

The Mystery of the Fallen Nest



THE MYSTERIES OF
JABALI AND SAUTI



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The Mystery of the Fallen Nest is a story based on the fictional world of “**The Mysteries of Jabali and Sauti**” developed by three Kenyan companies - kikapu.studio, Studio Ang & The LAM Sisterhood under the stewardship of The Aga Khan Foundation, supported by The LEGO Foundation looking to generate media content to elevate the importance of reading for enjoyment and learning through plays across Kenya (and East Africa).

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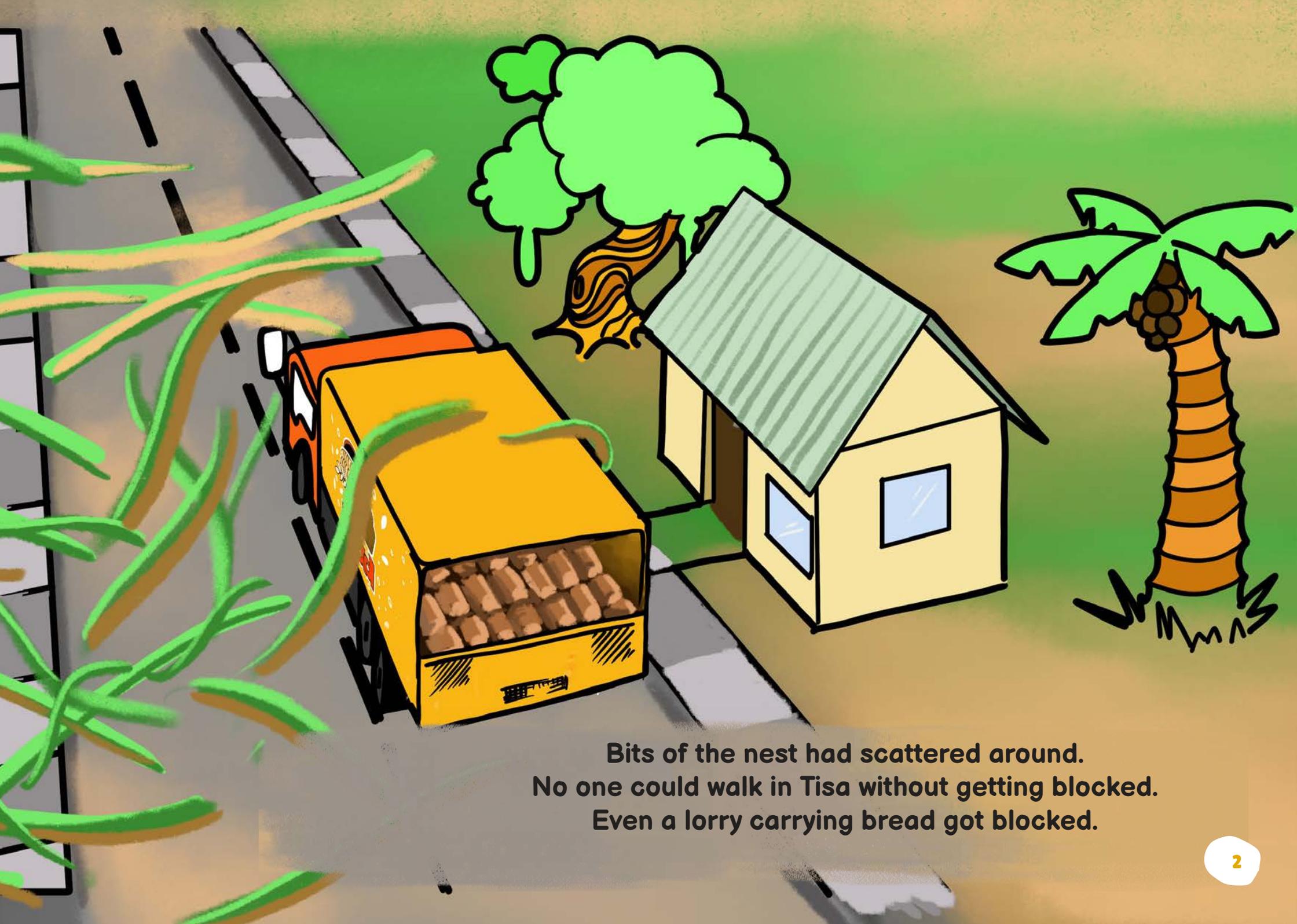
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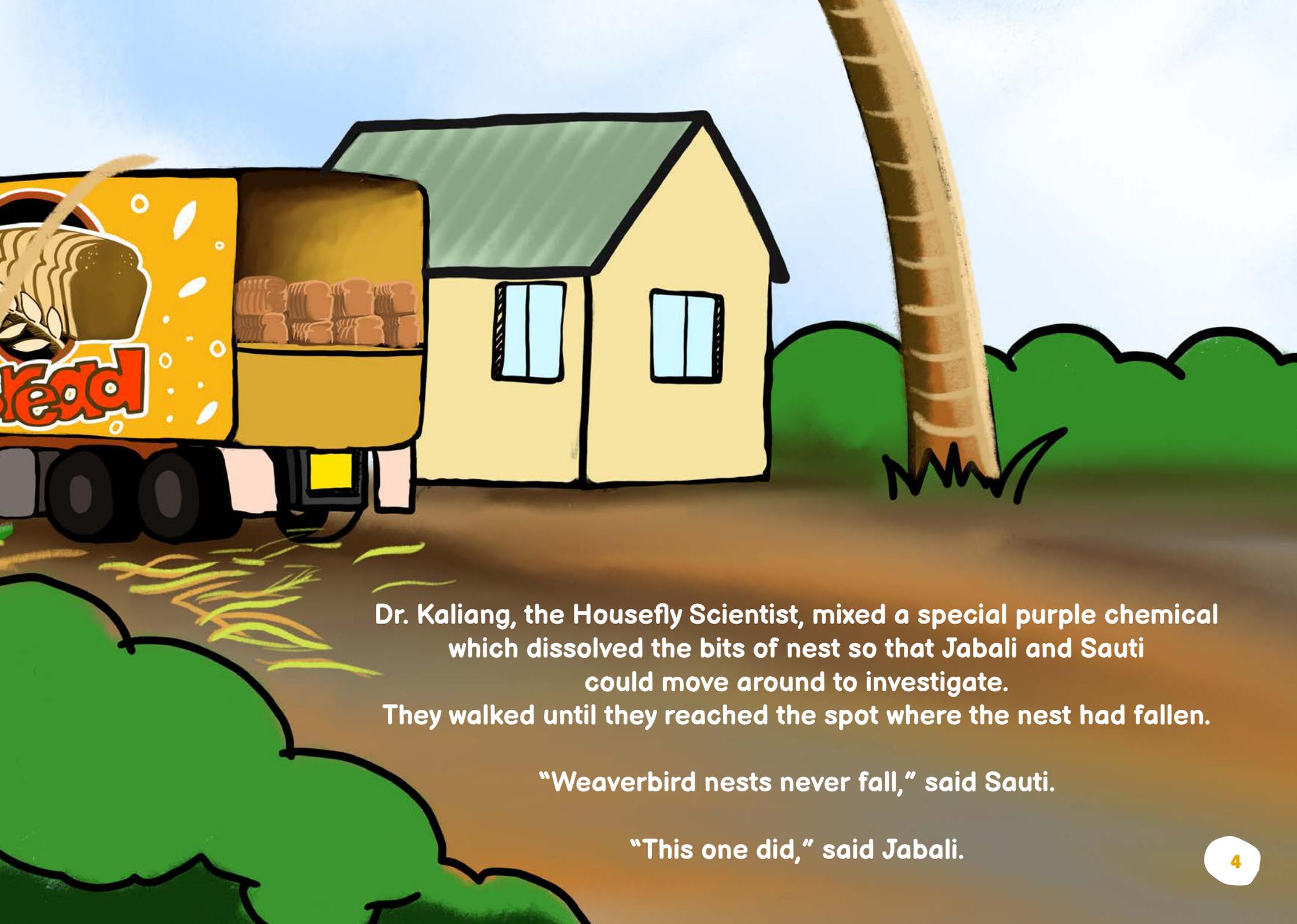
It was an average day in Tisa...
...until a nest fell and unravelled.





