

# How the Robin got his red breast

[By the Woodland Classroom Blog](#)

Long, long ago, when the world was new, as the winter Sun was setting, and the land was locked in ice and snow, all the creatures believed that the warmth they had enjoyed throughout the long summer was lost forever and might never return. They were cold and afraid.

As the winter winds blew through the forest, a small brown bird was sheltering in a holly tree and he thought to himself, 'What could I do?' Somehow, he knew the warmth that had gone belonged to the Sun, so he decided to fly to the Sun and ask for it back. As he took flight the holly twig on which he was standing snapped off, so he took it with him, he thought it would make him feel braver to take a piece of home on his adventure.

He flew up, higher and higher he climbed, and as he flew, he felt the heat of the Sun increasing. He flew on, getting hotter and hotter, until he could hardly bear the heat anymore and his feathers were scorching, he was so close to the Sun! But still, he was determined to get an audience with the Sun. Then suddenly the holly twig he was carrying burst into flames. He was so shocked that he fainted and fell, down, down, spiralling back to the Earth.

When he awoke, he realised he still had the burning twig, clutched between his feet. He had done it. He had brought the Sun's fire back to Earth, and everyone could warm themselves in the heat from the flames. He was a hero! And because he was so brave, and because his feathers had been scorched on his adventure, to this very day, he is still called Robin Redbreast.



Artwork by Karen Carter at [Hedingham Fair](#)