

Rain
on My
Concert!





Pang the cicada had a terrible problem. He was picked to lead the Dry Season Concert, the biggest concert of the year. Every bug in the forest would come to listen. Pang gripped his baton and stepped onto the stage. 'I can do this,' he whispered. 'Probably. Maybe.' His wings shook, and his glasses slid down his nose. The concert was in five days, ready or not.

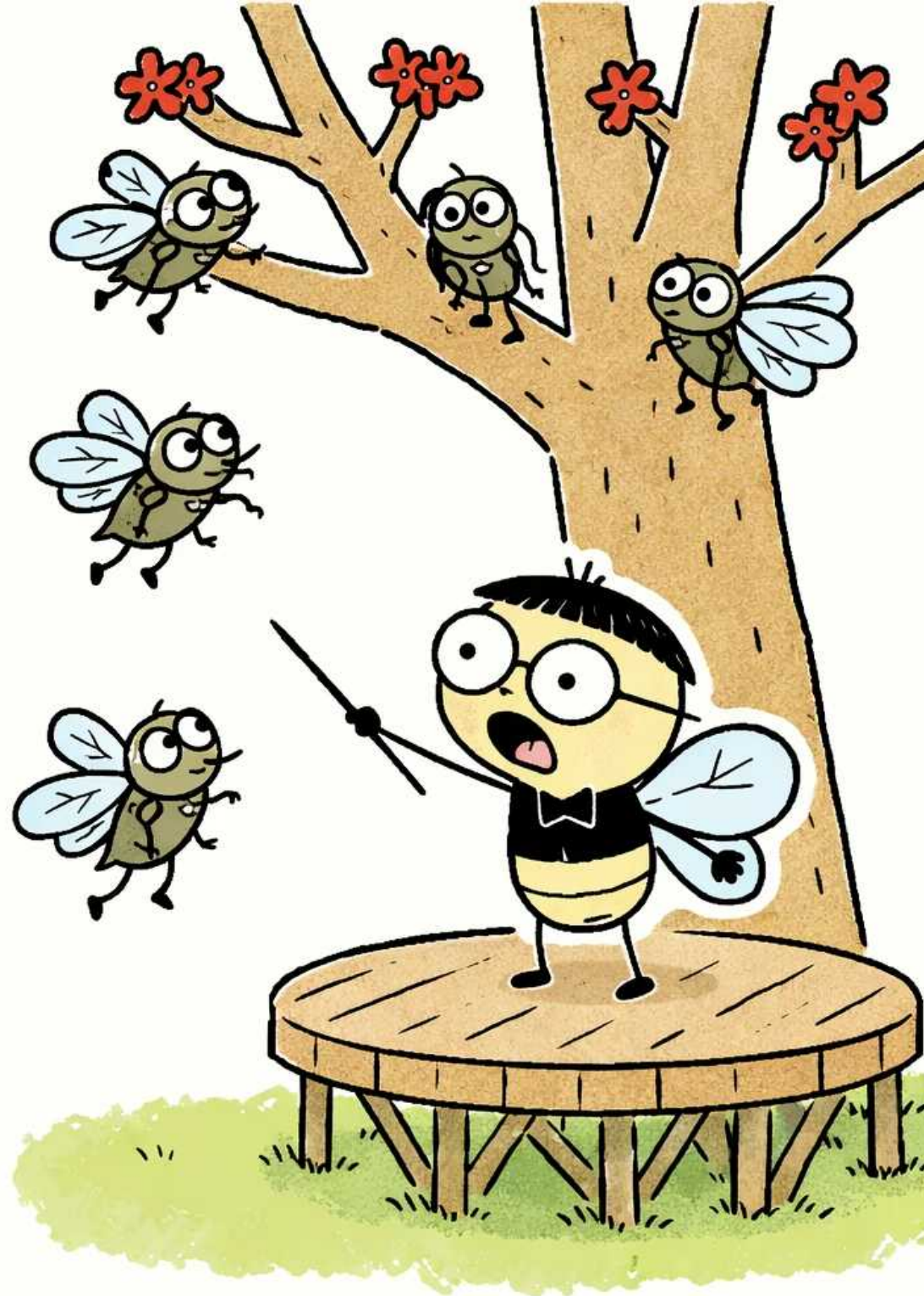
Practice was a **disaster**. The low voices sang high, and the high voices sang low. One confused cicada flapped in circles above the music stand. 'Am I a low voice or a high voice?' she asked. 'I cannot remember.' 'High!' Pang said, pointing at the **calendar**. 'The concert is in five days!' Nobody seemed worried except Pang.





