

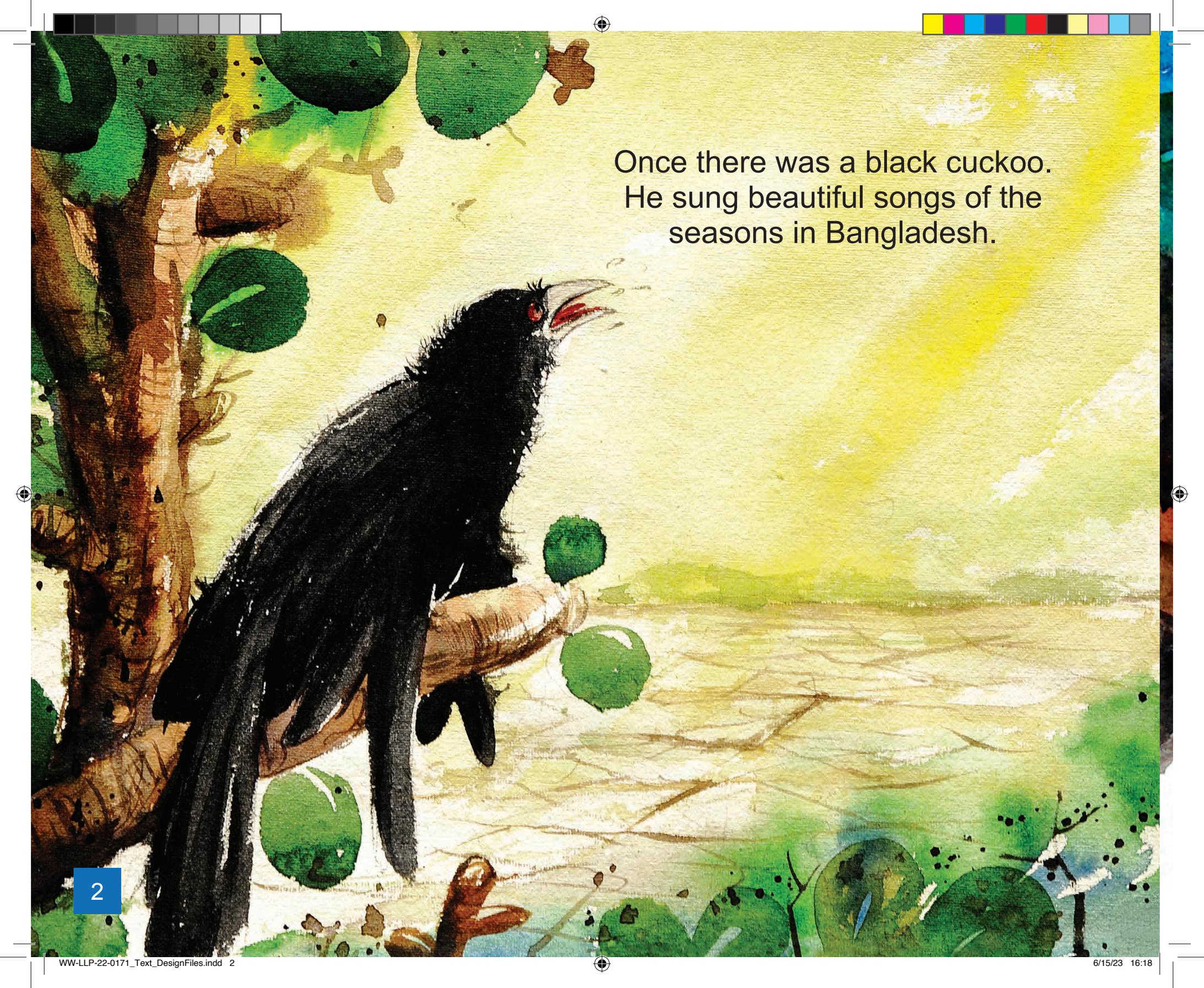


# The Cuckoo Wants to Sing



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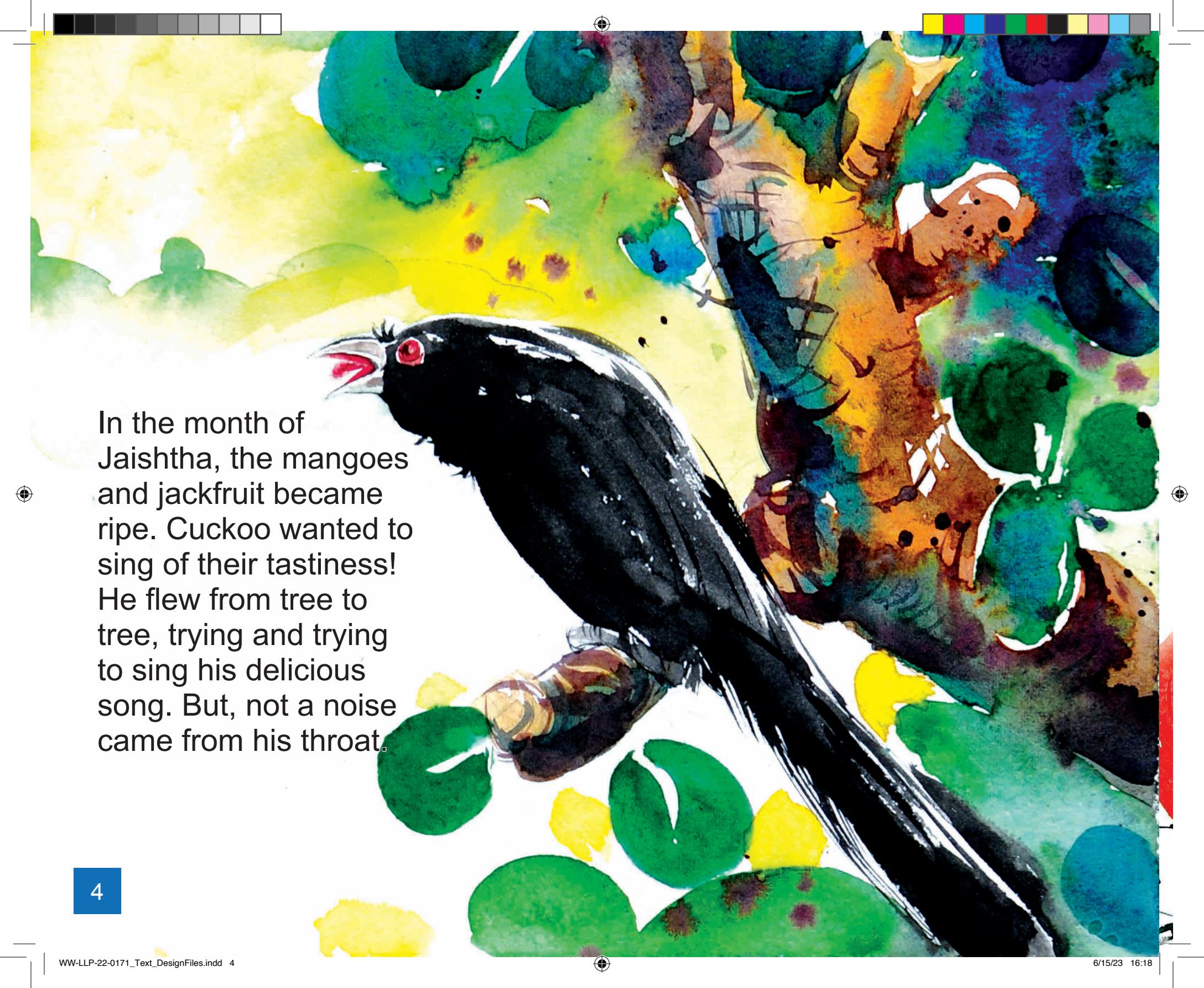




