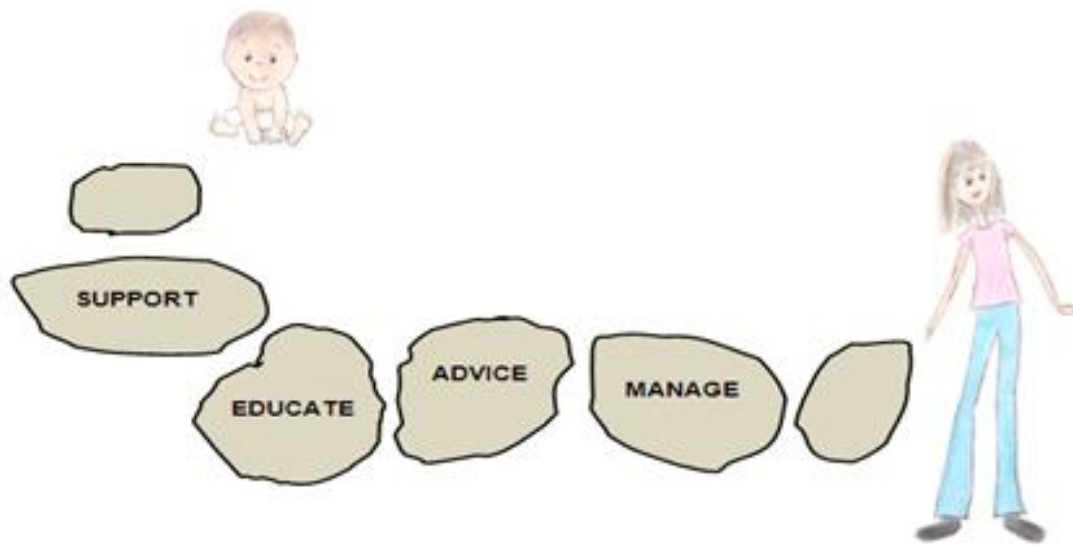


Finding a Home



Written by **Rajinder Kang**

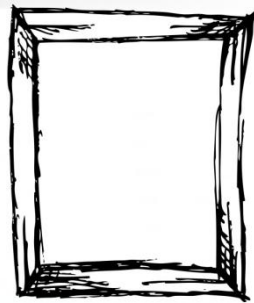
**This book is dedicated to
my Mama and Papa ji**



Leicester PCD Education Programme

This is a story about a naughty bug, called Mr Bug.

Here is a photo of Mr Bug



Can you see him? Look very carefully...

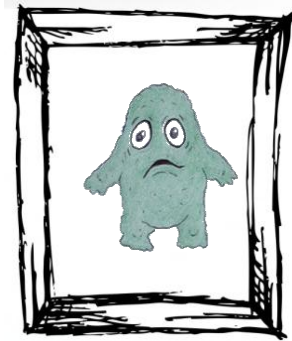
No, you are right!

It is impossible to see Mr Bug. The reason for this is that Mr Bug is invisible to us but make no mistake he is definitely around.



The only way to see Mr Bug is through a microscope.

Here is what the photo would look like if we looked at it through a microscope.



