

Across the yard, Kaiah heard a bird call out noisily.  
In Grandma's garden, the birds twittered and tweeted  
and caw-cawed to each other. The bright wings of blue jays  
flashed as vibrant as the sky above.  
In her treasure box, Kaiah found her own blue-beaded  
bird. They sang a song back to the birds in the backyard.



Kaiah looked in her bead box. Red and yellow and  
pink and green and purple and orange and blue. The  
colours of Grandma's garden shone back at her.