

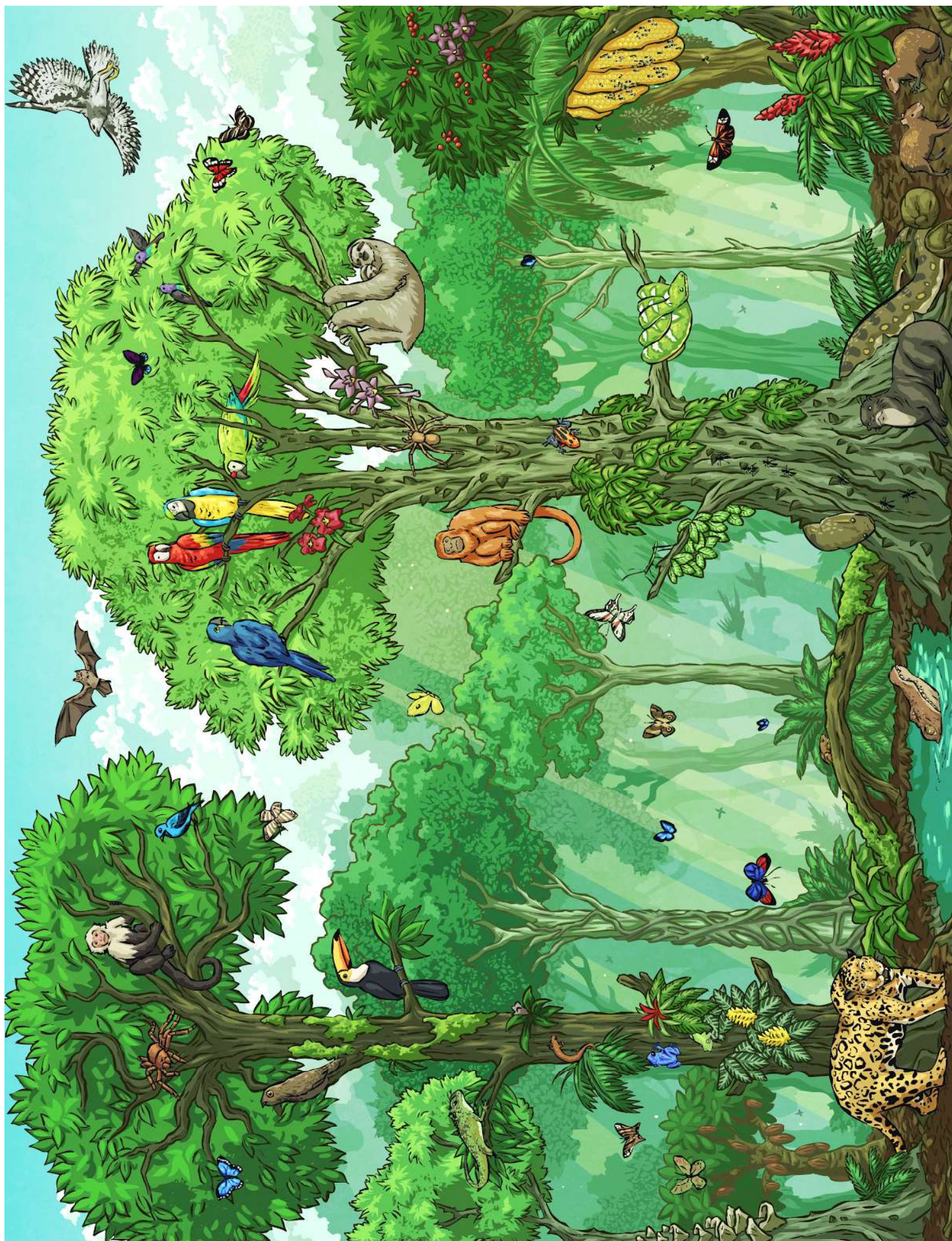
If a tree falls in the rainforest
and no one is around to hear it,
does it make a sound?

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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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_12:17PM59

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UNDERSTOREY_CAM_03 WED_26/3_12:35PM67

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Thursday 27th March (The Forest Floor)

F-FLOOR_CAM_04 THU_27/3_08:03AM81

Daisy's Journal: 8:12 a.m. 90

F-FLOOR_CAM_04 THU_27/3_08:15AM95

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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

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 rhinocerosaurus, 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 understorey 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.

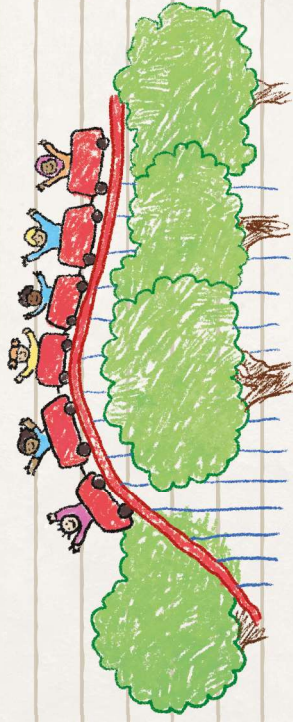
12:41 p.m.

How am I supposed to know how to spell egg-sal-er-ate? 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.



