

How Will Pang's Show Go?





Pang the bug has a big job. A big, big, belly-flip job. He will lead the **show** by the **old oak**, and all the bugs in the wood will come.

Pang grips his stick and steps up on the stage. 'I can do this,' he says softly. 'Maybe. I think.' His wings shake. His specs slip down. The **show** is in five days, and Pang must lead it.

The song team sings a test song. It is a mess.

The **low** voices sing high. The high voices sing **low**. One bug flaps round and round up high. 'Am I a **low** voice or a high voice?' she asks. 'I forget.'

'A high voice!' Pang yells. He points at the day chart. 'Five days to **go!** Five!' But the bugs just chat and play. Pang **groans**.



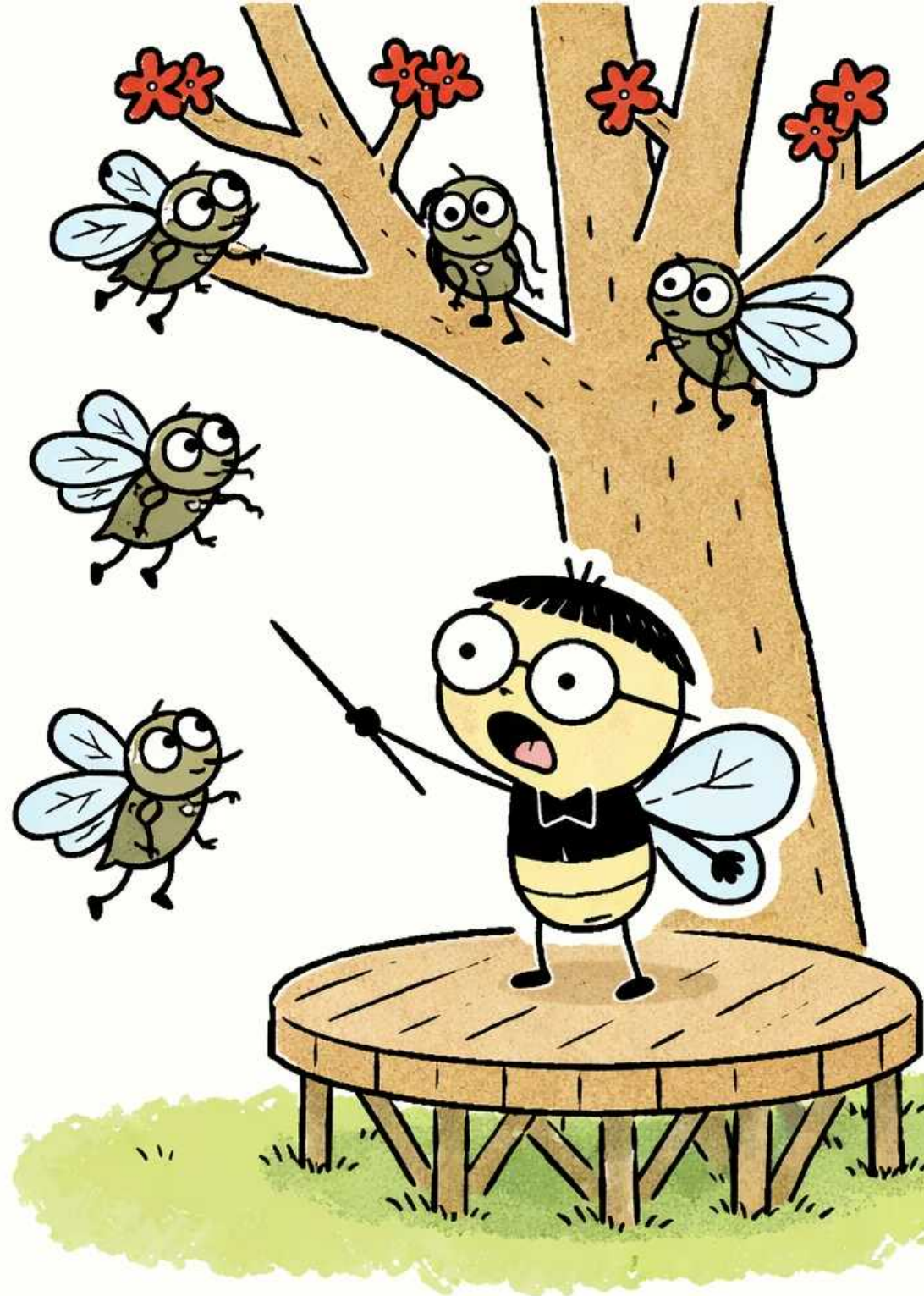


The next day, Pang **goes** to see a bug who sings softly. Pang leans in. 'Sing loud,' Pang says. 'The bugs must **know** the dry time is here.'