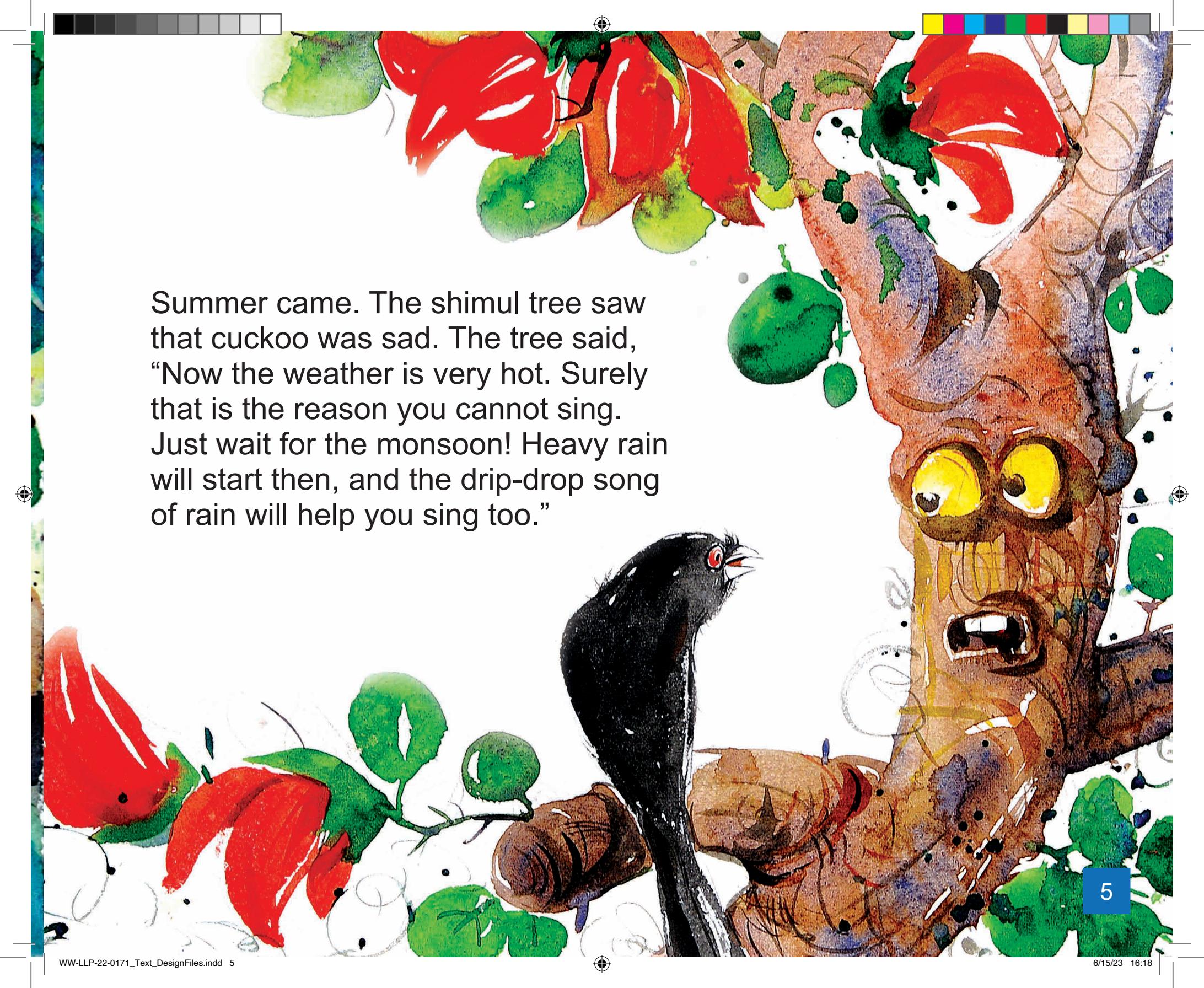
Once there was a black cuckoo.  
He sung beautiful songs of the  
seasons in Bangladesh.



