Camel Takes a Seat



Comfort comes in more than one shape.

A short story to enjoy together

Camel Takes a Seat

Camel arrived at the bus shelter with a satchel and a very long set of legs. Rabbit was already sitting on the bench.

"There is room beside me," Rabbit said.

Camel looked at the bench. He looked at his knees. He turned one way, then the other.

If he sat sideways, his legs would fill the path. If he sat straight, his feet would reach almost to the flower pots.

"I seem to have brought too much leg," he said.

Rabbit shuffled along the bench. "I can make more room."

"Thank you. But the bench is not the only place I can sit."

Camel took a small folded cushion from his satchel. He placed it on the clean, dry ground beside the shelter, well away from the path.

First he bent his front legs. Then he folded his back legs. Down he went, slowly and carefully, until all those long legs were tucked beneath him.

Rabbit watched with wide eyes.

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"You packed yourself away!"

Camel settled onto the cushion. "I have had plenty of practice."

From here, he could see a beetle crossing a stone. Rabbit leaned forward to look too.

They watched it climb, pause, and disappear behind a flower pot.

Then the bus came around the corner.

Camel unfolded. Up went his front. Up went his back. He was tall again.

Rabbit hopped down from the bench.

"Will you sit beside me on the bus?"

"If the seat suits us both," Camel said.

They climbed aboard together, ready to find a comfortable place.

THE END

LET'S TALK

How did Camel find a comfortable place? What helps you feel comfortable when you sit?

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