food.**

**“Gaw-ool-ah,” she screamed back. But he kept calling and after a minute or so, he uttered a joyful scream. His mother had picked up a piece of the fish and was flying across to him with it.**





**He leaned out eagerly, tapping the rock with his feet, trying to get nearer to her. But when she was just opposite him, she halted, her legs hanging near, her wings motionless, the piece of fish in her beak almost within reach of his beak. He waited a moment in surprise, wondering why she did not come nearer. Then, maddened by hunger, he dived at the fish. With a loud scream he fell outwards and downwards into space.**

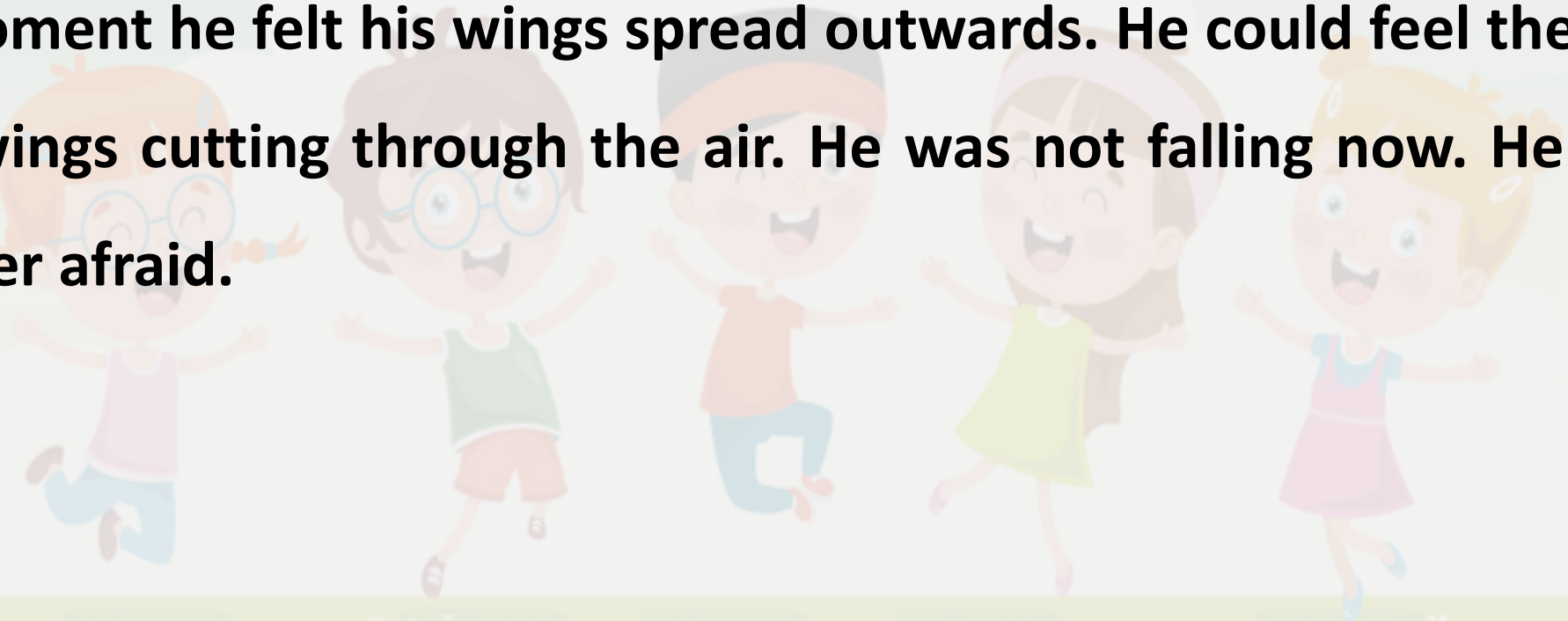






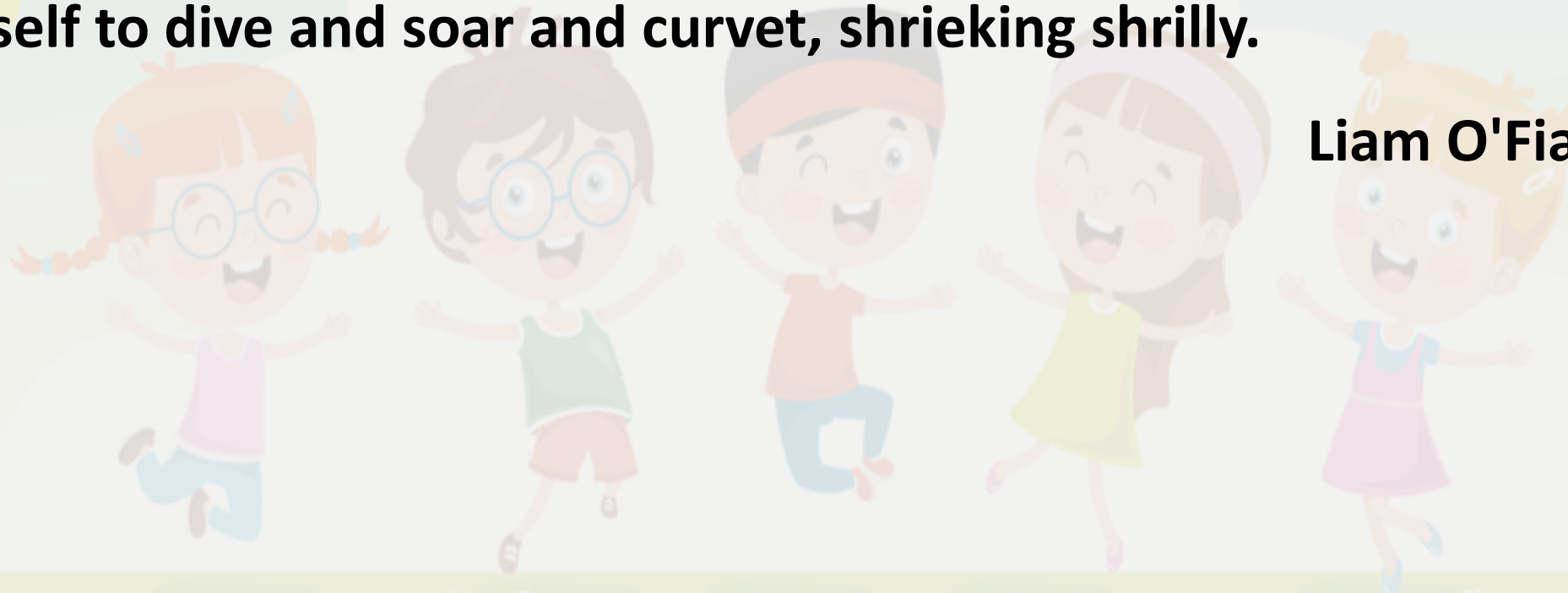


**His mother had swooped upwards. A terror seized him and his heart stood still. He could hear nothing. But it only lasted a moment. The next moment he felt his wings spread outwards. He could feel the tips of his wings cutting through the air. He was not falling now. He was no longer afraid.**



**He uttered a joyous scream. He soared high. Then he completely forgot that he had not always been able to fly and commenced himself to dive and soar and curvet, shrieking shrilly.**

**Liam O'Fiaherty**





**THANK  
YOU**