Wren and the Sleepy Market

A story about early helpers



MimoMango
Little Adventures. A Kinder Tomorrow.



Wren woke before the sun. Today, Dad was taking her to the market early. She imagined music, busy stalls, and a crowd of neighbours choosing their favourite things.



But the square was almost empty. Some stalls were bare, and the square looked sleepy. "Has everyone forgotten?" Wren asked. Dad listened. Somewhere, wheels rattled across the stones.



A badger pushed a cart of apples towards a stall. Dad held the gate open. Wren stepped safely aside, then watched the badger place each basket on the counter.



From the bakery came a warm, buttery smell. A bear in a flour-dusted apron opened the door. Inside, neat trays of bread waited on a high cooling shelf.



"You have already done lots," Wren said. The baker nodded. "Bread needs time before breakfast." Dad bought two rolls, and Wren carried the paper bag away from the oven.



Beside the fountain, a rabbit was filling buckets for flowers. Wren watched roses and bright yellow daisies rise from a bundle. The empty stall suddenly looked like a garden.



"May I help?" Wren asked. The rabbit gave her a small empty basket to place beside the stall. It was a tiny job, but Wren carried it carefully.



A hedgehog swept fallen leaves from the path. Wren moved her feet out of the way. A mouse checked the awning ropes. Dad thanked them both for their work.



Now the square began to change. Blue cloth rippled overhead. Apples shone in rows. The fountain splashed, a doorbell jingled, and somebody laughed behind a stack of baskets.



Wren sat with Dad on a bench and ate her roll. "The market wasn't sleeping," she said. "It was getting ready." Dad brushed a crumb from his waistcoat.



Soon, neighbours filled the square. They admired flowers, chose apples, and waved across the stalls. Wren noticed the swept path beneath their feet and the strong awnings overhead.



On the way home, she waved to every early helper. The market's busy morning had begun long before the crowd arrived. Now Wren knew where some of its magic started.



The end

Who helped the market get ready?

Who helps make your day run smoothly?

Little adventures. A kinder tomorrow.

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Designed for reading together, ages 4-7.