Mira's One-Leaf Museum



One small thing has plenty to show.

A short story to enjoy together

Mira's One-Leaf Museum

Mira brought home one fallen leaf from her walk with Mum. It was golden, dry, and full of little lines.

"I am making a museum," she announced.

She placed the leaf on a clean sheet of paper. Then she looked at the empty space around it.

"My museum is rather small."

Mum brought a magnifying glass. "Shall we look inside it?"

Mira held the glass above the leaf. The little lines grew wider. Some ran straight from the middle. Others branched into thinner lines.

"Roads," she whispered.

She drew the pattern on another sheet.

Along one edge, the leaf had a row of tiny points. Mira counted them slowly. Near the top were three small holes.

"Who made those?"

"Something may have eaten that part," Mum said. "We cannot be sure just from looking."

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Mira drew the holes too. They let the white paper show through like little windows.

She turned the leaf over carefully. The back felt different from the front. Its lines stood out more clearly beneath her fingertip.

Now her museum had a leaf, a picture of its lines, and a picture of its holes. She added a drawing of the tree where she had found it.

Dad came to visit the museum before dinner.

"What shall I look at first?" he asked.

Mira handed him the magnifying glass.

"Start anywhere. There is a lot here."

Dad bent over the golden leaf. Mira stood beside him, ready to show him the roads, the points, and the three little windows.

THE END

LET'S TALK

What new details did Mira find? Choose a safe natural object and look closely with a grown-up.

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