

Bea and One More Chair

Making room can change the whole table.



Bea was arranging a garden lunch. Four bowls, four cups and four little chairs stood beneath the apple tree. She folded four napkins into neat green triangles.



Then Owl arrived with her cousin, a small bat named Timo. 'May he join us?' she asked. Bea looked at her carefully arranged table. There were only four places.



'I can find another chair,' Bea said. She brought one from the kitchen. It was much too tall. Timo's feet dangled far above the soft grass.



She fetched a low stool instead. Now his nose barely reached the table. Timo peered over the edge. Bea felt her neat lunch becoming a very untidy puzzle.



'What is comfortable for you?' she asked at last. Timo pointed to the shady side. 'Something low, with room to rest my wings, would be lovely.'



Bea looked around the garden. Beneath the window stood a wide, sturdy box. She covered it with a folded blanket. Timo tried sitting down and smiled.



But the box did not fit between the chairs. Bea pushed one chair left and another right. The table legs were still in the way. She stopped pushing.



Rabbit suggested moving the table. Owl suggested moving the tree, then laughed at herself. Timo looked at the picnic blanket in Bea's basket. 'What about that?'



They spread the blanket across the level grass beneath the branches. Everyone carried a bowl. The chairs became little tables for the water jug and basket of bread.



Bea unfolded her perfect napkins. On the blanket, they looked like four green leaves. She fetched one more, bright yellow, and placed it beside Timo's bowl.



The lunch was not arranged as she had imagined. Yet everyone could reach the food, feel the shade and see one another's faces while they talked.



After lunch, Bea drew a picture of their picnic. She left space at the edge for another friend. Next time, she thought, there could always be room.

The End

A little story. A moment to share.

What did you notice?

Which moment would you like to talk about?



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