初心

Will It Be Here Tomorrow?

A little goodnight for everything.



The bath was done. The pyjamas were on. The lamp was low.

But Page was not ready for the day to end.



“What if my tower falls down in the night?” said Page.

Her tower of blocks stood on the rug, tall and a little bit wobbly.

Dawny knelt down by the tower.

“Let’s ask it,” she said. “Tower, will you be here tomorrow?”



The tower stood very, very still.
“That means yes,” said Dawny.
Page giggled. “Goodnight, tower.”




“What about my boots?”
Her boots stood by the door, side by side.
“Boots, will you be here tomorrow?”
The boots stayed side by side.
“Goodnight, boots.”

Page went to the window.

Outside, the meadow was dark and soft. A sheep was sleeping under the big tree.

“Will the meadow be here tomorrow?” she whispered.



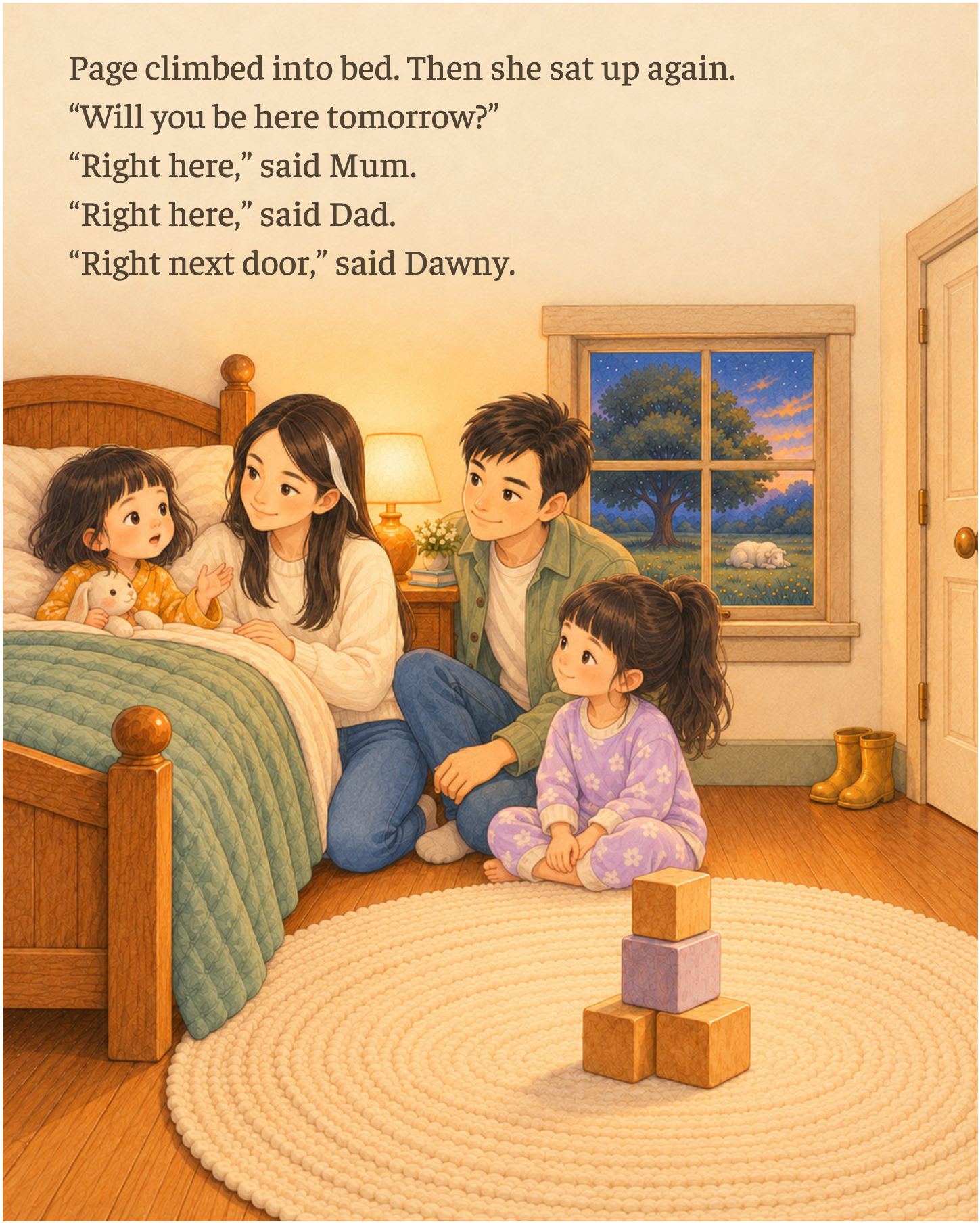
Dad came and stood beside her.

“The meadow is here every night,” he said. “And every morning, there it is.”

“Goodnight, meadow,” said Page. “Goodnight, sheep.”



Page climbed into bed. Then she sat up again.
“Will you be here tomorrow?”
“Right here,” said Mum.
“Right here,” said Dad.
“Right next door,” said Dawny.



Page lay down.

The tower stood. The boots waited. The meadow slept.

“Goodnight, everything,” said Page.

And she closed her eyes.



A little to talk about

What did Page say goodnight to?

What would you like to say goodnight to tonight?



初心

SHOSHIN KIDS

Calm play for curious minds.