The next morning, Pang visited the quietest cicada in the choir. Pang had to lean close just to hear him. 'Louder,' he said gently. 'The whole forest needs to hear you.' The little cicada turned pink. 'What if they laugh at me?' Pang smiled. He remembered that feeling well. 'They will not laugh. They will cheer. I promise.' 'I will try my very best,' the little cicada whispered.

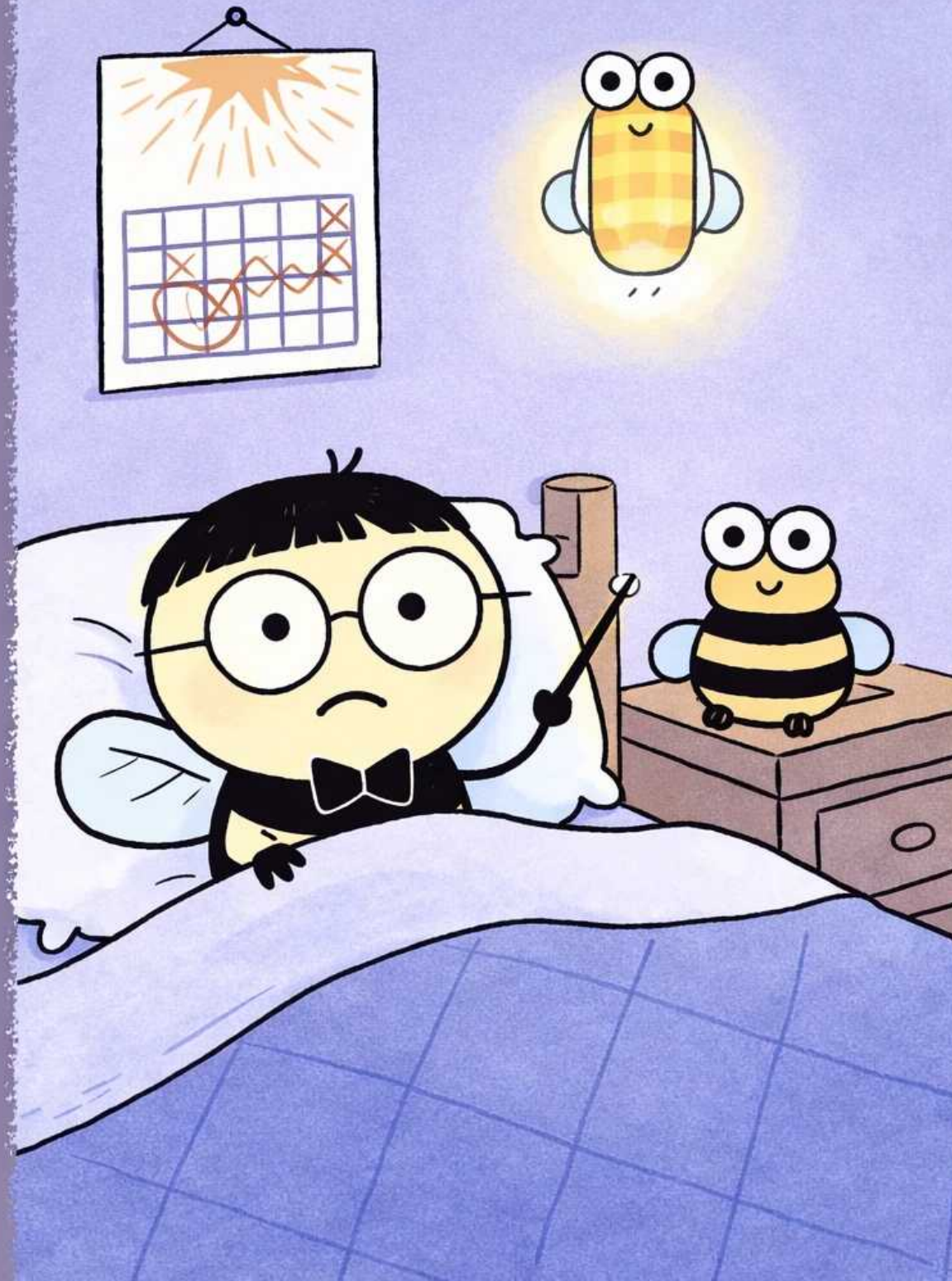
The days grew warmer. The air grew drier. Finally, it was time for the last practice. Pang stood on the stage under the big red tree. 'Everyone to the stage!' he called. Cicadas flew in from every direction, bumping into each other in the air. Pang's stomach did somersaults. Tomorrow, the whole forest would watch. Had they practiced enough? Had he?





