Fia and the Windy Washday

A story about making a plan



MimoMango
Little Adventures. A Kinder Tomorrow.



Fia and Gran carried the clean washing into the garden. The sky was blue, the breeze was fresh, and Fia wanted every cloth on the line before lunch.



She spread a little towel over the low rope. Then she reached for a sock. Whoosh! The towel lifted like a sail and slid softly onto the grass.



Fia picked it up. "Stay there, towel!" she said. But towels do not listen to squirrels. Gran showed her a basket of wooden pegs waiting beside the washing.



Fia clipped one peg to the towel. The wind tugged at the other corner, twisting the cloth around. "It needs help at both ends," she said, finding another peg.



Now the towel stayed still enough to dry. Fia felt pleased. She reached into the washing basket again, but a light cloth escaped and fluttered towards the flowerbed.



Gran caught it before it reached the wet soil. "Let's keep the loose washing tucked down," she suggested. Fia put the basket in a sheltered place beside the tree.



They made a simple plan. First, choose one piece. Next, hold it over the line. Then clip both corners before reaching for anything else. Fia said the steps aloud.



A striped sock went up. A soft scarf followed. Fia worked slowly, with the pegs in a little pouch. The basket stayed sheltered, and nothing else floated away.



Halfway along the line, the wind changed direction. A sheet puffed towards Fia's face. She stepped back and laughed. "This one is too big for me to hold alone!"



Gran took one corner while Fia held the other. Together, they spread the sheet along the low line. Gran added extra pegs, and the sheet billowed safely between them.



At lunchtime, the garden looked full of gentle white sails. Fia counted the jobs in her head: choose, hold, clip. A little plan had made the windy work easier.



Later, they brought the dry washing inside. Fia put the pegs away in their basket. "Tomorrow, wind," she whispered, "you can dance with the leaves. Our towels are staying here."



The end

What helped Fia keep the washing on the line?

When could a small plan help you?

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