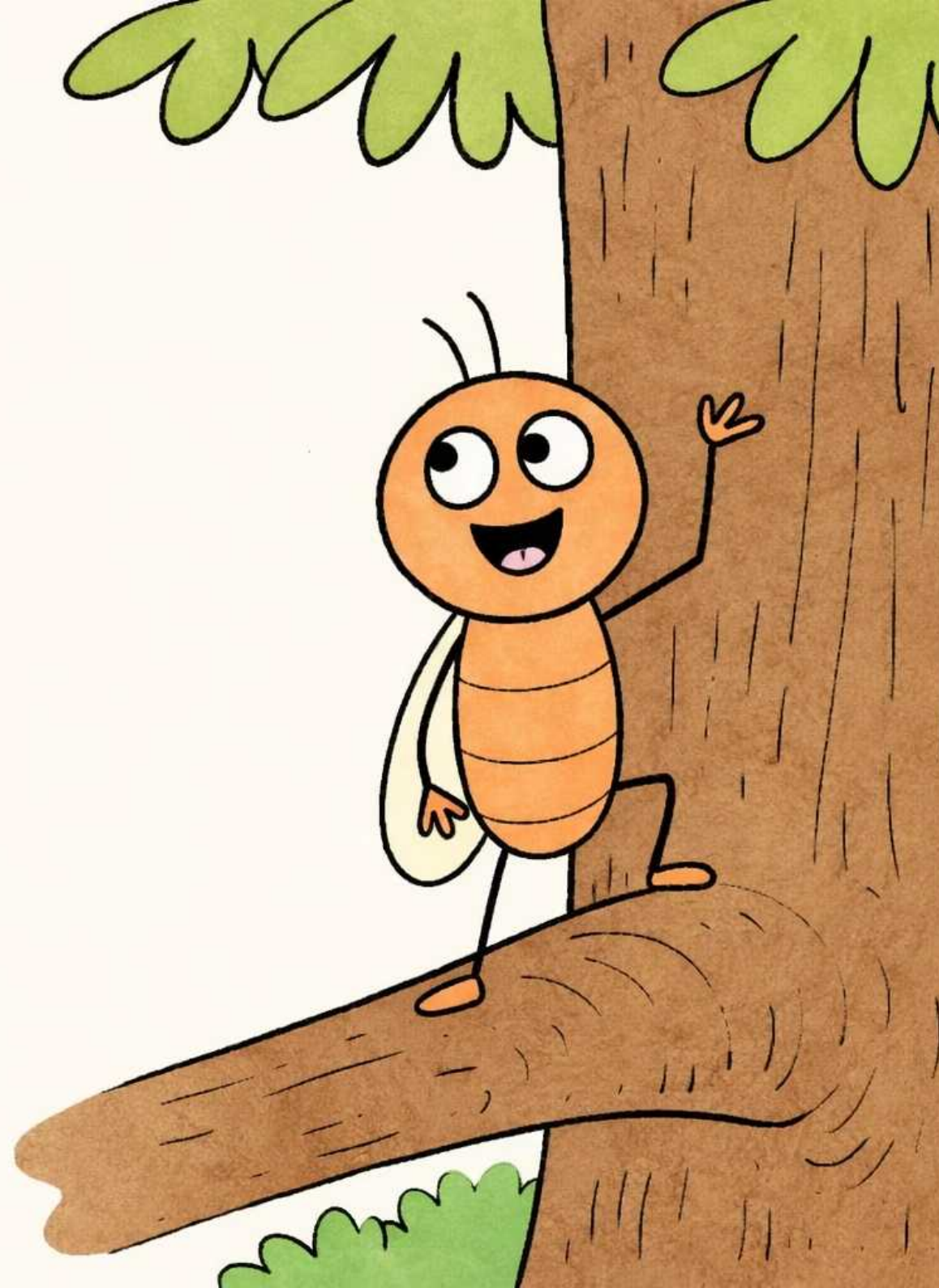


Sing It, Bug!



