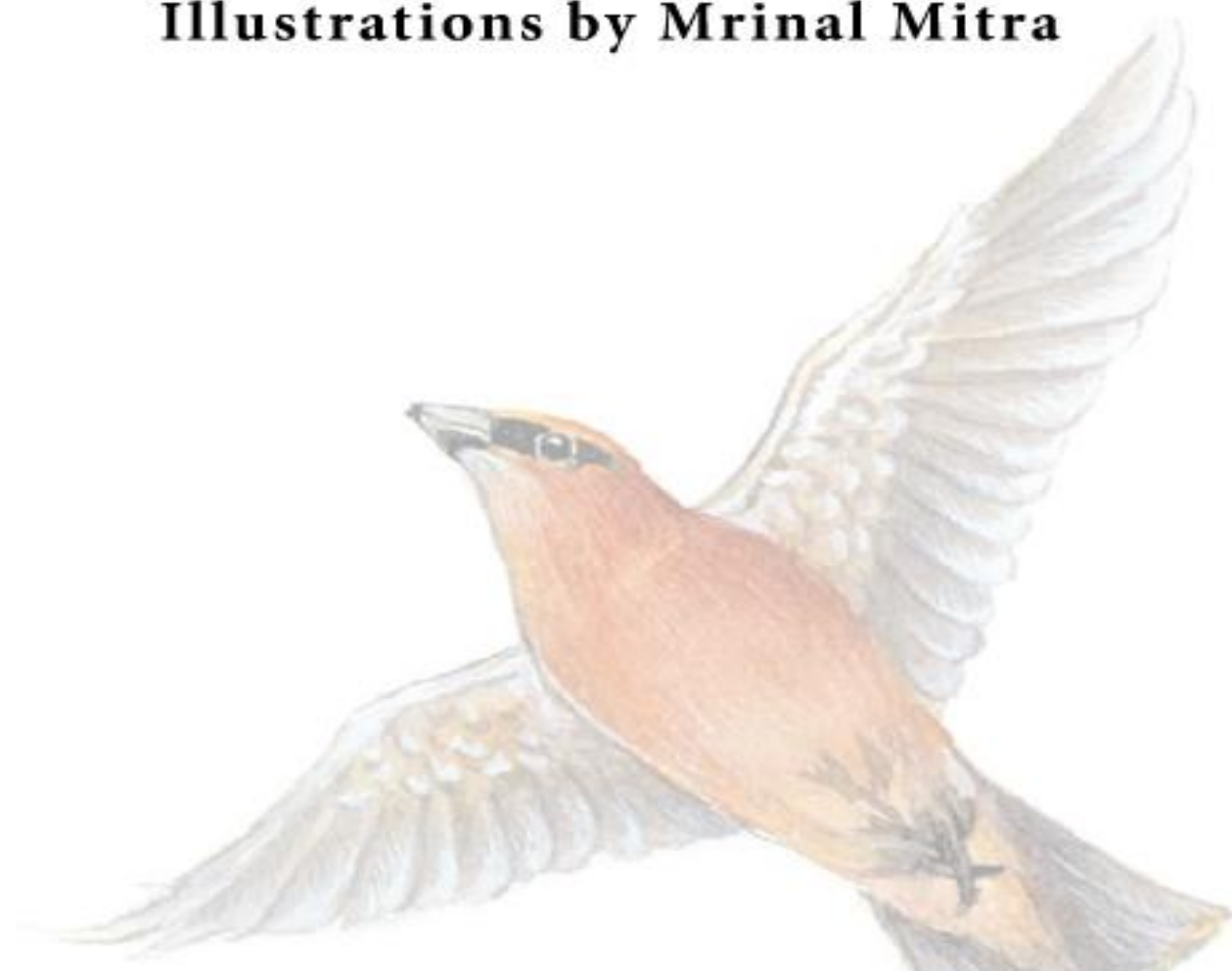


Grandma's Birds

Story by Arthur Beat
Illustrations by Mrinal Mitra

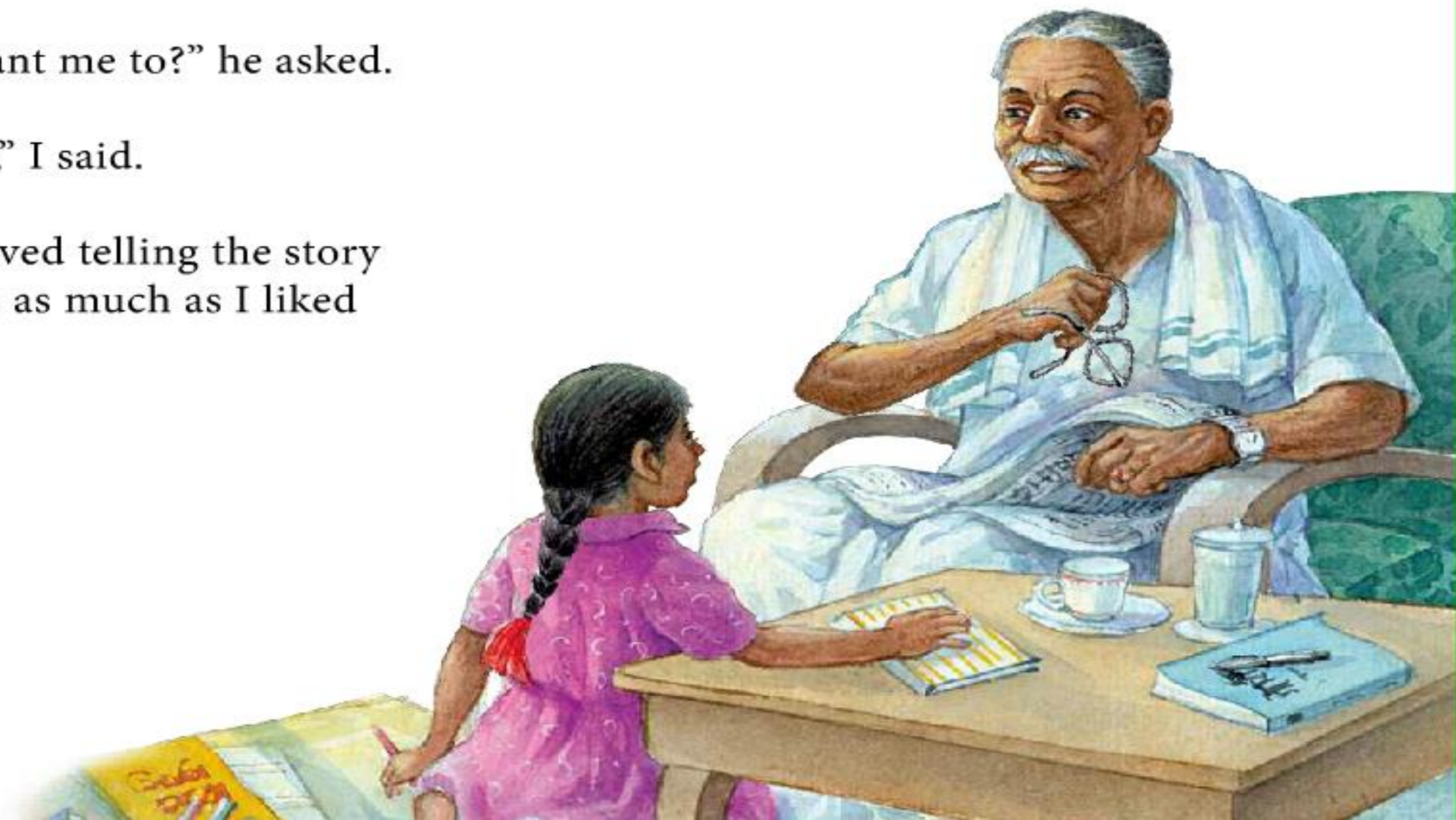


“Tell me the story about Grandma’s birds again,” I said to Grandpa.

“Do you want me to?” he asked.

“Yes please,” I said.

Grandpa loved telling the story of the birds as much as I liked hearing it.



Grandpa smiled.

