

COZY BEDTIME STORIES FOR CALM LITTLE MINDS



Copyright © 2026 Albannach Studio. All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without prior written permission from the publisher, except for brief quotations in reviews.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and events are the product of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

Illustrations and text copyright © 2026 Albannach Studio.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Charles's Waiting Game	4
Hiro and the Paper Boat	8
The Squirrel Who Shared	12
Amara's Quiet Song	16
Patter and the Big Jump.....	20
Tarni and the Lost Feather	24
The Owl Who Asked "Why?"	28
Layla's Broken Pot	32
The Hedgehog's Hug	36
Luka's Tall Tower	40
The Brave Little Moth	44
Chen and the Teacup	48
The Bear Who Couldn't Sleep	52
Sofia's Missing Book	56
The Elephant's Memory	60
Milo Finds the Quiet	64
Kiki and the Colours.....	68
Rohan's High-Flying Kite	72
Yuki's Gentle Hands	76
Lucas and the Seed	80
Zara's Rainy Day	84

Charlie's Waiting Game

Charlie was a small bear with very fuzzy ears. He lived in a cosy den near some blueberry bushes. One morning, Charlie hurried outside, hoping to eat some sweet berries. But when he got there, the berries were still green and hard. Charlie sat down and sighed. He wanted them right away. His mother joined him and explained that the sun needed more time to help the berries ripen. If he picked them now, they would taste sour. Charlie frowned because he really wanted a treat, but he chose to wait and trust the sun.

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY



While he waited, Charlie found other things to do. He chased a butterfly and rolled in the soft grass. He watched the clouds drift by and saw them change from dragons into ships. Later that afternoon, he went back to the bush and found one tiny berry that had turned purple. He ate it, and it was the sweetest thing he had ever tasted. Charlie realised that good things really do take time. He yawned, happy that he had waited, and crawled into his bed of leaves, knowing that tomorrow there would be even more berries ready for him.

The End



Hiro and the Paper Boat

Hiro loved the rain. When grey clouds covered his village, most people stayed inside, but Hiro put on his yellow boots. He had made a small boat from a folded newspaper and wanted to see how far it would go in the stream running down the street. He set the boat on the water. At first, the current was too strong, and the boat spun in circles. Hiro worried it might sink. He reached out, but his grandfather held his hand and said, "Watch. It will find its way."

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY



Hiro watched as the little boat straightened out. It passed a big stone and floated down the gentle slope. Hiro walked beside it, making sure not to splash. He realised that sometimes it is better to let things happen rather than try to control them. The boat drifted into a quiet puddle and came to a stop. Hiro picked it up and shook off the water. He felt calm as he watched the water become still again. Then he went back to his porch, holding his brave little boat.

The End



The Squirrel Who Shared

Penny the squirrel had the biggest cheeks in the forest. She spent her morning gathering acorns. Some were big, some were small, and some had funny caps. She put them all into a hollow log she used as her pantry. Penny wanted to have enough for winter and maybe a bit more. As she tucked away a shiny nut, she noticed a smaller squirrel sitting by the tree root. The little squirrel looked sad and had no nuts at all.

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRT

VIRT

VIRT

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY



Penny thought about how warm and full her tummy would feel. Then she wondered if the little squirrel might be cold and hungry. She slowly climbed down and offered the shiny nut to her new friend. The little squirrel's eyes lit up, and he took it with a happy squeak. Penny felt a warm glow inside, even better than a full tummy. She realised that sharing with a friend made the forest feel much cosier. Penny went back to her nest, arranged her blanket, and felt ready to rest, knowing she had done something kind.

The End



Amara's Quiet Song

Amara lived in a noisy house. Her brothers played drums, her sisters danced, and the kitchen was always full of clattering pots and pans. She loved her family, but sometimes all the noise made her head feel crowded. Amara wanted to find a sound that belonged just to her. She went out to the garden, where the tall grass grew. She sat down and closed her eyes. At first, the drums were still in her ears. She took a deep breath and tried to listen for the quieter sounds beneath the loud ones.

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY



She listened and heard the wind moving through the leaves. She noticed a cricket making a steady sound. She heard her own breath, slow and calm. It was a quiet song, and she thought it was beautiful. Amara hummed with the wind. She realised that even when everything around her was noisy, she could find a quiet place inside herself. Feeling calm and steady, she walked back to the house. The noise was still there, but it didn't bother her now. She got into bed and listened to her own gentle breathing.