Spring had come, and Bug had a **wriggly** feeling in her belly. A fizzy, buzzy, can't-sit-still feeling.

She gripped her branch and grinned so wide her face nearly split in two. 'I want to sing!' Bug told no one at all. But there was one problem. Bug had never sung a single note. Not one.





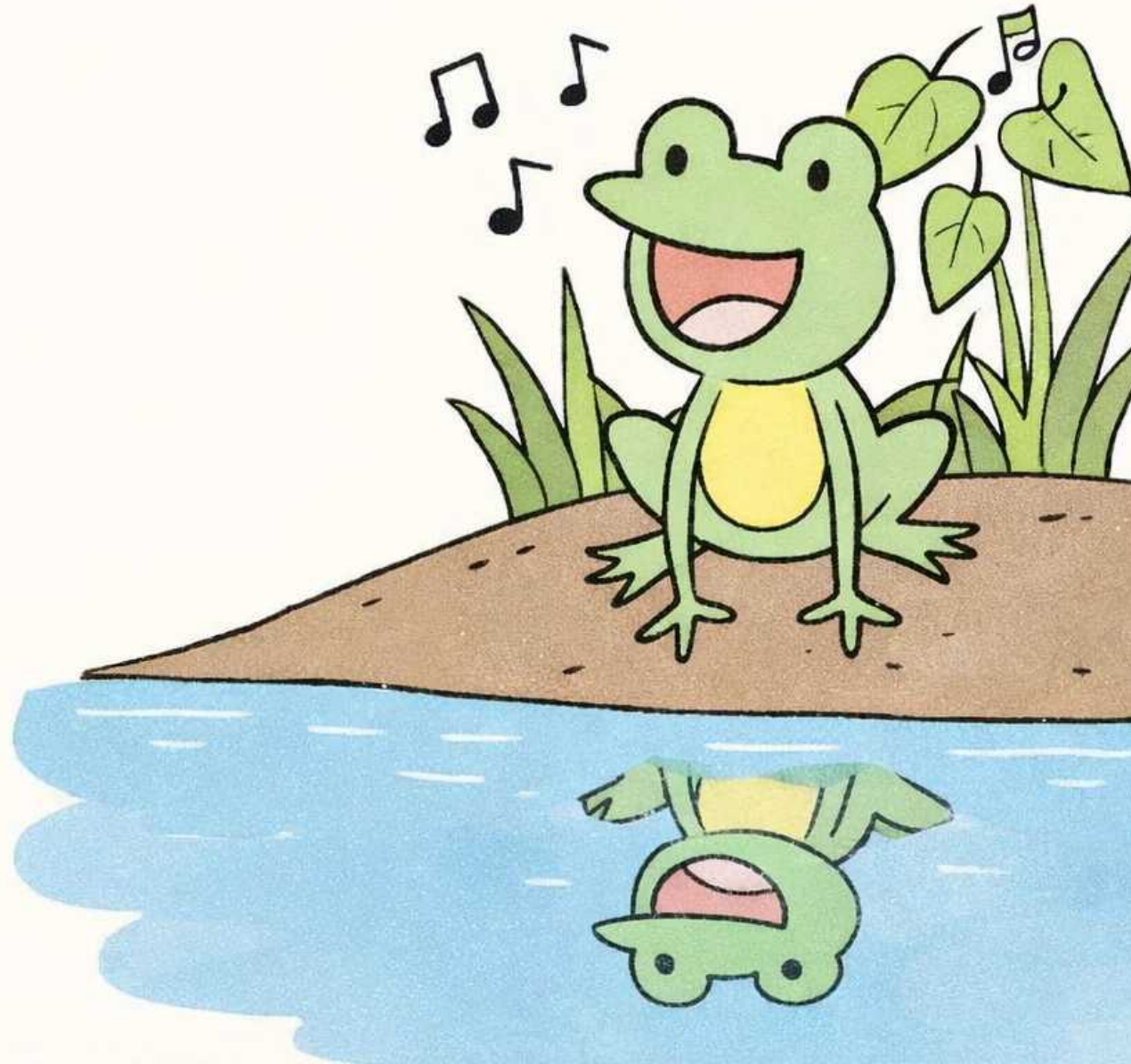
Bug found Duck by the pond,
singing in the pouring rain.