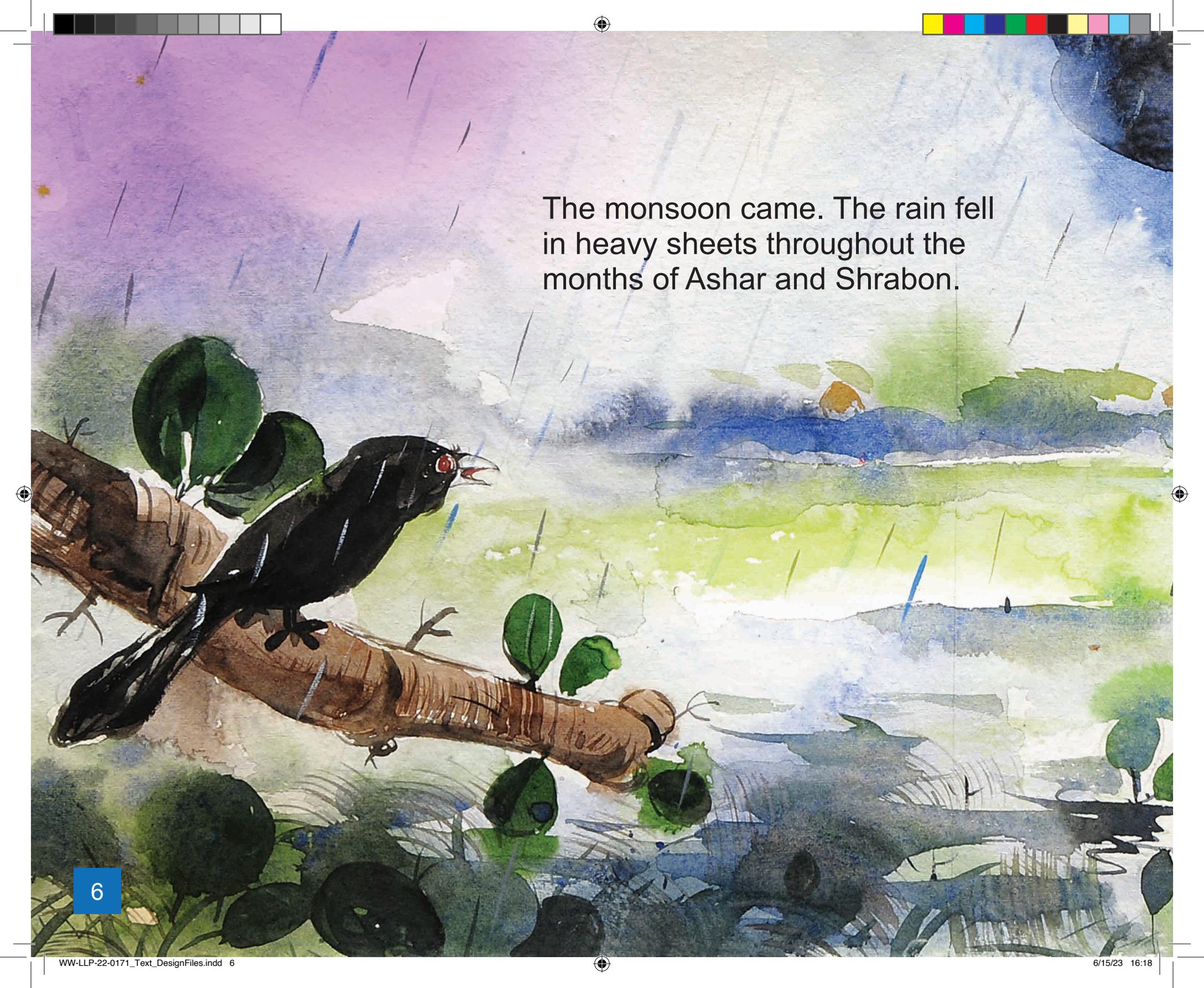
Then, in Baishakh, the first month of the year, the cuckoo got very sick. Suddenly, he could not sing anymore! He felt very sad.