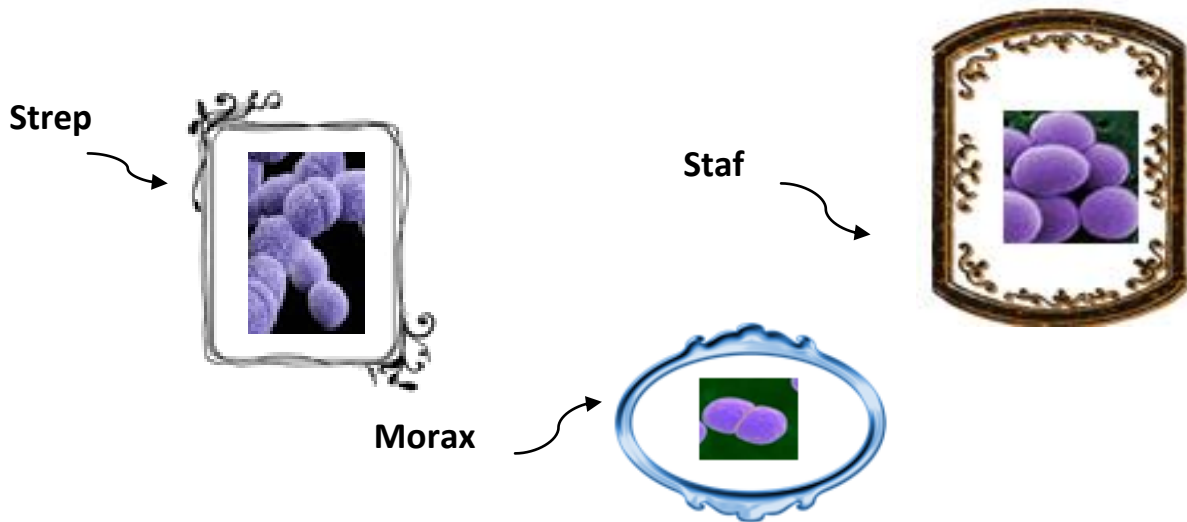
Mr Bug had lots of other bug friends. They came in all shapes and sizes. They all had long complicated names, which were far too long to say when playing games, so they would just use their short names. All of Mr Bugs' friends are invisible too but if we looked at them through a microscope, they would look like this.



Suedoe



Haem






Mr Bug and his friends liked to hang around in dirty, sticky places. They did not like clean, shiny places because it was very difficult for them to hang on. They especially did not like soap and water and they never had a bath. Can you imagine that?



Mr Bug and his friends would spend their days playing together and floating around in the air. Their favourite game was called

's p r e a d i n g'.

This was played by them jumping and skipping about touching as many things as possible and trying to reach the furthest point. Mr Bug had found that the best way to win was to hang around on places that got touched by lots of other people.

Places like: door handles,  TV remote controls, 
games consoles, mobile phones  or computers. Then the humans would carry them round and help them spread. This was made easier when the humans that did not like soap and water either.

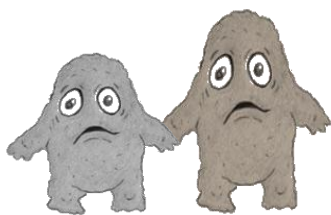


On hot summer days Mr Bug would just sit around basking in the sun, in the soil or stagnant water. It was a good carefree life. Mr Bug spent many hours just hanging around pondering about what he could get up to next. Mr Bug loved to try out new tricks and cause lots of mischief which was never good for the others concerned.

One day Mr Bug decided he had had enough of moving around all the time. He wanted to settle down, start a family and build himself a cosy home, where he would be snug and warm. So Mr Bug went in search of a cosy home for himself.

Mr Bug remembered his parents often talked about places called Sinuses and Lungs which belonged to humans.

Mr Bug's Mum and Dad



*Best place for a home is a Sinus
or a Lung! You can stay snug,
warm and hidden for sometime
before the human notices!*

It was tricky to get into a sinus or a lung but if he found the right one, he knew that he would be able to settle down for a while.

It was a lovely crisp, cold day. Mr Bug was on the lookout for a potential Sinus to call his home. All the Humans were wrapped in warm winter clothes which made it difficult to spot the entrance to the Sinus.

Mr Bug was determined and remained patient. Then all of a sudden, in



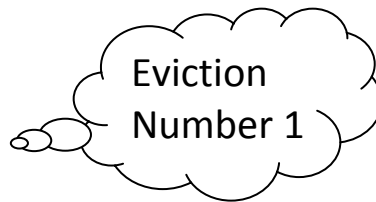
the distance he noticed the familiar tunnels. Two of them very close to each other, that lead to the place called Sinus.

