



*The bird who made it rain...
(and the boy who found him!)*

*A story by a class III boy from Reodar
Block, Sirohi*



On 8th December 2016 we organized a Bal Mela in Reodar Block

The English stall had a table full of picture cards...

A young boy of class III picked three cards...

He wove a beautiful story and then vanished... Let's read his story...





A boy was playing outside with his ball. It was a warm and sunny day. A holiday. No school!

He kept playing. It was getting hotter and hotter. The boy started sweating! It was very, very hot! But he wanted to keep playing with his ball... The sun was burning.



The boy climbed a tree to rest in the shade. He saw an owl sitting on a branch. The owl was small. And round as a ball.

The boy asked the owl, "When will this heat end? I want to play!"

The small, round owl replied, "I don't know. But the mountain birds might help you!"



*So the boy climbed the mountain.
He saw clouds floating all around
him.*

*Suddenly, he saw four birds. They
were very white and very quiet.
Each bird had a bright, orange beak.*

*The boy was overjoyed! He could
finally find out when he could play
again!*



“When will this heat end? I want to play!”, asked the boy.

All four birds looked at him thoughtfully. They wondered, “Should we tell this little boy our big secret?”

Finally, they spoke...

“When I flap my wings and fly across the sky... it gets HOT!”, said the first bird.

“When I flap my wings and fly across the sky... it gets COLD!”, said the second bird.

“When I flap my wings and fly across the sky... it gets WINDY!”, said the third bird.



The boy was amazed! He looked at the fourth bird and waited for her to speak. She was the biggest and quietest bird of all. But she did not say anything!

Instead, she looked up and rose into the air...





And as she flapped her wings across the sky... it began to rain...!

The End

13th February 2017

The story has been translated to English from Hindi