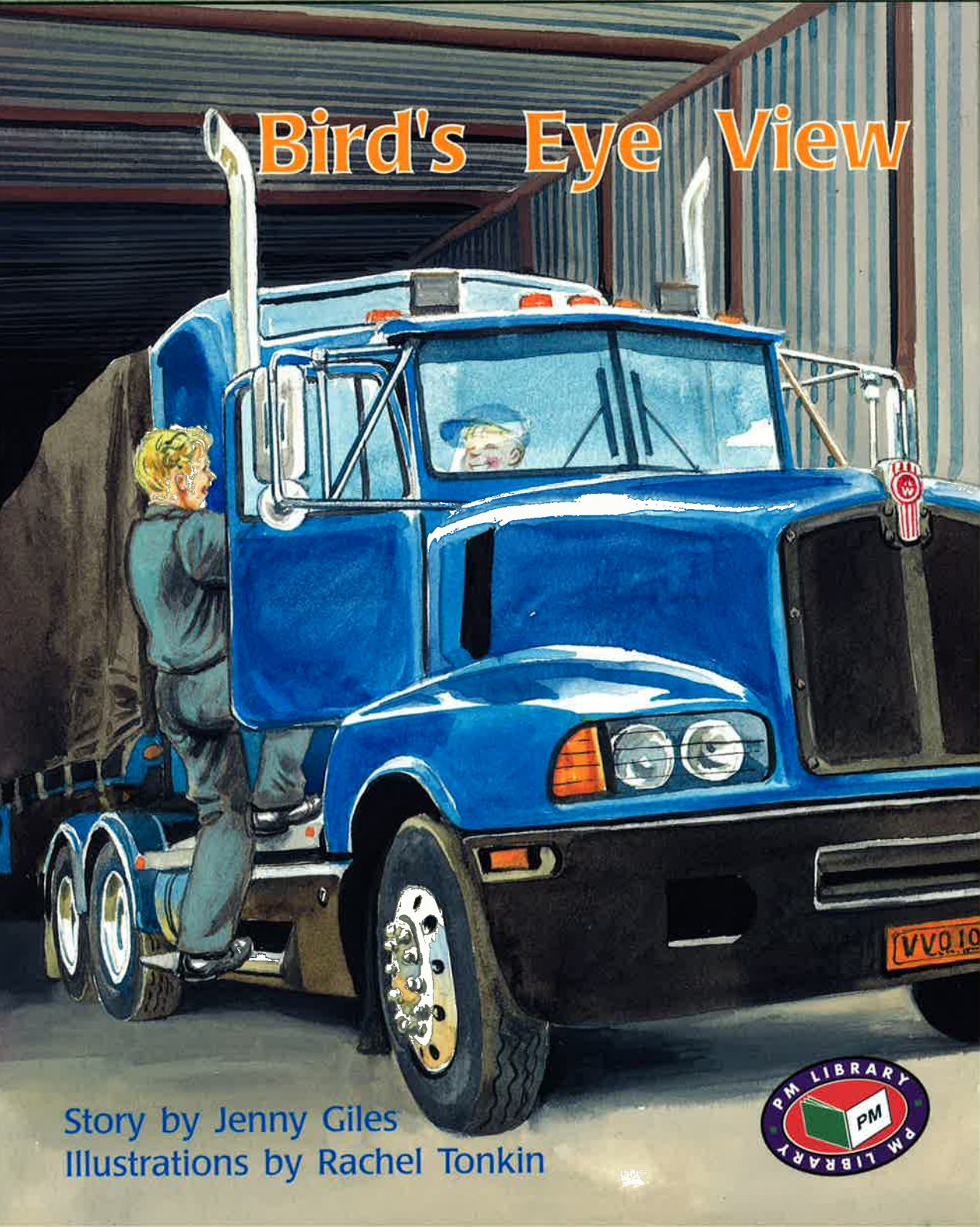
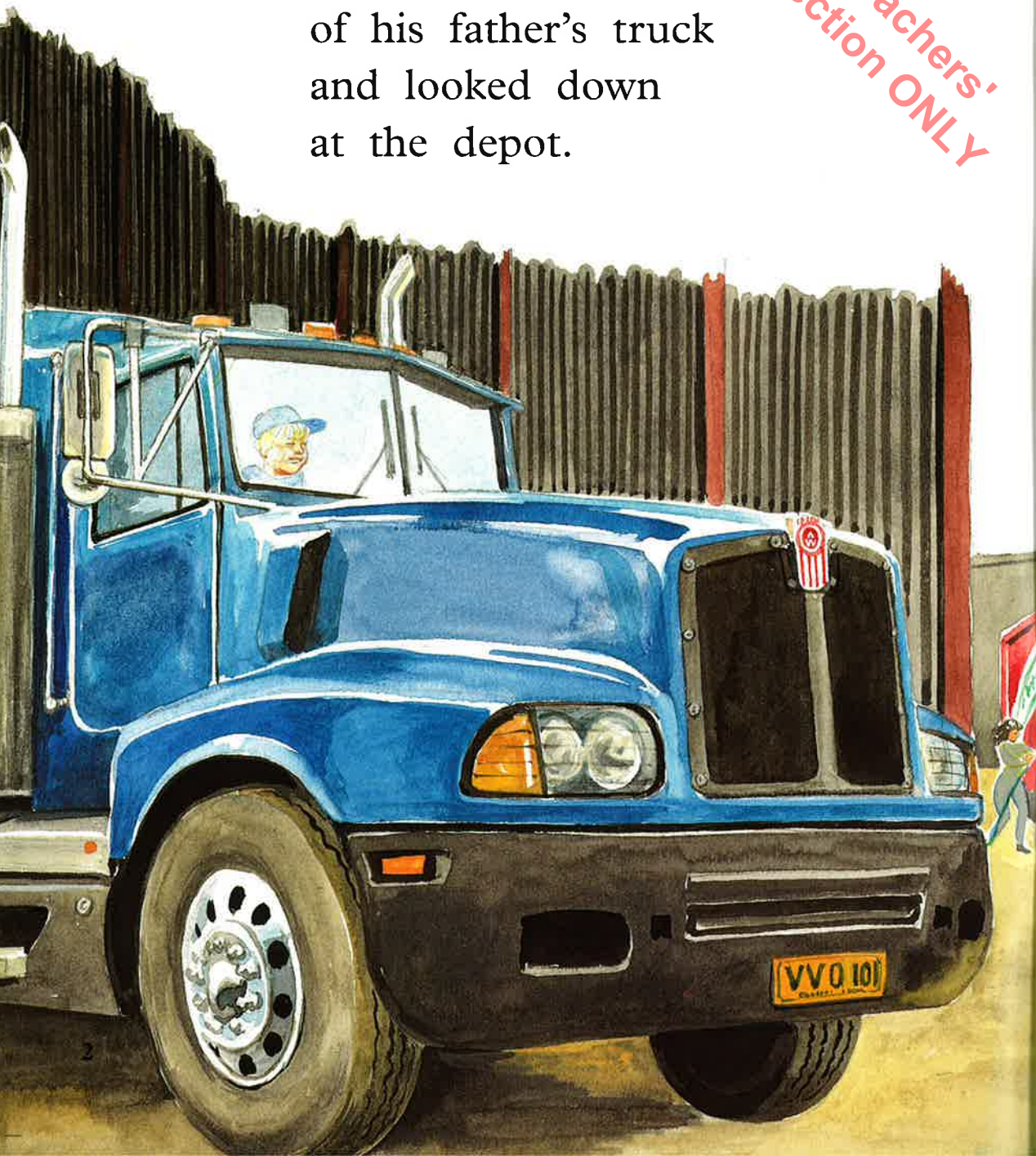
Bird's Eye View



Story by Jenny Giles
Illustrations by Rachel Tonkin

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Luke sat in the cab of his father's truck and looked down at the depot.



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It was Saturday morning,
and he could see
some of the drivers
cleaning their trucks.
Others were busy loading up
and getting ready for a long drive.





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Luke loved trucks,
and he came to the depot
with his father every Saturday.

"Move over, Luke," said Dad,
as he jumped up into the cab.
"I'm going to take the truck
out into the yard.
I have to check all the tyres."

Luke moved across,
and Dad started the engine.
He drove the truck slowly
out into the yard.

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"I can see everything
from up here, Dad," said Luke.
"Houses, roads, people...
and a new building!"

Dad smiled.
"We have a bird's eye view," he said.
"Do you know what that is, Luke?"

Luke looked up at the sky.
"Birds can see everything
when they are flying," he said,
"so when I look down there,
I've got a bird's eye view!"

"Right!" said Dad. "And now
you can keep an eye on things
while I check the tyres."