In the month of Jaishtha, the mangoes and jackfruit became ripe. Cuckoo wanted to sing of their tastiness! He flew from tree to tree, trying and trying to sing his delicious song. But, not a noise came from his throat.

A watercolor illustration of a tree with a human-like face. The tree's face has large, yellow, wide-open eyes and a wide, open mouth showing teeth. The tree is brown with green leaves and red flowers. A black bird with a red eye is perched on a branch in the foreground, looking towards the tree. The background is white with some faint green and red elements.

Summer came. The shimul tree saw that cuckoo was sad. The tree said, “Now the weather is very hot. Surely that is the reason you cannot sing. Just wait for the monsoon! Heavy rain will start then, and the drip-drop song of rain will help you sing too.”

A watercolor illustration depicting a black bird with a prominent red eye perched on a brown tree branch. The bird's beak is open, as if it is calling or singing. The background is a soft, painterly landscape with a sky transitioning from purple to light blue, suggesting a dawn or dusk setting. Rain is depicted as thin, vertical blue lines falling across the scene. In the distance, there are rolling hills in shades of green and blue, and a small orange structure, possibly a house, is visible on a hillside. The overall style is soft and atmospheric, with visible brushstrokes and a gentle color palette.

The monsoon came. The rain fell  
in heavy sheets throughout the  
months of Ashar and Shrabon.



Rivers, canals, lakes, and fields all filled with water.

