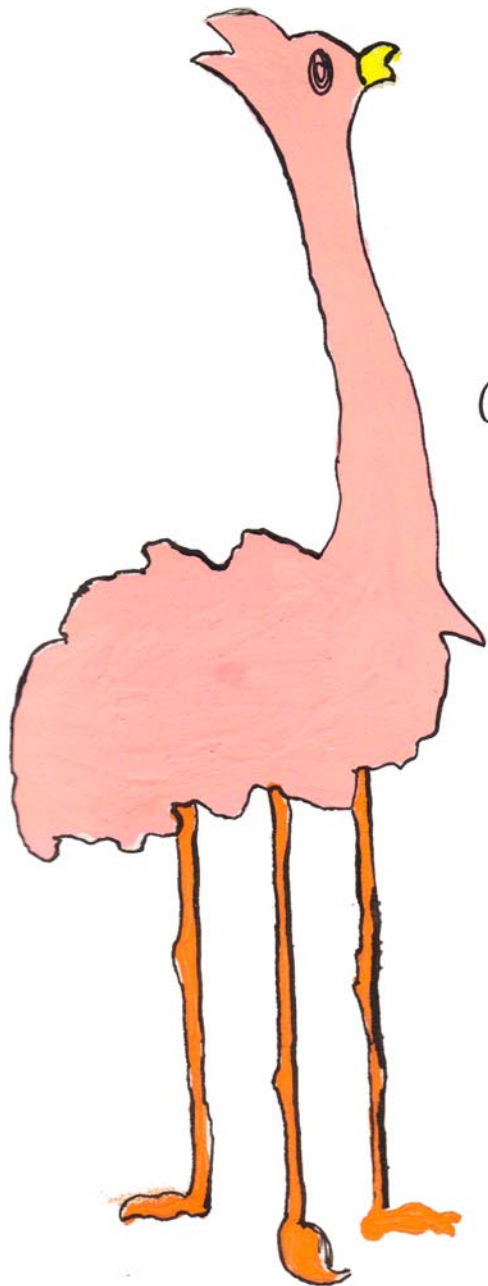
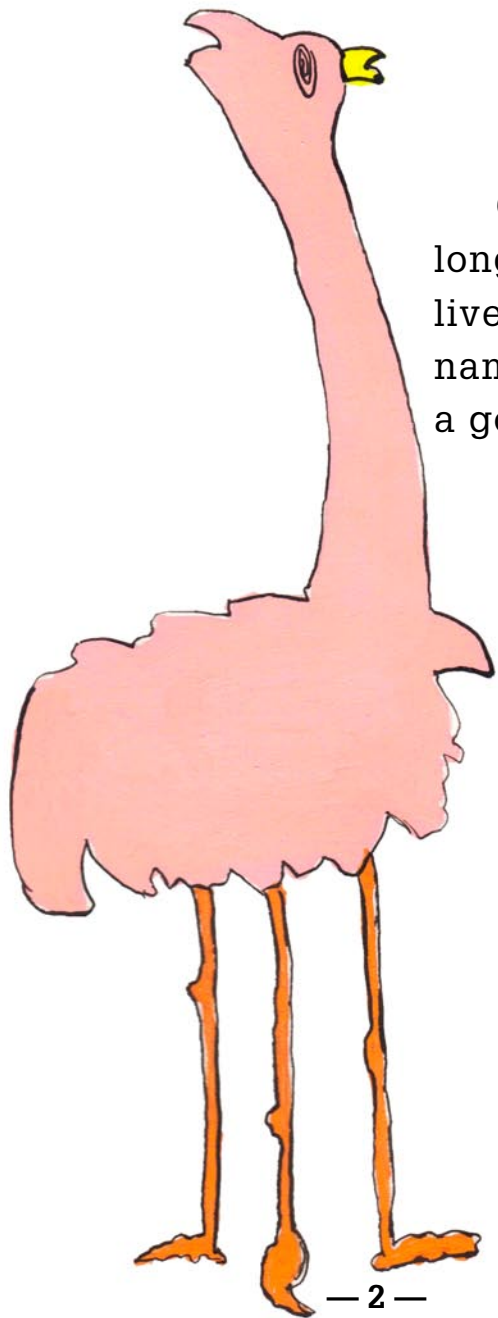


