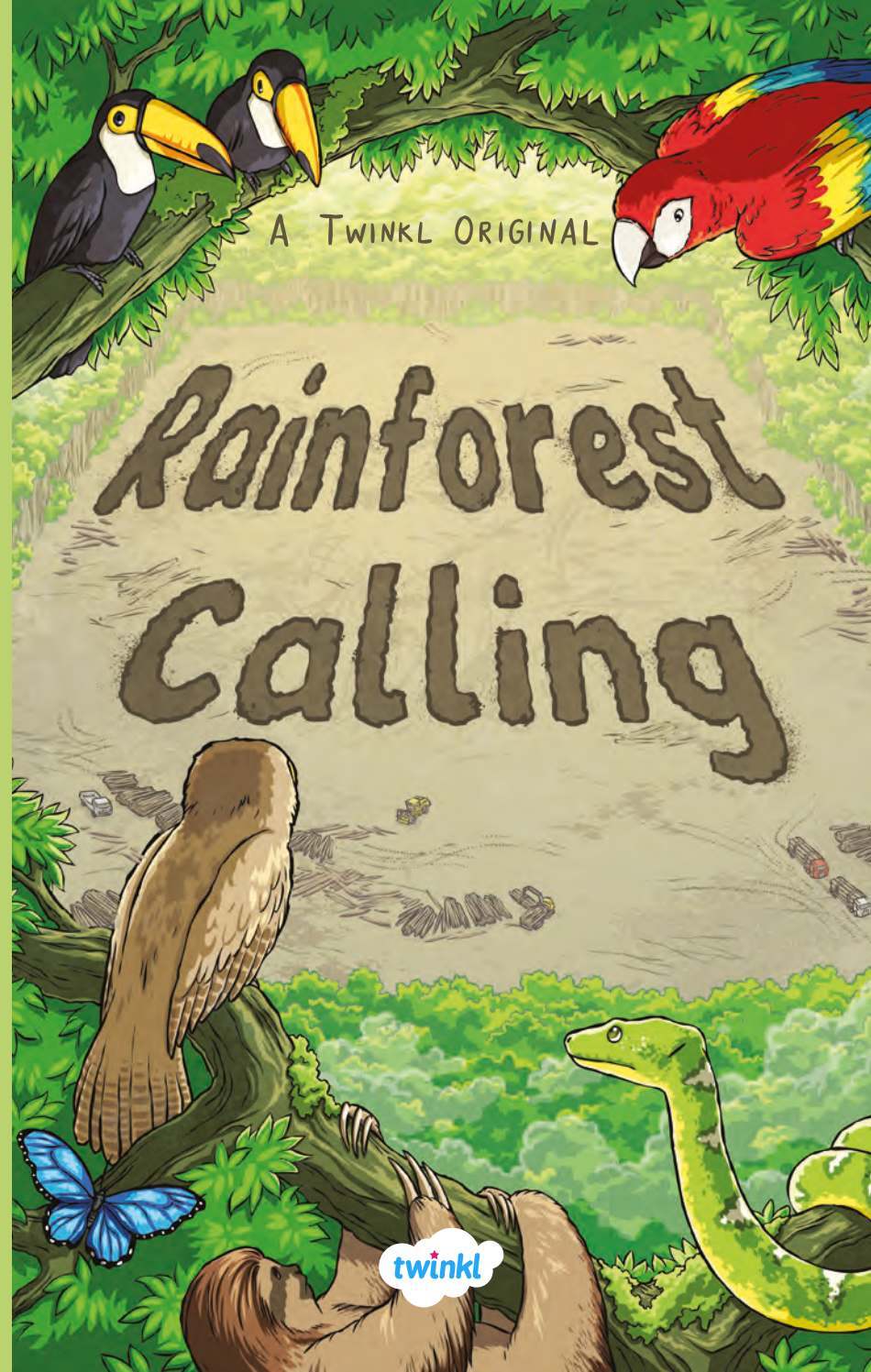


If a tree falls in the rainforest
and no one is around to hear it,
does it make a sound?