'Quack la la la quack!' Duck sang
at the clouds, rain splashing off
his feathers.

Bug **wrinkled** her face. 'That song
is all **wrong** for me,' she said.
Duck shook his head and told
her she could not sing without
rain, because rain made a song
wet and wonderful. Bug looked at
her dripping wings and muttered
that she wanted a fun song, not
a wet one.

Frog sat at the edge of the pond, chest puffed out. 'BRRR-UP BRRR-UP BRRR-UP!' His song went on. And on. And on. It had been going since breakfast.

'That's... very long,' said Bug from the bank. 'Can you teach me a shorter one?' Frog blinked. 'Shorter? My song has forty-seven parts! I'm only on part twelve!' Bug felt that was all **wrong** for her, and she backed away slowly.





Big Bird threw back her head and sang. The branch shook. The leaves shook. Bug's antennae **wrenched** sideways. 'TRILL-A-RILL-A-REEEE!'

Bug clapped and clapped. 'That was grand!' she cried. 'Teach me that!' She took a deep breath. She opened her mouth. Out came a tiny squeak, thin as a bent blade of grass. Big Bird patted her gently. 'Try something smaller, dear.'

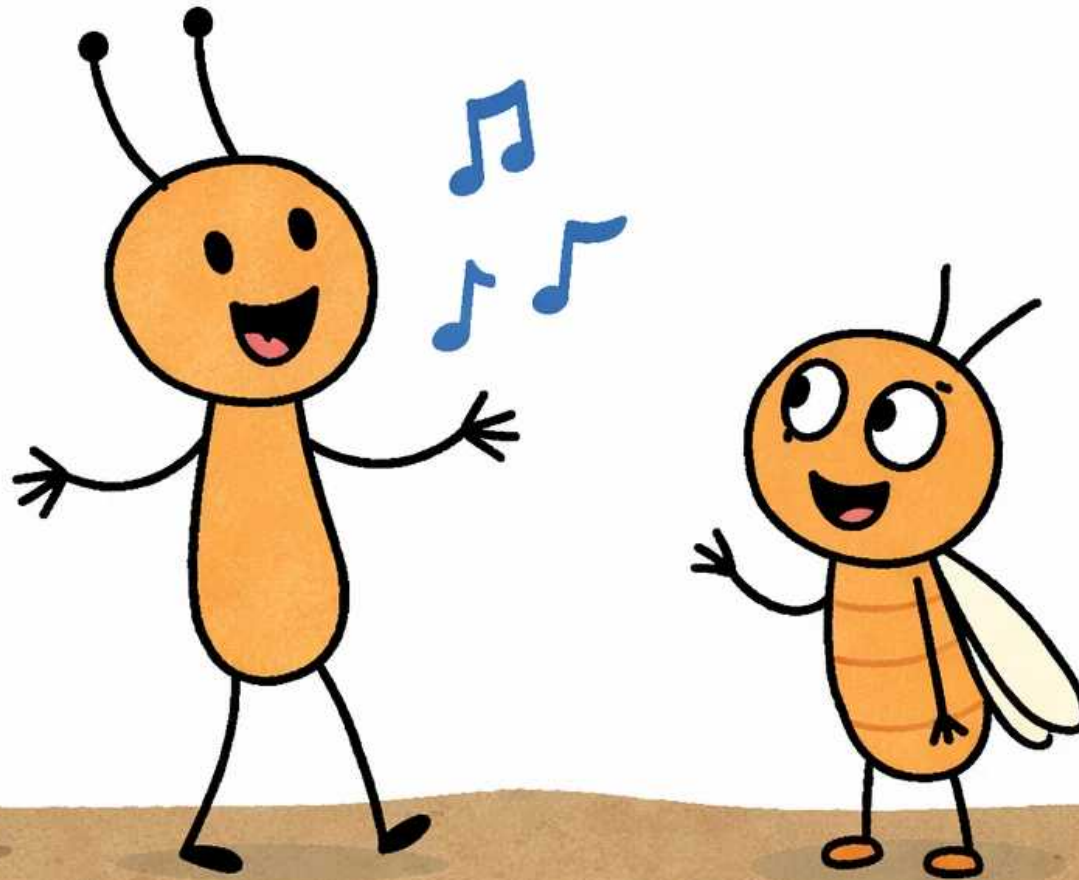
Sad Bird drooped on the branch, singing low and slow. 'Ohhh, the worms are gone... the sky is gray... I feel so **wretched** every single day...' Bug drooped too, and tears slid down her cheeks. 'What if we made it a happy song, with a bit of bounce?' Sad Bird stared at her. 'Why would anyone sing a happy song?' he whispered. 'Sadness is best.' 'Well, not for me,' Bug muttered, and hopped away.



