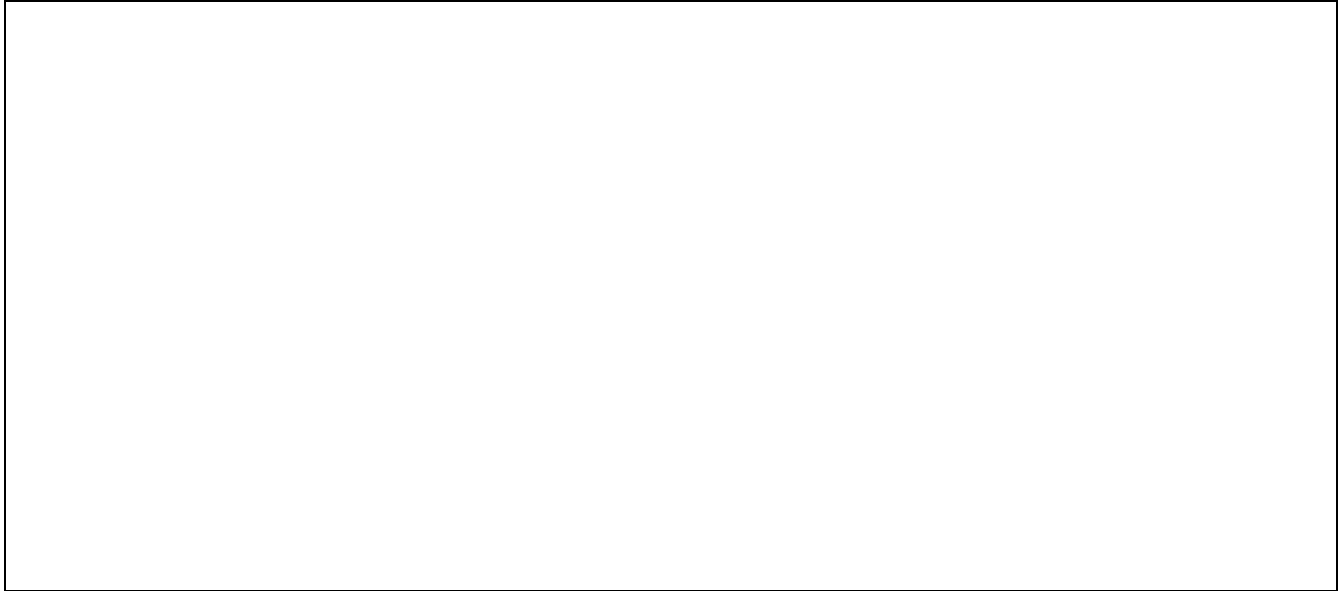


A Flamingo Party

Illustrate the story here:



At half-past two, we went to the park close to home. It was full of lush, green grass and very tall trees. By the vast lake, there were pretty, pink birds. “Flamingos!” I called out.

The flock moved very fast across the grass. “What are they doing?” I asked. Mum said, “It looks like they are having a party. What a blast!” They stood on one leg and used their long necks to find food. Dad told me flamingos can’t fly. Silly Dad!

Then I went to the swings and slid on the slide. “Oh no! It is time to go,” said Dad. At last, I waved to the flamingos and told them I would come back soon.