When Daisy's teacher gives her special permission to log on to webcams in South America and learn all about the rainforest, she knows that she's been offered a once-in-a-lifetime experience. What she doesn't expect is an unlikely video-caller with a very serious problem!

Follow Pedro the potoo as he explores each layer of the Amazon rainforest. Can he get through to the humans who are destroying his home before it is too late? Will Daisy answer the animals' cry for help?

The rainforest is calling...



A TWINKL ORIGINAL

Rainforest Calling



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Rainforest Calling



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Twinkl Educational Publishing

Monday 24th March (The Emergent Layer)

Daisy's Journal:	9:50 a.m.	2
	10:41 a.m.	6
	12:41 a.m.	7
	12:52 a.m.	13

EMERGENT_CAM_01 MON_24/3_12:59PM19



Tuesday 25th March (The Canopy)

Daisy's Journal:	10:32 a.m.	30
	12:23 a.m.	32
	12:46 a.m.	35

CANOPY_CAM_02 TUE_25/3_12:54PM43



Wednesday 26th March (The Understorey)

Daisy's Journal:	8:19 a.m.	54
UNDERSTOREY_CAM_03 WED_26/3_12:17PM	59
	12:31 p.m.	64
UNDERSTOREY_CAM_03 WED_26/3_12:35PM	67

12:40 p.m.	74
12:46 p.m.	76



Thursday 27th March (The Forest Floor)

F-FLOOR_CAM_04 THU_27/3_08:03AM81

Daisy's Journal:	8:12 a.m.	90
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F-FLOOR_CAM_04 THU_27/3_08:15AM95

8:55 a.m.	100
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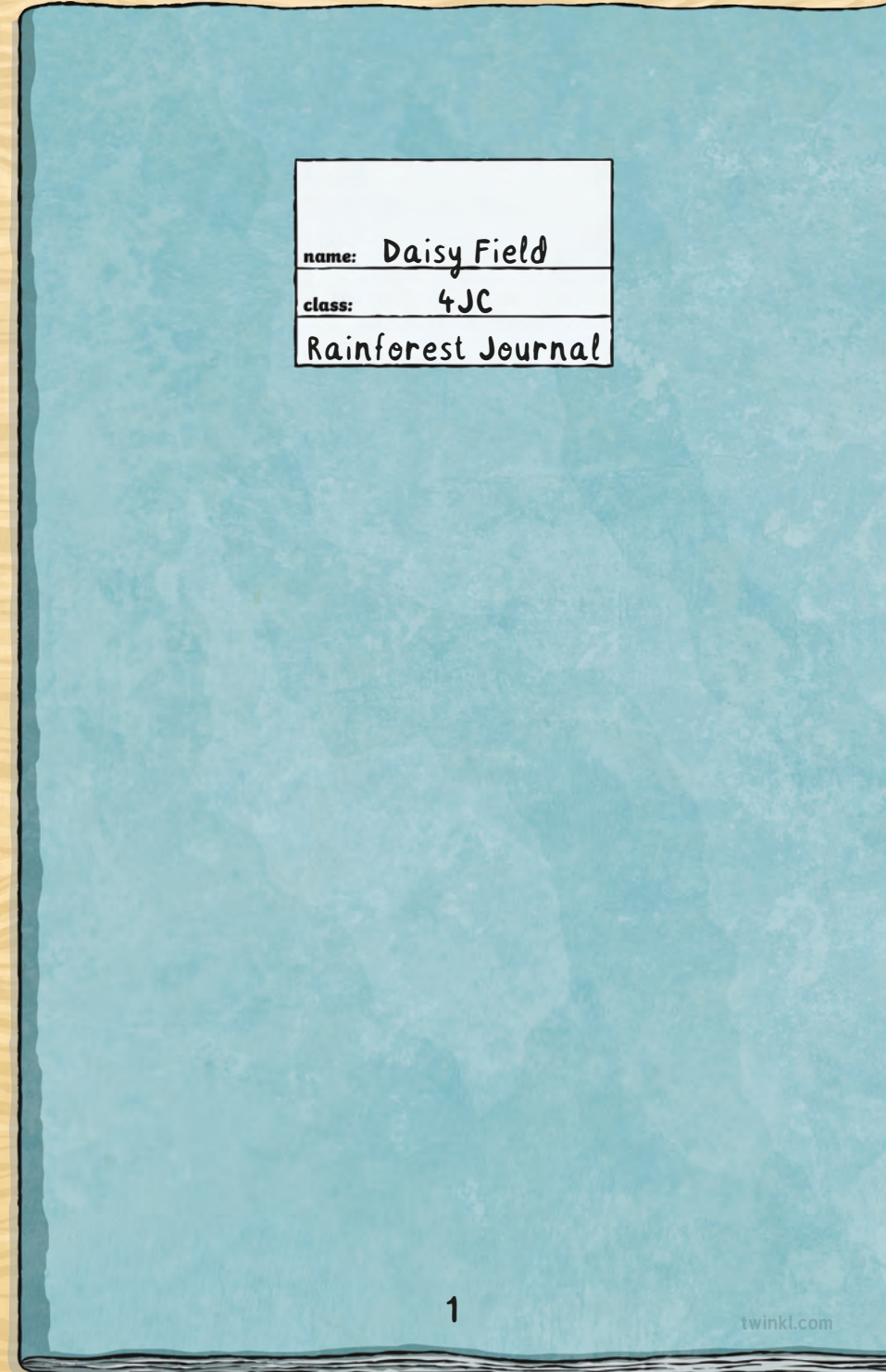
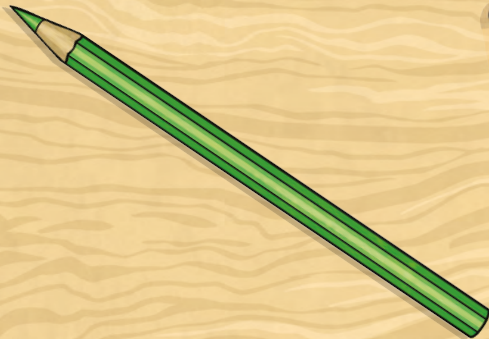
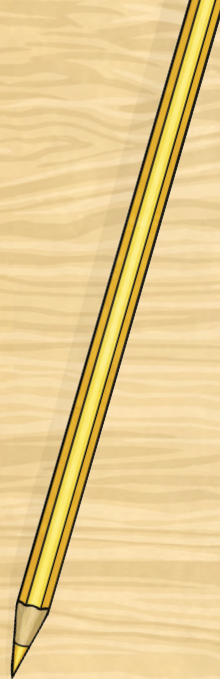


