The Doorbell Bird

A mysterious visitor keeps arriving.



A short story for reading aloud

AGES 4-7 • Take your time. Enjoy the sounds.

The Doorbell Bird

Ding-dong!

Rabbit opened her front door.

Nobody was there.

She checked the flowerpot and the path.

"How strange."

She went back to her painting.

Ding-dong!

Rabbit opened the door again. Still nobody.

This time, she waited on the step.

A leaf fell. A beetle walked past. Somewhere above her, a bird cleared its throat.

Ding-dong!

Rabbit looked up.

On the branch sat a grey bird.

"Was that you?"

"Ding-dong!" said Bird proudly.

Rabbit folded her arms. "You sound exactly like my doorbell."

Bird ruffled his feathers. "I've been practising today."

"So I've noticed," said Rabbit. "My painting is still only one blue stripe."

The Doorbell Bird

Bird looked at the paintbrush in her paw.

"I'm sorry. I thought it was a lovely song."

Rabbit sat on the step.

"It is a lovely sound. But etime I hear it, I think someone wants to come in."

Bird considered this.

"Would you like a different sound?"

He tried a dripping tap.

Plink, plink.

He tried a squeaky gate.

Eee-ooo!

Rabbit began to smile.

Then Bird sang a little tune of his own. It rose and dipped like a leaf on the wind.

Rabbit listened until he finished.

"That one," she said softly. "I like that one best."

She brought her painting outside. While Bird sang, the blue stripe became a river, and the river gained trees, stones and a very grey bird.

At lunchtime, Mouse arrived.

She pressed the real doorbell.

Ding-dong!

Rabbit and Bird looked at each other.

"That one wasn't me," he said.

THE END

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