The Quietest Parade

A celebration goes past a sleeping friend.



A short story for reading aloud

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

The Quietest Parade

Rabbit had a drum. Mouse had a flag. Badger wore a hat with three paper flowers.

"Ready for the parade?" Rabbit called.

"Ready!"

They marched down the path.

Boom, boom, tap!

Flutter, flutter, flap!

At the corner, Owl leaned out of her window.

"Could you be a quieter? My baby has just fallen asleep."

Rabbit stopped drumming.

Mouse stopped waving. Badger caught a falling flower.

"Of course," Rabbit whispered.

But the path past Owl's house was the only way to the meadow.

"We could wait," said Mouse.

"Or," whispered Badger, "we could try a parade that nobody can hear."

The Quietest Parade

Rabbit tapped his drum with one soft finger.

Pat. Pat.

Mouse waved her flag slowly, making wide circles in the air.

Badger lifted his knees high and set his feet down gently.

A butterfly joined them. It was excellent at parades.

So was a snail, although it needed rather more time.

The friends made funny faces instead of cheering. Rabbit puffed out his cheeks. Mouse crossed her eyes. Badger's hat slid over his nose.

They shook with silent laughter.

At the meadow, everyone sat down.

"That," whispered Mouse, "was our best parade."

"You can talk normally now," said Rabbit.

Mouse looked surprised. Then she laughed out loud.

Later, Owl came to the meadow with her wide-awake baby.

"Did we miss it?" she asked.

Badger straightened his paper flowers.

"We can do it again."

This time, the baby waved a feather. And when Rabbit tapped his drum, the baby tapped both feet.

THE END

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