The Empty Frame



A picture can change when you move.

A short story to enjoy together

The Empty Frame

Dad had an empty wooden picture frame. He had taken out the glass and the backing so it was safe for Asha to hold.

"What shall we put inside?" he asked.

Asha held the frame in front of a blue cushion.

"A very soft sea."

She moved it towards the plant by the window.

"A jungle."

She held it around one small corner of the rug.

"A place with hundreds of tiny roads."

Dad came to look. Through the frame, the rug's pattern seemed different. The little corner felt like a whole picture of its own.

Asha carried the frame to the window. Dad stood beside her while she held it up. Inside the wooden edges were part of a tree, a cloud, and the roof across the path.

Then the cloud drifted away.

"My picture is moving," she said.

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A bird landed on the branch. The leaves shook. Someone opened a curtain in the house opposite.

Asha watched her changing picture for a while.

Then she turned around and held the frame in front of Dad's face.

He made his eyes wide and his mouth very small. Asha laughed. He changed to a grand, serious face. She laughed even more.

"This is my favourite picture," she said.

Dad smiled through the empty middle.

"Shall we draw it?"

Asha fetched paper and crayons. She drew the big eyes, the funny mouth, and the smile that came afterwards.

When they put her drawing in the frame, the face stopped moving.

But every time Asha looked at it, she remembered the laugh.

THE END

LET'S TALK

Which view did Asha like best? What could you notice by looking at one small part of a room?

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