Friday 28th March (The Forest Floor)

Daisy's Journal:	8:30 a.m.	108
	11:07 a.m.	109

CANOPY_CAM_02 FRI_28/3_11:46AM117

11:51 a.m.	124
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name:	Daisy Field
class:	4JC
Rainforest Journal	

Monday 24th March

9:50 a.m.

I wonder if the person who gave the rainforest its name had ever actually been there. Surely, if they had, they'd have called it the 'plant forest' instead.

Mrs Curtis, my teacher, told us that more than two thirds of the world's plant species live in rainforest environments. That's more than 80,000 different plants!

There's no way that I'm telling my Grandma Wilkins that! She'd be on the first plane to Brazil with her lucky gardening gloves because she really loves plants. Do you know, she once told me that she might love plants even more than she loves my mum! Don't worry, I haven't told my mum that.

That's one of the reasons why I volunteered for this project – so that I could tell my grandma about all the plants. Mrs Curtis wanted one of us to spend a whole week looking at some webcams in the Amazonian rainforest.

I put my hand straight up. My best friend, Millie, said that the last time she'd seen anything move as fast

as my arm was when someone told her daft brother that the bank was giving away free money. Who wouldn't volunteer to spend the whole week looking at the Amazon? I think that I'd be really good at spotting all the different plants and animals.

As soon as Mrs Curtis looked at me, I knew that I hadn't been picked. She had the same expression on her face that she uses to tell us that we've got a maths question wrong as she said, "Maybe next time, Daisy." Jack Walters got picked instead, but he changed his mind when he found out that we're only allowed to look at the webcams during our breaks and at lunchtime. He said that there was no way that he was going to miss playing football in the playground. So Mrs Curtis ended up choosing me anyway! I don't mind having to do normal lessons. I got nine out of ten on my spellings last week. Still can't spell rhinoceros, though.