Then Bug heard a bright sound, like a tiny bell. 'CHIRP chirp-chirp CHIRP!' Crick sang, bouncing on his feet.

Bug ran so fast she tripped on a leaf. 'That's the song I want! Not wet, not long, not loud, not sad. Just fun!'

Crick grinned. 'Want the secret? You don't find your song. You open your mouth and let it **wriggle** right out. There's no **wrong** way.'





Bug climbed up on a rock, her heart hammering and her legs wobbling. She opened her mouth and let the song **wriggle** out. One bright note rang across the trees, and Bug's eyes went wide. She tried again, and this time it wasn't long or loud or sad, but it rang like a bell, and it was all hers.

'I can sing!' Bug shouted, raising one tiny **wrist** high in the air.

Bug had a wild idea. What if everyone sang together? She ran back to every friend. 'Come sing with me!' she told them all.

At first, it was a **wreck**. Duck quacked. Frog bellowed. Big Bird drowned them all out. Sad Bird sang about rain clouds. Crick chirped as fast as he could.

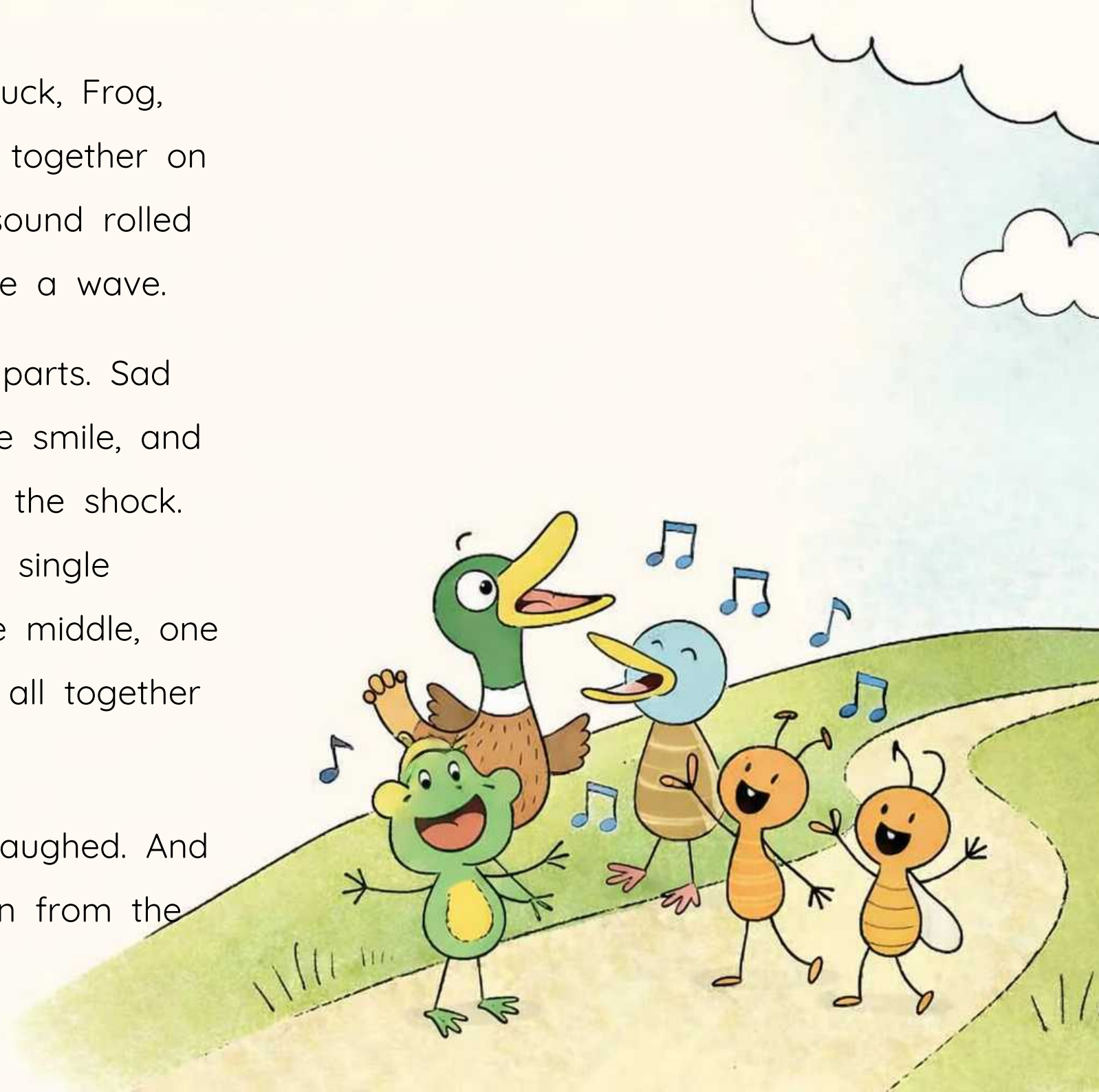
'Stop!' Bug yelled, waving her arms. 'Listen to each other, not just yourselves!' One by one, they tried again. Duck went soft. Frog kept it short. Big Bird hummed low. Slowly, voice by voice, the song began to ring.



Big Bird, Sad Bird, Duck, Frog,
Crick, and Bug sang together on
the hilltop, and the sound rolled
