



“ For years, I had been hearing a pleasant bulbul like “Tchee-cheu, chyue - chyu - chu - chu - chu” in my Vashishtha orchard throughout the day and had attributed the call to the several White-eared Bulbuls in the area. It was only a couple of days back that I discovered that this call was that of the male Paradise flycatchers of which two are white and one chestnut. I know there are three of these exquisite birds in addition to the females because I have seen all three together on several occasions, “dive bombing” jungle crows. During the attacks only the harsh well known “trachh” is uttered. But it was on a lovely, picture post card perfect morning, that I had three flycatchers’ fledglings newly out of their host huddled together on a branch of a tree edging my front garden, and the white male was coming and going attending to them. His exuberance was overflowing in song as he frequently posed on a nearby conifer or swept into an apple tree. It was then I realised that what I had thought were calls of bulbuls, were the song of a bird which has to my mind never been credited with any distinctive utterance other than the harsh call. ”

- Lavkumar Khachar