

# *The Song Contest*



*By John Bonthron*

This story was written for our grandsons Matthew (7), Ethan (4) and Drew (2).

For grown-ups.

The four songbirds featured in this story can be heard by download the MP3 file just go to the website below and search for The Song Contest or look in Children's stories under Writing. These sound files were provided by Auntie BBC.

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Once upon a time three birds were looking for food in a farmer's field because they were hungry and had chicks to feed.



The birds had to be careful not to get stamped or pooped upon by the cows and sheep.

They are very small in this picture, hidden in the long grass.

Can you find them?



The Robin said she was the best singer.



The Song Thrush said she was the best singer.



The Blackbird said he was the best singer.

To find out who really was the best singer they decided to have a song contest.

They asked the cows to judge but they said no.

They asked the sheep but they said no.

They asked the Sun but it was too far away to hear them.



So they asked a Big Fat Spider to be the judge of who was the best singer.

The Robin flew up onto the fence beside the Spider and started to sing.

*I'm very hungry and my tummy is empty.  
I need food for my chicks but my beak is very  
small. I am hungry. I am very hungry.*

She sang her song over and over and when she finished the cows and sheep were all crying because it was such a sad song.

The Song Thrush flew up onto a high branch above the Spider and started to sing, repeating the same line three times over then taking a deep breath before singing it again and again and again.

*I'm hungry too but I still sing happy songs.*

*I'm hungry too but I still sing happy songs.*

*I'm hungry too but I still sing happy songs.*

She sang the same words over and over and over and even though she was a good singer when she finished the cows and sheep were bored.

Now it was the Blackbird's turn to sing and he flew to the very top of the tall tree far above the Spider.

*I sing in the morning and lunchtime too. I sing in the evening until the Sun goes down and I sing all night long until the Sun comes up again.*

*My tummy is always full because when the worms pop up to hear my song I gobble them up or feed them to my chicks.*

*I am the best singer in the whole world. No one sings better than Me. No one sings better than Me. No one sings better than Me. Than Me. Than Me. No one sings better than Me.*

The sheep baah-ed and the cows moo-ed and said the Blackbird was indeed a very good singer but it was up to the Spider to judge.

In the Farmer's field there was another bird who was also a very good singer.

She was very hard to see because she had hidden her nest very cleverly. It was filled with eggs because her chicks had not hatched out yet.



Can you spot this bird in the field?



This bird was the Skylark.

She had been listening to the other birds singing and believed she was a far better singer than any of them.

The bird hopped off her nest and ran away from it so that no one could find it. Then she stood on a rock and looked across to the Robin and the Song Thrush and the Blackbird.

She sprang from the rock and soared up, up, up into the sky and began to sing a beautiful song.

*I sing in Sun and I sing in the rain and the words of my songs are never the same.*

*Songs trill from my beak and pour all around my gift to you all as they fall to the ground.*

Still singing, the Skylark flew higher and higher and higher. Sheep and cows have poor eyesight and although they could no longer see her, they could still hear her sweet song.

The sheep baah-ed and the cows moo-ed and changed their minds and said the Skylark was the best singer but it was up to the Spider to judge.

The Song Thrush and the Blackbird flew down onto the fence to ask the Spider who had won the contest.

***But the Spider was gone and so was the Robin!***



At her nest the Robin dropped the Big Fat Spider into the mouth of her hungriest baby Robin then flew off to look for more food.

The Robin was far too busy to listen to other birds singing when there were Big Fat Spiders and nice juicy grubs to eat.

Anyway, she knew Robins are the best singers in the whole world, no matter what anyone else said.

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