

He tiptoed into his bedroom, tiptoed around his bed, and tiptoed to a cupboard that stood against the wall. He put the key into the lock and turned it and ever so gently, ever so carefully, he pulled open the door. He sighed and smiled with joy.

“Come on out, my beauties,” he said.

He reached inside, and pulled out a pair of home-made wings.

“They’re *gorgeous*,” he said. He took off his dressing-gown and put them on over his pyjamas. They were made of feathers and string and bits of old shirt and bits of bamboo and wire and thread and cardboard and feathers and feathers and feathers. “They’re just *gorgeous*! Just wait till my Lizzie sees.”

He stood on tiptoes. He stretched his arms. He closed his eyes. He dreamed of flying like a swallow, like a swift, like a hawk, high above the house. And as he dreamed, someone started calling from outside.

Extract : My Dad’s a Birdman by David Almond

*Read the text above and think about the pictures it creates in your imagination.*

*Draw the picture and label the things that are in that visualisation. Is there anything that you can’t visualise because there aren’t enough clues?*