Suddenly, the parrot rushed forward and with her sharp, hooked beak, burst the Dove’s swollen foot. A myriad of colour splashed out all over the parrot. Maroon, sapphire and jade ran down her chest, wings and tail. It splashed out all over the other birds. Some got red, some blue, some gold. Galah was splashed with rosy pink and grey. Rainbow Lorikeet was splashed with so much colour he looked like a rainbow. Dove was almost drained of colour till he was a light, mottled grey-brown. All got colour except crow who was standing away from the others. Crow got no colour at all!

Long, long ago in the Dreamtime, when the land and animals were being made, all the birds were black – all one colour. Till…

For days, he lay on the ground in pain. His foot swelled up. He was dying!

**How The Birds Got Their Colours**

So it was that the birds got their beautiful coloured feathers except for selfish, bad-tempered crow who remains black to this day.

All his mates gathered around providing shelter with their wings. Some brought water for him to drink while others bathed his foot. All except crow who was angered by the attention the other birds were giving Dove. He wandered around with his hands behind his back saying, “You’re wasting your time.”

One day, a peaceful, little dove flew around looking for food. He flew down to the ground to catch a big, juicy grub. But instead, he landed right on a sharp stick from a broken tree branch. It pierced his little foot and made him very sick. He called out pitifully, “Help me! Please!”

This is the story of how the birds got their colours.