The little bug **goes** pink. 'But what if the **crowd groans** at me?'

Pang smiles. He knows **how** that feels. '**No groans,**' he says. 'They will yell **wow!** I **vow** it.' 'Then I will try my best,' the little bug says softly.

The days get hot and dry. Pang stands on the round stage by the big tree with red blooms. 'All to the stage!' he calls. 'This is it! The last test before the real **show!**' Bugs fly in from all round and land in **rows** on the stage. Pang's belly flips. Will the **show** go well? Pang **hopes** so.

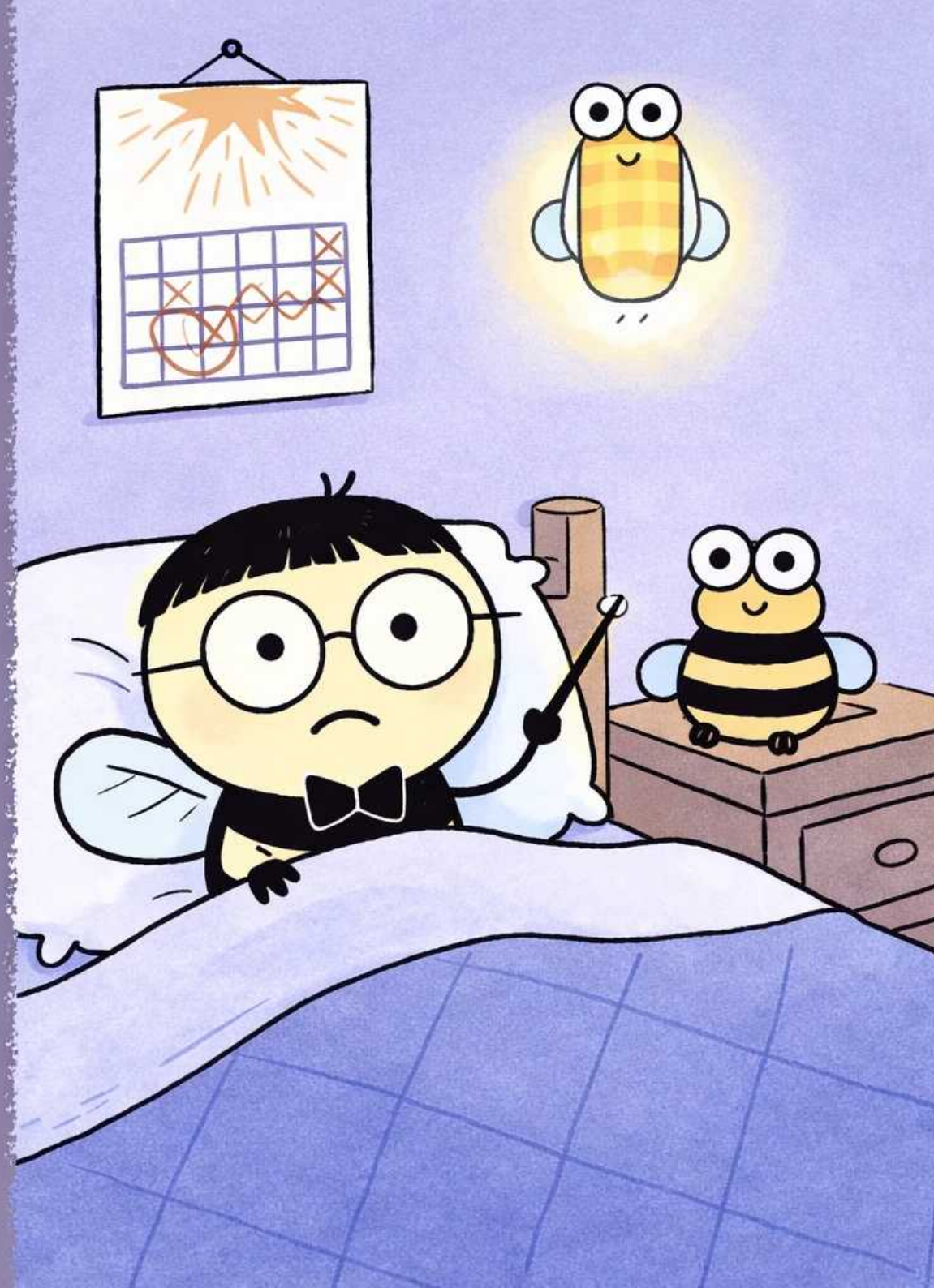




The team **opens** the blue books. Pang lifts his stick. And they sing. The **low** voices **go low**. The high voices **go high**. **No** bug is mixed up. **No** bug flaps in rings. The song **flows** out and **floats** past the trees. Pang grins a big grin. 