The Wheel That Went Chirrup



One small sound is worth keeping.

A short story to enjoy together

The Wheel That Went Chirrup

Otter's repair shop smelled of wood and clean cloth. On the bench stood a red toy cart with one wheel that would not turn.

Mouse placed a paw on its handle.

"It used to carry all my blocks," he said. "Now it only goes in a circle."

Otter turned the cart over. A piece of thread had wound tightly around the wheel.

"Here is our trouble."

She carefully removed the thread. She checked the other wheels and tightened one loose part. Then she rolled the cart across the bench.

Chirrup, chirrup, chirrup.

Mouse's ears stood up.

"What is that?"

"A little squeak," said Otter. "I can see if I can make it quieter."

She reached for a small cloth, but Mouse held up his paw.

"Please wait."

He pushed the cart very slowly.

Chirrup.

The Wheel That Went Chirrup

He pushed it a little faster.

Chirrup, chirrup, chirrup!

Mouse began to grin. "It sounds like the bird outside my window."

Otter listened. Then she smiled too.

They checked the cart together. Its wheels turned freely. Its handle was firm. Nothing wobbled that should not wobble.

"It works nicely," Otter said. "The sound can stay if you like it."

Mouse loaded his blocks into the cart. He pushed it to the door. The little squeak followed him down the path.

At home, he built a house with a wide doorway. Then he drove the cart inside.

Chirrup, chirrup.

"Welcome home, little bird," Mouse said.

He put a wooden block beside the cart. It was a nest, just the right size for a wheel.

THE END

LET'S TALK

Why did Mouse want to keep the squeak? Is there an everyday sound that you enjoy?

Original story and illustration created with AI assistance. MimoMango, 2026.