The Listening Tube

An evening adventure without leaving the roof.



A short story for reading aloud

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

The Listening Tube

Leela wanted to hear the sea.

“It is much too far away for tonight,” said Grandpa.

Leela held an empty paper tube to her ear. “Perhaps this will help.”

They sat together on the roof, safely behind the low wall. The evening air was warm.

Through the tube came a long, soft shhhhh.

“The sea!” whispered Leela.

Grandpa pointed down. A neighbour was sweeping the path.

Shhhhh. Shhhhh.

Then came a deep rumbly sound.

“A whale?” asked Leela.

A bus rolled past the corner.

Brrrrrum!

Leela giggled. This was a very busy sea.

The Listening Tube

She turned the tube towards the sky.

Quick little squeaks darted overhead. Swallows were swooping home.

“Flying fish,” Leela decided.

Grandpa listened too. He heard a spoon clink in a kitchen. He heard someone close a gate. He heard a baby laugh.

Leela lowered the tube.

Now the sounds arrived all together: sweeping, rumbling, clinking, laughing.

The city seemed enormous and very close at the same time.

“I still want to hear the real sea,” she said.

“One day,” said Grandpa.

“But tonight,” Leela added, “I think our roof is a good listening place.”

From inside came a familiar call.

“Dinner!”

Leela smiled. “That is my favourite sound.”

THE END

Original MimoMango story. Story and illustration created with AI assistance. First edition, 2026.