'They did just what I said,' he says softly, a bit in shock. Maybe, just maybe, this **show** will be grand.

That night, Pang can not sleep. He grips his stick in bed. A bug **glows** by him like a night light, and the day chart **shows** one day to **go**.

'What if I forget the first beat?' Pang asks his toy bee. The toy bee does not speak. 'What if my stick zips out and bumps a bug?' Still **no** sound. It is a toy. But Pang chats on.





The big day comes, bright and dry. Bugs from all parts **crowd** the green glen.

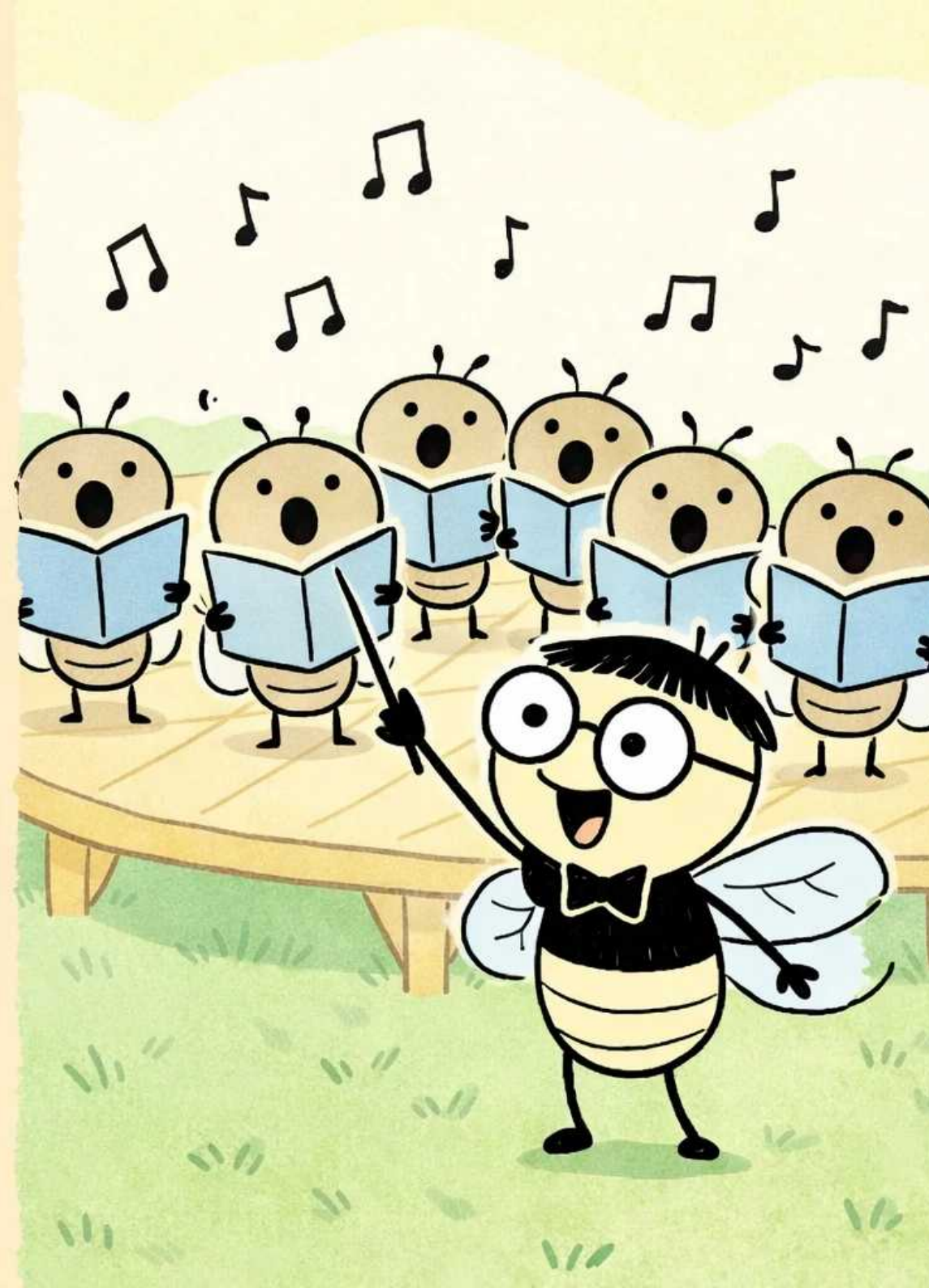
A shiny bug hops up and down. 'It is the first **show** for the chap with the stick!' A bug in a blue scarf **frowns**. 'His first? Let us **hope** he does not mess it up.'