**Bits of the nest had scattered around.
No one could walk in Tisa without getting blocked.
Even a lorry carrying bread got blocked.**





Dr. Kaling, the Housefly Scientist, mixed a special purple chemical which dissolved the bits of nest so that Jabali and Sauti could move around to investigate.

They walked until they reached the spot where the nest had fallen.

“Weaverbird nests never fall,” said Sauti.

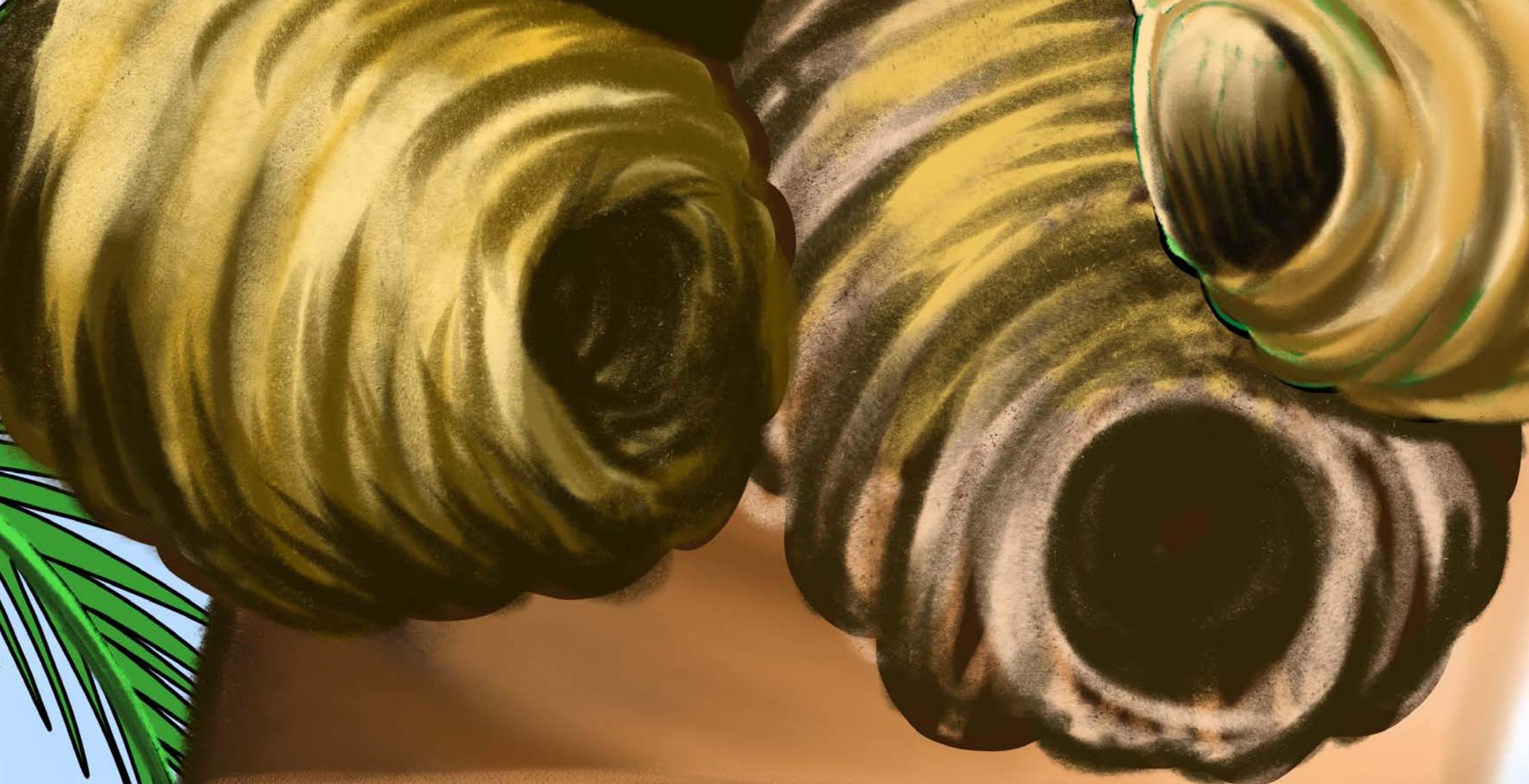
“This one did,” said Jabali.

