



Then a girl on a bike that could not have been newer,
Said, 'I heard you're a runaway parrot pursuer.'

You should look in the Gardens, the ones by the Bay,
There's a great lookout point from its famous Skyway.'

She continued, 'Cheer up, as he can't have gone far.
I can give you a lift if you want...OK, lah?'

When Ben got to the Gardens, so big and so grand,
He felt like he'd arrived in a fantasy land.

From his view on the Skyway, so high and admired,
Ben was breathless, and not just because he was tired.

He saw trees made of metal and forests indoors,
And a sign saying 'Otters Cross Here' (mind their paws).

He saw cafés on treetops, and domes by the shore,
Plus some kids getting soaked under sprinklers galore.

And a towering hotel like a massive surfboard,
But no feathered thing airborne; no, nothing that soared.





It was cool on the train as it zoomed underground,
But Ben's head was a-spin - would Sid ever be found?

As he ran by the food stalls, so busy for lunch,
Ben kept hoping at last he'd be right with his hunch.

Now his nose was alive with mouth-watering smells,
From the char kway teow and the laksa as well.

Ben saw nasi lemak and satay that looked nice.
There was sambal stingray and of course chicken rice.

There was char siew bao too, filled with barbecue stuffing,
But no sign of his friend...not a dicky-bird, nothing.



'I've a question,' said Ben, to a man who looked British.
'What's the best way to get to the East Coast Food Village?'

'You must first take the bumboat,' said the man, drinking tea.
'After that it's the train, a-k-a MRT.'





As the monorail stopped and Ben stepped from the train,
He was met by a woman who walked with a cane:

*'Parrots, my boy! I've just spotted a pair of 'em,
Entering Singapore's great S.E.A. Aquarium.'*

Once inside Ben looked up as Sid liked to perch high.
Then an emerald flash in a tank caught his eye.

Could they be Sid's green wings? It was all he could wish!
...but alas they were scales on a green parrotfish.

Ben saw squirrelfish, sea jellies, batfish half grey,
Yet no species with wings but a sleek manta ray.

He saw moray eels, clownfish, a hammerhead shark,
But no parrots or macaws...not even a lark.

As Ben's cheeks became salty (from his tears not the tank),
He saw news on the TV that filled him with thanks:

*'Breaking news,' read the man, 'Now Siloso's the scene,
Where a white tail's been seen on a bird that is green.'*