



Oliver Meets the Sprite

A story for Oliver

TuckBook

The main character of this story: **Oliver**

Crishh, crishh, crishh. Oliver stopped halfway under his soft blue blanket. Tomorrow he would return to school, and his green school bag was packed beside the bed with his reading folder, pencil case, and snack box. But he could not possibly sleep while something was making that gentle, scratchy rustle underneath him.

He tucked his knees close. The dark gap below the bed seemed much deeper than it had in daylight. Crishh. Something brushed the floorboards. Oliver stared at the gap until his eyes began to make shadowy shapes of every sock, toy block, and forgotten crumb that might be hiding there.





"Could you stay with me?" he called. His parent came in at once, wearing a red cardigan and carrying Oliver's small bedside lamp. Its round yellow shade made a puddle of honey-coloured light on the rug. "I can stay," said his parent. "We do not have to guess in the dark."

Oliver switched on the lamp while his parent set it safely on the floor beside the bed. The light reached under the bed in a thin golden stripe. There were dust-fluffs, one red building block, and the edge of his school ribbon, blue and shiny, poking out from beneath the frame.





"My ribbon!" said Oliver. He remembered tying it around his reading folder so it would not slide open in his school bag. When he had lifted the folder out to show his parent his new library book, the ribbon must have fallen. It gave another little shiver. Crishh.

Oliver leaned forward, but did not crawl under the bed. His parent sat close beside him, one hand resting on the quilt. At the far end of the ribbon, something no bigger than Oliver's thumb flickered behind a bed leg. It had a pointed nightcap the colour of a lavender petal and two silvery slippers, both caught in the blue ribbon.

The little creature gave a frightened squeak and pulled away. The ribbon tightened. Crishh! Oliver's own tummy tightened too. He wanted to yank the ribbon free and finish the mystery quickly. Then he saw one tiny slipper twist more tightly in the shiny loop.

"I think it is stuck," Oliver whispered. His parent nodded. "It may be a bedtime sprite. They are very shy. Worry sounds enormous to a small creature." Oliver took one slow breath. The lamp glowed steadily. He loosened his fist from the blanket.



"Hello," he said toward the golden stripe under the bed. "I need my ribbon for school, but I do not want to hurt you. If you hold still, I will try to help." The sprite's pointed cap trembled. Then, after a quiet moment, it stopped pulling.

Oliver held the ribbon's loose end with two careful fingers. Instead of tugging, he made a little wave in it, then another, so the loop near the sprite grew wider. He slid his hand only as far as the bed's edge and lifted the loosened ribbon gently. The silvery slipper popped free. Then the other one did too.





Out stepped the bedtime sprite, light
as a curled leaf. It bowed to Oliver,
gathered its lavender cap, and brushed
a speck of dust from its knees. "Crishh,"
it said, but now the sound was soft
and pleased, like pages being turned very
slowly. It slipped behind the bed leg
and vanished into
the lamp's warm shadow.

Oliver drew the blue school ribbon all
the way out and tied it neatly around his
reading folder. He placed the folder back
in his green school bag. Tomorrow could
come when it was ready; everything he
needed was waiting by the bed.





His parent put the lamp back on the bedside table, leaving its small glow on. Oliver settled beneath his blanket. From under the bed came one last faint crishh, not a scary sound at all now, but a tiny rustle of reassurance. Oliver listened until it blended with the quiet room, and his eyes closed.





Good night, Oliver.



Made with love at TuckBook

After the story



WHAT THIS STORY IS ABOUT

On the night before school begins again, Oliver hears a rustle beneath his bed. With a warm lamp, a caring parent, and a gentle choice, he discovers a tiny mystery that makes bedtime feel safe again.

TALK ABOUT IT AFTER READING

After reading, ask: “Oliver, which moment felt the warmest or bravest today?”

AND TOMORROW...

On the next school night, Oliver notices a single silver slipper-print beside his neatly packed school bag.





Oliver Meets the Sprite

Personal edition by TuckBook

tuckbook.app

Copy TB-473-E8AFB079E6

Oliver Meets the Sprite

On the night before school begins again, Oliver hears a rustle beneath his bed. With a warm lamp, a caring parent, and a gentle choice, he discovers a tiny mystery that makes bedtime feel safe again.

6 minutes of reading



TuckBook

TB-473-E8AFB079E6