Mr Bug took in a deep breath and got himself in position. He waited for the tunnels to get closer and closer. Once in reach, Mr Bug darted himself towards one of the tunnels with all his might and landed on his head inside the tunnel. Mr Bug quickly grabbed hold of a hair and tried to secure himself in. The ground was clean and shiny so this made it hard for Mr Bug.

He needed to move further up into the tunnel to be safe, so he started his journey. He puffed and panted with every step on this slippery slope, pulling himself from one hair to the next. He had not taken five steps when he heard a sniff.

Then came another one; sniff, sniff, **sniff!**

Followed by a rumble and **achoo!** With this Mr Bug was flung out of the tunnel.



Mr Bug was not deterred. He brushed himself down and sat on a rock, and thought. And thought, and thought.

Through the fence in front of him, he could see smaller Humans playing in the playground. He sat and watched and decided which one he was going to try and be friends with.

He saw a big, strong boy playing football. 'Could I set up home with him?' he asked himself.



'No. He is too fit and healthy,' thought Mr Bug.

Then he saw a little girl sitting quietly reading her book and eating her lunch.

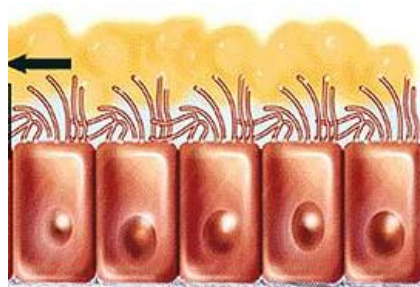
'She looks like a possibility,' thought Mr Bug. So Mr Bug mustered up some energy and got closer to the little girl. He had decided he would aim for the Lungs this time, through the big opening where the sound comes out.

Mr Bug slowly and quietly managed to get himself onto the little girl's hand and waited for her to take him to her mouth. And she did. When he got closer to the mouth he jumped off onto her tongue. Mr Bug bounced on the tongue like a trampoline and got thrown to the back of the throat and shot down the tunnel.

He could feel the air rushing in and out around him.

'This must be it. The Lung,' Mr Bug said, trying to reassure himself. 'I must hang on!'

As he got deeper down he could see what looked like blades of grass covered with morning dew. Above the tips of the grass, he could see a stream of fluid, slightly sticky to the touch but flowing gently.



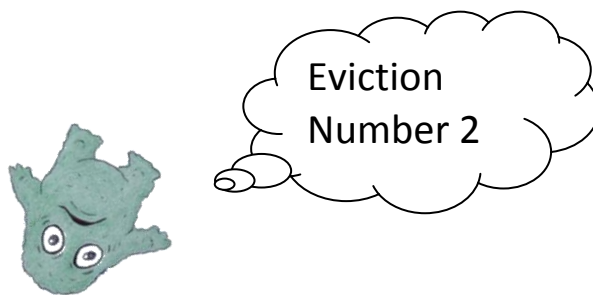
'If I could nestle in between those blades of grass,' he thought.

Just as he was about to sink his bottom onto the grass, he saw what can only be described as a wave. All the blades of grass had started to do the Mexican wave. As they did this it caused big thrashing waves toward the big hole. Mr Bug could see other bug friends being hurled about like surfers in the sea.



Mr Bug was startled to see this and lost his footing. He was picked up by the wave and thrown back towards the entrance.

The little girl coughed. Mr Bug went whizzing through the air and landed on his head on the rock again.



Mr Bug was now feeling tired but needed to continue with his search for a new home. So he sat and thought and thought and thought...

From the corner of his eye he spotted the perfect little human for him to be friends with. He didn't look too happy and he was rubbing his eyes looking tired. His friends were calling him to play.

'I don't want to play, I don't feel well,' explained the little boy as he wiped his nose on his sleeve.

But the little boy did not want to join in because he knew he would not be able to keep up with his friends. He did not like doing any exercise and he would get cross with anyone who tried to tell him it was good for him. He just liked to sit and watch TV. Also the little boy was worried his friends would make fun of him. The little boy would tell himself he didn't care if he did not join in but deep down I think he did because he missed out on lots of fun.

