# The Rain Orchestra

The wettest afternoon has a tune of its own.



## A short story for reading aloud

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

# The Rain Orchestra

Frog had planned a concert in the clearing.

Rabbit would shake seed pods. Mouse would tap two sticks. Frog would drum on a hollow log.

Then rain began.

Drip. Drop. Plop.

Rabbit put away the seed pods. Mouse tucked the sticks under a leaf.

"No concert today," said Frog.

They huddled beneath a broad fern.

Drip. Drop. Plop.

A fat drop struck the hollow log.

PONG!

Frog blinked.

Another drop hit an empty nutshell.

Tik!

Rain pattered on the fern above their heads.

Shhh, pat-pat, shhh.

Mouse held up one paw.

"Listen," she whispered. "Someone has started without us."

Frog smiled and reached for his drumsticks.

# The Rain Orchestra

Pong-pong went the log.

Tik-tik went the nutshell.

Rabbit held a wide leaf under the rain. The drops bounced against it with a soft, quick rattle.

Mouse tapped her sticks together.

Frog found a deep, slow beat beneath all the little sounds.

Soon they were playing with the rain.

A blackbird joined in from the branches. A beetle tapped across a dry piece of bark. Even the wind rustled the fern at just the right moment.

Then, as suddenly as it had begun, the rain stopped.

The friends stopped too.

One last drop fell from a leaf.

Plip.

"A very fine ending," said Mouse.

Sunlight spread across the clearing. Frog bowed to the trees. Rabbit bowed to the clouds.

"Will there be another concert?" asked a worm, peeping from the soft earth.

Frog looked up at the shining leaves.

"Ask the weather," he said.

**THE END**

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