The Duck in Seat Seven

A little passenger makes a long journey feel short.



A short story for reading aloud

AGES 4-7 • Take your time. Enjoy the sounds.

The Duck in Seat Seven

Ada and Grandma were going on a train.

Ada carried a bag, a sandwich and a small yellow toy duck.

“Seat seven,” said Grandma.

“Quack,” said Ada for the duck.

The train pulled away.

Clickety-clack. Clickety-clack.

Ada showed Duck a bridge. She showed Duck some cows. She showed Duck a field so yellow it looked like a very large duck.

Then the train went into a tunnel.

Outside the window, everything turned dark.

Ada held Grandma's hand. The lights inside the train stayed bright.

“Duck cannot see the cows,” she whispered.

“Perhaps he would like a story until we come out,” said Grandma.

The Duck in Seat Seven

Ada held Duck up to her ear.

“He says he once went through a tunnel made of cake.”

“Really?” said Grandma.

“He ate a window in it.”

Grandma laughed. Then she told Duck about a tunnel made of wool, with a sleepy kitten at the end.

Clickety-clack. Clickety-clack.

Before Ada could invent another tunnel, sunlight filled the window.

They shared their sandwiches. Duck had a pretend crumb.

At the next station, Grandma checked their bags.

“Bag? Sandwich box? Ada?”

“Here!”

“Duck?”

Ada looked at the seat. Then under the seat. Then inside her bag.

A yellow head peeped from Grandma's coat pocket.

“Quack,” said Grandma.

Ada laughed all the way onto the platform.

THE END

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