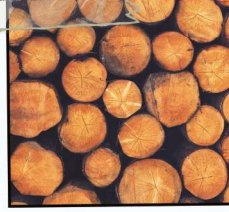
I read somewhere that the Amazon rainforest stretches for more than five million square kilometres. That's a lot of kilometres, but why are they square? What's wrong with round kilometres, or even triangle-shaped ones? I'll have to ask Mrs Curtis about that.

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. These 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.

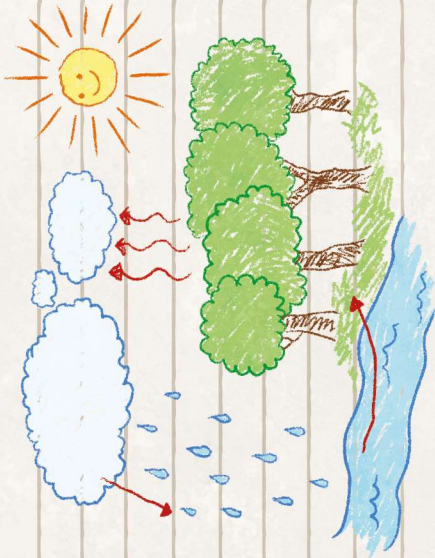


There's a page on the charity's website (they have a lot of web pages) which talks about how the local people make money and get jobs, and how logging is important for the local economy... I think that's something to do with money.

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 it's 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



Rainforest Calling

"Hey, Rodrigo, my feathered friend! I think that this strange one-eye thing might be looking at you. Come and see!"

Me and my big, silly beak! A clever potoo like me should have known better – Rodrigo is a macaw, and no one in the whole forest likes being looked at more than macaws do. Show-offs.

You see, one-eye, my colourful friend doesn't care that you are clinging to our trees and staring at us – Rodrigo just thinks it's another reason for him to pose and show off his bright feathers. Trust me, one-eye, he certainly does not need **another** reason.

"Do you think they like my feathers, Pedro?" he squawks. Which do you think they like best, eh? Yellow? Or maybe blue?"

Sometimes, I think that Rodrigo loves himself way, **way** too much. "Rodrigo, nobody is impressed by your feathers – lots of birds around here have colourful feathers. The whole forest has already seen your bottom far too many times, OK?"

Take my word for it, my new one-eyed compadre, no potoo wants to see a macaw's booty shaking like that,



Rainforest Calling

especially after a breakfast feast of grubs and beetles. It's like watching a wonky rainbow wobbling in a storm, and makes my tummy roll like I've just flapped from the top of the tallest tree to the forest floor. But this potoo will keep his beak shut – those flashy macaws can be so sensitive.

It's just that this forest is full of many things that are so much more beautiful than Rodrigo's feathers. Look at all these leaves and flower petals below us. Do you notice how they shine, and how the raindrops sparkle in the sunlight? Aren't they a delight?

What about the swirling swarms of butterflies under the canopy? They do make tasty snacks, but I like to admire the way they flutter and fly, too. Food that looks as good as it tastes – what can be better than that, huh? Just wait until you go beneath the leaves, one-eye. That's when you'll see those colourful creatures fluttering by, like tiny fragments of a broken rainbow. Every week, I see new colours and patterns.

I wonder what kind of creature you are: a strange new forest animal, perhaps, or a brand new kind of plant... I'm not sure. You're green like the bushes and trees but look at your skin: it's hard and tough like a caiman's tail, and smooth, too, just like a turtle's belly. I am one puzzled potoo because you don't have any legs or wings

Rainforest Calling

or even a beak, and I haven't seen you walk or crawl or fly yet. In fact, all you ever do is sit there on a tree like a lazy, sleeping sloth – just not nearly as pretty, huh?

Hello?

Has the jaguar got your tongue? Do you even know that I'm here? You're not even looking at me, one-eye. All you do is look this way, then the other way.

Hello?

Wait! Of course! I know why you can't see me. How foolish of me – I am Pedro the potoo! And potoos are ***masters of disguise***.



It's true! Clever birds like Pedro can vanish from view in one flap of a hummingbird's wing, or sit in the same place for hours without **ever** being seen. I'd like to see one of those flashy 'look-at-me' macaws try to do that, huh? Let's face it, you could see Rodrigo with your eyes closed – and in this forest, if you're easy to see, you're an easy-to-catch meal for those sharp-toothed predators.

Rodrigo lives up here in the tops of the tallest trees, where it's windy and wet and there are fewer hungry predators – comprende? Macaws don't like being reminded that they're scaredy-birds, though. So Rodrigo tells me that he stays up here **only** because he can crack the Brazil nuts with his beak and gobble them with his special tongue. (Typical. Macaws like him think that everything about them is special.)

Personally, I think that it's far too wet and windy up here for a little bird like me to fly. It's dazzlingly hot, too – probably because there's nothing above us to hide us from the sun up here in the tallest trees.

Trees! Of course, that's why you're here – to look at all the wonderful, magnificent forest trees. Aren't they amazing? They seem to stretch on forever, following our beautiful river as far as the eye can see. You can't have a forest without trees – without trees, where would birds

like me sleep? Where could I perch, out of reach of the nasties creeping around the forest floor? Where would Rodrigo get his tasty nuts from? And where would **you** be, one-eye?

Hey, do you want to know what has been ruffling my feathers lately? Something dreadful is happening to our beautiful trees...

They're vanishing!