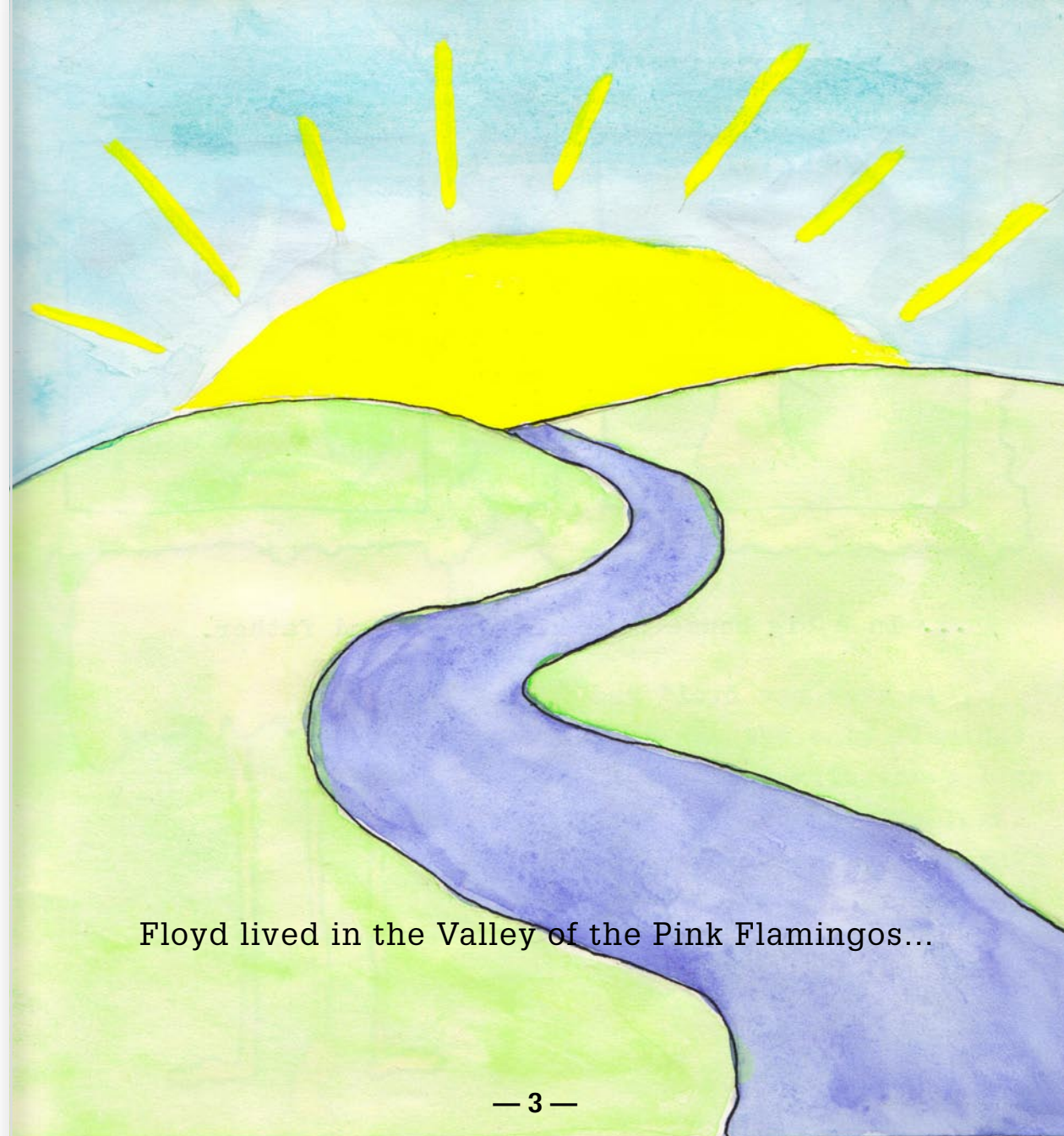
The Adventures of Floyd ~ the Three-Legged Flamingo