Pang hides by the stage and gets each word. His belly turns and turns.

Pang flies out on the stage. **No** more hiding, **no** more panic. It is time. The team stands with the blue books. Pang lifts his stick high and calls, 'One, two, three, sing!'

And **wow, how** they sing! The **low** voices **growl**. The high voices shine like sunbeams.

The song **flows** down the glen and up the hill. It is the best sound in the wood. All is just right.





Then a wet drop plops on
Pang's **brow**. Drip, drip, drip.
Rain! Rain at the dry time **show**!

'That can not be,' says a bug.
'It is the dry time. Rain must
not come **now**!'

But the rain drips on and on. It
soaks the blue books. It **soaks**
Pang's glasses till he can not
see. The voices dip and **moan**.
The **crowd** starts to **frown**.
Pang's chest **goes cold**.

The **crowd** panics. Bugs curl up, and snails tuck in. Pang peers up. The clouds are thin, and he can see blue sky. This rain will not last. But if the **crowd** flees **now**, the **show** ends. So Pang does a very brave thing. He flies up high, right up past the **crowd**. 'Bugs!' he bellows. His voice rings out so loud that each bug stops and gazes up.





'This rain is thin, and it will pass!' Pang calls from up high. 'The dry time is here, and this **show goes** on!' For one beat, all is still. Then the shiny bug jumps up high. 'Yes! The **show goes** on!' The **crowd** shouts, and the bug in the blue scarf claps. Pang zooms back to the stage and flicks his stick. 'From the top! One, two, three, sing!'

The last **note** ends, and the rain stops. The sky **glows gold**. The big **oak** shines with wee lights, and the **crowd** yells and yells.

'Pang!' says a bug. 'That is the best **show** this wood has had!'

Pang **goes** pink, and his glasses fog up. He tries to act shy, but his grin **grows** wide. 'Wait till the next **show,**' Pang says. 'I have a plan. **Snow!**' The team **groans**.





How Will Pang's Show Go?

Pang the cicada has never conducted a concert before, and the biggest show of the year is only five days away. His singers keep mixing up their high and low voices, and one shy little bug is too scared to sing loud at all. Can Pang pull his mixed-up choir together before the whole forest arrives to listen? Written for Jolly Phonics classrooms (Step 3, Unit 7: /oa/ mixed), this book practices words like 'show', 'groans', 'crowd', 'glows', 'frown'.

Phonics Focus: <mixed>

bellow, brow, cold, crowd, floats, flows, frown, frowns, glows, go, goes, gold, groans, growl, grows, hope, hopes, how, know, low, moan, no, note, now, oak, old, opens, rows, show, shows, snow, soaks, vow, wow

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