The Pear at the Door

A woodland delivery takes an unexpected turn.



A short story for reading aloud

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

The Pear at the Door

Bram the hedgehog found a pear beneath a tree.

It was yellow. It was sweet-smelling. It was much too large to carry.

“My aunt would love this,” he said.

He pushed with his nose.

Nudge, nudge, roll.

The pear rolled along the path. Bram followed.

At a root, it stopped.

He pushed harder. Nothing happened.

He walked around it. He scratched his ear. Then he pushed from the side.

Nudge, nudge, wobble!

The pear rolled around the root.

“That is better,” said Bram.

Beyond the tree, his aunt's little house waited at the bottom of a gentle slope.

The Pear at the Door

Bram gave one tiny push.

The pear rolled.

Bram trotted.

The pear rolled faster.

Bram ran.

“Wait!” he called, though pears are not very good at waiting.

It bumped softly against his aunt's door.

Bump-bump.

His aunt opened it.

“A pear!” she said. “How lovely.”

Bram arrived a moment later, puffing.

“A pear,” he agreed, “with a hedgehog behind it.”

His aunt brought out a little tray. Together, they rolled the pear onto it and carried it inside.

She cut the fruit into soft slices. Bram took the biggest one.

“Did you have a pleasant walk?” she asked.

Bram thought about the root, the slope and the very speedy pear.

“I had a pleasant sit-down at the end,” he said.

And he took another bite.

THE END

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