Written and Illustrated by
Christine L. Kotrba

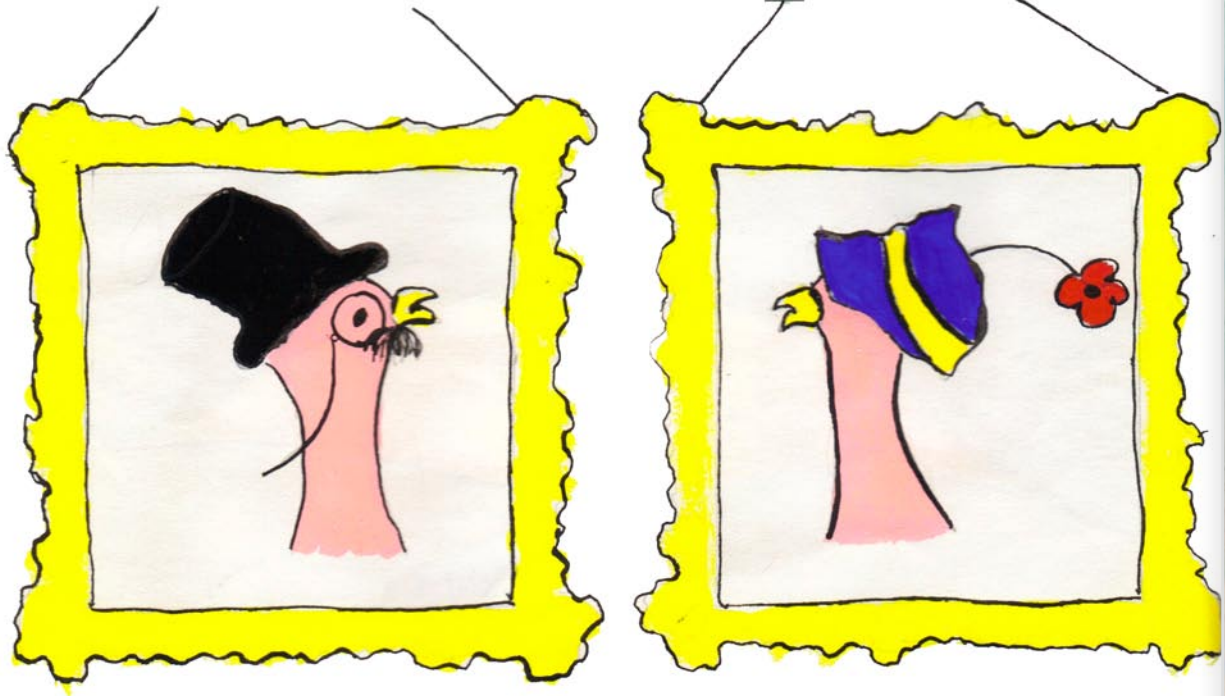




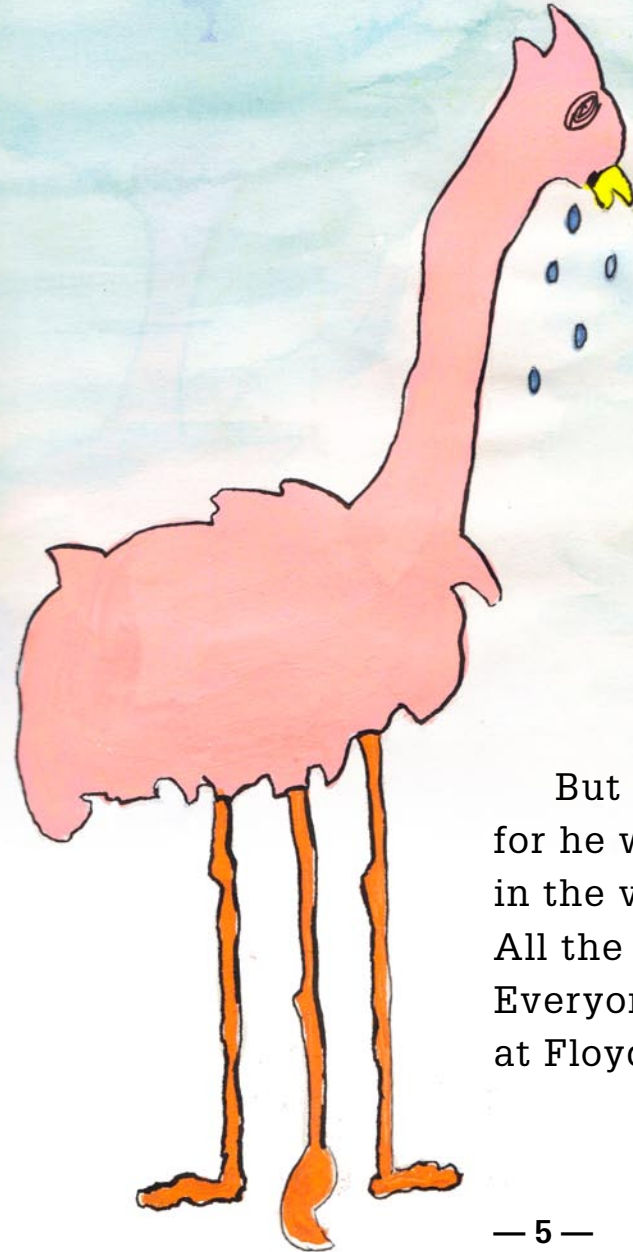
Once upon a time,
long, long ago, there
lived a pink flamingo
named Floyd. Floyd was
a good little flamingo.



