A Fort for Grandma



There is room for one more storyteller.

A short story to enjoy together

A Fort for Grandma

Lila and Ben had made a splendid fort. It had a blue roof, three cushions, and a doorway exactly as tall as Ben.

"We need a storyteller," said Lila.

"Grandma!" called Ben.

Grandma came over with a book. She looked at the tiny doorway. Then she looked at her knees.

"I would love to visit," she said. "But those knees prefer a chair these days."

Ben tried pushing a cushion through the door. Lila tried pulling the blanket higher. The roof slid sideways and landed on Ben's head.

"It is snowing blankets," he announced.

Grandma laughed. Lila sat down beside her.

"How big does your doorway need to be?"

Grandma showed them the space around her chair.

Together, with Dad's help, they moved two sturdy chairs farther apart. Dad draped the blanket securely over the backs. They left a wide opening in front.

A Fort for Grandma

Grandma's low armchair fitted underneath. Lila placed a cushion beside it. Ben brought another for himself.

The fort was not as secret as before. A whole strip of living room showed through the entrance.

But now Grandma could see the pictures clearly. Lila could lean against her chair. Ben could stretch his legs without knocking down the roof.

Grandma opened the book.

"Once upon a time, in a very roomy castle..."

"There lived two children," said Lila.

"And a storyteller with important knees," added Ben.

Grandma smiled and began again.

Outside the fort, Dad switched on a warm lamp. Inside, there was room for every word.

THE END

LET'S TALK

How did the children make Grandma welcome? What could you change so someone can join your game?

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