The End

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY



Patter and the Big Jump

Patter was a frog with very long legs. He lived beside a green pond filled with lily pads. The other frogs could leap from one side of the pond to the other in a single jump. But when Patter tried, he always landed with a splash in the middle. Feeling embarrassed, he sat on a wet rock and hid his face. An old turtle swam over and stuck his head out of the water. "Why the long face?" the turtle asked. Patter said he wished he could be big and fast like the others. The turtle smiled slowly. "You don't need to jump the whole pond at once," he said.

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY



Patter looked at the lily pads. Three small ones made a path across the water. He hopped onto the first one. That was easy. Then he jumped to the second. He wobbled a bit but stayed dry. Next, he hopped to the third. Before he knew it, he was on the other side! Patter learned that taking small steps could help him reach his goal. He didn't have to be the fastest, he just needed to keep trying. Feeling proud, Patter settled into the cool mud on the bank and watched the stars shine in the water.

The End

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY



Tarni and the Lost Feather

Tarni loved exploring the bushland near his home. He could name all the gum trees and spot the tracks left by lizards. One day, he found a shiny black feather on the ground. It belonged to a cockatoo. Tarni wanted to keep it, but he remembered his uncle's words, "Take only what you need, and leave the rest for the land." Tarni looked at the feather. It was beautiful, but he realised he didn't need it. He wondered if someone else might need it more.

VIRTALIBRY

VIRTALIBRY

VIRTALIBRY

VIRTALIBRY

VIRTALIBRY

VIRTALIBRY

VIRTALIBRY

VIRTALIBRY

VIRTALIBRY

VIRTALIBRY

VIRTALIBRY



He noticed a small nest in the fork of a tree that looked a little bare. Tarni gently set the feather at the base of the tree. Soon, a small bird flew down, picked up the feather, and tucked it into the nest to make it warmer. Tarni smiled, happy to help the forest. He learned that giving back can feel even better than keeping something for yourself. Tarni walked home feeling cheerful.

The End

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY



The Owl Who Asked "Why?"

Oliver was a young owl who loved to ask questions. While the other owls hunted or cleaned their feathers, Oliver would ask things like, "Why is the moon bright?" and "Why does moss grow on the north side?" The older owls thought he was a little too noisy. They often told him, "Just be an owl, Oliver." But Oliver was always curious. One night, he noticed a strange shadow near the tree. The other owls got scared and flew away, but Oliver stayed and asked, "Who are you?"

VIRTUALIBRY

LIBRY

LIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY



The shadow moved closer. It turned out to be a deer looking for somewhere to sleep. "I am lost," the deer whispered. Since Oliver was brave enough to ask, he did not feel afraid. He gave a gentle hoot and pointed his wing toward a safe patch of bushes. The deer thanked him and settled down to sleep. Oliver learned that being curious and asking questions made the world feel less scary. He fluffed his feathers, feeling wise, and got comfortable on his branch, ready to watch the night with his big, curious eyes.

The End



Layla's Broken Pot

Layla loved gardening. On her balcony, she kept a row of clay pots filled with mint and jasmine. One afternoon, as she watered the plants, her elbow knocked a small pot. It crashed to the floor and broke into three pieces, spilling dirt everywhere. Tears filled Layla's eyes. She worried she had ruined everything. Her father heard the noise and came outside. He wasn't angry. He sat beside her, picked up the pieces, and said softly, "Broken things can be mended."

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY



They glued the pot back together. When it dried, the cracks still showed, but the pot stayed whole. Her father painted a gold line over the cracks. "Now it is even more beautiful," he said. Layla gently put the soil and plant back in. The plant seemed happy in its fixed home. Layla realised that making a mistake isn't the end, it's a chance to make things better. She washed her hands and went to dinner, thinking about her special gold-striped pot.

The End

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY



The Hedgehog's Hug

Hugo the hedgehog had a problem. He was very prickly. When he saw the bunnies hugging and the badgers cuddling, he felt lonely. "I wish I were soft," he sighed. He tried rolling in cotton, but it just slipped off. He tried wrapping himself in leaves, but they only crunched and broke. Hugo sat by the river and looked at his reflection. He thought that because he was prickly, no one would want to be close to him. Just then, a turtle named Timothy came to the water's edge.

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY



Timothy had a hard shell. "You look down," Timothy said. Hugo told him about his problem. Timothy smiled. "I have a hard shell, so your prickles don't hurt me at all." Timothy leaned in and pressed his shell gently against Hugo's side. It was the perfect hug. Hugo realised he didn't need to change who he was. He just needed to find a friend who understood him. He felt warm and accepted. Hugo waddled back to his burrow, still feeling the warmth of the hug on his prickles, and curled up happy.

The End



Luka's Tall Tower

Luka had a box of wooden blocks and wanted to build the tallest tower ever. He stacked one block, then two, then three. When he reached the fifth block, the tower wobbled and fell. *Clack!* Luka frowned and tried again, this time going faster. One, two, three, four...