**Sauti looked up at the palm tree beside the spot where the nest had fallen.
Up the palm tree were many weaverbird nests.
It was the Weaverbird Academy where weaverbird children learned.**

**Sauti took out her ear trumpet and listened to the air.
“The way the air moves,” she said, “tells me the nest fell straight from up the palm tree.
It couldn’t have been blown by the wind.”**



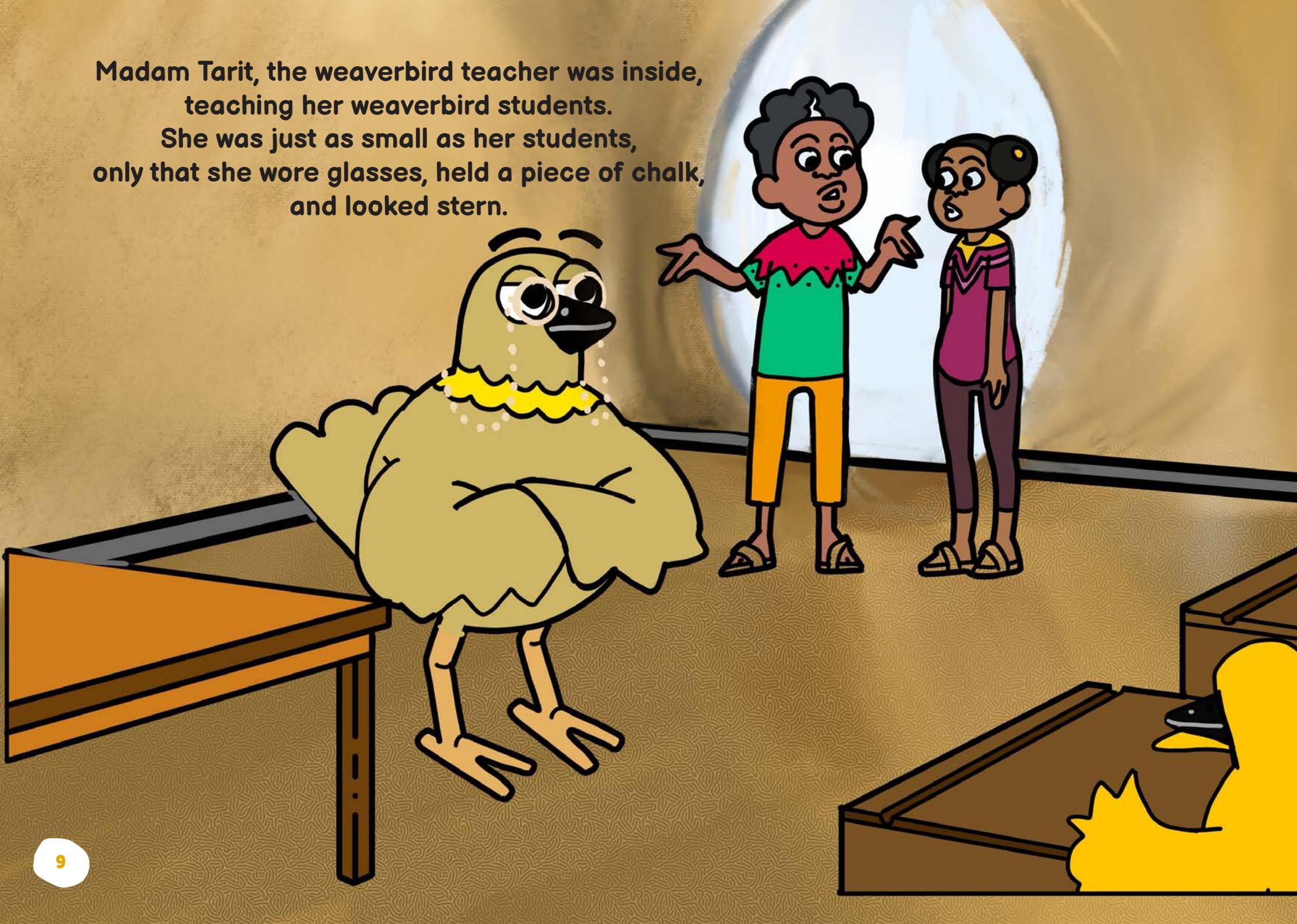




She slipped off her jacket and folded it. Jabali poured some of Dr. Kaliang's purple chemical onto it. When Sauti