

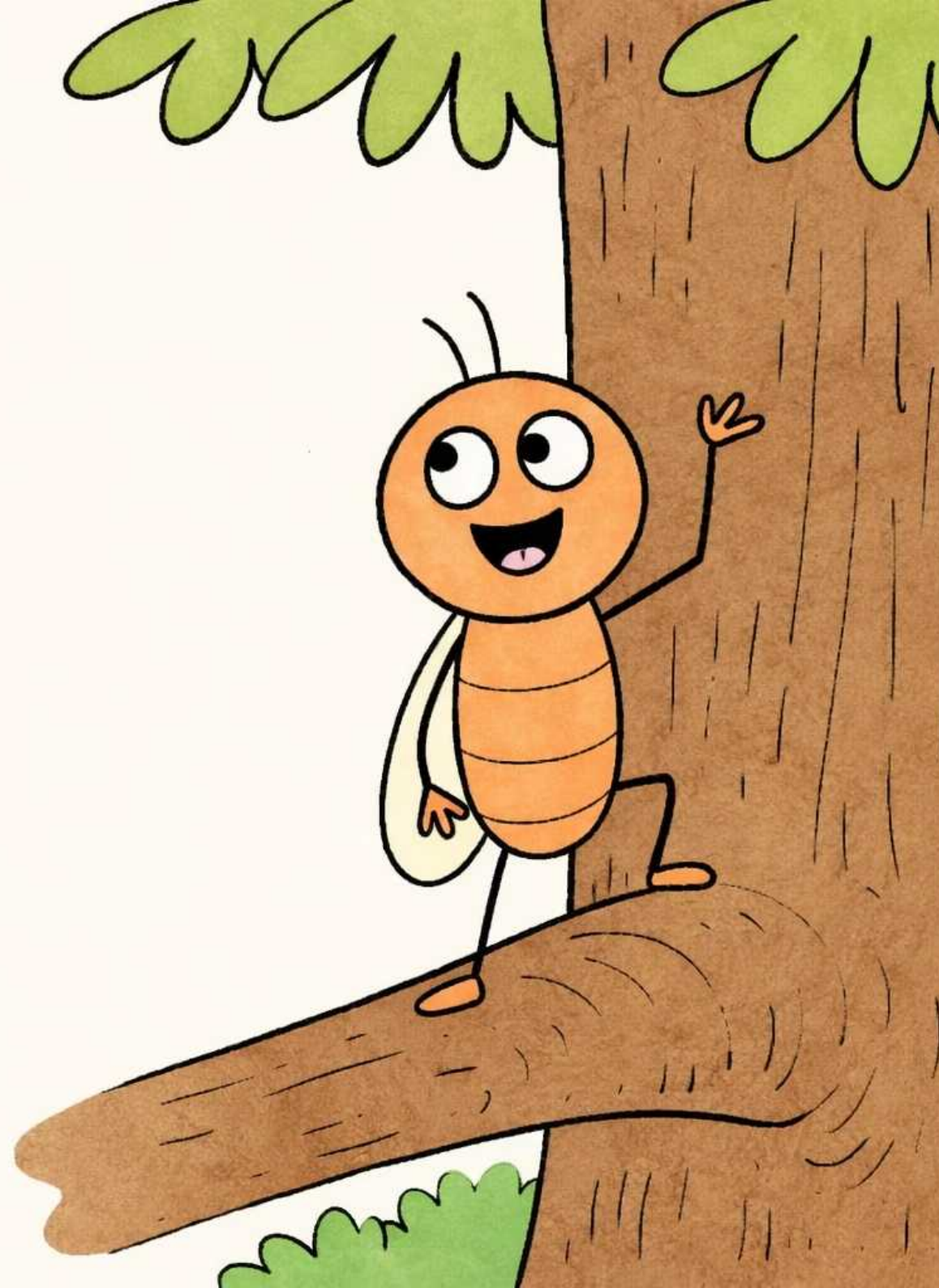
Bug Wants to Sing!