My forest friends and I think that there are some nasty tree-stealers prowling the forest. Have you seen them, one-eye? One minute, a potoo can be hopping from branch to branch, enjoying the dark and the quiet between the trees; the next, he's blinded by blazing sunlight and deafened by more noise than a troop of angry howler monkeys. It's true! Every day, more of our trees disappear. You don't think that those tree-stealers want to take the **entire** forest, do you?

Rodrigo sometimes says that he thinks that those tree-stealers might not like us birds.

"No more trees means no more birds," he yaks. "We all have to fly away!"

Rainforest Calling

That's crazy talk, right? But my friends and I are scared, one-eye – so scared that birds like Rodrigo have been talking to those fly-away birds (you know, the ones who come here for holidays when it's not so wet). Rodrigo says that he could fly away with them to a new home, far away from our lovely forest.

"Rodrigo can save the macaws, Pedro," he promises. "Rodrigo will lead them somewhere new, where there's no chop-chopping and everybody is safe."

"But why would anyone want to leave a forest this beautiful?" I ask him. "We have everything we need right here, like fruits and nuts and berries to eat, drinking water that falls from the clouds, plus thick, waxy leaves for the birds and monkeys and lizards to shelter beneath. It's the perfect place!"

Even the forest plants are good to us, one-eye. Many make us well when we're ill or injured. Last summer, I rubbed my poorly wing on a sprig of cordoncillo leaves and it stopped hurting in just a few quick flaps.

I have so many friends here, too. Why would I want to say goodbye to Alice the agouti, or my favourite sloth, Tolle, and even squeezey Winfrey the tree boa? I think that I might even miss Francisco the falcon, at least when

Rainforest Calling

he's not trying to gobble potoos for his lunch, eh? We're all really happy here.

I just wish that I could convince Rodrigo to stay. He usually groans and says things like, "What's the use in being here if there are no more trees? It's better to fly away and find a new home to love, Pedro – maybe on a mountain or an island."

Yesterday, I tried to tell him *again* that an island is no good for animals like the sloth, the agouti or the snake. They don't have wings – how will they get to this new home?

"What's your bright idea, then?" he asked. "How will Pedro the potoo save this forest?"

That's when I tapped my beak and told that noisy macaw all about C.A.R.E.

"Care?"

"Not 'care,'" I told him. "**C.A.R.E.!**"

I think that Rodrigo's brain might be too small to understand, even though I explained to him (really slowly) that C.A.R.E. is 'Creatures Against Rainforest

Evacuation’.

He just looked back at me as if he thought that my egg might have fallen out of the nest before I hatched.

“Rodrigo, we have to make a stand,” I told him. “We have to stay and show those nasty tree-stealers that this is our home, comprende? They can’t just come here to chop and chop. No trees means no world.”

I think that I might have frightened him because that’s when Rodrigo started to shake. “No world!” he shrieked, flapping and squawking as if lightning had nipped at his bottom. “No world!”

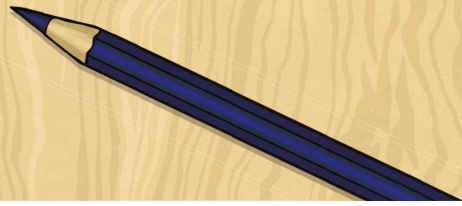
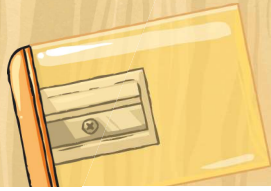
I think that Rodrigo is too scared to listen any more. But, hey, perhaps if Pedro spent a little time showing **you** how everyone needs the forest, you might want to listen and help, eh?

My friends tell me that they’ve seen one-eyes in different places: down below in the canopy and on the forest floor... in fact, they’ve spotted you in every layer of our beautiful forest. So I’ll come looking for you and we can explore the forest together, OK?

Great! Fantastic! Amazing! That’s what we’ll do. It’s a

plan! We’ll team up and Pedro will introduce you to his wonderful home. Because we C.A.R.E.

Right?



name:	Daisy Field
class:	4JC
Rainforest Journal	

Note to self

Write more about the rainforest and less about Grandma Wilkins.

darker than the emergent layer above.

The canopy can also be referred to as the habitat zone or upper layer.

The canopy layer is also known as the 'habitat zone'. That's because lots more animals and insects live in the canopy than in any other layer. I think it helps that they have lots of branches to walk along and that the trees provide shelter and safety.

Tuesday 25th March

There are lots of different trees in the canopy. The leaves are all green but there are many different shades and I've seen lots of shapes, too.

Some are long and narrow, with that waxy surface and a channel running right down the middle.

Raindrops roll down the channels like tumbling diamonds, helping the rain to get right to the roots of the trees. Others are really broad and remind me of huge dinner plates. Some of these seem to be homes for little insects and even brightly coloured frogs. I think the leaves are that big so that they can catch the sunlight – my teacher says that trees like sunlight. I wonder if that's why Dad's new solar panels are so big, too.

There are so many trees in the canopy that the branches all weave together like knotted shoelaces. With all those big, thick leaves woven around each other, not all the sunlight gets through so it's a bit

I've prepared a checklist of animals that I'd like to study in each layer. For the canopy, this includes toucans, monkeys, lizards and sloths, but I haven't seen any of these yet. I've been mainly focusing on the vegetation. During my next visit to the rainforest, I'll try to find some animals to watch.

