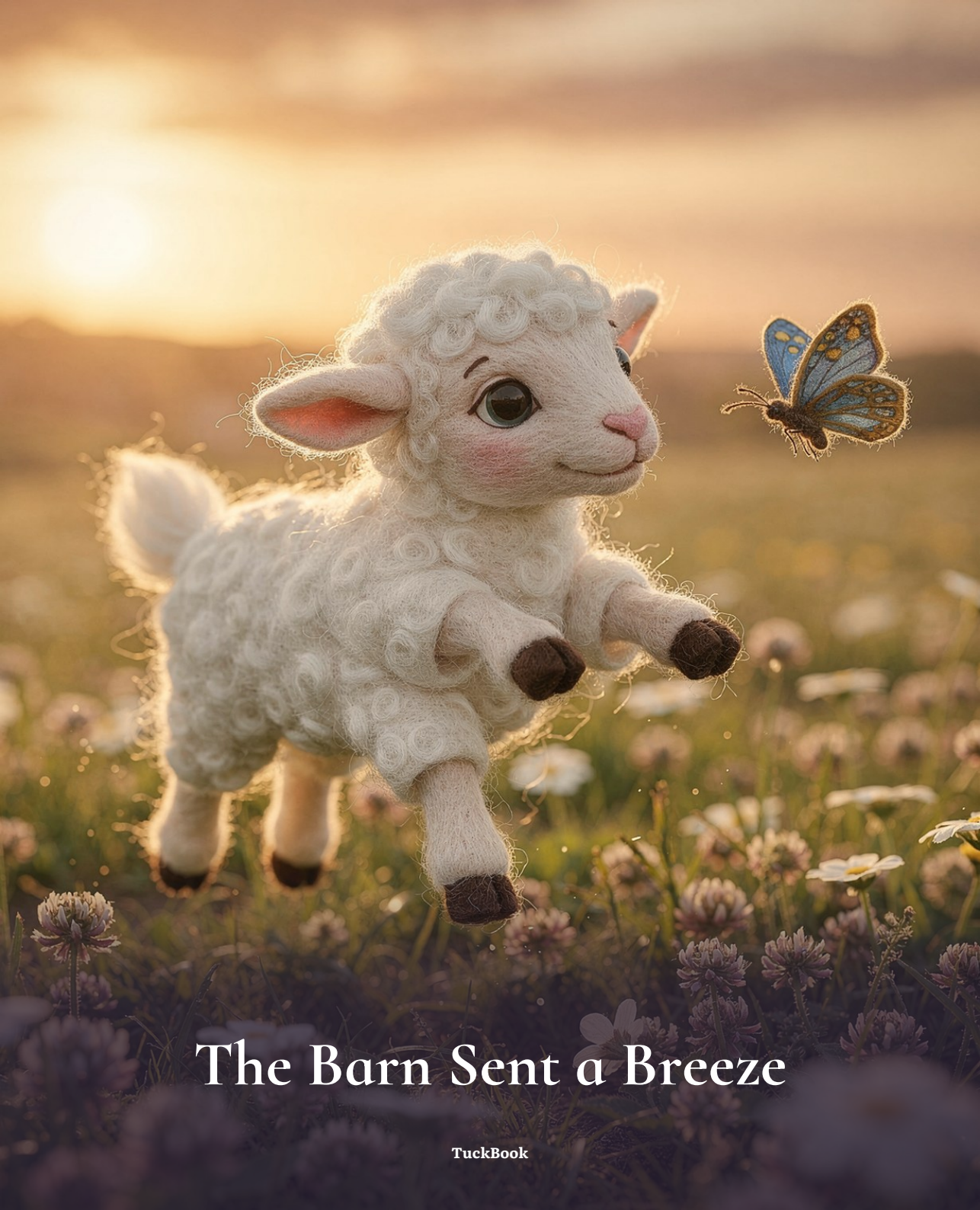




The Barn Sent a Breeze

“Wait for me!” cried Nora, a young lamb, as a blue-and-gold butterfly lifted from the meadow clover. Its wings opened, shut, opened, shut. Nora bounced after it. She wanted to see where it fluttered all day.

The butterfly skimmed over a flat grey stone. Nora skipped over the stone. It bobbed past a patch of tall daisies. Nora pushed through the tickly stems. “Just a little farther,” she said, because the butterfly was so beautiful.





At a puddle beside the farm path, the butterfly paused on a yellow buttercup. Nora saw her own round ears in the water. Then the butterfly flicked away again, over the path, and Nora followed its dancing wings.

The farm path bent around a hedgerow. The butterfly rose above it, swooped down, then vanished behind the leaves. Nora hurried around the bend. But there was no butterfly. There was only the path, a wooden gate, and grass she did not know.

Nora turned one way. No meadow. She turned the other way. No barn. The sky above the fields was growing soft and pink. Her little hooves stopped. Her tummy felt tight, as if it had tied itself in a knot.

She wanted to dash up the path and dash down the path. Instead, Nora tucked her legs close and stood very still. She remembered the cozy barn: the red doors, the low wooden roof, and her warm bed of hay.







Nora lifted her nose. Sniff. Nothing but dusty path. She waited. Sniff. There it was, faint and sweet: warm hay. A small breeze slipped past her ears. Nora turned toward the smell and took one careful step.

Sniff, step. Sniff, step. The smell grew stronger. Nora passed the wooden gate, then the daisies, then the flat grey stone. At last she saw the red barn doors across her own meadow.

Nora trotted through the barn doorway just as the pink sky deepened above the roof. Her family gathered around her with soft noses and happy little baas. Nora climbed into her warm bed of hay and folded her legs beneath her.







Above the doorway, the blue-and-gold butterfly floated past once more. Nora watched it go, then breathed in the sweet hay smell. The barn was exactly where it belonged.

Good night.



Made with love at TuckBook

After the story



WHAT THIS STORY IS ABOUT

Nora follows a beautiful butterfly farther from home, then finds her way back by trusting the familiar scent of warm hay. A gentle evening adventure about feeling lost and safely returning home.

TALK ABOUT IT AFTER READING

After reading, ask which moment felt the warmest or bravest today.

AND TOMORROW...

The next morning, Nora notices the butterfly resting near a different path and wonders whether she can watch it without losing sight of the barn.





The Barn Sent a Breeze

Personal edition by TuckBook

tuckbook.app

Copy TB-410-A654C9ED6A



The Barn Sent a Breeze

Nora follows a beautiful butterfly farther from home, then finds her way back by trusting the familiar scent of warm hay. A gentle evening adventure about feeling lost and safely returning home.

3 minutes of reading



TuckBook

TB-410-A654C9ED6A