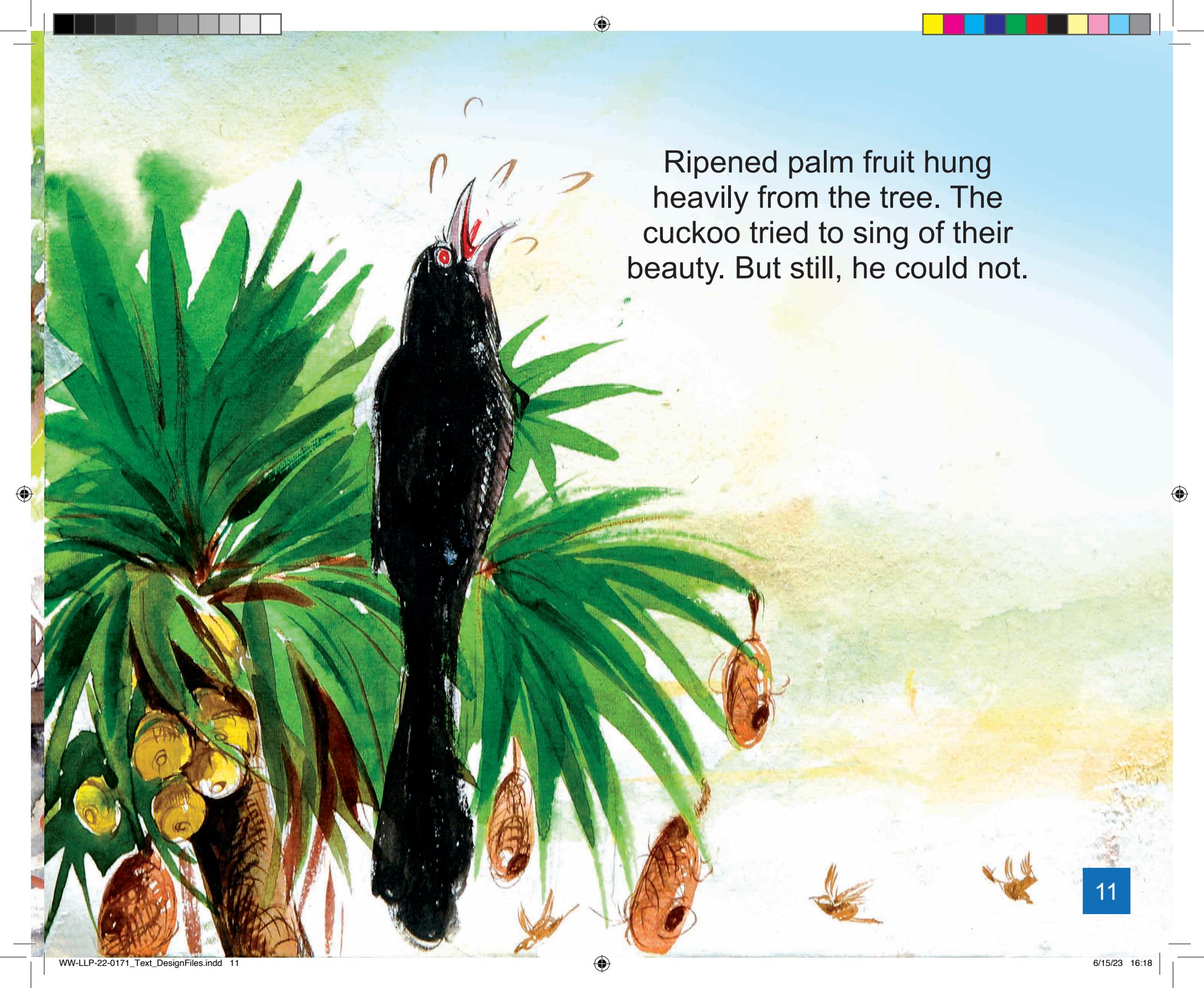




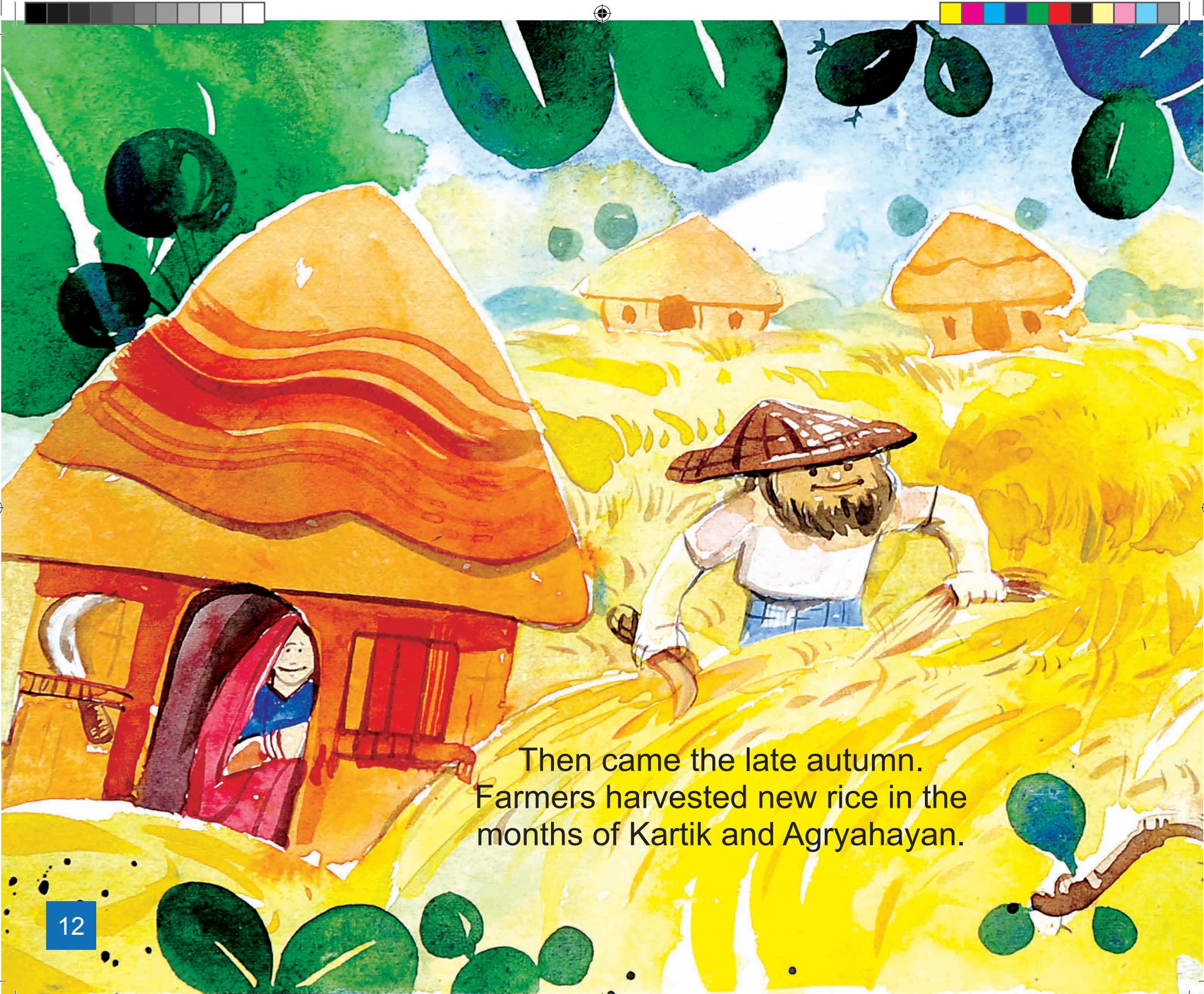
The kadam tree bloomed its round yellow bunches. The cuckoo flew in the rain from tree to tree, searching for his voice. But, he still could not sing.

The monsoon finished. Autumn arrived in the months of Bhadra and Ashwin. White kash flowers bloomed. The ground was soon covered in petals.

