The Space in the Song



Sometimes the quiet part belongs too.

A short story to enjoy together

The Space in the Song

The music group had a new song. There were three claps, two taps, and one cheerful boom.

Clap, clap, clap. Tap, tap. BOOM!

Nell liked the boom best. Her little drum made a round, happy sound that she could feel in her knees.

Then their teacher, Jo, held up one hand.

Everyone stopped.

Nell gave one extra tap.

"Did we forget something?" she asked.

"We are leaving a space," said Jo.

Nell looked at the empty chair. "For another person?"

"For the quiet. Listen."

They played the song again. Clap, clap, clap. Tap, tap. BOOM!

This time Nell kept her hands still. In the space, she heard a bird outside. She heard someone's sleeve rustle. She heard herself take a breath.

Then the song began again, bright and fresh.

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"That felt like jumping," said Arun. "The quiet was just before our feet left the ground."

Nell tried it. She bent her knees and waited. Everyone waited with her. Then they sprang up laughing.

Jo let each child choose a sound for a new song. Arun chose a clap. Bea chose a gentle tap. Nell chose a boom so soft it was almost a secret.

"And then?" asked Jo.

Nell lifted her hands and smiled.

Nobody played.

For one lovely moment, the whole room listened together.

Then came the clap, the tap, and the little secret boom. Nell liked every part of their song now, even the part her drum did not make.

THE END

LET'S TALK

What did Nell hear in the quiet space? Try a short pause together. What can you hear?

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