out over the land like a wave.

Frog kept it to four parts. Sad
Bird gave a **wry** little smile, and
nobody fainted from the shock.
Duck sang without a single
raindrop. Right in the middle, one
tiny chirp held them all together
like a thread.

'What a thing!' Bug laughed. And
they sang it all again from the
top.





That night, and every night after,
Bug sang her song. She sang to
the flowers. She sang to the
rocks. She sang to a worm, who
didn't look glad but listened
anyway.

She flung her arms wide and let
that bright little chirp ring out.
Her song was not the longest. It
was not **written** in any book. But
walk past her hill on a spring
night and listen close, and you'll
hear it. And you'll find yourself
singing along.



Sing It, Bug!

Spring has sprung, and Bug has a fizzy, buzzy, can't-sit-still feeling in her belly - she wants to SING! But what happens when Duck only sings in the rain, Frog's song has forty-seven verses, and Big Bird's trill nearly blows Bug's antennae off? Can one tiny bug find a song that's truly her own, and maybe bring all her friends together too? This decodable reader practices the wr phonogram in words like 'wiggle,' 'wrinkled,' 'wrist,' 'wrong,' and 'wry.'

Reading Skills: <wr>

wreck, wrenched, wretched, wriggle, wriggly, wrinkled, wrist, written, wrong, wry

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