Crash! It fell again. Luka's face grew hot. He almost threw the blocks, but instead he took a deep breath. Then he looked at the base of his tower. It was only one block wide.



Luka decided to try a new plan. He put three blocks at the bottom to make a strong foundation. Then he put two blocks on top of those. Then one on top. The tower stood firm! It wasn't a straight line, but it was strong. He added more blocks, building slowly and carefully. The tower grew higher than before. Luka learned that if you want to build something high, you need a strong base first. He admired his work, then carefully put the blocks away for the night, feeling proud of his patience.

The End

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY



The Brave Little Moth

Most moths loved the moon, but Luna liked the colours of the day. Moths are supposed to sleep when the sun is up, but one morning, Luna stayed awake. She wanted to see the flowers. The sun was bright and hot, and it hurt her eyes. Just then, a bird swooped down to catch her! Luna quickly hid under a big green leaf, her heart pounding. She missed the cool, safe darkness of night. Then she understood why she belonged to the night.



That evening, when the sun set and the air grew cool and purple, Luna flew outside. Night flowers opened and filled the air with sweet smells for her. The moon gave a soft, silver light that was gentle on her eyes. Luna danced with her friends in the night. She saw that the night was just as beautiful as the day in its own way. She didn't have to be a butterfly to be happy. Luna landed gently on a soft petal and felt right at home.

The End



Chen and the Teacup

Chen went to visit his grandmother. Every afternoon, she enjoyed drinking tea and had a special way of making it. Chen was usually energetic, always running and jumping, but everything changed in Grandma's tea room. Grandma poured the hot water slowly and took her time. "Watch the steam," she whispered. Chen sat quietly, watching the steam curl up like a dragon and the tea leaves open in the water like little blooming flowers.



Chen wanted to drink the tea right away, but the cup was too hot. "Patience makes it sweeter," Grandma said. They waited together quietly, which felt nice, not boring. When the tea cooled down, Chen took a sip. It tasted like flowers and honey. He noticed that slowing down helped him see things he usually missed, like the smell of the tea and the sound of birds outside. After he finished his cup, Chen leaned back on a cushion, feeling warm and peaceful.

The End



The Bear Who Couldn't Sleep

Bruno was a bear who didn't want to hibernate. "Winter is boring," he said. "I want to play." All his friends were asleep in their dens, so Bruno walked alone through the snowy forest. Everything was quiet. The wind howled, and the snow made his nose sting. He tried to build a snowman, but his paws got too cold. He tried sliding on the ice, but soon he felt tired and grumpy. Shivering under a pine tree, Bruno realised his body was trying to tell him something important.

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY

VIRTUALIBRY



He walked back to his den. Inside, it was warm and smelled like dry earth and moss. His mother moved in her sleep, leaving space for him. Bruno crawled in, and the warmth surrounded him right away. He understood that resting isn't just being lazy, it helps you have energy to play later. He closed his eyes, listened to the wind outside, and felt happy to be safe and warm. He snuggled into the bedding, ready to let winter go by.

The End

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY



Sofia's Missing Book

Sofia loved to read. Her favourite book was about a magical horse. One night, she searched for it under her bed, but it was gone. She checked the shelf, but it wasn't there either. Sofia started to feel panicked. She tossed pillows from the sofa and pulled blankets off the chair. Soon, the room was messy. Her breathing grew quick and shallow. Her mother walked in and saw the mess. "Sofia," she said, "you can't find anything when your mind is a storm."

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY



Sofia paused and took a deep breath. She picked up a pillow and put it back, then folded a blanket. As she cleaned up, her mind felt calmer. When she lifted the last cushion on the armchair, she found her book! It had been there the whole time. Sofia realised that staying calm helps you notice things. She hugged her book, happy to have it again. Then she got into her tidy bed, opened the book, and started to read.

The End



The Elephant's Memory

Elara was a young elephant with big, flapping ears. She walked with her herd across the savanna. The matriarch, the oldest grandmother elephant, stopped at a dry patch of dirt and began digging with her foot. Elara was confused. "Why are we stopping? There is no water here," she thought. She wanted to keep going to the river, but her grandmother kept digging. Elara watched, feeling impatient, shifting her weight from foot to foot.



Just then, water started to rise from the ground. The grandmother remembered this underground spring from many years ago. The herd happily drank the cool water, and Elara joined them. She realised that older elephants and people have wisdom that younger ones do not yet have. It is important to trust and learn from them. Elara nuzzled her grandmother to say thank you. With a full tummy, she leaned against her mother and watched the sun set, feeling safe with her family's wisdom.