It was a **sunny** spring day,
and Bug had a **buzzy** feeling
in her **belly**. A **jumpy, fizzy,**
can't-sit-still feeling.

She gripped her branch and
grinned so big her face
nearly split in two. 'I want to
sing!' she yelled to no one at
all.

But there was just one snag.
Bug had never sung one note
in her life. Not a single one.



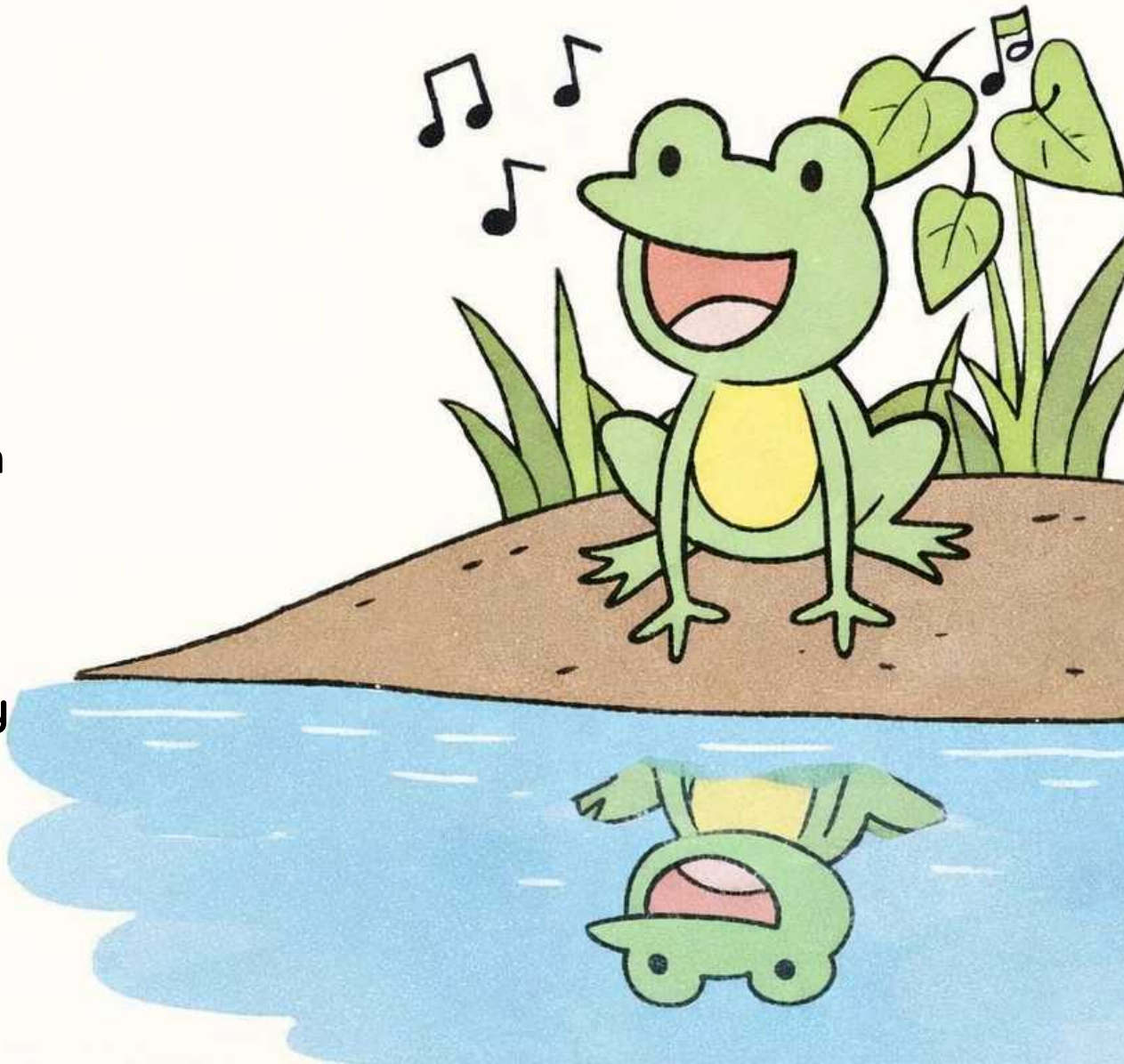


Bug found Duck by the pond, singing in the rain. 'Quack quack quack!' Duck sang, beak pointed up. Rain splashed off his back. He did not care one bit. 'Teach me!' Bug called. Duck shook his head. 'You can't sing without rain, little Bug. Rain makes a song wet and grand!' Bug looked down at her **tiny** wings, dripping. 'I do not want a **soggy** song,' she huffed. 'I want a fun song!'

Frog sat at the edge of the pond, puffing out his chest.

'Croak croak croak!' His song went on and on. It had been going since the sun came up, and Bug could hear it from far away.

'That is **very** long,' said Bug from the bank. 'Can you teach me a shorter one?' Frog blinked. 'A shorter one? My song has **twenty** verses, and I just reached verse six!' Bug backed away **carefully**.



