

Ella Listens to the Rain

An unexpected day can hold its own surprises.



Ella had planned a picnic beneath the apple tree. She packed a blanket and two cups. Then rain tapped the window, and grey clouds covered the garden.



‘Oh, no,’ she groaned. Mum looked at the heavy sky. ‘We will stay inside while it pours.’ Ella put her blanket down in a disappointed heap.



For a while, she watched the rain without speaking. Big drops slid down the glass. One joined another and raced to the bottom. Ella followed it with her finger.



A small sound came from the sheltered doorway. Plink. Plink. Plink. Rain was landing in an empty flowerpot outside. Ella listened, her head tilted to one side.



Mum opened the inner door, keeping them dry under the porch. The rain made many sounds. It whispered on leaves and pattered loudly against the garden table.



Ella fetched her drawing book. She drew tiny dots for the whispering leaves and big round circles for the table. For the flowerpot, she drew three little splashes.



Their dog, Poppy, curled up beside her boots. Water trickled along the path. Ella noticed a snail beneath a broad leaf, safely away from the rushing drops.



‘I never hear all this when we are running around,’ she said. Mum brought their picnic cups. They sat on the blanket just inside the dry doorway.



The rain slowed from a rush to a patter. Then it became a few scattered taps. A bird began singing from the apple tree. Ella added it to her drawing.

When the rain stopped, they went outside together. Ella stepped around deep puddles and looked at drops hanging from leaves. The garden seemed polished and wonderfully fresh.



Sunshine slipped beneath the clouds. Far across the sky, faint colours curved into a rainbow. Ella stood still to look. Poppy sniffed the wet grass beside her.

The picnic had not happened as Ella planned. She carried her rain picture inside anyway, smiling. Tomorrow she might bring it to the apple tree and listen again.

The end

Slowing down can help us notice something new.

What sounds can you hear where you are?

Little adventures. A kinder tomorrow.

An original MimoMango story for sharing aloud.