Dear Ms Smeaton,

I hope this journal entry is better than yesterday's. Mrs Curtis has told me to concentrate more on what I see in the rainforest and not what my grandma likes.

12:23 p.m.

This afternoon, I'm going to be exploring the canopy again. I can see why it's called 'the habitat zone' – it's amazing!

Do you remember how I said earlier that it's a little darker in this layer? Well, I think that's because there are so many trees growing tightly beside each other. All the leaves and branches knit together like one giant blanket, covering everything.

forests.

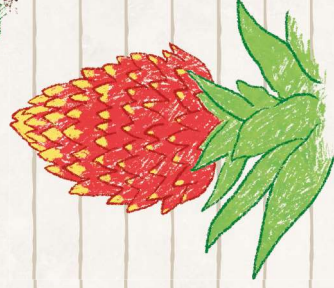
Tropical rainforests receive around 12 hours of sunlight a day. Most of this is concentrated on the canopy cover, giving the forest a temperature of 21 to 30 degrees Celsius. The environment maintains a humidity of 77% to 88% all year round.

Deforestation

The canopy traps the heat and makes it humid, like the inside of my grandad's greenhouse in summer. That probably explains why there are so many plants here. You should see them! They're beautiful – so bright and colourful,

in so many shapes and sizes. Some plants even grow on top of each other. I think these might be the epiphytes that I've read about. They get their water and nutrients from the air and rainwater, so there's no need for them to grow on the ground. You can actually find plants growing quite happily, just sitting on a tree branch!

My favourite plants are the ones that look like the heads of purple lions, with petals that spread out like a great big, wiggly mane. I also love those orange ones that look just like colourful, spiky pine cones on stalks.



You really won't believe this, but the rainforest is full of canivers plants, too. It's true! There's this one plant that looks like a little upturned trumpet with sweet nectar around the edge. It waits and waits and waits until a fly or an insect or maybe even a frog sits on the edge to get the nectar. The surface is slippery so the poor creatures that land on it topple straight down into the open mouth bit. The creatures have no chance of getting out, either, because the long trumpet acts like the plant's stomach and actually digests the creatures that fall in there.



I wish that I'd been able to spend more time exploring the canopy. It's so busy and loud! The whole place is bustling with birds and monkeys. I love those monkeys. They're hard to see because there are so many leaves and branches but, once I had spotted them, I couldn't take my eyes off them. They race in groups along the branches, screeching and squabbling as they snatch fruit from the trees. I'm sure that some of them think that they can actually fly, because they just leap off the trees onto the massive leaves and spindly branches, sometimes

metres below. I'd be way too scared to do that!



There are even more birds than monkeys. Some are tiny, like the hummingbirds that hover in front of flowers and dip their beaks into the nectar. But others are huge. I think that I saw an eagle perched on a branch, but I'm not sure. It was the parrots and parakeets that I really liked. They're everywhere, flapping around on the branches like squawking gangs, and they seem to come in all kinds of colours, too. The little ones beat their wings almost too fast to see.



I couldn't live in the canopy. It's way too noisy and the sound of all those birds and monkeys together almost gave me a headache. I'm sure I could hear a woodpecker tap-tapping on a tree nearby. I wonder if they're taking part in some kind of rainforest talent competition, to see which species can make the loudest racket. Every time a monkey shrieks, a bird squawks back even louder and that sets the rest of them off, until the whole forest sounds like it's filled with hordes of angry football supporters.

12:46 p.m.

I've started another new journal entry because I had to nip back to class to get my water bottle. Exploring

the rainforest is thirsty work!

When I got back, I moved the webcam with the arrow keys and I came across a group of toucans on one platform – they have huge, yellow beaks that look as if they've been dipped in black ink. I definitely saw a lizard, too. It was eating some kind of long-legged insect – maybe a spider.

The rainforest is no place to be if you don't like spiders. I read that there are more than 3,000 different types living there. Some of them love jumping and can leap from tree to tree. Others are as big as a saucer and actually catch and eat birds! But even those are not as scary as the Brazilian wandering spider. That's one of the most poisonous spiders in the world and I definitely wouldn't want to bump into one of those!

The spiders in the genus can grow to have a leg span of 13 to 15 cm. The **Brazilian wandering spider** wanders across the jungle floor instead of living in a lair or spinning a web.

While some other araneomorph spiders have a longer leg span.

I still can't believe how big some of the leaves are. Do you know that monkeys and birds can actually sit on them? I explained to our caretaker, Mr Paterson, that it's so the leaves can soak up as much sunlight as possible.

Mr Paterson's really nosy! He was supposed to be fixing the chair next to mine but he said that my work was much more interesting than his, so he stopped to watch me explore. He says that he wants to go to the rainforest when he retires, to see all the animals. He says that he wants to go to Benidorm, too, but the only creatures that he expects to find there are party animals!

He wanted me to zoom in and find a capuchin monkey. I saw some up in the emergent layer but they probably live a bit higher up than this camera is. Luckily, Mr Paterson loves sloths just as much and he gave me a high five when we found one asleep on a branch. At least, I think it was asleep – it must have been there a long time, too, because it actually had moss growing on its fur!

