The Puddle Postcard

A picture that changes every time you look.



A short story for reading aloud

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

The Puddle Postcard

After the rain, Duck found a puddle shaped like a heart.

She wanted to show her cousin beyond the hill.

"I'll send it to her," Duck decided.

She scooped up water in a cup.

The heart became a crooked potato.

Duck poured the water back.

Now it looked like a fish.

"You won't stay still," she told it.

Frog hopped over.

"Puddles are not good at being parcels."

"Then how can I send it?"

"You could draw it," said Frog.

Duck brought paper and a pencil. She sat beside the puddle and began.

But a breeze rippled the water, and the fish became something entirely different.

The Puddle Postcard

"Now it's a dragon!" Duck cried.

She drew a dragon.

A drop fell from the tree. Rings spread across the puddle.

"Now it's a stack of circles."

She drew those too.

Frog leaned over the edge. His reflection stretched across the water.

"Now it's a handsome frog," he said.

Duck drew him with especially large eyes.

By afternoon, her paper was full. She added a heart, a potato and a fish in the spaces between.

With Frog's help, she wrote: Look what the rain made.

The next day, Duck carried the postcard over the hill.

Her cousin studied every picture.

"What an exciting puddle! Can we go and see it?"

When they arrived, the puddle had dried. Only a damp patch remained.

Duck felt a little disappointed.

Then her cousin pointed at the sky.

"Look. More rain."

They fetched their pencils and waited together.

THE END

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