

"Dreaming"

By Lily Smith.

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The grey, caged budgie was in a world of
wish, hope, desire.

He was dreaming.

For days he had been trapped in a cage.

A pale, white cage
with eerie looking bars surrounding him.

He was enslaved, alone,

with nobody to keep him company.

So he dreamt with the slightest bit of hope

that he could be free.

He dreamt about how it would feel to fly,
his wings fluttering so gracefully in the wind.

Oh, how badly he wanted to be free.

He dreamt for hours and hours.

Freedom, Freedom, Freedom.

What a big powerful word!