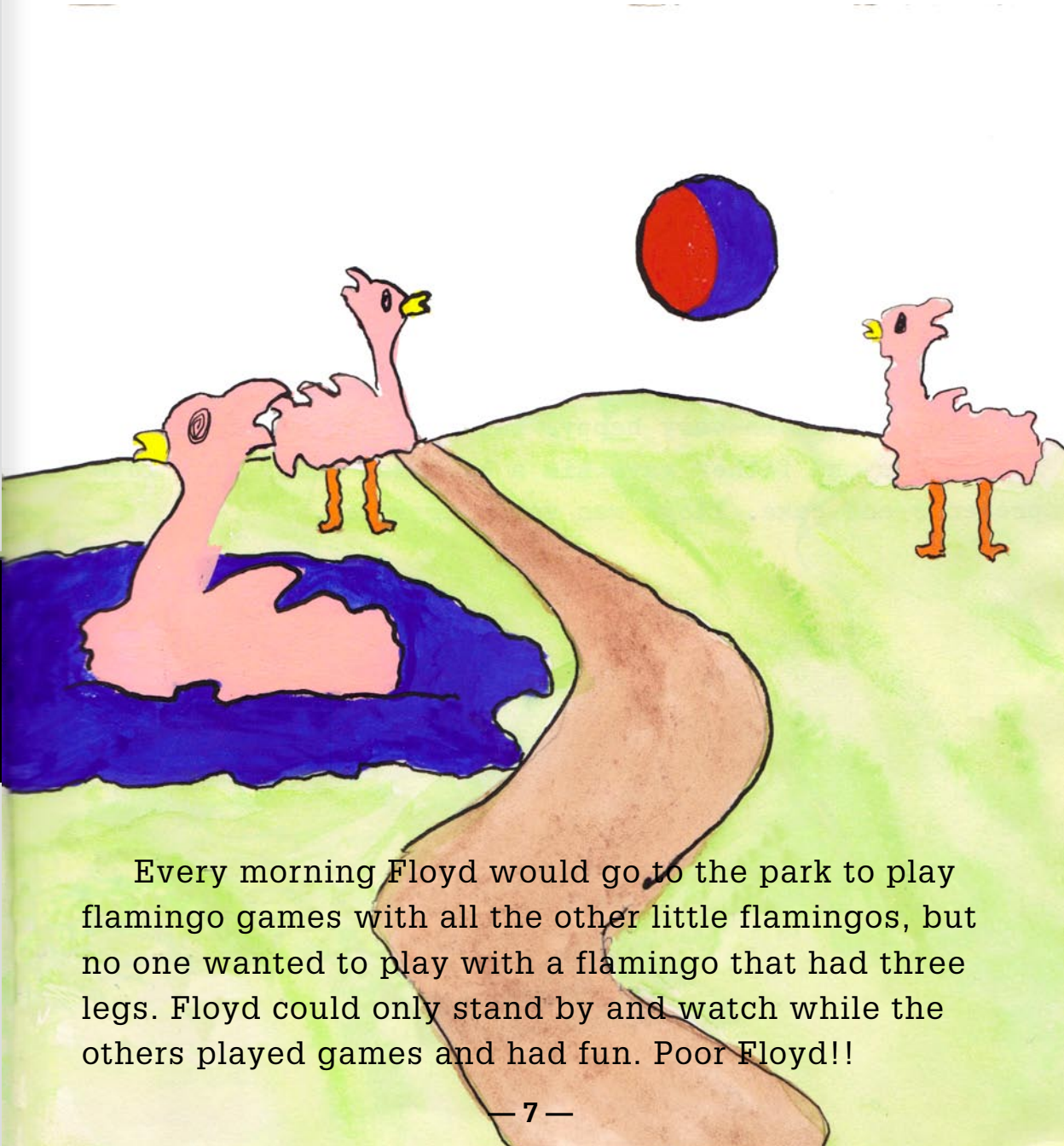
Floyd lived in the Valley of the Pink Flamingos...



...In a big house with his mother and father.



But Floyd was very sad,
for he was the only flamingo
in the valley with three legs.
All the others had two legs.
Everyone would always laugh
at Floyd and call him names.



