

Otto and the Quiet Path

There is more than one way to join in.



Otto loved visiting the riverside fair. He loved the bright flags, the berry stalls and the enormous painted fish that bobbed above the entrance every year.



But today, drums boomed beside the gate. Pots clattered. Everyone seemed to be calling at once. Otto stopped walking, and his ears folded close to his head.



'Come on!' called his friend Deni, a little duck. Otto wanted to follow. Instead, he stepped behind a leafy tree and took one slow, comfortable breath.



Deni came back. 'Did you change your mind?' she asked. Otto shook his head. 'I want to come. My ears just need a quieter way inside.'



They looked along the fence. A narrow path curled past the vegetable garden, away from the drums. At its end stood a small gate beside the flower stall.



The flower seller opened it. 'This entrance is fine too,' she said. Otto's shoulders softened. He could hear the gentle splash of water in her blue jug.



First, they visited the painted pebbles. Then they watched a snail weave grass. Otto chose a smooth stone with a tiny yellow sun painted on its side.



Across the fair, the drums began again. Otto squeezed his sunny stone. 'I need another pause,' he told Deni. 'Would you like to sit with me?'



They rested beneath a striped canopy, where the leaves made soft shadows. Deni described the berry cakes. Otto told her about the snail's wonderfully careful weaving.



A young rabbit stood nearby with paws over her ears. Otto moved along the bench. 'There is room here,' he said. Rabbit sat down with a sigh.



When they felt ready, the three friends took the garden path to the berry stall. They shared a small cake and watched the painted fish sway above them.



Otto went home with his sunny stone. He had joined the fair in his own way. Beside the gate, the quiet path was waiting for anyone who needed it.

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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