Puchku Seeks a Song

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From the window of her classroom, Puchku can see the jamun tree. It stands with its branches spread out, like it wants to give you a hug. Under its shade, even the hottest day feels cool.
But the tree is naughty – it drops fruits that leave bright purple splodges on Puchku’s uniform. There are also birds that hide in its leaves and slyly poop so that it goes

**SPLAT!**

on her head.
Every day, when it’s time for tiffin, Puchku runs to the jamun tree. Sometimes Dodla runs faster than her and gets there first. Boltu is always last. There’s always a butterfly or a worm or a flower that makes him forget the race.

Today, Puchku beats Dodla to the jamun tree by three seconds. But someone else is under the jamun tree before them.
Who is that?
Is it a bowl made of branches, twigs and leaves?

And look! There’s someone in the bowl, with two little eyes and one little beak.

“Hello,” says Puchku.
“Do you think it’s a baby pterodactyl?” Dodla asks Puchku. He likes the word pterodactyl. The “p” is silent, like a secret.

“Maybe it’s a baby dragon,” says Puchku.

“That’s a baby bird, dummies,” says Boltu, finally at the jamun tree.

“But birds make noises,” says Puchku. “Pigeons coo, crows caw, parakeets chatter, peacocks squawk, kites screech. If this is a bird, why is she quiet?”

Boltu scratches his head.
“You know how we talk, using words?” says Boltu.

Puchku and Dodla nod.

“Birds use song in just the same way,” says Boltu. “That’s how they talk to each other. So maybe this baby bird doesn’t know her song because she’s too small?”

Dodla looks worried. “But without a song, the baby bird can’t talk to anyone! She’ll be so alone.”
Puchku decides this is a mission for the (BPD)$^2$ – Brilliant Plans Department by Boltu Puchku and Dodla. “Boltu, Dodla, we’re going to find this baby bird her song.”

Boltu gets some cotton wool. Dodla finds a cardboard box.

Puchku draws a map of the places where they could look for a song for the baby bird.
First, the baby bird and the (BPD)² go to Melody Aunty’s music classes. Carefully, Puchku brings the baby bird out.

PHOO PHOOO PHIUUU! Imran is playing the flute.

“Is this your song?” asks Puchku. The baby bird is quiet.
They take the baby bird to different rooms.

“Is this your song?” asks Puchku. But...
... the baby bird is quiet. She looks at Puchku.

Boltu scratches his head.
Dodla looks sad.

“Don’t worry,” Puchku tells the baby bird.  
“We’ll find your song.”
GHWOING
GHWOING

Dodla plays a new tune on his rubber band guitar.

HIC
HIC

Boltu hiccups.

“Is this your song?” asks Puchku.
The baby bird is quiet.
Could it be the SQUEE-TOOOO whistle that Police Uncle uses?

Could it be the CLICK CLICK CLICK CLATTER CLATTER CLATTER of the sewing machine?

Could it be in the pressure cooker that goes SQUEEEEEEEEEL when its work is done?

Maybe it is in the shoe that goes SQUEAK

Maybe it is on the radio that SINGS in so many voices?
Puchku borrows her mother’s mobile phone and they play all the ringtones, one by one.

“Is this your song?” Puchku asks the baby bird.

Dodla’s stomach GROWLS. (They forgot to eat tiffin!)

“Is this your song?” asks Puchku.

But the baby bird is quiet.
Maybe it’s in one of the doorbells on Puchku’s street? Puchku, Boltu and Dodla ring each one,
but...
... the baby bird is quiet (even though some of Puchku’s neighbours are loud).
At the end of tiffin break, the (BPD)² has no more brilliant plans.

“What do we do now?” Boltu asks.

“We’ll take her to Wildlife Didi,” says Puchku. And so they sadly walk to the staff room, to find the biology teacher in her usual corner.

“We found a baby bird, but we couldn’t find the baby bird’s song,” says Puchku in a sad voice.

“We looked everywhere!” says Dodla in a sadder voice.

Boltu sniffs even more sadly.

“It’s okay. You won’t always get it right.” Wildlife Didi gives Boltu a hanky.

“But the baby bird still doesn’t have a song!” Puchku wails.
“But she has you, right? You won’t leave her because she doesn’t have a song like the other birds?” asks Wildlife Didi.

Puchku, Boltu and Dodla shake their heads.

“You just have to be patient,” Wildlife Didi tells Puchku with a smile.

Puchku picks up the baby bird carefully and says, “Baby bird, you just keep your ears open. Any sound you like, you make it your song. And I’ll sing it with you. Okay?”
The baby bird nods her little head and says, “Cheep.”
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Puchku is off on a new adventure. The Brilliant Plans Department by Boltu, Puchku and Dodla (BPD)2 is on a mission to find a song for a baby bird. But there are too many songs to choose from.

This is a Level 3 book for children who are ready to read on their own.

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