The Hippo in the Lift

A little room for a large passenger.

A short story to enjoy together



Read slowly. Pause to enjoy the pictures and the words.

The Hippo in the Lift

READ TOGETHER

Hippo waited for the lift with a tiny flowerpot. When the doors opened, three mice were standing inside. "Is there room?" Hippo asked. The mice looked at him, then at the flowerpot.

"For the plant, certainly," said the smallest mouse. Hippo looked at his own broad tummy. "The plant would prefer to travel with its gardener."

The lift was large, and its capacity notice showed that their small group could ride together. The mice stepped to one side. Hippo stepped in carefully. He held the pot close so its leaf did not tickle anyone.

Mouse pressed the button for the third floor. Hippo needed the fourth. "Your plant is going higher than us," Mouse said. "It has ambitions," Hippo replied.

The Hippo in the Lift

READ TOGETHER

At the third floor, the mice waved goodbye. The smallest mouse leaned towards the pot. "Enjoy the view." Its single leaf trembled as the doors closed.

On the fourth floor, Hippo carried the plant to a sunny window. He turned the pot so the leaf faced outside. Far below, three very small mice crossed the courtyard.

Hippo waved. The leaf moved too. Perhaps it was only the movement of his hand. But Hippo thought the plant had learned excellent lift manners.

LET'S TALK

How did the passengers make room for one another?

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