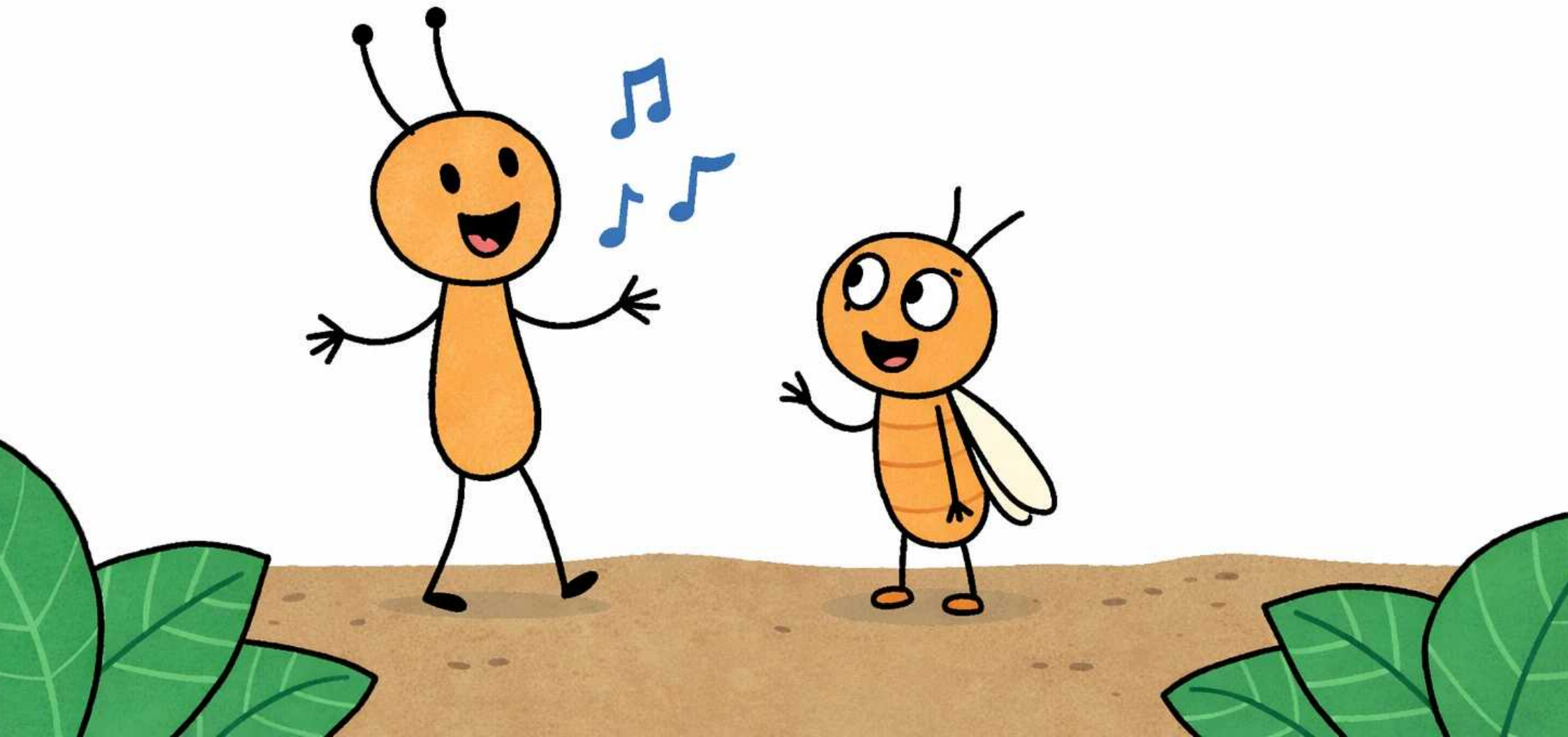


Big Bird threw back her head and sang. The branch shook, the leaves shook, and Bug **nearly** blew off sideways. 'Tweet-tweet-tweet-wee!' Bug clapped and clapped. 'That was amazing! Teach me that!' She took a big breath and opened her mouth. Out came a **squeaky** note, like a hiccup with a hat on. Big Bird patted her **gently**. 'Try a smaller one, dear.'

Sad Bird drooped on the branch, singing a **weepy** song, low and slow. 'The worms are gone... the sky is dim... my wings hurt **every** single day...' Bug stood with her arms at her sides. A tear rolled down her cheek. 'What if we made it a **happy** song?' she asked **softly**. 'With a bit of bounce?' Sad Bird stared. 'Why sing a **happy** song?' she whispered. 'A sad song is so **pretty**.'



Then Bug heard it. A bright, ringing sound. Like a **tiny** bell made of sunshine. 'Chirp, chirp-chirp, chirp!' Crick sang, bouncing on his feet. Bug ran to him so fast she **nearly** tripped on a leaf. 'That! That's the song I want! Not wet, not long, not loud, not sad. Just fun!' Crick grinned. 'Want to know the trick?' Bug leaned in close. 'You do not find your song,' he said. 'You open your mouth and let it out.'





Bug climbed up on a rock. Her heart hammered. Her legs went **shaky**. She opened her mouth wide. 'Chirp!'