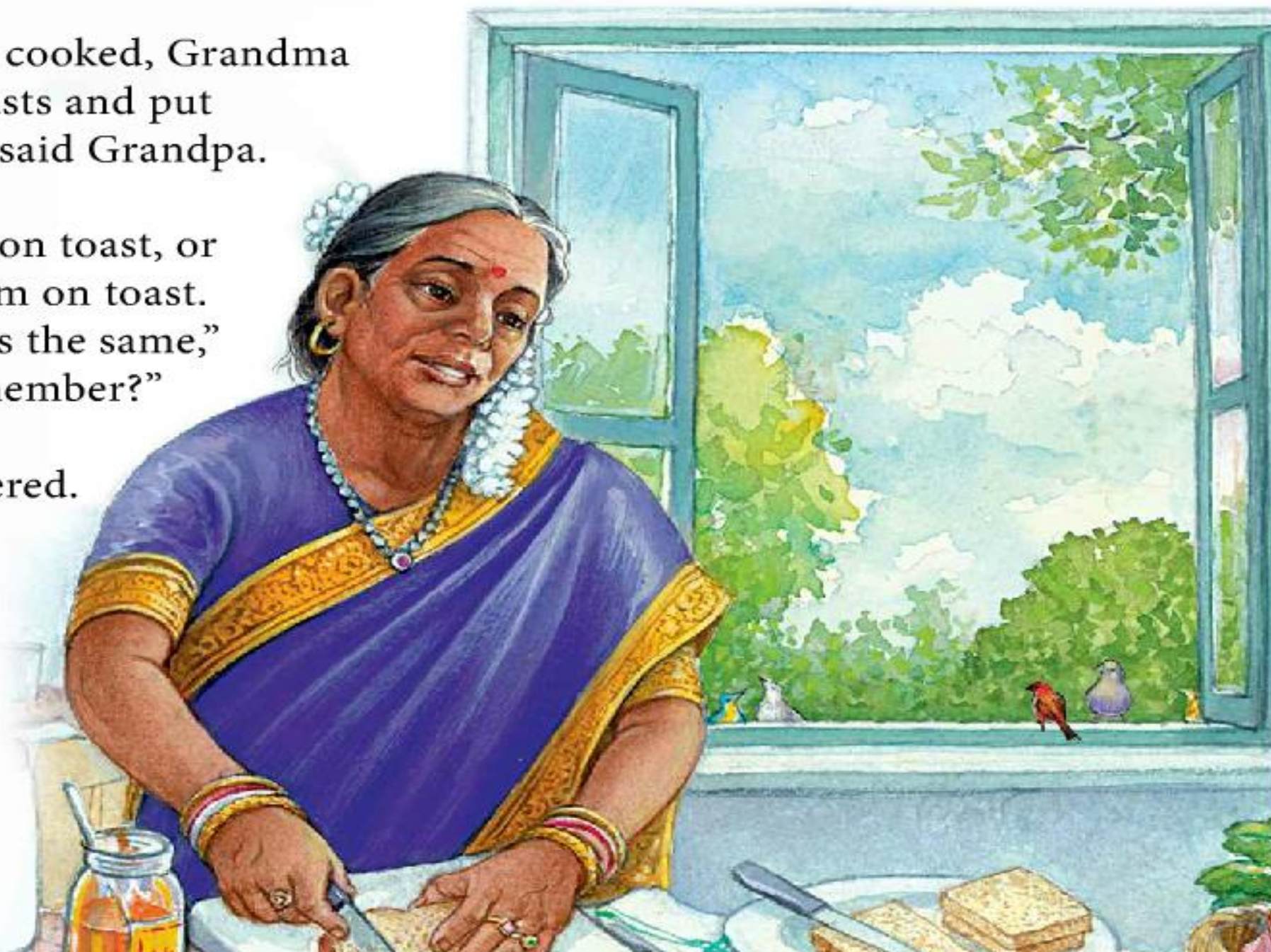
Then he said, “Grandma used to make breakfast every morning. She would put the bread in the toaster and hum a little tune while it cooked.”