I didn't know that sloths were so cute – or that they had long claws like a bear's. They don't use them for fighting, though. Mr Paterson said that they're just for climbing and gripping onto trees, and sometimes for scaring away predators. I'd certainly be scared by claws like that.

I wonder if our caretaker went to universe city, because he knows a lot about the rainforest. He even

told me about the illegal loggers. These are the naughty groups who chop down the trees without permission — like Jack Walters, when he goes to the toilet without putting his hand up and asking Mrs Curtis first. Jack says that he has to do it, otherwise he'll have an accident.

Mr Paterson says that it's the same for the illegal loggers — they have to do it, too! Only, they need to chop the trees down for money. It's the only job that they can get and the only way to earn enough to feed and clothe themselves and their families.

Lots of people want them to stop. The rainforest trees help to keep the planet healthy. I read that they soak up tons of carbon dioxide so that the rest of us can breathe safely — so if we chop them down, what happens to us all then?

Also, the conservation charity says that only one percent of all the rainforest plants have been properly studied. Think what we might find in the other ninety-nine percent. What if there are plants that can help our doctors cure flu, or special leaves that could stop the arthritis in my grandma's fingers from hurting her so much when she's gardening? How incredible would that be!!

I don't know what to think about that. The charity website says:

Illegal logging is helping to destroy the rainforest and kills lots of the animals and plants that live there.

Illegal logging in the rainforest footer

But really, those people are just going to work like my mum and dad, so that children like me can have new shoes and food and toys. Maybe I'll ask Mrs Curtis which is more important — trees or people.

Oh, guess what! I saw that funny bird again — the potoo! You'll think that I'm crazy because the rainforest is enormous, but I know that it was the same one as before because it had that heart shape on its chest. It does look very much like a tree stump when it stays still — it's really clever but I spotted its yellow googly eyes, like a couple of bulging egg yolks.

This can't just be a coincidence because the rainforest is so incredibly big and this is a totally different camera, so what are the chances of the same potoo finding it? Part of me wonders if that bird actually came looking for the camera... but that's silly, isn't it?

I wish that Mr Paterson had stuck around to watch the potoo with me so that he might have seen how

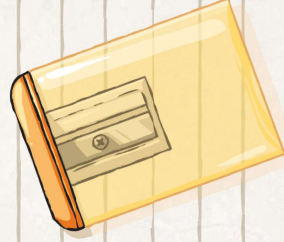
strangely it started to behave. Do you know, I'm sure that it wanted me to follow it along the tree branches. I had to tap the cursor keys really quickly to keep up but then it just stopped and stared out into space. I don't know what it was looking at because there was nothing there – not even any trees. It was just a gap in the forest about the size of a football pitch. Sunlight flooded the clearing but the bird didn't seem happy. It was flapping its wings like a demented conductor, and hopping up and down on the branch so hard that I thought it might snap. It wailed and wailed so much that I had to turn down the volume. The poor thing – I don't know what was wrong with it!

I wonder if I should mention the potoo to Mrs Curtis. It seems a bit funny that it was there again today. If I was as daft as Jack Walters, I might start to think that it was actually watching me.

Daisy's Canopy Checklist

- ☒ Toucans
- ☒ Monkeys
- ☒ Lizards
- ☐ Harpy Eagles
- ☒ Sloth
- ☐ New type of orchid

✓ Potoo 40



Rainforest Calling

Hey, you're back. Wonderful! Great! I bet you couldn't keep away, huh? Trust me, Pedro senses these things.

Right now, I'm feeling that you and I have a lot in common. We both like sitting in trees, don't we? You've picked a wonderful spot to soak up all these views of the forest. I really couldn't have chosen a better perch myself.

Up here in the canopy is where your new friend Pedro the potoo lives. Sure, I visit other parts of the forest to see my friends, but here is where I hatched and here is where I can easily find food and shelter.

Look over there, one-eye. Notice how those twisting branches twirl and coil around each other? They make me think of two long-lost snakes hugging after years apart. Don't you agree? And right there, where that big, gnarly trunk splits wider than a caiman's tongue, can you see how all those leaves shelter the forest like the outstretched wing of a giant eagle? Have you ever seen anything so graceful and natural and.... **green**?

Just feast your eye on all those different shades. Look how some greens are dark, like the thick moss on those tree trunks, but others are much brighter, like the shiny bellies of those leaves I was showing you



Rainforest Calling

earlier. Sometimes, when the sunlight pokes through in summer, this whole place glistens even brighter than the scales on Iggy the iguana's back. I really love the colour green – do you?

That's one of the reasons why it's so much better down here, beneath the leaves. Are you feeling this? There's no wind to ruffle my feathers or hot sun to burn my beak. I can laze beneath the shade of those cooling leaves without the rain turning me into a soggy potoo. You can tell that I belong down here, right?

Where do you come from, one-eye? I've never seen anything like you before. You've just got to tell me where you found that sparkly red spot. It's brighter than one of Rodrigo's tail feathers and I love the way it shines like a twinkly star at night. Maybe I should get one just like that for my beak. What do you think?