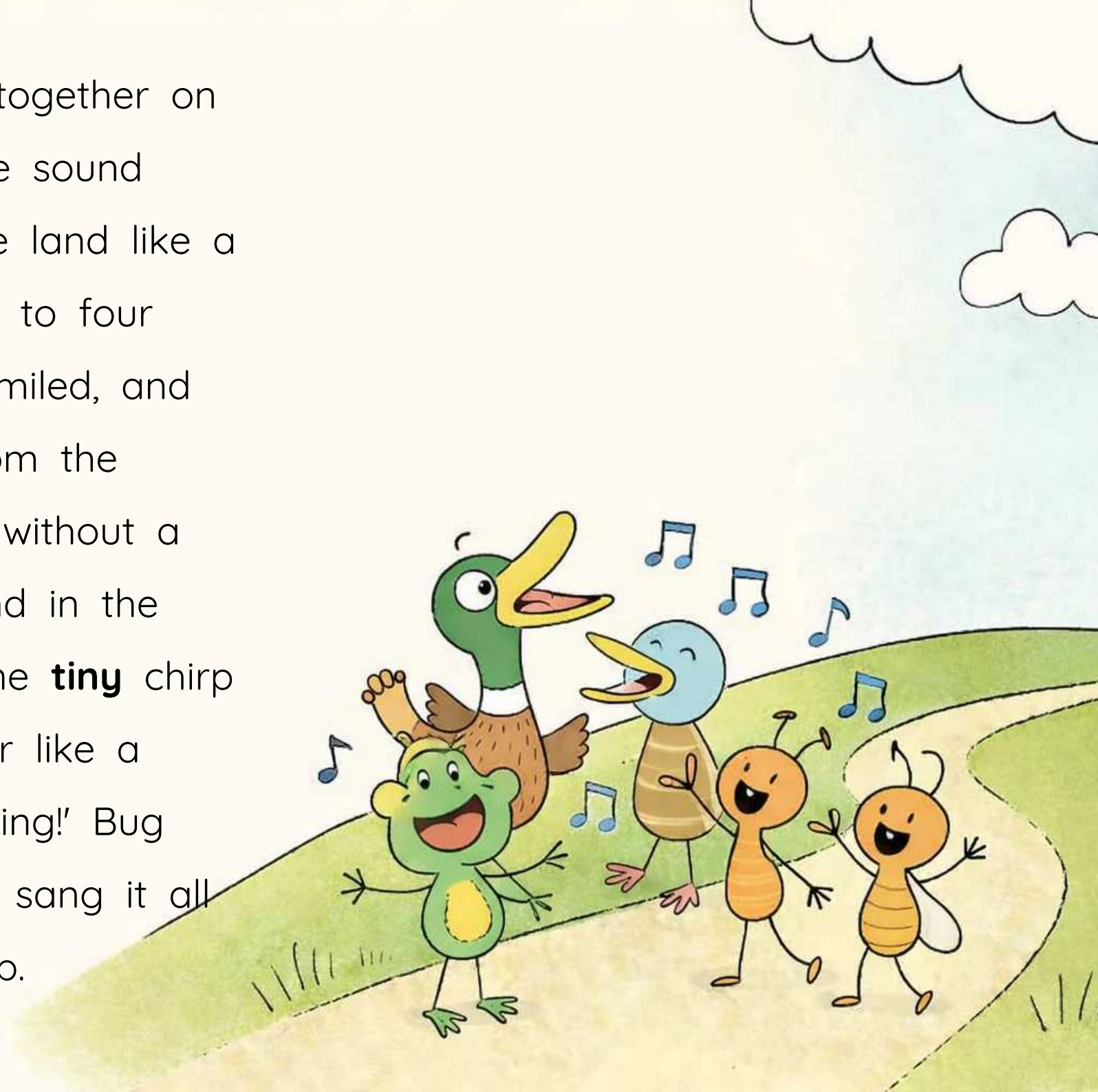
One bright note rang out across the trees. Bug's eyes went wide. She tried again. 'Chirp chirp chirp!' Not long. Not loud. Not sad or wet. But it rang out like a bell, and it was all hers.

'I can sing!' Bug yelled, and punched the air with one **tiny** fist.

Bug ran back to **every** friend with a wild idea. 'Come sing with me!' she told them. It was a mess at first. Duck quacked, Frog went on and on, Big Bird drowned them out, and Sad Bird sang a **stormy** song. 'Stop!' Bug yelled, and waved her arms. 'Listen to each other!' One by one, they tried again. Duck went soft. Frog kept it **snappy**. Big Bird hummed low. Voice by voice, the song began to ring.



All of them sang together on the hilltop, and the sound rolled out over the land like a wave. Frog kept it to four verses. Sad Bird smiled, and no one fainted from the shock. Duck sang without a single raindrop. And in the middle of it all, one **tiny** chirp held them 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 did not
seem impressed but listened all the
same.

She flung her arms wide, tipped her
head back, and let that bright chirp
ring out. It was not the longest
song. It was not the loudest.

But if you walk past her hill on a
sunny spring evening and listen
very carefully... you will hear it.
And you will want to sing along too.



123

Bug Wants to Sing!

Bug has a buzzy, fizzy feeling and one big wish: to sing. But every friend she meets sings a different way, wet or long or loud or sad, and none of them sound quite right. So what happens when a tiny, shaky voice tries to find a song all its own? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 123: -y), this book practices words like 'sunny', 'shaky', 'squeaky', 'happy', 'pretty'.

Phonics Focus: -y

belly, buzzy, carefully, every, fizzy, gently, happy, jumpy, nearly, pretty, shaky, snappy, softly, soggy, squeaky, stormy, sunny, tiny, twenty, very, weepy

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