“When the toast was cooked, Grandma would cut off the crusts and put the toast on a plate,” said Grandpa.

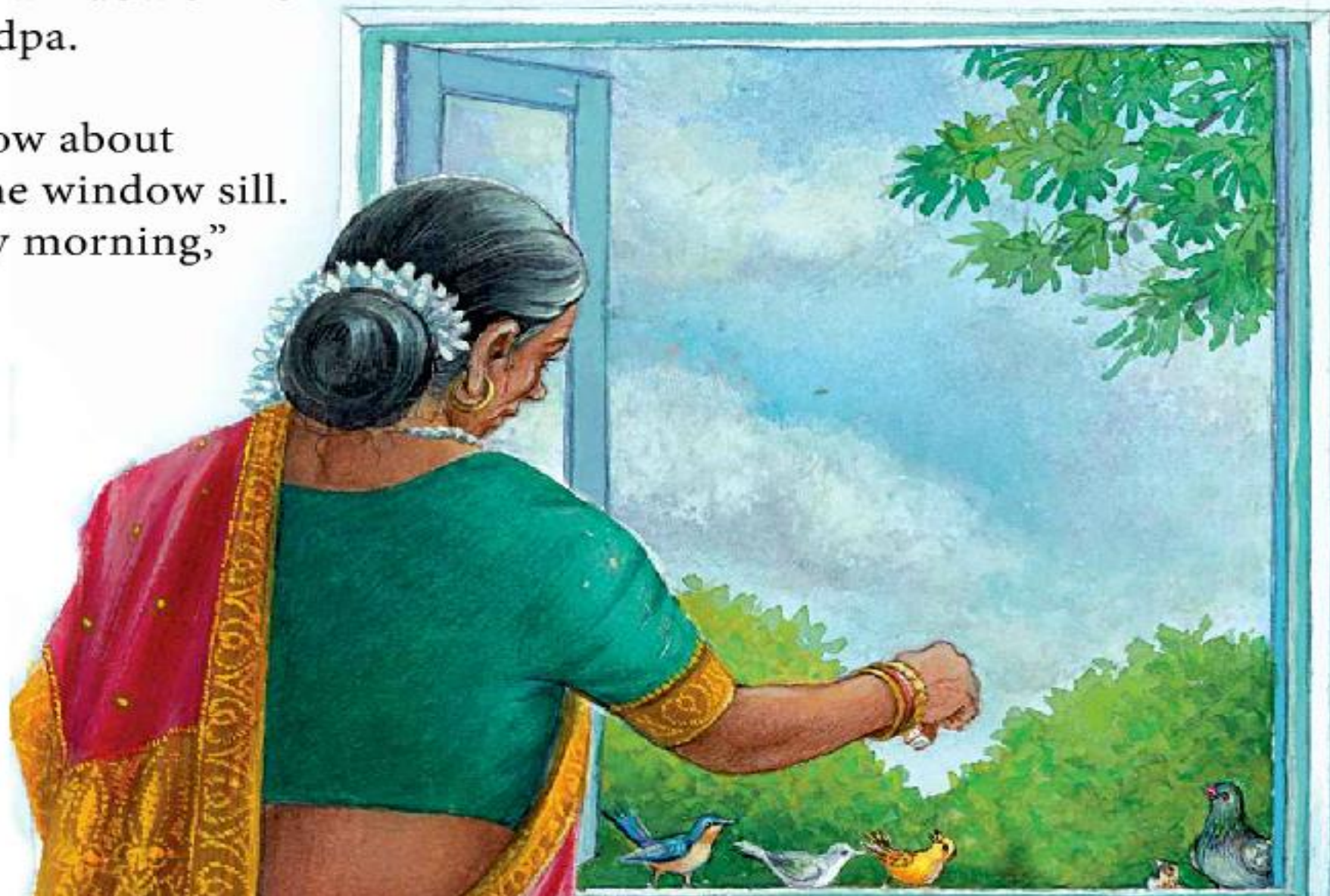
“We would have egg on toast, or honey on toast, or jam on toast. One thing was always the same,” he said. “Do you remember?”