stretched it, her jacket became a ladder. She leaned it against the palm tree and Jabali and Sauti climbed up. They entered one of the nests atop the palm tree. This nest was a classroom.

**Madam Tarit, the weaverbird teacher was inside,
teaching her weaverbird students.**

**She was just as small as her students,
only that she wore glasses, held a piece of chalk,
and looked stern.**

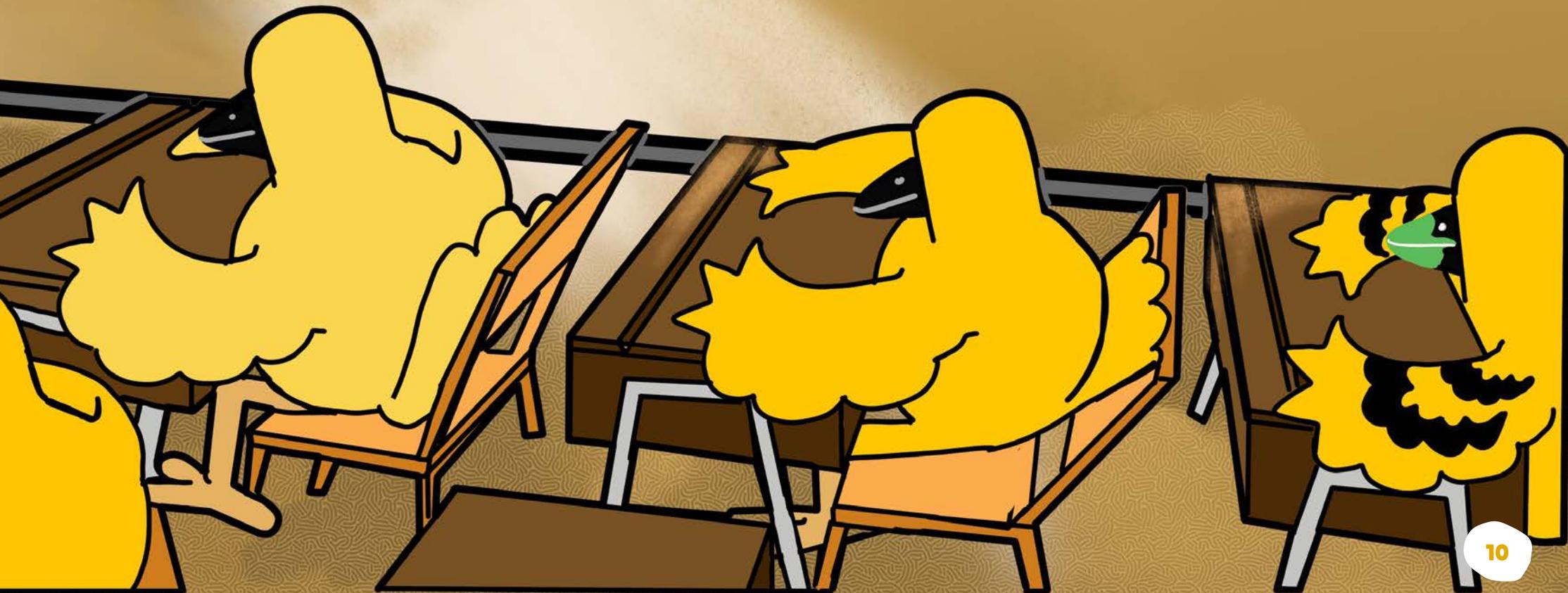


“A nest fell from up here,” said Jabali. “It unravelled onto the ground and everyone in Tisa is getting stuck in it.”