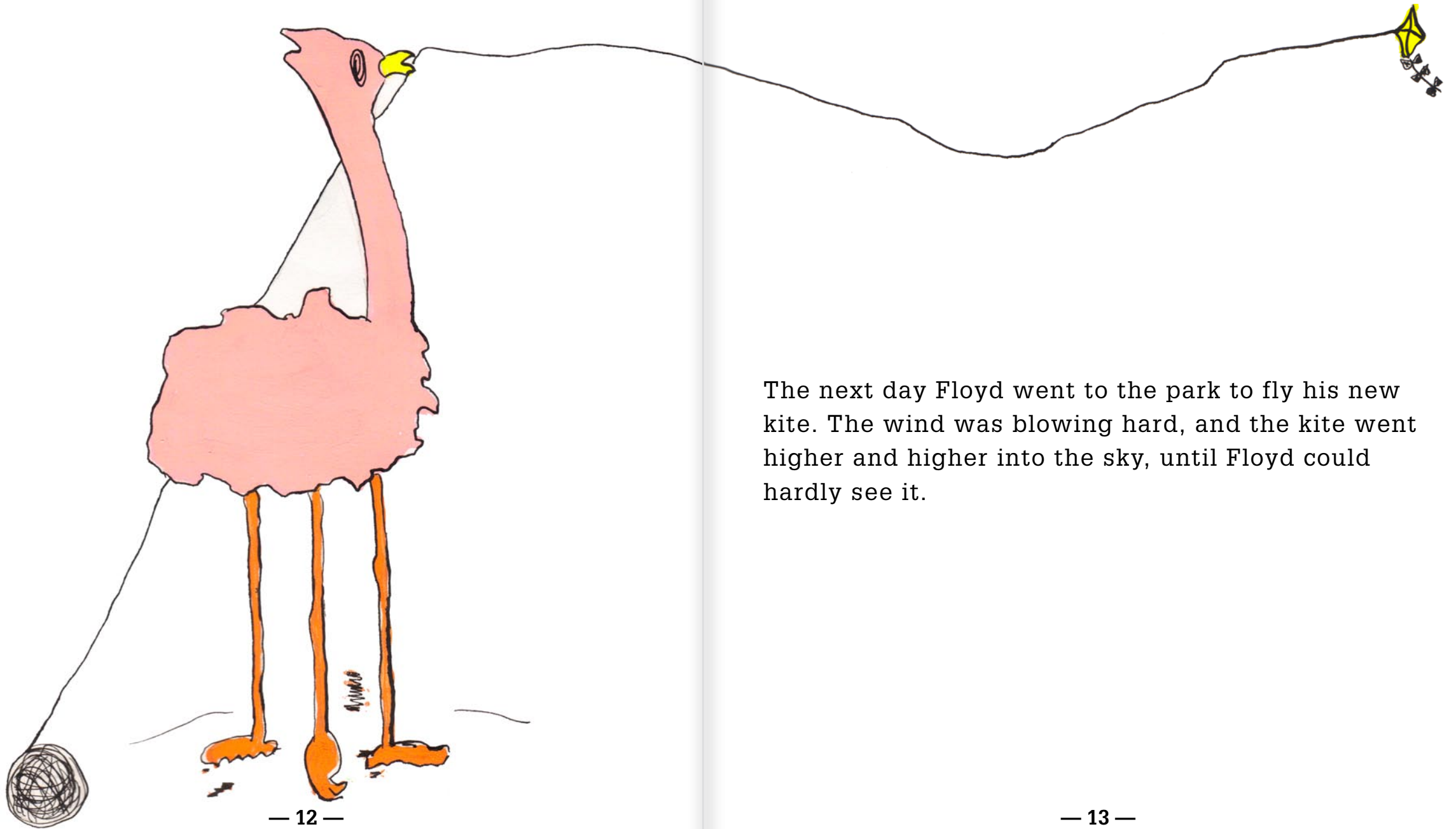
Every morning Floyd would go to the park to play flamingo games with all the other little flamingos, but no one wanted to play with a flamingo that had three legs. Floyd could only stand by and watch while the others played games and had fun. Poor Floyd!!

Today Floyd is very happy. Today is Floyd's third birthday. His mother and father gave him a birthday party with lots of presents and cake. Floyd was very surprised.



Floyd opened all his gifts. He got a bright yellow kite, some books, and a hat with a big pom-pom on top!



