A Pocketful of Sky

Something wonderful is waiting in a puddle.



A short story for reading aloud

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

A Pocketful of Sky

After the rain, Sami put on his red coat.

“Can we bring something home from our walk?” he asked Mum.

“Something small,” she said.

Sami found a leaf, but a beetle was resting on it. He left it where it was.

He found a twig shaped like a fork, but a dog carried it away.

Then he found a puddle.

Plip!

A drop fell from the roof. Rings spread across the water.

Inside the puddle was an orange cloud.

Sami crouched beside it. “This one,” he said. “I want to bring this one home.”

A Pocketful of Sky

He scooped some water in his hand. The cloud disappeared.

He tried his little bucket. Inside was only grey water.

“Where did it go?”

Mum crouched beside him. “Look up.”

The orange cloud was sailing above the rooftops. Sami looked down. There it was again, floating between his boots.

He waved. His puddle-self waved back.

Sami tipped the water gently out of the bucket.

“I cannot carry the sky,” he said. “But I can remember it.”

At home, he found orange paper and his blue crayons. He made a picture of a puddle with a cloud inside.

He folded it small enough for his coat pocket.

Next morning, the puddle had gone.

Sami patted his pocket.

His little piece of sky was coming to school.

THE END

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