The Blue Chair's New View



A familiar corner in a different home.

A short story to enjoy together

The Blue Chair's New View

Everything in Niko's new home seemed to be in the wrong place. The kitchen was beside the hall. The bedroom door opened the other way. Even the light switch felt too far away.

Niko sat on a closed box and hugged his toy rabbit.

"Does Rabbit like it here?" Dad asked.

"He hasn't decided."

The movers brought in a small blue chair. It had round arms and a patch on the seat where Niko had once spilled paint.

"That goes by our old window," Niko said.

Dad looked around the new room. "Let's find its new window."

They tried one corner. The chair faced a wall. They tried another. It was much too close to a box.

At last they put it beside the wide front window. Niko climbed in. The seat gave its familiar little sigh.

Rabbit fitted under one arm. Niko's feet tucked beneath him exactly as they always had.

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Outside, a tree shook its green leaves. A neighbour wheeled a bicycle along the path. Somewhere nearby, a dog gave two barks.

"Our old window didn't have that tree," Niko said.

"No," Dad agreed.

Niko watched a leaf turn slowly through the air. He put Rabbit on the chair's arm so he could see too.

Dad unpacked their storybook. He sat on the floor beside the chair and opened it at the bent corner.

The room was still new. There were still boxes everywhere.

But when Dad began to read, Niko leaned back against the blue cushion.

"Rabbit has decided he can stay," he whispered.

THE END

LET'S TALK

What helped Niko feel comfortable? What familiar thing would you take to a new place?

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