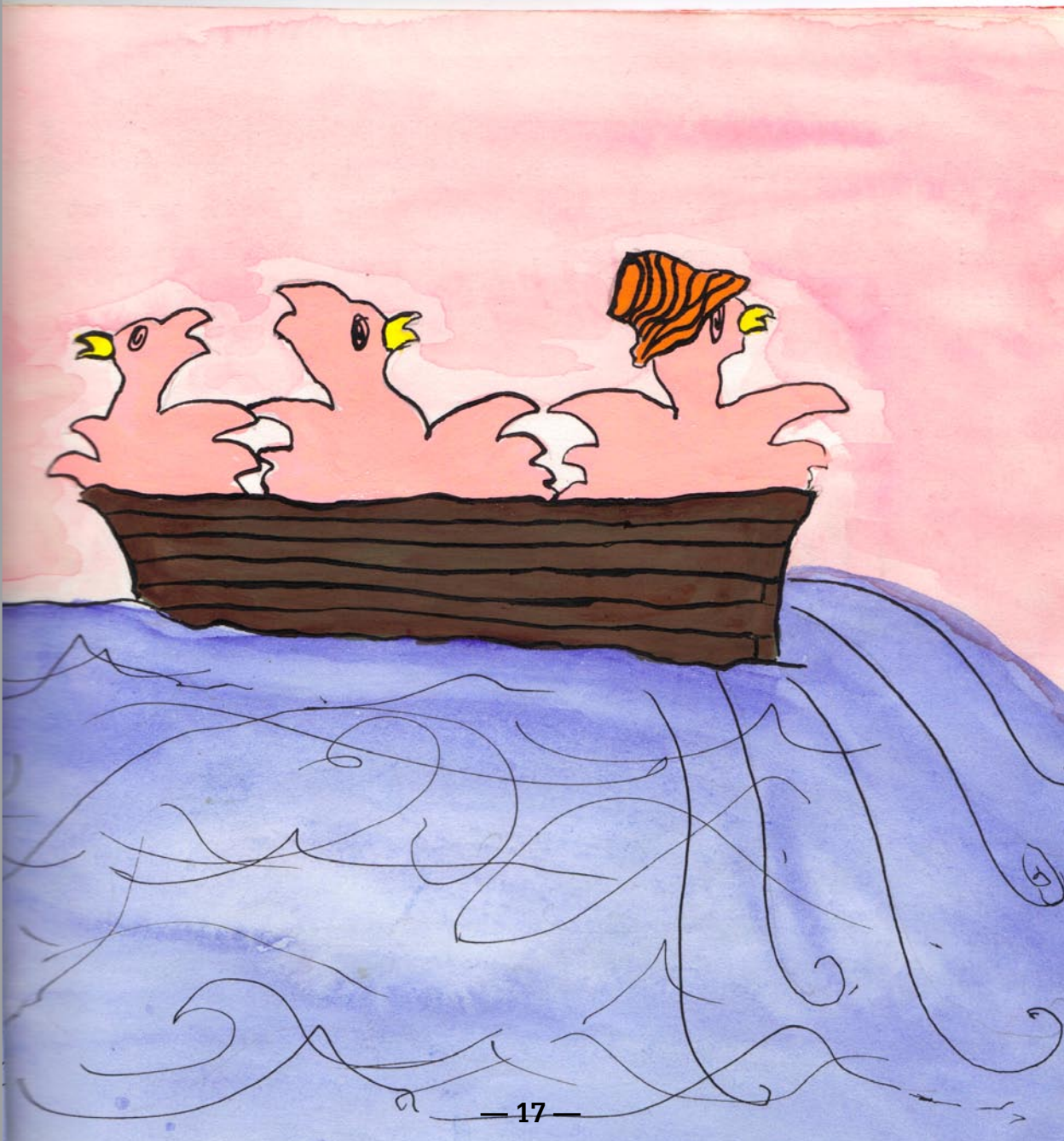
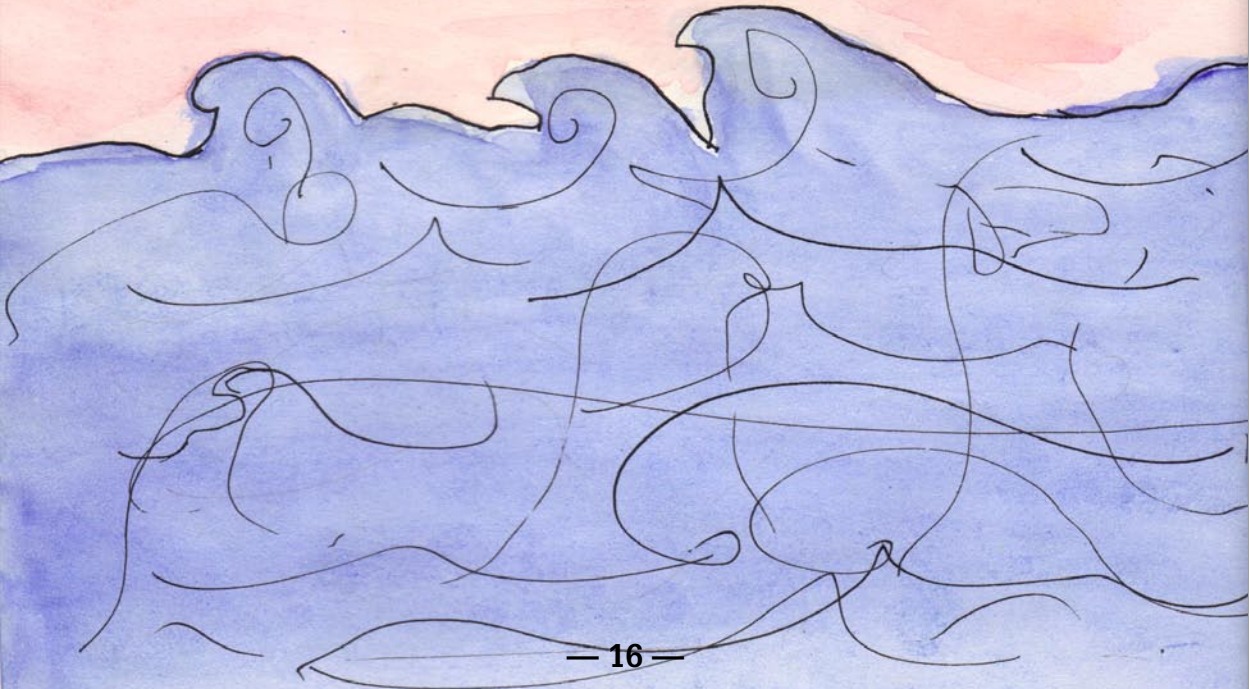