Mrs Curtis said that I have to write a journal entry to tell the rest of the class what I've seen on the webcams. I haven't written a journal before. The only things I write at home are lists of my favourite songs and the things I want for Christmas, but Mrs Curtis said not to worry and to just write as I like to speak. I think that should make it easier!



A 'green conversation' charity set the webcams up a few years ago (I'm not actually sure what a green conversation is, or a red or yellow or pink conversation either) and when

Mrs Curtis logged on with her laptop, she showed me that we can move the webcams with the arrows on the keyboard. If I want to move left or right, up or down, I just press the arrows. I can even move from camera to camera so that I can explore each layer of the rainforest! Mrs Curtis also said that the Amazon rainforest is over 5,000 miles away from our school, yet I can still move the lens in any direction I want. Sometimes, technology is amazing!

I'd love to spend all my time looking for the monkeys, or even a Bigfoot! My dad says scientists think that there are still over five million animal species waiting to be discovered in the world and most of those probably live in the rainforest. He wants me to keep my eyes peeled for a Bigfoot. He says, "Daisy, that'll be like winning the lottery!"

My dad thinks that he knows lots about the rainforest. I think that he might have read the same books as Mrs Curtis because they both said that lots of what we all take for granted comes from the

rainforest. Those beans that people use to make chocolate come from there, and pineapples, too, plus the ginger that goes into yummy biscuits... even rubber for the soles of my trainers.



Millie says that her uncle has an important job at the city museum and he reckons that more than twenty-five percent (that's a quarter) of all medicines use plants from the rainforest. So if you stay up too late and have a headache, or get an iffy tummy after you've eaten one of your dad's home-made curries, the medicine that you are given could be made from rainforest plants. How amazing is that?

What I'd really like to find, though, is a new kind of flower – maybe one of those beautiful orchids. When you find something new like that, those clever people you see on the documentary channels sometimes let you name them. I'd call mine the Wilkins orchid, after Grandma Wilkins. That would make her feel very important, and she tells me that she's always wanted to be a VIP!

10:41 a.m.

Mrs Curtis wants me to visit one of the four layers of the rainforest each day so, because it's Monday today, I'll log onto the conservation charity's webcam in the emergent layer during lunchtime break. That's the top part of the rainforest, where you can see all the clouds that are formed when water vapour rises from the forest. (By the way, I realised that it's not a con-vers-ation charity at all – it's a con-serv-ation charity. Silly me!)

Tomorrow, I'll check out the canopy layer. I can't wait for that because the charity website says that's where most of the orchids are. Howler monkeys live there, too, so imagine if I saw or heard one of those! Jack Walters says that a howler monkey's cry is so loud, it can be heard over five kilometres away. He makes things up, though, so I take everything he says with a pinch of salt.

After that, I'll look at the understory and then, on Thursday, I'll explore the forest floor. Mrs Curtis has said that on Friday, I can look at whatever I want, so that's when I'll look for an orchid and maybe Dad's Bigfoot, too.

I have to keep notes about what I see. That's why

I'm writing these journal entries. These are going to be my 'observations' and then I've got to share the highlights in a talk to the whole class next week. (I asked my mum what highlights are, but she said that the only highlights she knows about are the blonde ones that she puts in my Auntie Tanya's hair every month.)

Anyway, Mrs Curtis said that if my rainforest talk is really good, she'll ask our headteacher, Ms Smeaton, if I can present it in assembly. Ms Smeaton gives out badges to children who take part in assemblies and I've always wanted one of those! Millie will be so jealous.

OK, that's it for now. We've got another spelling test in five minutes. I hope that Mrs Curtis doesn't ask me to spell hippopotamoose.

12:41 p.m.

How am I supposed to know how to spell eggsherate? I can't even say it properly, never mind write it.

