A Bed for a Seed

Squirrel prepares a very small guest room.



A short story for reading aloud

AGES 4-7 • Take your time. Enjoy the sounds.

A Bed for a Seed

Squirrel found a seed on the path.

It was brown, with a pale mark on one side.

"You need somewhere to sleep," she said.

She put it on a soft cushion.

Nothing happened.

She tucked it inside a little sock.

Nothing happened there either.

Perhaps it needed a story. Squirrel told it about a brave acorn and a very confused duck.

The seed stayed exactly the same.

Squirrel carried it to Rabbit's garden.

"My guest won't wake up," she said.

Rabbit looked at the seed. "Have you tried a bed of soil?"

Squirrel wrinkled her nose. "That sounds like a dirty bed."

"A seed might like it."

A Bed for a Seed

Squirrel found an old clay cup with a crack along its side. Rabbit helped her fill it with soil.

They tucked the seed inside and gave it a little water.

Squirrel placed the cup on her sunny windowsill.

Each morning she checked. There was only soil.

She wanted to dig the seed up and ask whether it was comfortable.

Instead, she waited.

On the fifth morning, a green curve pushed through the earth.

Squirrel gasped. "Your head!"

By the next day, two small leaves had opened.

"Your arms!"

Rabbit came to visit. Together they turned the cup so the little plant had room to lean towards the light.

"Shall I tell it another story?" asked Squirrel.

"You can," said Rabbit.

So Squirrel began the one about the duck again.

This time, she was quite sure her small green guest was listening.

THE END

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