The Hat on the River

Badger’s hat has decided to go travelling.



A short story for reading aloud

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

The Hat on the River

Badger's red hat blew off beside the river.

It landed on the water, turned and drifted.

"Come back!" Badger called.

It drifted on.

Badger hurried along the bank. He stayed well away from the edge, but the hat drifted further out.

Otter lifted her head from the shallow water.

"Is that your boat?"

"It's my hat!"

"A smart boat," said Otter.

She swam beside it. Something inside the hat moved.

Otter looked closer. A ladybird clung to the ribbon.

"You have a passenger," she called.

Badger stopped running.

"Please bring them both back," he said. "The passenger first, if you have to choose."

The Hat on the River

Otter found a twig. She pushed it against the brim.

The hat turned towards the bank.

A swirl of water turned it away again.

"Steady," Otter told the ladybird.

She nudged the hat past a stone and into a quiet patch near the reeds.

Badger lay on his tummy, safely back on the grass. Otter pushed the hat onto the muddy shore.

The ladybird climbed up a reed. She opened her wings, paused in the sunshine and flew away.

Badger lifted his hat. Water poured out.

"My head would need a towel," he said.

Otter laughed.

They spread the hat on a flat rock. While it dried, Badger told Otter where he had been going.

"A picnic," he said. "Would you like to come?"

"Certainly. Shall I bring a boat?"

Badger held his red hat firmly.

"I think we've had enough sailing for today."

THE END

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