The next day Floyd went to the park to fly his new kite. The wind was blowing hard, and the kite went higher and higher into the sky, until Floyd could hardly see it.

Suddenly, Floyd heard a sound coming from the Flamingo Pond. He dropped his kite and ran towards the water.

FLOYD

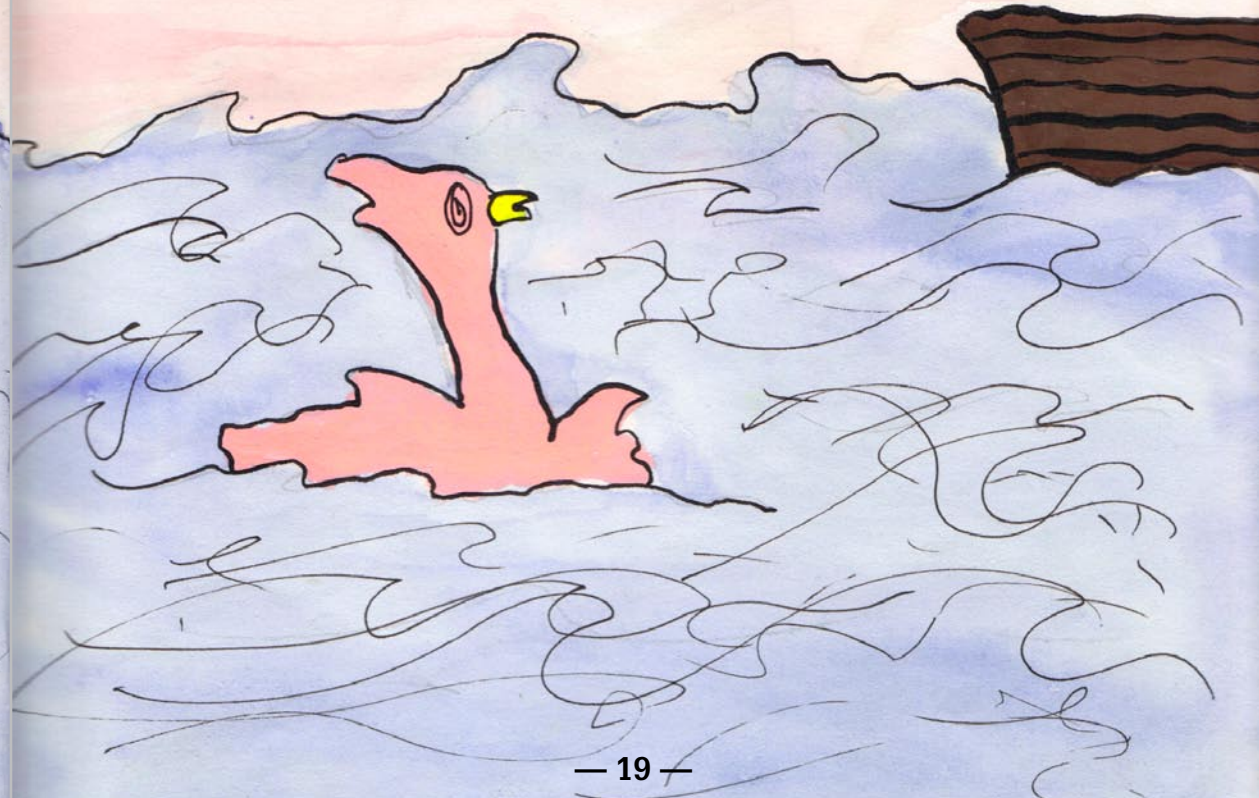
Floyd gazed across the pond and was horrified to see a rowboat with three baby flamingos in it drifting across the water. The boat was slowly floating closer and closer to the waterfall, and the helpless birds were screaming for someone to save them.



Floyd knew that it was up to him to save the boat. Quickly he dove into the water. Behind him, two other flamingos hearing the cries tried to rescue the baby flamingos. But Alas! The tide was too strong, and the two flamingos soon became tired.