Madam Tarit beat her beak and wings on her desk. The weaverbird students cried too and beat their beaks on their desks.

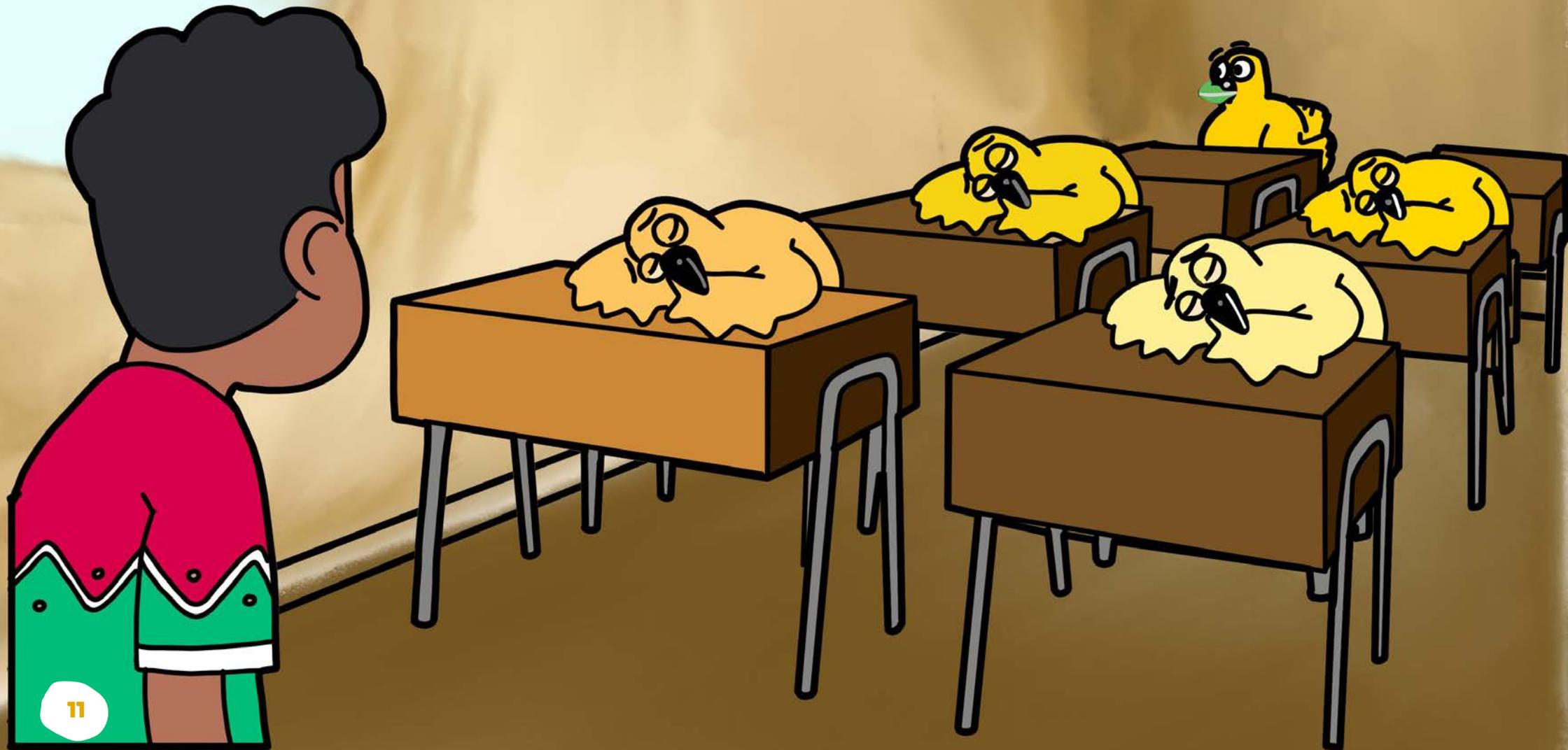
“I don’t want them to fail,” said Madam Tarit.

“It was their end-of-term project.”



The students cried louder.
“We worked so hard,” they said. “Now we are going to fail.”