'That's the one, that's the one for me,' said Mr Bug as he leapt to his feet.



Mr Bug quickly made his way across the yard again and planted himself on the little boy's sleeve and got through the big hole. He entered the Lungs. These lungs looked different.

The blades of grass did not stand tall like soldiers doing a Mexican wave. Instead some grass was lying down. Some grass was trying to move but was not strong enough to cause a ripple let alone a wave. The stream was barely flowing.



Mr Bug was pleased 'I think I will be happy here,' he thought.

He looked around for a suitable place. To his right he saw that the stream had burst its bank and the flow had stopped. It looked more like a lake now.

'That's the spot for me,' said Mr Bug.

He nestled down and made himself comfortable. Days passed by and he made the place his own. Mr Bug turned the place into a swamp. It was dirty and smelly. Mr Bug was very pleased with himself.



While Mr Bug was having the time of his life, the little boy, who the Lungs belonged to, had become unwell. He had to stay home from school and he could not see his friends. The little boy missed a birthday party, he missed a school trip and he missed his friends. The little boy was very sad.

But what I have not told you is that the little boy had a secret weapon to get rid of Mr Bug and his friends. However, the little boy did not like the secret weapon. He thought it was boring and pointless. The little boy would argue with his parents every time they asked him to use the secret weapon.

Mum came into the little boy's bedroom and said 'Do you think it's time to use your secret weapon?'

The little boy sat up in bed and said 'Actually, you know what Mum; it is boring lying in bed and not being able to see my friends. Please fetch me my secret weapon.'

So Mum quickly got the secret weapon for the little boy. He started to use it, everyday, twice a day, for he was determined to get well again. Before too long the secret weapon started to work.

Meanwhile, down in the Lungs, Mr Bug was enjoying life. He had made himself very comfortable indeed and had no plans to move anywhere for some time, if **ever!**



Mr Bug was snoozing under the grass and was suddenly woken up by a rumbling sound, the blades of grass were being helped to move and this was starting to upset the lake next to Mr Bugs home.

Above him Mr Bug could see the stream had woken up and the waves began to appear. Everything was being forced up towards the big hole. The sound of the air whistling through the Lungs was getting louder and louder. Mr Bug hung on tight to the grass near him so he would not get swept away. Gradually the lake started to empty into a flowing stream. The blade of grass Mr Bug was hanging onto started to wake up. The weight of all the sticky fluid had been lifted and it was trying to move.

The grass woke up all the neighbours.

‘Wake up, wake up you silly cilia!’ he shouted.

‘The secret weapon is being used to help us clean up. Come on everyone, wake up and try to help,’ bellowed the blade of grass. ‘Come on, we can do it!’

And slowly they started to clean up. The wave got bigger and bigger, the air blew faster and faster, until Mr Bug could hang on no more. Mr Bug was swept up in the current and taken to the big hole.

As Mr Bug flew out of the big hole at great speed he heard the Mum say 'Try and catch it in a tissue so we can get rid of it.' But luckily for Mr Bug the little boy was too late to grab the tissue.

Mr Bug landed on the floor with a bump.



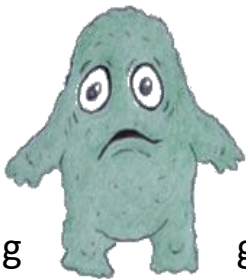
The little boy soon recovered and was back at school enjoying life.



Do you know what his secret weapon is?

Some useful suggestions to discuss with your child:

- How do they feel about Mr Bug?
- Why we should wash hands?
- How exercise helps you stay healthy.
- Why was Mr Bug almost successful with the little boy?
- Are they able to relate it to their chest complaint?
- What is the secret weapon?



Mr Bug goes in search of a place he can call his home. He is faced with a few obstacles along the way but he remains determined to continue with his search.

What is Mr Bug's perfect place and will he find it?