Hmm, you're still the silent type? That's OK, one-eye. I understand. Sometimes, I wish more of my friends would take a leaf out of your tree. Just listen to them. Have you ever heard such a din? You're certainly a smart one – just like me. After all, what those sneaky predators can't hear, those sneaky predators can't eat, right? They live lower down and are too big and heavy to climb up here, so we all feel safe. That's why so many monkeys and snakes and birds and insects all

Rainforest Calling

make their own homes here, too, beneath the treetops. Between me and you, some days, it feels like a nest with too many chicks – barely enough room to swing a caterpillar. You know what I mean?

Hey, maybe if we perch here long enough, we'll bump into my buddy Fernando the frog. You'll love the colour of his skin – it's exactly the same as sunshine. Maybe I can introduce you to K-C, too. She's a kinkajou – so gentle and kind, furry and cuddly. She loves chewing on fat, juicy leaves. I prefer bugs. You probably do too, eh? But K-C says that if you don't eat green, you're just being mean.

So, one-eye, what are you looking at in the forest today, huh? Yesterday, it was colourful Rodrigo and today... oh! I see, now. You're staring at Tolle, yes? You like sloths?

What am I saying? **Everyone** likes sloths. But you might be wasting your time, one-eye, if you're expecting Tolle to dance and move like Rodrigo. Tolle can't dance, see? Sloths like her don't do much showing off, either. They're much more like the branches of trees – they do everything really slowly, comprende? Tolle says that she just goes with the flow and she's 'in tune with the rhythm of the rainforest'.



you're doing here and tell my friends like Tolle the sloth. Tolle says that we shouldn't worry. She thinks that I stress too much about the forest and those nasty tree-stealers.

"You can't stop the storm, Pedro," she tells me as she hangs lazily from her tree, "so better learn to dance in the rain, huh?"

What does she mean, one-eye? I already told you that sloths don't dance. I think that she teases me sometimes. She laughs at me when I tell her that all this tree chopping is no joke but, hey, nobody will be laughing if all the trees get chopped down, right?

Between me and you, one-eye, I don't always understand the things that Tolle says. The only forest rhythm that I hear is the screams of howler monkeys and the buzz-buzz of insects. Sometimes, I really wish that my poor ears didn't work, especially when I'm trying to get my afternoon siesta.

You know, you're lucky to catch me awake. I'm a night bird, really. Hunting yummy moths and insects is much easier when it's dark, and so is hiding from sharp-toothed predators like Jose the jaguar. But you're keeping me awake, one-eye. I need to figure out what

"Nothing is certain," she whispers with her eyes closed, "except for change itself."

Tolle is one of my best friends, one-eye, but sometimes that sloth can hurt a potto's brain. Poor me! Poor me!

"But, Tolle," I say, "we've got to work together to save our home. Let's share to show that we C.A.R.E.!"

Tolle yawns, slowly turns away and says that it's already too late. She says that home is where the heart is, so we've just got to find a new place to love.

Rainforest Calling

You tell me, one-eye – where will Tolle go? What new place is as safe as the forest for poor, steady sloths? Sometimes, it can take ages for her to climb a new tree, so how will she get anywhere fast enough? Tolle moves so slowly that she has green algae growing on her fur! She's turning the same colour as the tree leaves, one-eye!

Between you and Pedro, I think that Tolle just isn't thinking this through. She'd be way better joining the animals who C.A.R.E. and making a stand with us, right? That's why I told her that those nasty tree-stealers are the ones who should be leaving, not animals like us. It is not fair!

Do you know what she said?

"Life isn't fair, Pedro. Home is not a place; it is a peace that we must carry with us in our hearts."

What is she talking about? Does that make any sense to you? Tolle might be happy to move her home from tree to tree, but Pedro cannot do that! How could I leave my home behind? My favourite home in my favourite tree!

You should see it, one-eye – it is beautiful! I was hatched

Rainforest Calling

there and I have seen so many of my brothers and sisters fly from the safety of my tree's wide branches out into the rainforest. For me, it has been my favourite place to sit and rest for most of my life. Just wait until you see how tall it is, and the long, thick branches that are perfect for perching on. I can sit there for days, just watching the forest and seeing what my friends are doing. Trust me, it's the most wonderful spot in the whole rainforest.



In fact, you should be able to see it from here. Follow Pedro's wing! My tree is just over there... under these big leaves... past this tangle of branches and...

Whoa!

What?

Where has Pedro's tree gone? Where have **all** the trees gone?

Rainforest Calling

My favourite tree should be right here, but now...

...there's just...

...nothing.

No, no, no! Poor me! Poor me! This cannot be happening, one-eye!

Those wicked tree-stealers have taken Pedro's special tree. It was my family tree, perfect for Pedro to share with his chicks, one day... and now it's gone, in the flap of a wing!



Rainforest Calling

Poor me!