The choir opened their blue songbooks. Pang raised his baton. And they sang. Low voices went low. High voices went high. Nobody was mixed up. The music floated through the trees, rich and warm. Pang closed his eyes and smiled. 'They actually listened to me,' he whispered. Maybe, just maybe, this concert was going to be wonderful.

That night, Pang could not sleep. He lay in bed clutching his baton while a firefly glowed above him. His calendar showed every day crossed off, and tomorrow was circled three times in red. 'What if everyone forgets the words?' he asked his bee toy. 'What if I trip on stage?' The bee toy said nothing. It was, after all, a toy. But Pang kept talking to it anyway.

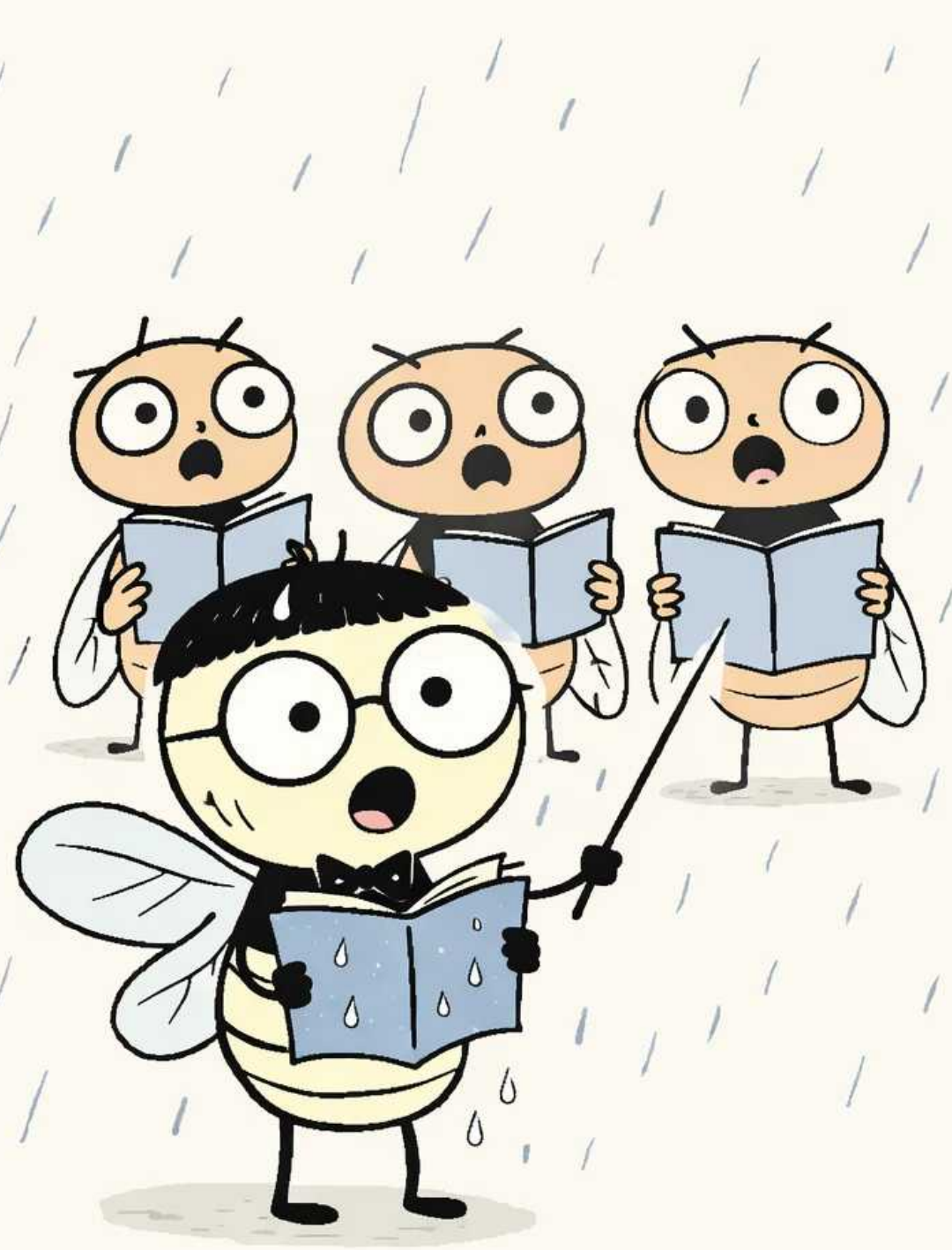




Morning came, and the dry season had **officially** arrived. Insects hurried to the clearing from every corner of the forest. A shiny beetle bounced up and down. 'I heard this year's **conductor** is brand new!' A green **caterpillar** in a blue scarf peeked in, smiling up at the stage. 'I cannot wait to hear him!' Pang heard every word from behind the curtain. His stomach did one final flip.

Pang flew onto the stage. No more hiding. It was time. The choir stood behind him with their blue songbooks open. The whole forest watched. Pang took a deep breath, raised his baton high, and called, 'One, two, three, sing!' And they sang. Low voices rumbled. High voices sparkled. The music rolled over the hills. It was magnificent. Everything was absolutely perfect.





Then **something** wet hit Pang on the nose. Drip. Drip. Drip. Rain! At a dry season concert! 'That is not **possible**,' whispered a cicada beside him. 'It is called the dry season!' But the rain did not care. It fell on the songbooks. The choir's voices wobbled, and pages turned soggy. Pang stared at the sky. **Everything** was falling apart.