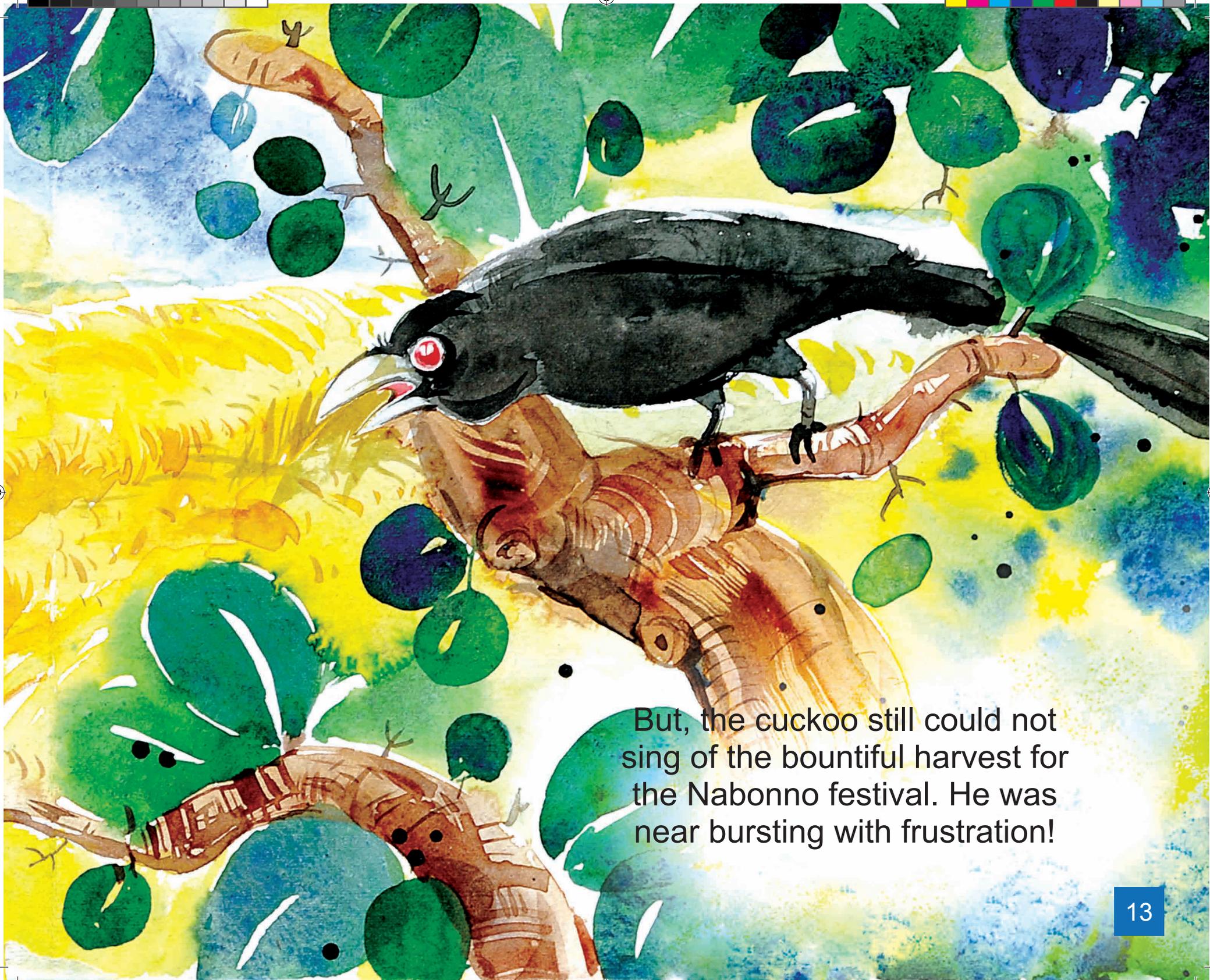




Ripened palm fruit hung heavily from the tree. The cuckoo tried to sing of their beauty. But still, he could not.

