Clover and the Crunchy Trail

A story about listening closely



MimoMango
Little Adventures. A Kinder Tomorrow.



Clover loved the round clearing where Grandad told stories. Today, fallen leaves covered every path. "Which way now?" she asked. Grandad smiled. "Let's see what we can notice."



Clover hopped onto a carpet of broad brown leaves. CRUNCH! They crackled beneath her feet like tiny paper bags. She stopped, lifted one foot, and listened again.



"The clearing is past the quiet trees," Grandad said. Clover remembered cool shade and a soft floor. These leaves were much too noisy. They tried the next path.



Thin yellow leaves lay beside a birch tree. Clover stepped carefully. Shush, shush. The sound was softer. She made a little shuffle, and Grandad copied her funny dance.



A gust sent the yellow leaves spinning. Clover laughed as one landed between her ears. Ahead, the path split around a rock. Both sides looked almost the same.



She wanted to hurry down the left side. Then she paused. "We can listen first." Grandad waited beside her while Clover took one small step along each path.



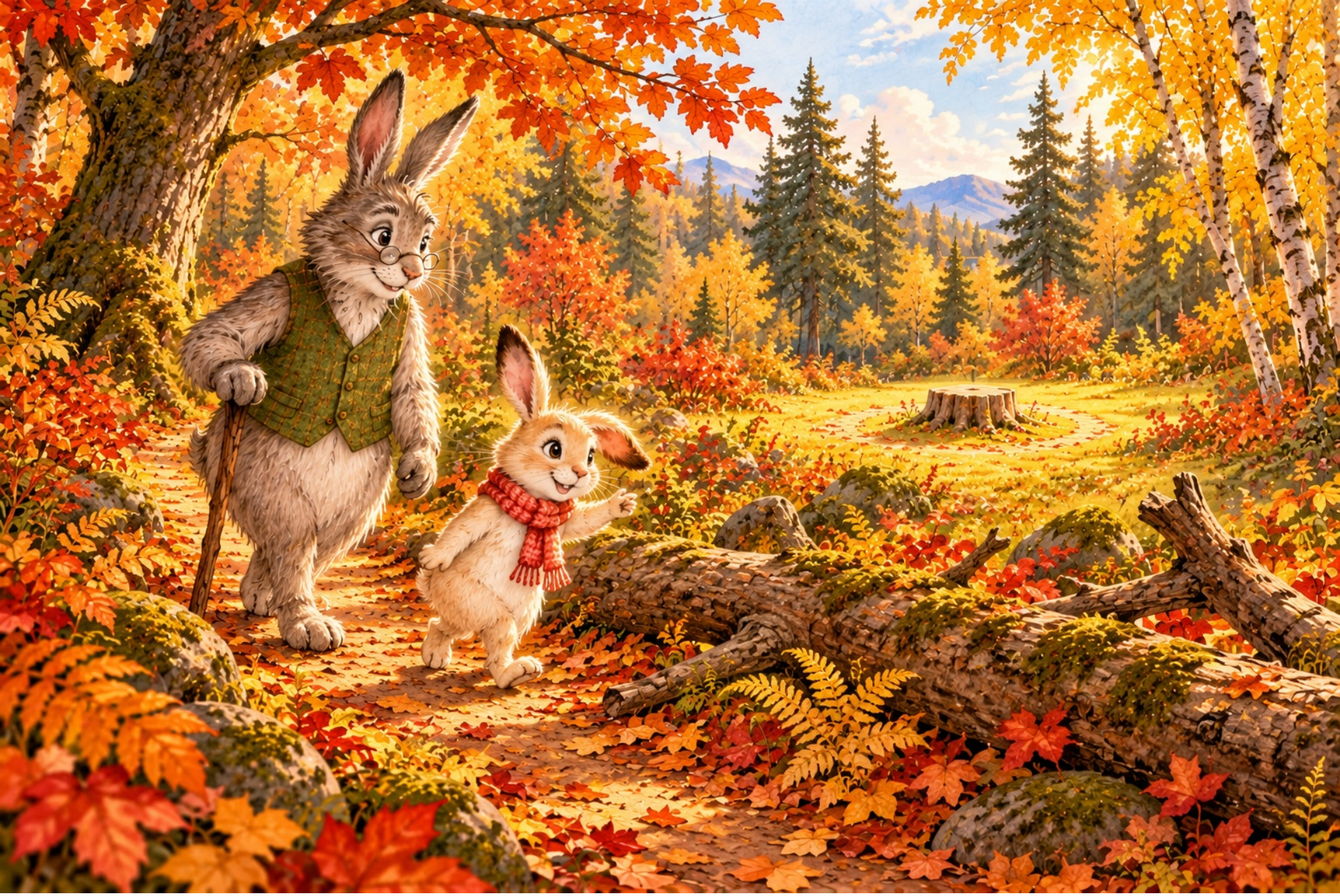
On the left, dry leaves snapped and crackled. On the right, pine needles made almost no sound. Clover remembered the clearing's tall pines. "This way, I think!"



They walked together beneath the dark green branches. The ground felt springy and soft. Clover could hear her own breathing, a faraway bird, and Grandad's gentle footsteps.



But the first open space was narrow, with a big stone in the middle. "Not our clearing," said Clover. She looked around instead of pretending she was sure.



Beyond a fallen branch, she spotted the familiar low stump. Grandad knew the safe path around. Soon they reached their round clearing, just as the afternoon light turned honey-gold.



Clover settled beside the stump. "I heard three different paths," she said. "Crunchy, shushy, and quiet." Grandad began a story about a rabbit with wonderfully careful listening ears.



On the way home, they stayed together on the familiar path. Clover made a soft shush, then a cheerful crunch. The woods had many sounds, and she knew some.



The end

What helped Clover choose a path?

What sounds can you hear when you walk?

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