Zara and the Quiet Corner

There is room for every kind of fun.



The classroom was full of busy sounds. Blocks clattered. Wheels rattled. Someone laughed a great big laugh. Zara liked her friends, but today everything felt very loud.



She tried joining the toy shop. Two children asked for apples at once. A basket tumbled. Zara’s shoulders rose towards her ears, and her smile slipped away.



Her teacher crouched nearby. ‘What would help?’ she asked softly. Zara thought for a moment. ‘Somewhere with fewer sounds,’ she said. ‘Just for a little while.’



They looked around together. Beside the bookshelf was a small empty space. Zara carried over a blue cushion. Her teacher added a soft mat and another cushion.



Zara chose a book about clouds. Sitting on the mat, she turned its pages slowly. A cloud looked like a sheep. Another looked like a giant pear.



The classroom still hummed outside her corner. But here, the sounds felt farther away. Zara let her shoulders drop. Her hands stopped squeezing the edge of her dress.



Ben came over with a drum. ‘Can I sit here?’ he asked. Zara nodded. ‘This is a quiet corner. Could your drum wait beside the shelf?’



Ben put it down carefully. He sat on the other cushion and looked at the clouds. ‘That one is a potato,’ he whispered. Zara’s smile came back.



Later, Zara felt ready to play shops again. She left the book open for Ben. ‘You can stay,’ she told him. ‘I’m going to sell some apples.’



This time, she asked the shoppers to take turns. One apple for Maya. Two for Kit. The basket stayed on the table, and Zara enjoyed counting.



At tidy-up time, the children kept the little corner ready. They stacked the books and straightened the cushions. Anyone could use it when they needed quieter play.



Zara looked around her busy classroom. There was space for building, laughing, pretending and resting. Tomorrow might feel different. Whatever she needed, she could ask for it.

The end

A quiet moment can help us feel ready again.

Where do you like to rest or read?

Little adventures. A kinder tomorrow.

An original MimoMango story for sharing aloud.