

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Time: \_\_\_\_ : \_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_ : \_\_\_\_



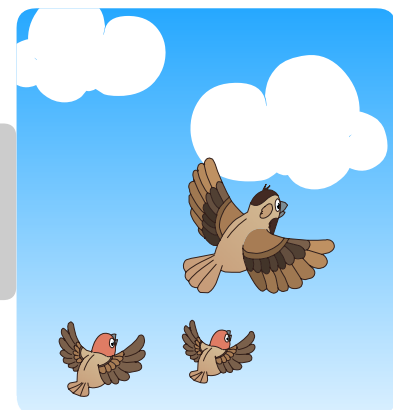
After a few days later the farmer came back alone, with his sickle. On seeing him, the mother sparrow called her chicks, “Quick! Quick! Come! It is now time to fly. Today the farmer has decided to cut the wheat himself.” V-r-o-o-m!

The mother and chicks flew away high into the blue sky.

Number the pictures in the order of the story.



3



4



1



2