Still, eight out of ten is way better than Jack Walters. He only got six of his words right and Mrs Curtis told him that he should definitely know how to spell disastrous after his penalty miss in that football

semi-final last week. (Mrs Curtis thinks that Jack might have lost his sense of humour at the same time as the team lost that match.) It's lunchtime now and Jack is in the playground, sulking. I bet he wishes that he hadn't turned down the chance to use the rainforest webcams now – they're amazing!

I've just finished looking at the emergent layer. It's even higher than that huge ride I went on with Millie in Blackpool last summer. Last week, Mrs Curtis told us that the treetops in the emergent layer can be over 70 metres high. Dad says that's over two hundred feet – but what if the person measuring it has really small feet, or huge ones? I don't really understand Dad's old-fashioned measurements.



Anyway, it was really high up and I felt dizzy, even though I never left my chair. The camera must have been strapped to one of those massive Brazil nut trees. They're the highest trees in the forest and I had a view across the entire canopy. It's so incredible

to see a place that hasn't been changed by humans – Mrs Curtis says that the area I'm looking at is a protected part of the forest and there is no trace of humans for miles and miles. Parts of the forest like these are protected so that no one touches them and they stay as perfectly natural environments for the plants and animals underneath the trees.

I've found out that there are rainforests all over the world and that these webcams are in the Brazilian part of the Amazon rainforest. The Amazon is the biggest rainforest in the world and actually stretches into nine countries. Nine! As well as Brazil, there's also Peru, Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Bolivia, Guyana, Suriname and French Guiana. That's a lot of countries.



I read somewhere that the Amazon rainforest stretches for more than five million square kilometres. That's a lot of kilometres, but why are they square? What's wrong with round kilometres, or even triangle-shaped ones? I'll have to ask Mrs Curtis about that.

What's even more mind-blowing is the fact that the rainforest used to be even bigger! Bloggers have chopped down three quarters of a million kilometres in just forty years. No, wait – it's loggers, not bloggers. Those loggers chop down the trees and sell the wood. Then, instead of planting more trees, they just dig up the land for growing crops or farming cattle. I think that's called deforestation.

The wood harvested through the forestry industry in South America can be exported as:

- pulp
- raw wood
- wood chips
- laminated wood & flooring
- paper
- furniture
- frames
- packaging



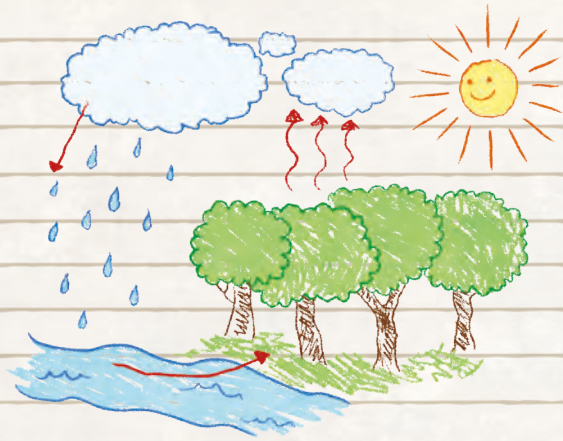
These products are sent all over the world and generate a lot of money for the countries of South America.

There's a page on the charity's website (they have a lot of web pages) which talks about how the local people make money and get jobs, and how logging is important for the local economy... I think that's something to do with money.

Do you know what's really strange? The charity's first camera is so high up that the treetops didn't look like they belonged to a forest at all. It's really windy up there and the thick branches and leaves sway and ripple like waves in a huge, green sea. I wonder if the parrots and monkeys sometimes feel more like fish...

It's really wet up there, too, which you'd expect from a rainforest, I suppose. Clouds hang so close to the treetops that it feels like you could reach out and grab a handful of fluffiness. The wind whooshes them past so fast that sometimes, it's more like watching giant sheep racing each other.

At school, we learnt about the water cycle. Mrs Curtis says that water vapour condenses when it gets cooler this is how we get rain. The hot forest makes the water vapour rise, and the cool river air makes it fall down again as rain. It's so simple and yet so clever!



I liked it best when the sun shone through the clouds. The leaves all seem to be coated in some kind of wax. It looks like somebody has slapped on some of that suntan oil that my Auntie Sonya uses out in the garden, so I wonder if it helps to protect the leaves from the strong sun, too. They look so slippery, I reckon that the insects could probably use them as skating rinks. When they caught the sunlight, they glistened even brighter than Grandma Wilkins' opal earrings. I should have brought my sunglasses.

