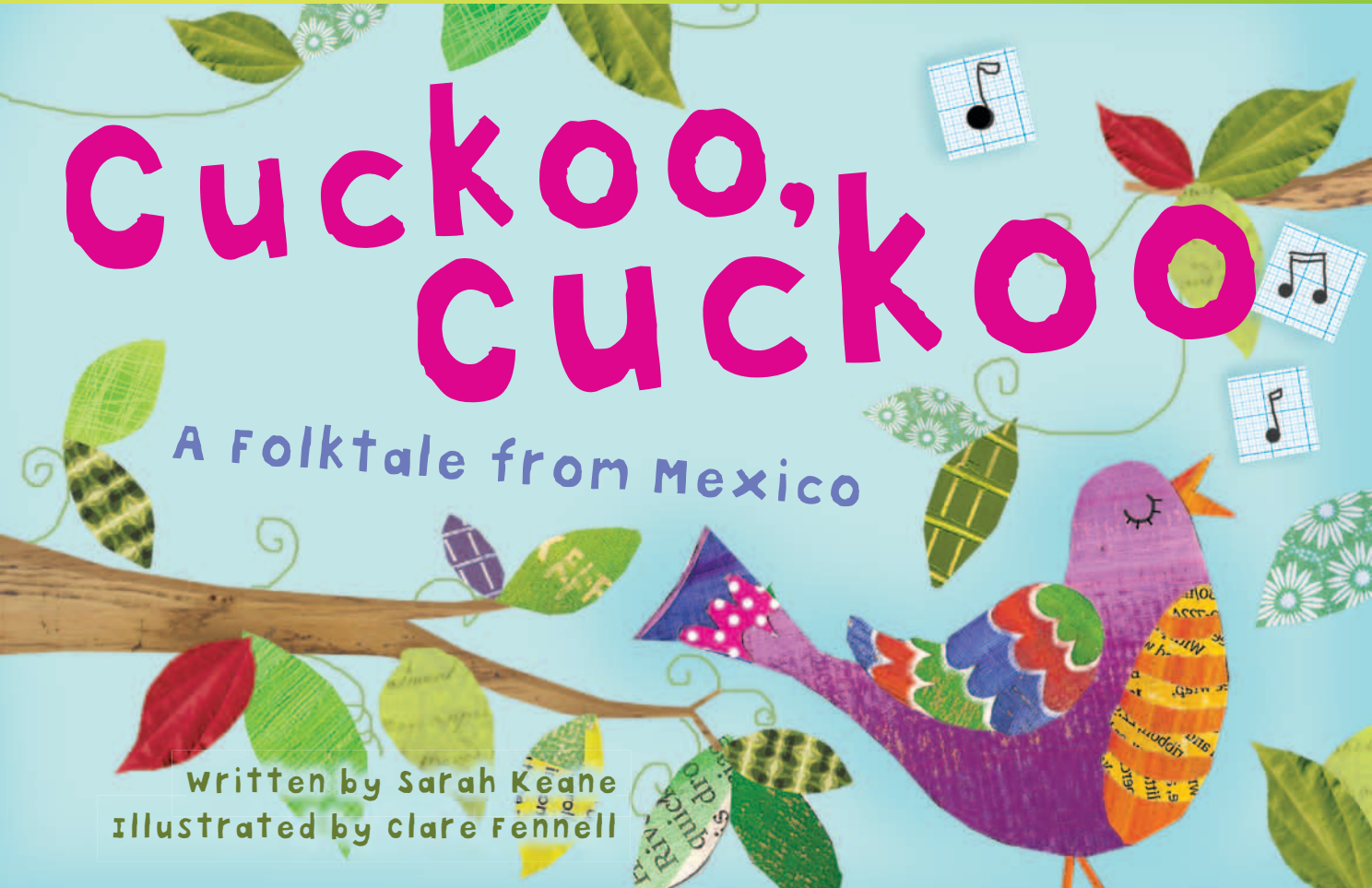

Cuckoo, Cuckoo
A Folktale from Mexico
Written by Sarah Keane
Illustrated by Clare Fennell



Cuckoo was a very beautiful bird. "She may be very beautiful," squawked the parrots, "but she's not very helpful. All she does is sing."





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"C'koo, c'koo," Cuckoo sang all day and into the night.

"Cuckoo," cooed the doves. "Please stop singing and go to sleep. We have to collect the seeds for winter tomorrow. We need everyone to help."



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But the next morning, Cuckoo sang as she always did. All the other birds collected as many seeds as they could. They collected them from acorns and peppers, squash and tomatoes. Then, they dropped them near the woods.



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Once they had finished their work, the birds fell asleep. Even wise old Owl fell asleep. They were all so tired.

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