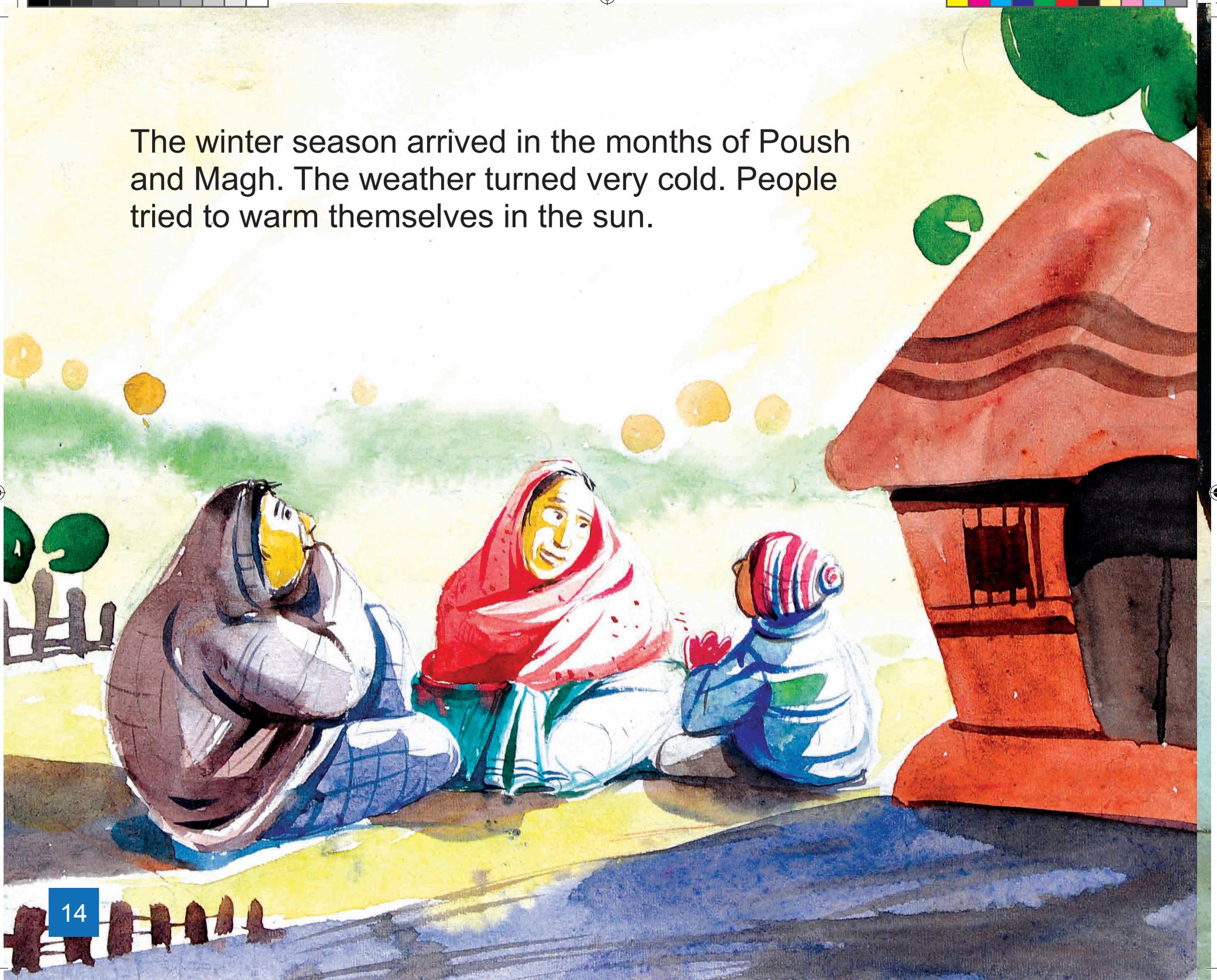


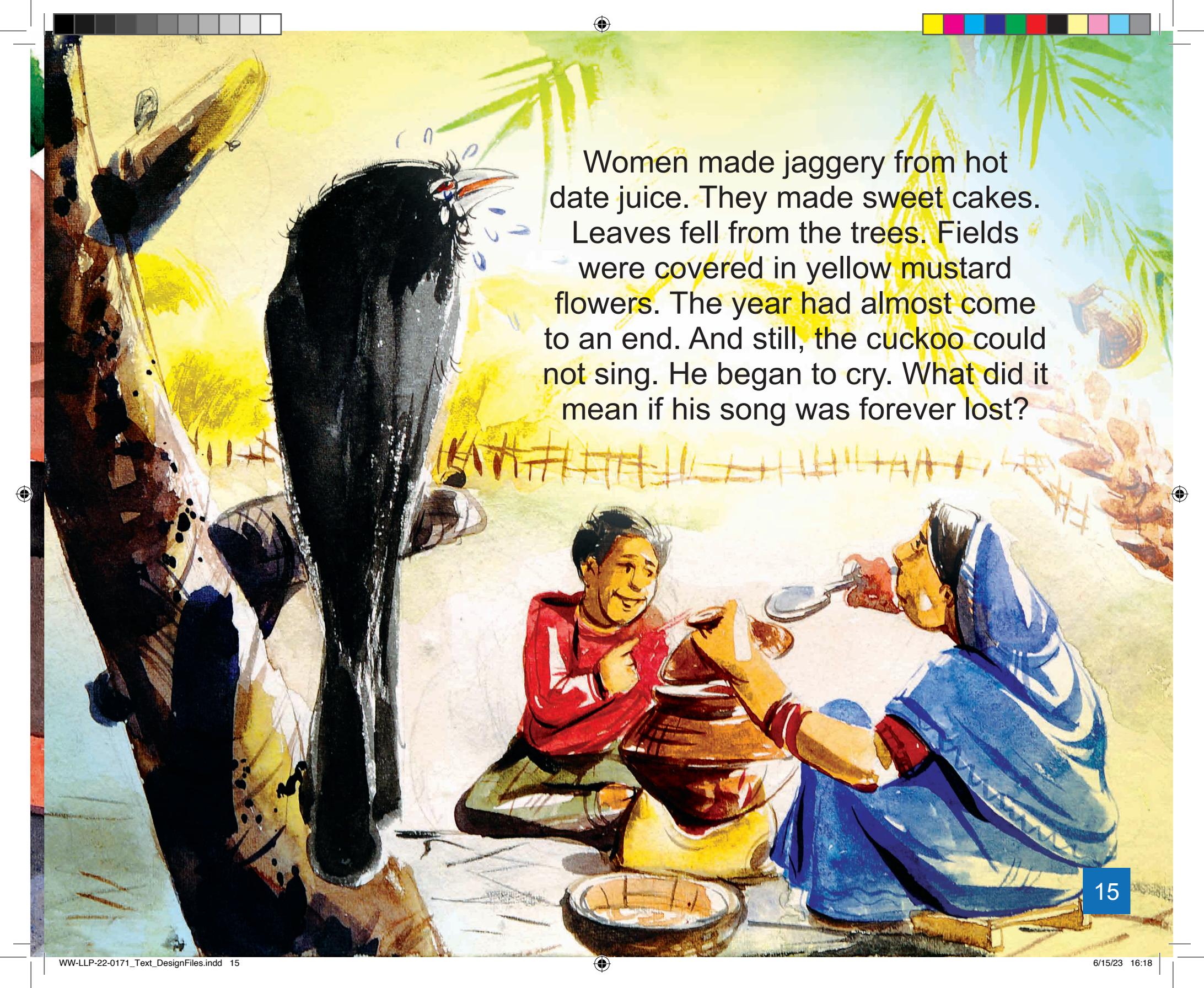
Then came the late autumn.  
Farmers harvested new rice in the  
months of Kartik and Agryahayan.