Jabali looked around. The tiniest weaverbird, a boy, wasn't crying.
He had a green stain on his beak.
Jabali walked to him and he slunk into his seat.



**“Leave Chirchir alone,” said Madam Tarit. “He is very shy.”
Jabali smiled at Chirchir.
Chirchir looked aside.**

**“What do you think happened?”
asked Jabali.**

“What made the nest fall, Chirchir?”

**“It must be the human kids,”
said Chirchir.**

“They love throwing stones at our nests.”





When the class went on break, Madam Tarit took Jabali and Sauti to the back of the classroom. They sat on the edge of the palm frond and Madam Tarit served them tea.

“We were surprised to find the nest missing when we walked into class,” she said.

Jabali asked, “Did you all come in at the same time?”



“Chirchir was already inside,” said Madam Tarit.

Jabali asked why that was so.

“It was his duty to carry the classroom keys this week,” she replied.

**Jabali and Sauti went down the ladder.
They moved around Tisa, pouring the purple chemical
to dissolve bits of nest to release stuck human children.
They asked each child if they had thrown a stone
at the weaverbirds' nests.
Each child said no.**



“Now, I want you to swing your arm,” Sauti asked them.

The children swung their arms and Sauti listened to the sound of the swing and how it moved through the air.

Many of the children had good aim.

However, none of their swings was strong enough to throw a stone that high up the palm tree.





“Are you thinking what I am thinking?” Sauti asked Jabali when they were done.

Jabali nodded and they spoke at the same time, saying the same thing.

“It must be one of the weaverbirds.”

**When they went up the palm tree, Dr. Kaliang flew up with them.
He perched on Jabali’s shoulder when they walked into the classroom.**

**Madam Tarit dismissed the class, for they were done with the day,
but, as Jabali had requested, she asked Chirchir to stay behind.**

“Did you enjoy the class project?” Jabali asked.

Chirchir shook his head.

“Why didn’t you like it?” Jabali asked again.

Chirchir pointed at Madam Tarit.

**“Teacher told the rest of the class to bring pieces of grass.
Then she told me to only bring a feather.”**



**Madam Tarit held her wings over her beak. She was almost crying.
The chalk she had been holding fell.**

**“Chirchir, you are so small,” she said. “You cannot carry bundles of grass
like the rest of the students.”**

**Chirchir stomped the ground,
“But feathers are useless things.”**



**Dr. Kaliang put on his goggles to speak.
"Feathers are one of the strongest things in the world," he said.
"And I know this because I am a scientist."**



**Madam Tarit agreed.
"They are stronger than grass, Chirchir.
Without the feathers, the nest would not
have been firm enough to hang on its own
on the palm tree."**



**Chirchir put his head down,
his beak poking the ground, his wings splayed.
Jabali noticed bits of nest on his wings.**



**"You were the first one in this morning?"
Jabali confirms.**

**Chirchir nodded and confessed.
"I was balancing the whole nest on my back to see
if I am a strong weaverbird. When it fell down, I was so scared.
I ran back inside and sat at my desk
as if nothing had happened."**

“It is all right,” said Madam Tarit. “You only need one feather to sweep out the mess from Tisa.”



**Chirchir pulled one from his tail. He held it to his face.
“I never noticed how strong it is!” he said.**

Madam Tarit pulled one of her feathers, too. “I will help you.”

They flew down to Tisa and began sweeping the bits of nest.





In five minutes, everyone in Tisa was free to go wherever they wished.

Mystery solved!



Hey,

Welcome to the Play area.

Did you enjoy solving the mystery in this story?

This is Juma. He is our friend and Tisa's Game Master.

He's going to show you an amazing game or activity that you can play with your friends or by yourself.



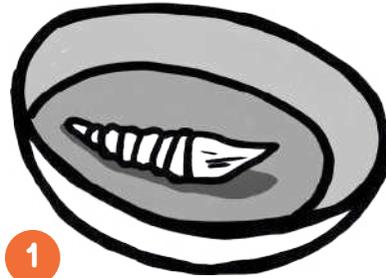
Hello,
I'm Juma. What's your name?

Do you want to do something fun?

