The Shadow Picnic

A sunny day calls for a moving lunch.



A short story for reading aloud

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

The Shadow Picnic

Bear chose the sunniest spot for his picnic.

"Lovely," he said, putting down a blanket.

Rabbit arrived with berries. "Lovely," she agreed.

But soon Bear's ears grew hot. Rabbit's berries grew warm. Even the water tasted like afternoon.

"We need a roof," said Rabbit.

Bear held a leaf above them. It covered one berry.

Rabbit held up a bigger leaf. It covered Bear's nose.

"A very small roof," Bear said.

Across the grass lay a wonderful dark shape. It was wide enough for Bear, Rabbit and every berry.

"A tree shadow!" cried Rabbit.

They carried the picnic over and settled beneath the cool leaves.

The Shadow Picnic

For a while, everything was perfect.

Then the sun crept onto Rabbit's toes.

"Our roof is moving," she said.

They shuffled the blanket sideways. Bear shuffled the basket. Rabbit shuffled the berries into her mouth.

A little later, the sun found Bear's knees.

Shuffle, shuffle, shuffle.

"This picnic is going for a walk," said Bear.

They followed the shade around the tree, stopping to eat, drink and watch ants carry their own tiny lunches.

At last, they reached the other side.

"We've travelled all afternoon," Rabbit said. "And we haven't left the tree!"

Bear looked into the empty basket.

"Our food has travelled further."

He patted his tummy.

They leaned against the trunk. The leaves whispered overhead. This time, when the shadow moved, the two friends stayed where they were and watched the golden evening arrive.

THE END

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