The End



Kiki and the Colours

Kiki loved painting. She had a big sheet of paper and pots of red, blue, and yellow paint. She wanted to paint the sunset she saw outside her window. First, she dipped her brush in red and made a big stripe. Then she added yellow. But when she looked at the sky, she noticed a beautiful orange colour that wasn't in her paint jars. Kiki frowned. She searched for orange paint, but there was none. Her big sister Nala walked in and saw what was wrong. "You have everything you need right there," Nala said, pointing to the red and yellow paints.

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY



Nala showed Kiki how to mix a little red with a bit of yellow. Kiki swirled them together on a plate. Like magic, the colours turned into a bright, warm orange! Kiki's eyes grew wide. She learned that mixing things can create something new and wonderful. She painted a big orange sun on her paper. Then she mixed blue and red to make purple for the clouds. Kiki discovered she could solve problems by trying new things. She washed her brush and looked at her painting, feeling proud and ready to rest after a colourful day.

The End

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY



Rohan's High-Flying Kite

Rohan had a new kite. It was bright orange and diamond-shaped. He stood in the middle of the park, holding the string tightly. He wanted it to fly higher than the tallest tree.

Rohan ran across the grass as fast as he could, pulling the kite behind him. It bounced along the ground and tipped over. He tried again, running the other way, but the kite just dragged along the ground behind him. Rohan was sad, and he almost started to cry.

His father walked over and put a hand on Rohan's shoulder. "You cannot force the wind, Rohan," he said. "You must wait for the wind to come to you."

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY



Rohan stopped running. He stood still and licked his finger to check the wind. He waited. It was hard to stay still when he wanted to run, but he trusted his father. After a few minutes, the leaves on a nearby oak tree began to sway. A gentle breeze touched Rohan's cheek. He felt the kite pull in his hand. Slowly, he let the string out. The orange kite lifted, catching the wind. It climbed higher and higher, moving in the blue sky. Rohan realised that patience can feel like magic. He watched his kite float among the clouds and felt proud for waiting for the right moment.

The End

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY



Yuki's Gentle Hands

Yuki found a small, fuzzy, striped caterpillar in her garden. She wanted to keep it as a pet. When she picked it up, she squeezed it too tightly because she was excited. The caterpillar curled up in fear. Yuki felt sad. She wanted to be its friend, not scare it. Her grandfather noticed and knelt beside her. He whispered, "Small things need gentle hands. Open your hand flat, like a leaf."

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY



Yuki opened her hand and kept it very still. She didn't grab or poke the caterpillar. She waited patiently. After a while, the caterpillar felt safe and uncurled, then started crawling across her palm. It tickled, but Yuki stayed still and watched its tiny legs move. She walked to a bush and let the caterpillar crawl onto a branch. Yuki learned that being gentle helps build trust. She went inside to wash her hands, happy that she had been kind to a small creature.

The End

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY

VIRTALIBRARY



Lucas and the Seed

Lucas wanted to grow a sunflower. He dug a hole in the dirt and put a small striped seed inside. He covered it with soil, patted it down, and watered it with his watering can.

Lucas sat and watched for five minutes, but nothing happened. He waited ten more minutes, but still saw nothing. Feeling curious, Lucas thought about digging up the seed to see what was happening. His mom saw him and said, "Stop, Lucas. The seed is sleeping. It needs dark and quiet to wake up."

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY



Lucas pulled his hand away. He didn't want to wake the seed. His mom explained that growing takes time, and you can't hurry nature. Each day, he came out to water the spot and say hello. After a few days, he saw a tiny green speck coming up through the brown earth. It was a sprout! Lucas clapped his hands. He was glad he had let the seed rest. He said goodnight to his little plant, knowing it was growing even while he slept.

The End

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY



Zara's Rainy Day

Zara lived somewhere that often rained. Today, the rain was very heavy, making the sky look grey. Zara wanted to go outside. She couldn't. She squished her face to the window and sighed. "This rain is boring." Then she flopped onto the floor. Her brother Ali was making a fort out of blankets. "The rain sounds like music," Ali said. "Listen."
Zara closed her eyes and heard the *tappity-tap-tap* on the window.

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY



It really did sound like a drum. Zara picked up two wooden spoons. She gently tapped them on the floor, matching the rain's rhythm, *tappity-tap-tap*. She laughed. Together, they made up the words for a rain song and sang all afternoon. Later, they crawled into the blanket fort with a flashlight. Inside, it was warm. It felt like a secret hideout. Zara realised she couldn't change the weather, but she could change how she played. She lay on a pillow, listening to the rain and feeling cosy and safe.

The End

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY

VIRTUALIBRARY



If you enjoyed this
Story book

Please leave a
review by scanning
the code

