In a **mystical** wood stood a **magical** tree
with a magpie who puffed out her chest,

breezy

blossoming

sun-dappled

as she listened to whispers of wonderful words
and picked out the best for her nest.

Words with a sparkle, a **shimmer**, a shine,
entwined in her nest in the tree.

She gathered them up and **giggled,**
"They're mine – these sparkling words just for me!"

While foxes were **frolicking,**
dancing around,

and deer **dozed** on in their beds,

the magpie, she heard every **glorious** word –
"I'll have that one and that one," she said.

Words with a sparkle, a shimmer, a shine,
they lined her small nest in the tree.

glittery

glimmering

She **snatched** the words up and **chuckled,**
"They're mine – these sparkling words just for me!"

While **ravenous** rabbits were munching on grass
and the river **meandered** along,

rustling

serene

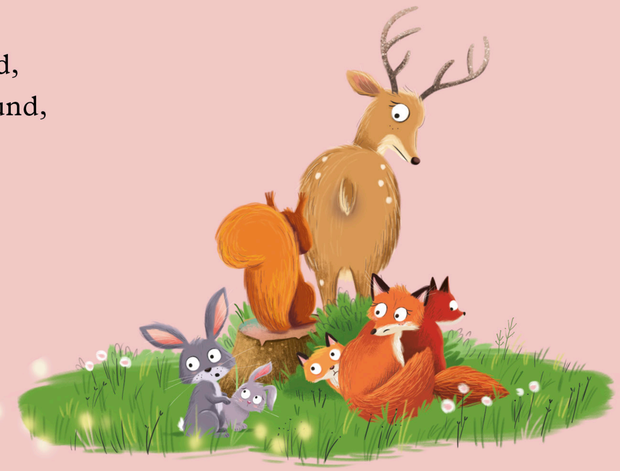
flowing

the magpie would listen –
she watched the words **glisten.**
"All mine," sang her voice, loud and strong.

Words with a sparkle, a shimmer, a shine,
the bird left no words for the rest!

The animals frowned as she **boasted,**
"They're mine! My sparkling words are the best!"

And soon Magpie found,
when she flew to the ground,



that the animals all turned their backs.

Their words became **rushed.**
Their voices were **hushed.**

And they couldn't quite seem to relax.