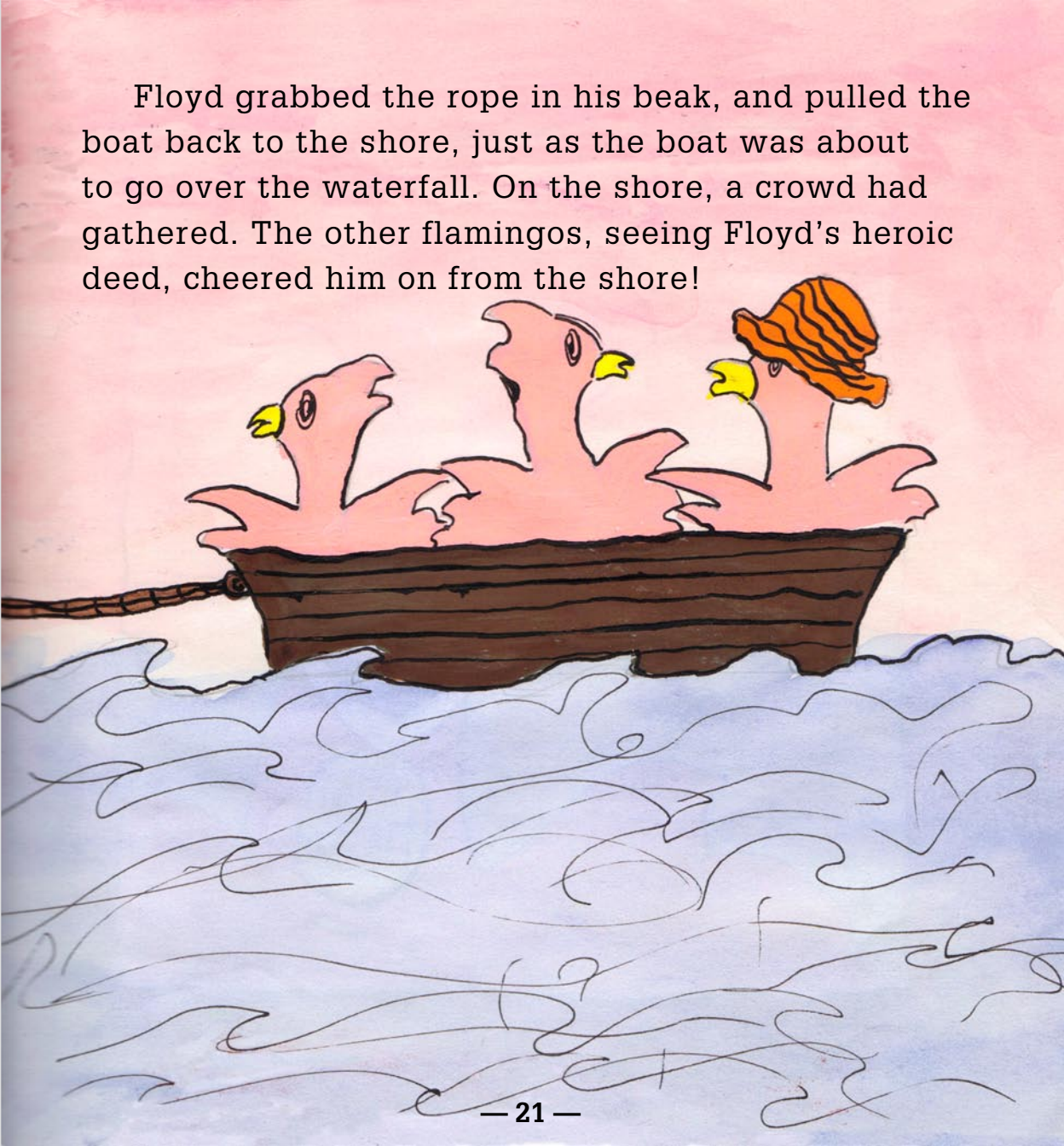


Not Floyd, though. He was a strong swimmer. He swam on and on until he was alongside the boat.





Floyd grabbed the rope in his beak, and pulled the boat back to the shore, just as the boat was about to go over the waterfall. On the shore, a crowd had gathered. The other flamingos, seeing Floyd's heroic deed, cheered him on from the shore!





Floyd brought the boat safely back to the shore. The whole town was very thankful. Then the mayor presented Floyd with a shiny gold medal to wear around his neck. On it was printed “HERO” in big black letters. Floyd was very, very proud of himself!! All of Floyd’s new friends invited him to go to the park, and join them in their flamingo games. Floyd was so happy and from then on Floyd never had to worry about his third leg.