Of course I remembered.
“The crusts,” I said.



“Every morning, Grandma would put the crusts on the window sill for the birds,” said Grandpa.

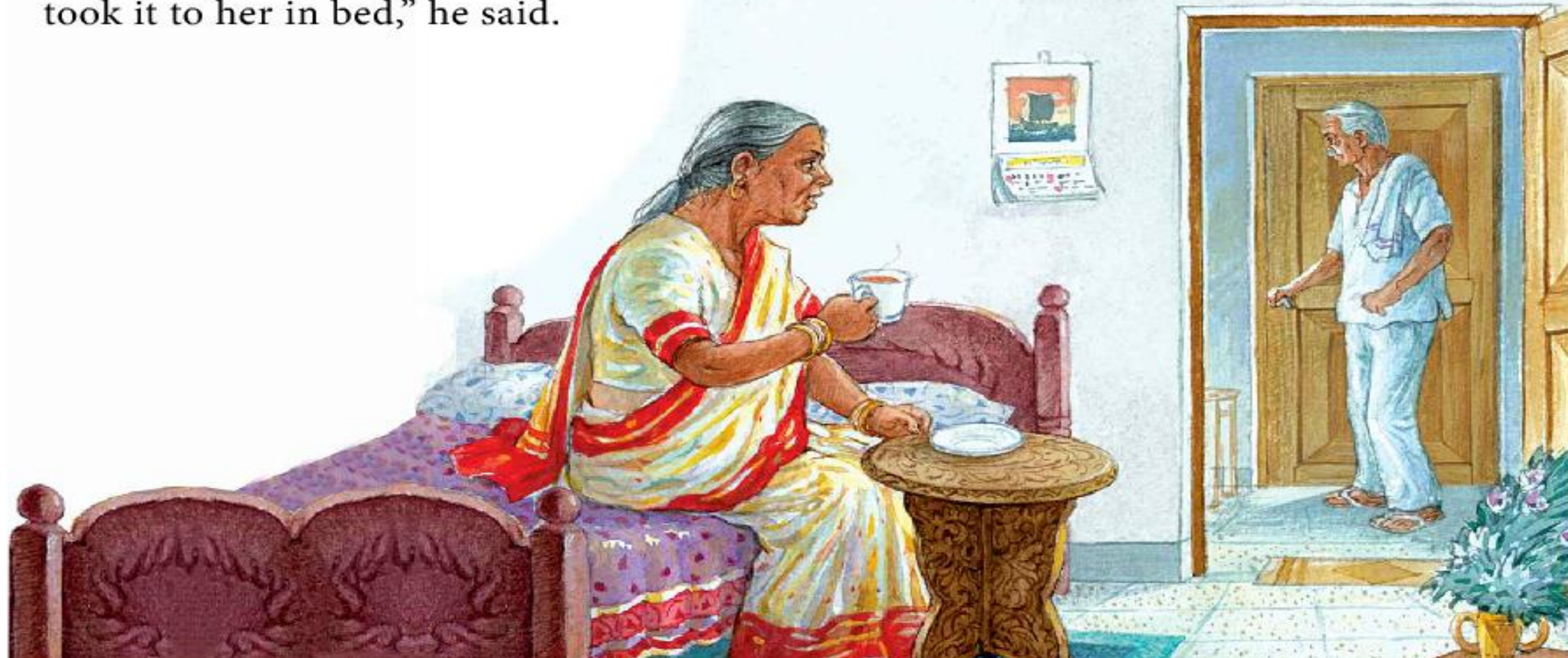
“The birds got to know about the fresh crusts on the window sill. The birds came every morning,” he said.