The bugs below began to panic. Caterpillars curled into balls. Snails tucked into their shells. A butterfly flapped in frantic circles. Pang looked up. The clouds were thin, and this rain would not last. Pang did something he never thought he would do. He spread his wings and flew above the whole crowd. 'Insects of the forest!' he shouted. Every bug stopped and looked up.





'Listen to me!' Pang called from above. 'This rain is thin, and it will pass. The dry season is here, and this concert is not over!' For one heartbeat, nobody moved. Suddenly the shiny beetle punched the air. 'You heard the conductor! The show goes on!' Tiny umbrellas popped open everywhere. Pang flew back, flicked his baton, and shouted, 'From the top, sing!'

By the last note, the rain had stopped and the sky glowed gold. The big tree sparkled with beautiful lights. The whole forest cheered louder than **anyone** had ever heard. 'That,' said a **cicada**, nudging Pang with her wing, 'was the best concert ever.' Pang's face turned pink. His glasses fogged up. 'Wait until next year's concert,' he said. 'I am thinking snow machines.' The whole choir groaned.





Rain on My Concert!

Pang the cicada has been picked to conduct the biggest concert of the year - and absolutely nothing can go wrong! But what happens when the choir sings the wrong notes, his stomach does somersaults, and raindrops start falling at a DRY season concert? Can one nervous little conductor save the show before everything falls apart? This decodable reader practices 3+ syllable words such as 'conductor,' 'cicada,' 'calendar,' 'caterpillar,' and 'magnificent.'

Reading Skills: 3+ Syllables

absolutely, actually, anyone, anyway, beautiful, butterfly, calendar, caterpillar, caterpillars, cicada, conductor, direction, disaster, everyone, everything, everywhere, finally, firefly, magnificent, nobody, officially, possible, probably, quietest, remember, remembered, somersaults, something, suddenly, terrible, tomorrow, umbrellas, visited, wonderful

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