

THE SOUND DETECTIVES

Hi! My name is Gemma.

I'm nearly five years old.

I like it when my Grandad comes to stay because he brings his old dog, Brandy.

That means we go for lots of walks, and I love walks!

Sometimes, Grandad and Brandy come to pick me up from school.

If the weather is good, we go to the play park on the way home.

Grandad doesn't see very well, and so he wears big, thick glasses.

He doesn't mind because he's got very good ears.



Grandad says he's a Sound Detective - he uses his ears to find out what's going on and where things are.

So walks with Grandad are different.

We don't talk very much at all.

We are Sound Detectives.

Sound Detectives don't walk and talk... we walk and listen.

When we come out of school, it's usually quite noisy.

All the children are shouting and playing, and Mums and Dads are chatting.

But as we walk away I start to notice different sounds.

Brandy's toenails must be long because I can hear them on the hard pavement.

They go:

Creet, Creet, Creet, Creet, Creet, Creet.

Grandad walks quite slowly and I love the sound his old-fashioned leather shoes make on the pavement:

Shcrump. Shcrump. Shcrump. Shcrump.

My teacher is called Mrs. Bailey.

Sometimes she wears high-heel shoes and they sound *completely* different:

Dik-duk, Dik-duk, Dik-duk, Dik-duk

Some of the older children ride their bikes home from school.

When they pass us they ring their bells:

Trrring! Trrring!

Now we go through the big school gate and we're on the main road.

There are lots of cars, but they don't all sound the same. Fancy new cars just hum along:

Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

Older cars can be quite noisy:

Bugetta, Bugetta, Bugetta, Bugetta, Bugetta, Bugetta

I especially like the sound a little motorbike makes when it's waiting at the traffic lights:

Ning-ning, Ning-ning, Ning-ning, Ning-ning, Ning-ning

One time there were workmen digging up the road. They were using a big, noisy drill:

DAKA-DAKA-DAKA-DAKA-DAKA-DAKA!

No...even noisier than that!

DAKA-DAKA-DAKA-DAKA-DAKA-DAKA!

It was so loud I had to put my hands over my ears. Grandad says real Sound Detectives never put their hands over their ears.

As we get nearer to the park, the sounds of the traffic seem further away.

It's a big park, with a pond and some woods, and we have to walk across the grass and through the trees to get to the play area.

We're still being Sound Detectives, of course, but the sounds in the park are not as loud as the sounds in the street.

So we have to listen really, REALLY carefully...

Our feet sound different and much quieter on the grass:

Scrunch. Scrunch. Scrunch. Scrunch.

There's a water sprinkler in a flowerbed. As we go by I can hear it hiss very quietly:

Tthhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

The flowers are starting to blossom and I can hear little bees buzzing around them:

Bzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz.

As we get near the trees I notice the wind whispering through the leaves:

Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

Soon we are at the play park, and Grandad ties Brandy's lead to the bench.
We walk over to the big old swings, and Grandad lifts me up onto one.

I love the way the swing creaks as Grandad pushes me higher and higher:

**Skareek...fladumph...Skareek...fladumph...Skareek...
Fladumph!**

Grandad looks in his pocket and brings out some bread to feed the ducks. So we fetch Brandy and walk over to the pond.

The ducks see us coming and I think they know we have bread.

The first ones to come are the baby ducks.

They wobble across the water very quickly, and they are quite noisy:

Gak-gak, Gak-gak, Gak-gak.

The grown-up ones are shyer, but when they see the bread, they come over too, making a more grown-up duck sound:

Quack! Quack!...Honk, Honk, Honk...Quack! Quack!

I don't think Brandy likes the ducks.

He's thinking about barking, but manages not to.

Instead he just stares at them and makes a soft growling sound:

grrm...grrrrrrrm...grrrrrrrrrrrm

Just as we finish feeding the ducks, Grandad stands up straight and turns his head towards the town.

I can tell he is listening really carefully.

“Do you hear that?” he says, but all I can hear are the ducks fighting over the last crumbs of bread.

Then I stand still too.

I don’t talk...

I just listen.

Far away in the distance,

mixed with the sound of the wind in the trees,

the quacking of the ducks,

the hum of the traffic and

Brandy’s funny growling,

I hear the gentle **Tong!...Tong! ...Tong!** of the church bell.

“3... 4... 5. Five o’clock!” says Grandad.

“It’s time we were going home for dinner.”

Wow!

He really is a good Sound Detective!

I love my walks with Grandad.

It’s great fun being a Sound Detective.

You don't even need to go to the park.

There are interesting sounds to hear everywhere.

Right now, right where you are, there are sounds all around.

Now my story is finished, can you be a Sound Detective too?

All you need to do is keep still...

don't talk

and just

LISTEN...

The End



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