But, the cuckoo still could not sing of the bountiful harvest for the Nabonno festival. He was near bursting with frustration!

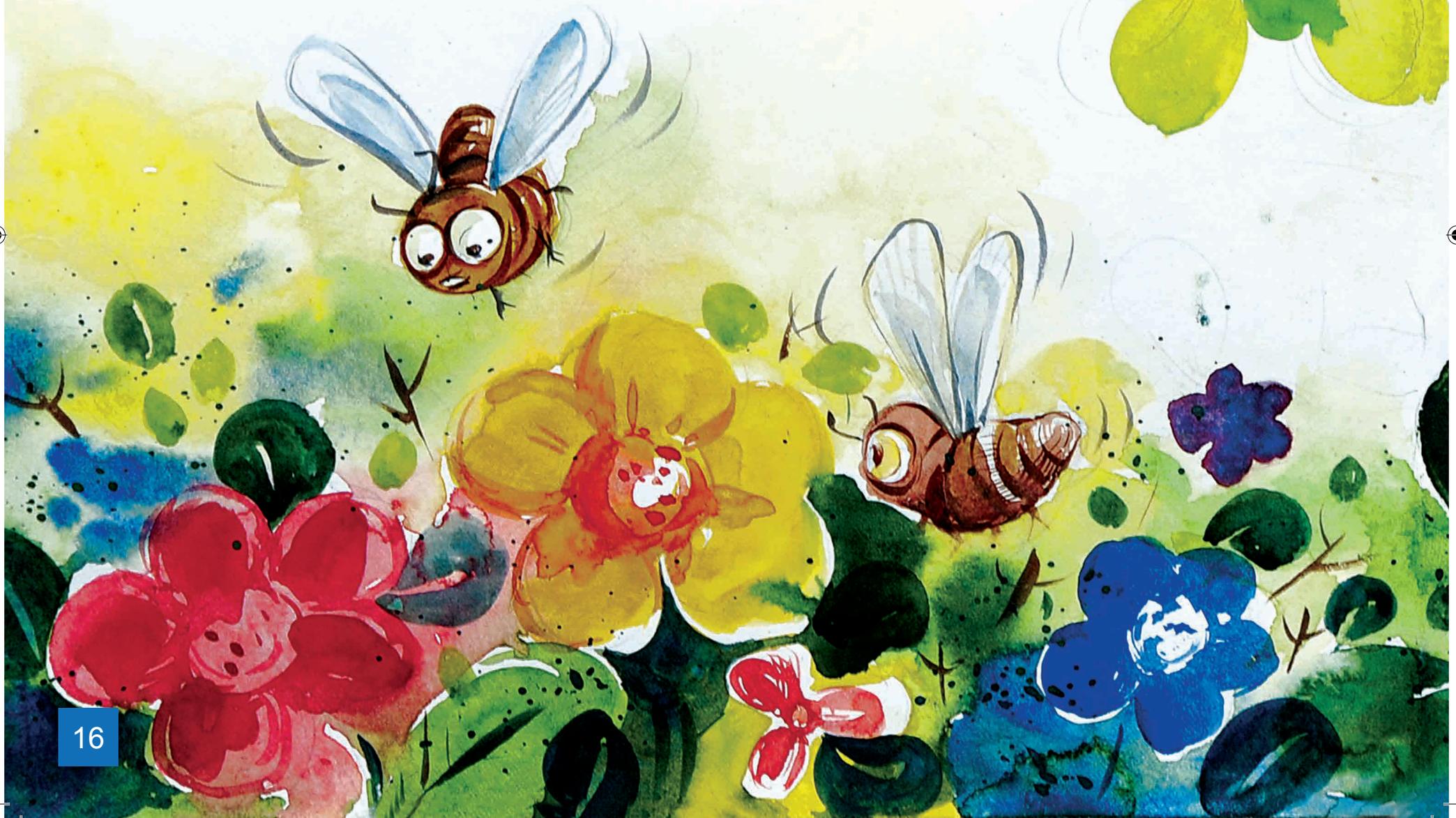
The winter season arrived in the months of Poush and Magh. The weather turned very cold. People tried to warm themselves in the sun.





Women made jaggery from hot date juice. They made sweet cakes. Leaves fell from the trees. Fields were covered in yellow mustard flowers. The year had almost come to an end. And still, the cuckoo could not sing. He began to cry. What did it mean if his song was forever lost?

At last, the spring came. It was the final two months of the year, Falgun and Chaitra. New leaves sprouted in the trees.





New buds grew in the mango trees.  
Honeybees started flying and singing.



The honeybee buzz stayed in cuckoo's ears. Cuckoo tried again to sing, to no avail. But the honeybees' song did not stop. They buzzed and buzzed. So cuckoo kept trying to sing too. At last, he found a squeak. Then a squawk!



And finally, the cuckoo sung a short song. His year of effort had not gone in vain! And now, the cuckoo is known as the bird of spring. When the people of Bangladesh hear his melodious song, they know spring has arrived.