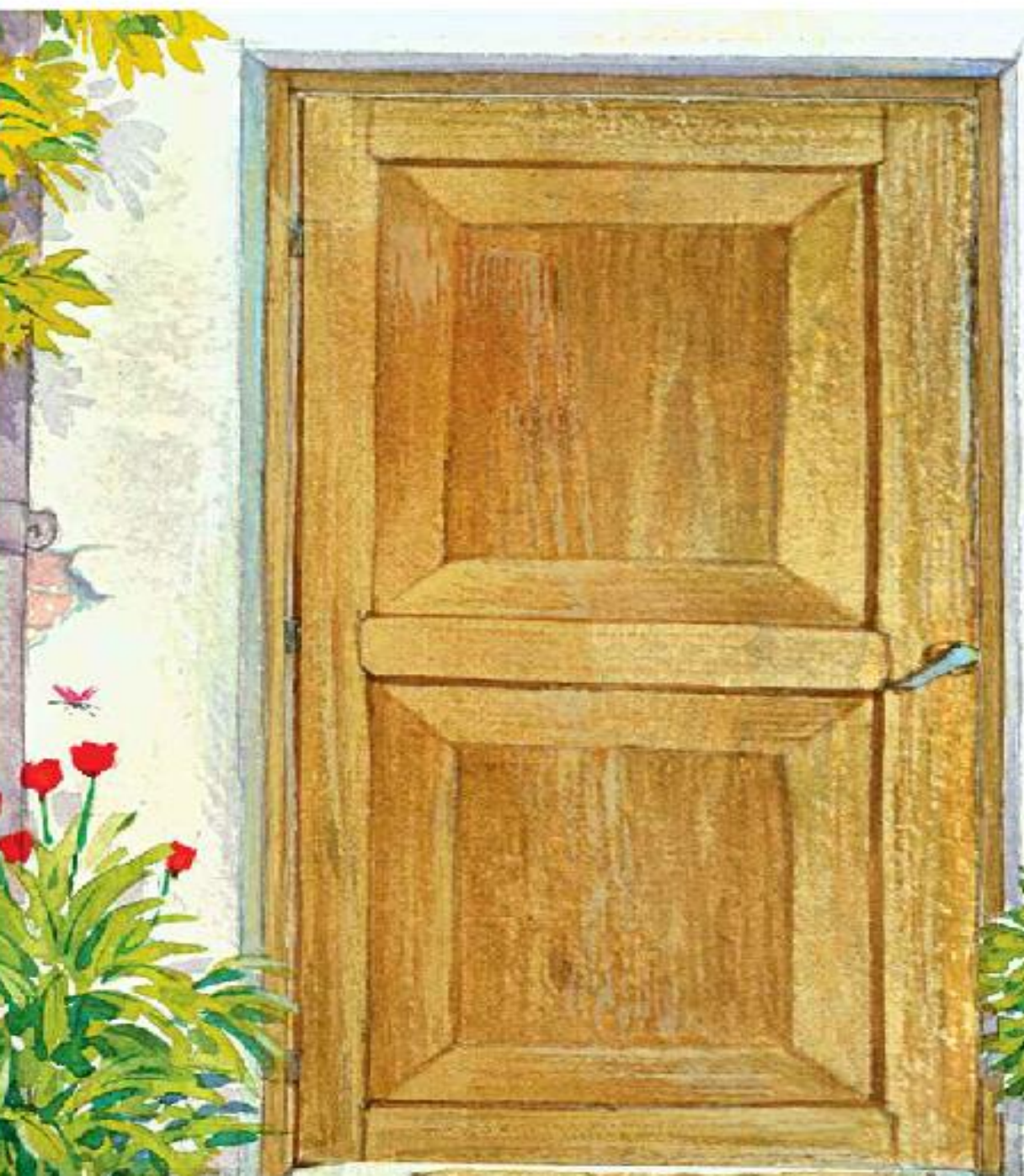


“Then Grandma got sick and I had to look after her,” said Grandpa.

“One day, I made a cup of tea and took it to her in bed,” he said.

“On my way back to the kitchen, I heard a tapping sound. I went to the door to see if anyone was there. There was no one there!”