I saw some amazing blue birds. I remember seeing a photo on the charity's website and it said that they were called cotingas. I spotted parrots, too – macaws, I think. They were all perched in the treetops and if you didn't know that they were birds, you'd easily think that the clouds had been raining multicoloured paint.

Mrs Curtis likes howler monkeys but I didn't see any of those. I'm sure that I heard one, though. The webcam picks up rainforest noises and that monkey makes what my grandad would call a 'right racket'. The poor things sound like they're gargling with rusty nails. And they're so loud! In fact, the only person I know who can shout as loud as a howler monkey is Mr Paterson, our caretaker. Now, he'd give them a proper run for their money!

12:52 p.m.

Mrs Curtis told me that I have to make a separate journal entry every time I leave the webcam and then log back on. I asked her if that meant even when I pop to the bathroom and she said yes. I only went for some tissue to blow my nose with but she said that I had to write my journals as if I were a real scientist, and that means accurately recording my time.

I love playing around with the webcam. I found out that I can use the scroll wheel on the mouse to zoom in as well. So I zoomed in a lot! I'm glad I did, too, because among the trillions of tropical leaves, I found some really beautiful orchids. I can see why Grandma Wilkins likes orchids as much as she does. They're so

colourful and the petals have amazing patterns, like a kaleidoscope!

Orchids really like it up in the emergent layer because there's so much sunshine. Grandma says that some have roots that don't even need soil – they can actually drink moisture from the air. I never realised that plants could be so clever!

Oh, I nearly forgot! I also saw something a bit strange. It was a bird, but not one of the parrots.

I didn't see it at first – it was really well disguised and I thought it was just a broken tree branch. In fact, it was only when it opened its big yellow goggle-eyes that I spotted it and I had to zoom in to get a good view. Poor thing – it's really ugly and sort of like a cross between a tawny owl (the ones with the nice brown and white feathers) and a car with big headlamps. Its eyes are so huge that it looks startled all the time – as if one of the other animals has just jumped out from behind a big leaf and shouted BOO! Oh, and the poor thing's little thin beak looks squashed, as if it's been caught in a set of lift doors.



I bet it's really jealous of the parrots because its feathers aren't colourful at all. But what makes this funny thing seem really odd is its mouth. I'd say it belongs on a frog, not a bird, and it seems to be permanently turned down into a sad frown. You should see it when it opens its beak though – that funny bird's mouth is almost wider than its entire face.

The Internet is great for finding out about stuff, so I did an image search and found out that the bird is actually called a potoo. Now, I understand why I didn't see it at first – it's really good at hiding. What's unusual about the potoo on my screen is its markings: the darker feathers on its chest make a sort of lopsided heart shape.

Potoos (Nyctibiidae) are sometimes called poor-me-ones because of their haunting call. Potoos are nocturnal and eat mainly insects. During the day, they perch upright on the stumps of tree branches and lay their spotted eggs directly onto the trees. The birds' remarkable camouflage allows them to look like part of the tree stumps.



These birds normally only come out at night. Maybe that's why its goggle-eyes are so big – so it can see in the dark. I wonder why it was still awake... maybe it's scared, or looking for something. Or perhaps it stayed up past its bedtime to talk to one of those colourful macaws. Actually, one of the birds with the bright tail feathers seemed to be arguing with the potoo. The macaw was yacking and squawking away and the potoo was answering back. They were making a real din!

It's funny because you'd hope that a bird with such quirky looks would have a great singing voice (like a lovely robin or a nightingale) but it definitely doesn't. In fact, it was more of a wail than a chirp. It's a good job that there are no mirrors in the rainforest, because then it really would have a reason to feel sorry for itself.

I probably won't see that poor potoo again. I'm visiting the canopy layer tomorrow and, if I'm really lucky, I might get to see a sloth. Everyone loves sloths!

Daisy's Emergent Checklist

- Macaws
- Cotingas
- Capuchin monkeys
- New type of orchid

✓ potoo