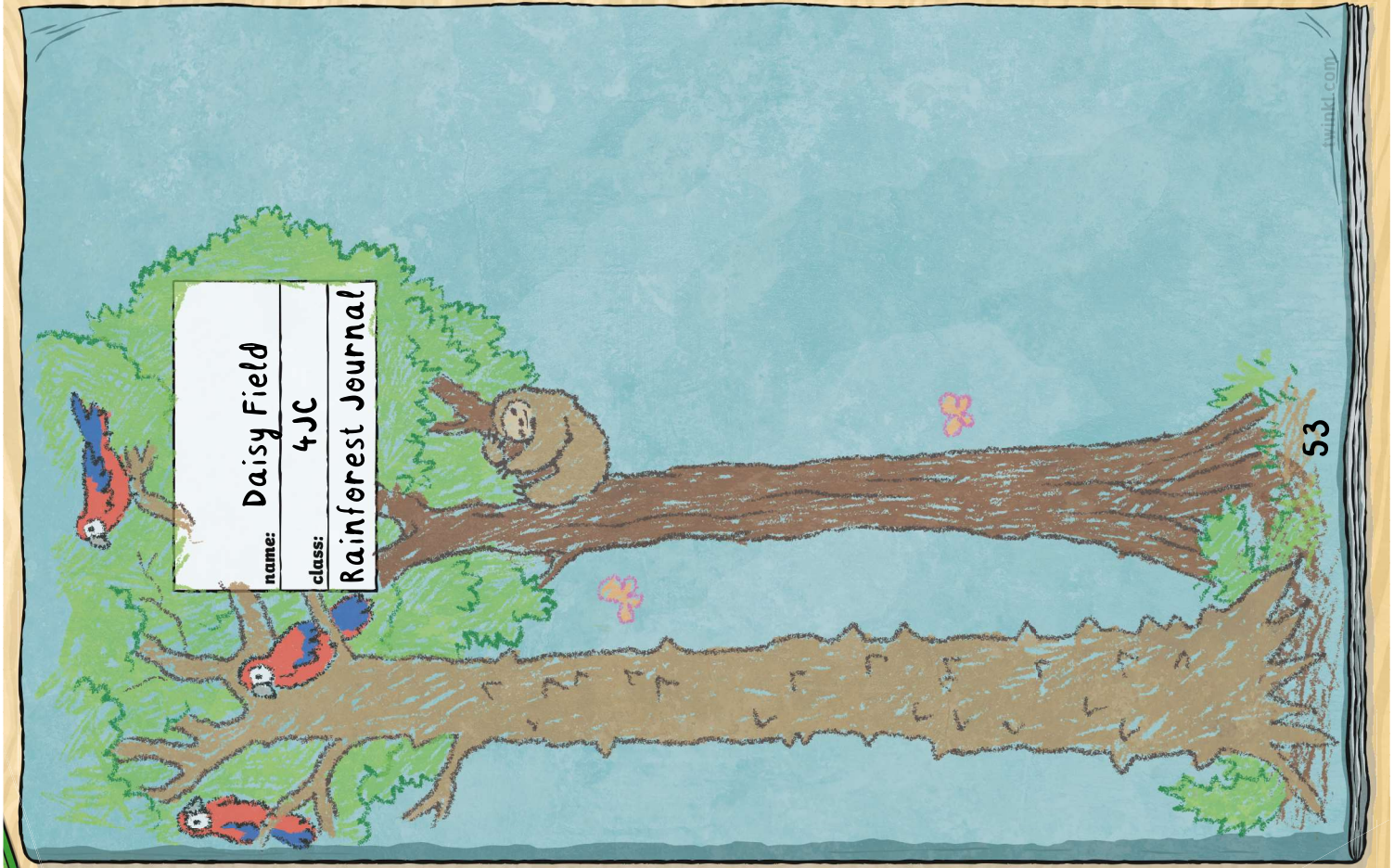
Still not talking, one-eye...?

Why so quiet? Why do you not care about Pedro and his special tree? I don't think that you're seeing how unfair this is, or how important every tree is! You need to see what things look like when too many trees have been chop-chopped, OK? So, I'll show you!

Come and see me tomorrow, but lower down, OK? Meet a friend of mine who nearly didn't survive when those nasty stealers cut down her favourite tree. I want you to see what's happening to poor animals like Winfrey. Maybe then you'll understand what unfair looks like.

Tomorrow, one-eye! Make sure you visit me tomorrow!

Poor tree. Poor me!



name:	Daisy Field
class:	4JC
Rainforest Journal	

Wednesday 26th March

8:19 a.m.

I know it's really early but Mrs Curtis has given me and Millie permission to use the computer during our breakfast club. Mr Paterson had to open the computer room for us and he seemed a bit grumpy, but Millie said not to worry because he's always like that before his nine o'clock cuppachino.

I asked her what a cuppachino was and she said it was some kind of yucky coffee drink, but Mr Paterson drinks his from a mug, not a cup. Maybe it should be called a muggachino. Neither of us knows why grown-ups like coffee - we both think that grown-ups can be a bit weird sometimes.

Guess what! I was right - Mrs Curtis did think I was silly to believe that the potoo knew that I was watching it. She reminded me that we're thousands of miles away and that those rainforest creatures don't even know what a webcam is, so there's no way that a bird like that would know that I could see it.

Even so, I told Millie about that potoo with the heart-shaped pattern, and how I'm starting to think that it might be watching me.

"You know, you could be like one of those attention-seekers that my mum sees at her salsa-dancing classes," Millie said. "They always think that people are looking at them, too."

"I'm not an attention-seeker. I'm sure that it was trying to show me something," I said.

Millie flicked her hair and said that I was probably imagining things again. Then, Jack Walters stuck his nose in and said that I'm always imagining things, such as imagining that I'll get a higher score than him in our next maths test. So I told him that at least I didn't think that a square root was some kind of horrible tree disease. Millie got quite cross with him and told him that it was rude to stick his tongue out like that.