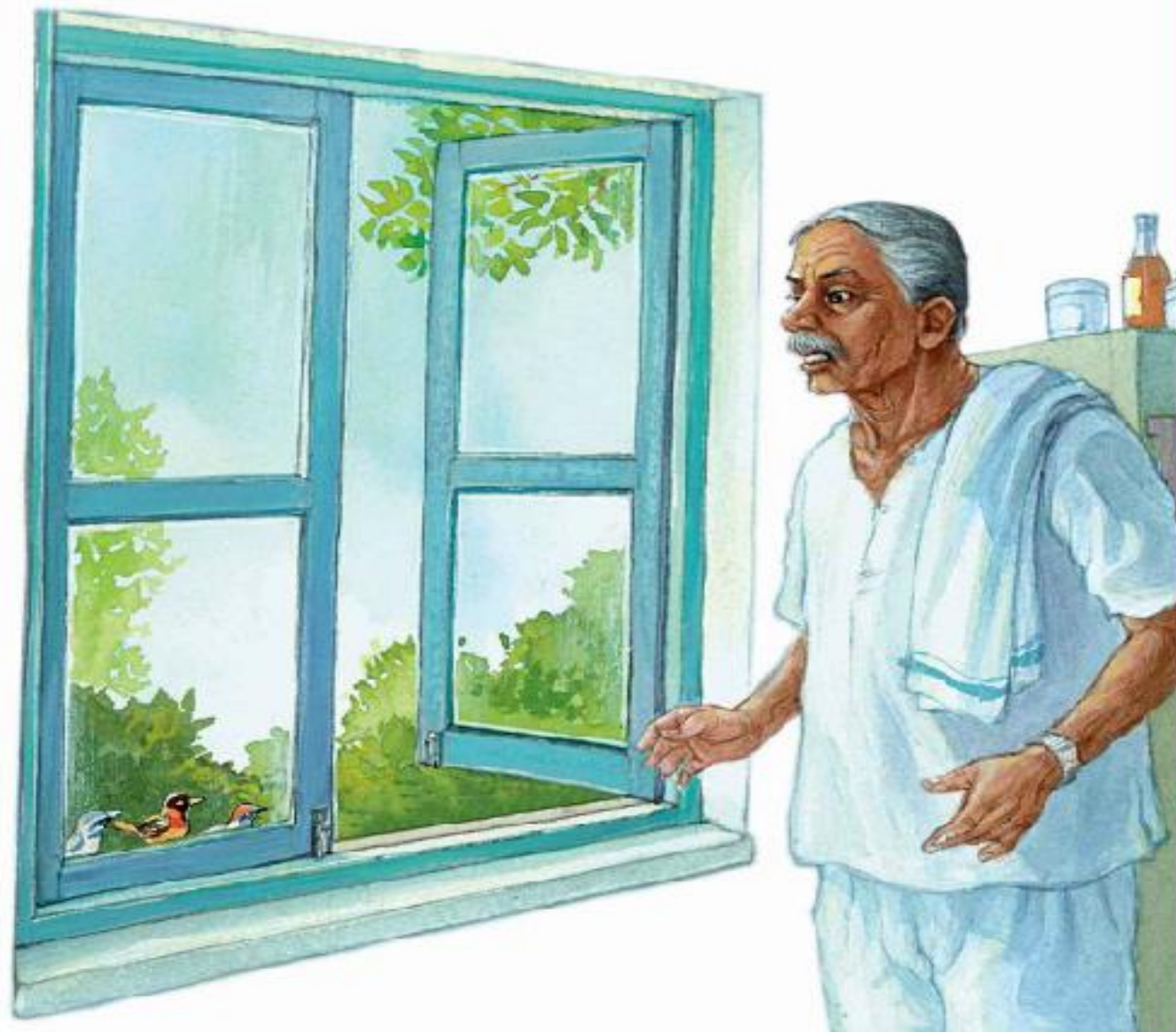
“I made honey on toast,”
said Grandpa. “I took some
to Grandma in bed. On my way
back to the kitchen, I heard
the tapping sound again. I opened
the door quickly to catch the tapper.
But there was no one there!”