LET'S DO SOMETHING

Materials: Vinegar, Shell or Baking Soda

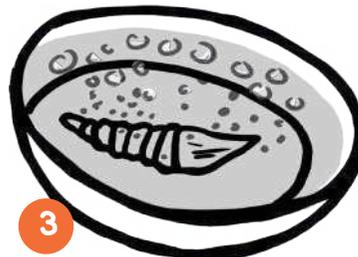
Experiment 1



Place one shell in a bowl



Fill the bowl with vinegar



Then observe the shell in the vinegar start to fizz

Final Results



THE FIZZING GAME

LET'S DO SOMETHING

Materials: Vinegar, Shell or Baking Soda

Experiment 2



1

Place a pinch of baking soda in a bowl



2

Pour the vinegar slowly into the bowl using a spoon



3

Then observe the baking soda in the vinegar start to fizz

Final Results



LET'S DO SOMETHING

Materials: Picture of Jabali's Messy Room

1

Look at the picture of Jabali's room on the next page. Jabali doesn't want to lose his things again. Look for these items and tell Jabali how many of them you found.

1. Balls

2. Music Instruments

3. Toys

4. Candles

5. Books

6. Pens

7. Scissors

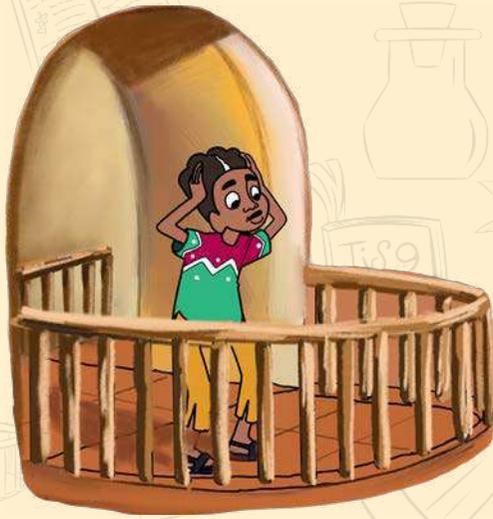
8. Magnifying Glass

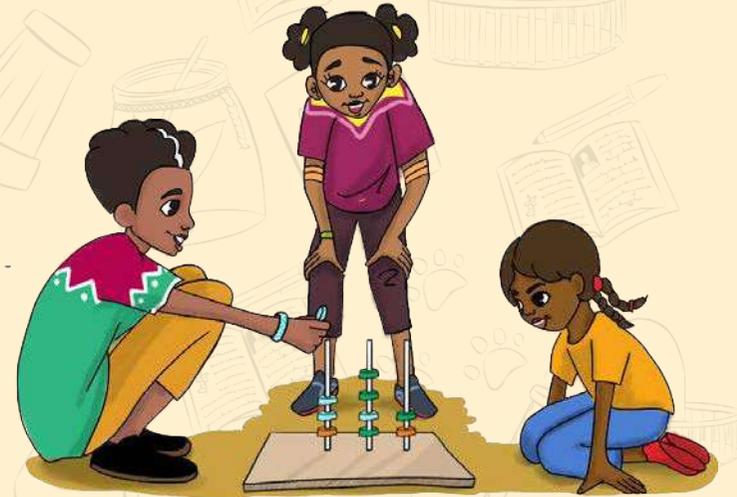
SEARCH AND FIND



2

This is Jabali's room





THE MYSTERIES OF JABALI AND SAUTI

SEASON 1

Which mystery will you read next?

1. The Mystery of Jabali's Pen
2. The Mystery of the Disappearing Yummies
3. The Quest for Mrs. Quack's Eggs
4. The Mystery of the Cracked Feet
5. The Mystery of the Shape Shifting Pet
6. The Mystery of the Disappearing Girl
7. The Mystery of the Fallen Nest
8. The Mystery of the Howling Wind
9. The Mystery of the Duckling in the Bucket
10. The Mystery of the Abandoned Smushoos
11. The Mystery of Missing Sleep
12. The Mystery of the Funny Feeling
13. The Mystery of Giant Jabali
14. The Mystery of the Lion's Roar
15. The Mystery of Morning Tide
16. The Mystery of the Wish-Watch