I have to study the understorey today. Millie asked me if that meant we'd be looking for storybooks under the ground. When I'd finished giggling, I reminded her that the understorey is what we call the rainforest layer just beneath the canopy. Her cheeks went red and she said that she'd only been testing me, but I think that she'd forgotten what Mrs Curtis had taught us.

"Why is it so dark?" she asked when I had logged on to the webcam.

At first, I thought that the lens might be dirty, but then I remembered that Mrs Curtis had also told us that only a small percentage of the light from the emergent layer reaches this far down. That probably explains why looking through the lens was like looking through sunglasses.

We were supposed to be searching for that potoo but Millie was way too interested in all the plants. She said that she recognised lots of them from her Auntie Clare's orangery (Mum says that's just a posh name for a conservatory).

"Don't be silly, Millie," I said to her. "Why would plants from the rainforest be growing in your Auntie Clare's house?"

But Millie said that she was sure and even logged on to one of the other computers to prove it.

Well, it turns out that Millie wasn't being silly at all. I checked on the Internet again and she was right! Lots of those nice plants that we can buy at garden centres, like palms and ferns and bamboos and lots

more, originally come from the rainforest. Wow - how amazing is that?! We've all probably got a piece of the rainforest in our homes. Double wow!

Mrs Curtis always says that time flies when you're having fun, and I think that we both must have been having a great time because the school morning bell sounded just as we had begun to count all the different butterflies that were fluttering past. We couldn't believe how many different types there were, or how beautiful they looked. We saw red ones, green ones, yellow ones, even multicoloured and patterned ones. A swarm of blue wings raced past the camera and the colour was so bright, it was like watching pieces of summer sky tumbling past.

Millie wants to come back at lunchtime to help me look for my dad's Bigfoot. She says that there's bound to be one there because the rainforest has been on earth for millions of years and if those Bigfeet live anywhere, it'll be there!

I didn't get to show Millie the potoo, but I'm not surprised. I mean, what are the chances of seeing the same bird for a third time? It's probably off eating berries or catching moths or whatever potoos do. I doubt that I'll see it again.

Rainforest Calling

Hey – why are you so quiet, one-eye? Can you see me? Perhaps it's too dark for you, down here. Sorry about that – the leaves and branches above us are so thick that the sunshine can't squeeze through. Maybe you're feeling like a sleepy sloth, huh? It always feels like night time to me in these parts, too, but don't worry that curious brain of yours – your one eye will still work fine down here, I promise. You know me, one-eye. I like the dark and my big eyes help me to see just fine – but there are lots of nasty predators lower down so keep your one eye peeled, OK?

Oh, how rude of me! I forgot to introduce you to my friend. This is Winfrey: an emerald tree boa. Can you see her beautiful, bright green scales? Isn't she lovely? When Tolle met Winfrey, she thought that my slithering friend was being rude and sticking her tongue out, but Winfrey uses that tongue of hers to taste the air; she doesn't know that it looks impolite.

This morning, Winfrey gave me some terrible news: she says that lots more trees were chopped down yesterday. That's right, more! Those nasty tree-stealers are getting closer and closer to Winfrey's home. This really worries me, one-eye. Think about it: what will happen to Winfrey and the rest of Pedro's forest friends when everyone's



favourite trees are gone? What about Sonia the salamander, who loves living down here because all the humid air keeps her skin moist and soft? What are they supposed to do then – live in a hole in the ground like a burrowing worm? No, no, no!

You're **still** not talking to me. Is it something I've said?

Winfrey says that one of her big hugs might help to wake you up but I wouldn't recommend it, one-eye. I've told her to go easy, but Winfrey is a tree boa and she says that it's not her fault – she simply doesn't know her own strength! I'm sure that silly Winfrey thinks that a hug can solve almost any problem. She's such a softie. Do you know, last week, she even told me that she was thinking of becoming a vegetarian. I think that there's a better chance of a jaguar changing its spots – what about you? You should hear what she said to me yesterday!

"Pedro, we're worried about you. We think that you're getting way too ssssstressed by this tree-chopping issssue." Winfrey curled that thick tail of hers around the trunk of her tree and flicked her forked tongue. "Your feathersssss are losing their shine and your beak lookssss like it might need an urgent tree-sssssap treatment."

Winfrey says that when she rubs against tree sap, it works wonders on her scales, making them glisten like river water in the sunlight. But I am a potoo on a mission; I don't need my beak to glisten. How would I be able to hide then, eh? Not to mention that the other potoos would laugh their feathers off at a shiny beak! No, thank you!

That's when Winfrey made her silliest suggestion. "You really should think about coming with usssss, Pedro," she hissed as she wound her long body around a branch and squeezed it tightly. "The treesssss aren't sssssafe for usssss any more – let'sssss find a new home, now."

Can you believe this, one-eye? That scaredy-snake thinks that I should actually consider joining the other animals who are leaving the forest. Phah! This potoo belongs in the rainforest. I'm the only one who seems to really C.A.R.E., one-eye! You remember C.A.R.E., right? 'Creatures Against Rainforest Evacuation'.

"Instead of leaving," I told Winfrey, "we should be working together to find a way to save the forest. We've got to dare to C.A.R.E., right?"

What do you think, one-eye?

One-eye?



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class:	4JC
Rainforest Journal	