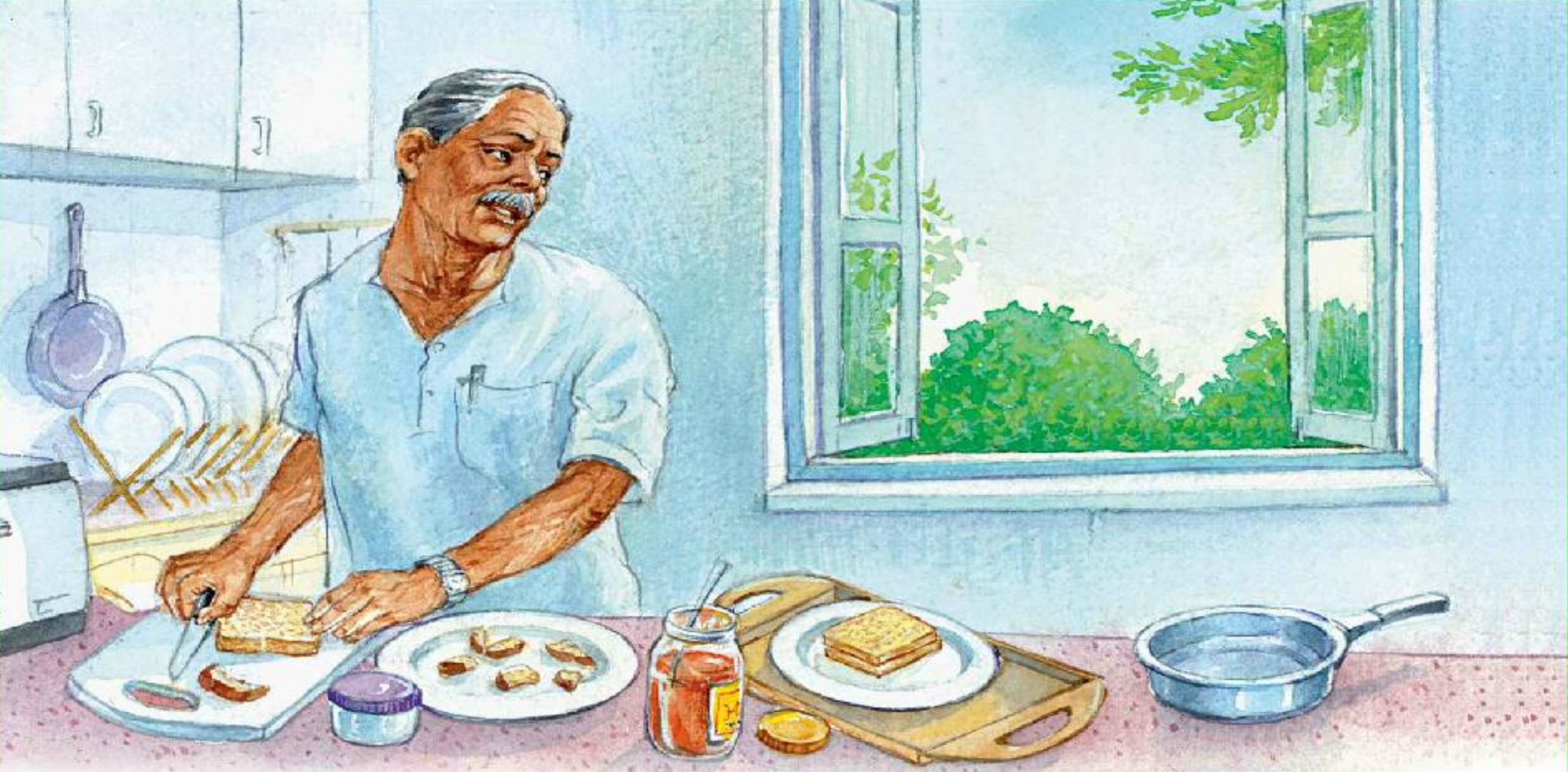
This was Grandpa’s favourite part
of the story, I could tell.

Grandpa said, "When I got back to the kitchen, I heard the tapping sound again. This time I looked at the kitchen window and there, on the window sill, was a row of birds. They were all tapping on the glass with their beaks."

"They wanted breakfast, too," I laughed.

"Yes," he said, "they were making sure I didn't forget them."





After that day, Grandpa had to look after Grandma... and her birds.