



Oliver at the Swing

A story for Oliver

TuckBook

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

The school bell gave one bright ring just as Oliver spotted the blue swing beyond the playground gate. He tightened both hands around his school backpack straps. All morning he had thought about that swing: flying forward, toes high, then drifting back again. It was his first day back after the school holiday, and a turn on the swing was the one thing he had been saving for.

But someone was already swinging. A girl in a striped jumper leaned back and pumped her legs, while two children waited beside a short yellow line painted on the ground. Oliver stopped well away from the swinging path, beside the playground entrance. The duty teacher stood nearby with a whistle on a blue cord.

“May I have a turn after them?” Oliver asked.





“Of course,” said the teacher. “The yellow line is our waiting line. One child swings, then comes off at the side. The next child steps up.” Oliver put his backpack carefully against the fence and joined the end of the line. There were two children before him. Two felt like rather a lot.

The swing swept forward. It came back. Forward. Back. Oliver’s feet wanted to shuffle, but he kept them behind the yellow paint. He peered at the monkey bars, where children were climbing. He looked at the chalk hopscotch squares. Still, his eyes slipped back to the blue swing each time it sailed past.

A boy who had been waiting first took his turn. Oliver’s shoulders dropped. Now only one child was ahead of him, but that child had very curly hair and seemed to be waiting for a very long time. Oliver opened his backpack flap and saw the corner of the breathing card his teacher had given the class that morning. On it was a picture of a square: breathe in, hold, breathe out, rest.





Oliver closed the flap again, leaving the card safe inside. He did not need to take it out. He breathed in while the swing went forward. He held his breath softly while it slowed at the top. He breathed out while it came back. Then he rested, with his hands loose by his sides.

Forward, hold, back, rest. The rhythm fitted the swing exactly. Oliver noticed something else: every child who finished stepped away at the side, and every waiting child moved up just one place. Nobody had to guess. The yellow line told the story with their feet.

The curly-haired child was next. Oliver felt a fizz of wishing in his knees, but he stayed behind the line and breathed with the moving seat. When the child slowed down, the teacher held the swing still. The child climbed off to the side. Oliver was first.

“Your turn, Oliver,” said the teacher.



Oliver walked around the side, held the cool blue chains, and sat down. The teacher gave him one small, gentle push. Oliver stretched his legs forward. Up he went, high enough to see the school windows glowing pale gold in the late-afternoon light, then back toward his red backpack by the fence. Forward, hold, back, rest. This time the rhythm was not for waiting. It was for flying.

After several lovely swoops, Oliver slowed his feet against the ground. A smaller boy was waiting behind the yellow line, watching him hopefully. Oliver stepped off at the side and held the swing still until the teacher took the chain. “It’s your turn now,” Oliver said. The boy smiled and climbed on.





Oliver picked up his backpack, feeling its familiar weight against his shoulders. He did not feel cross about the wait anymore. He had found the pattern, kept his place, and had his turn. As he left through the playground gate, the swing creaked gently behind him: forward, back, forward, back.





That evening, Oliver hung his backpack by the door and climbed into bed. His legs still remembered the swing's easy rise and fall. He breathed in, held, breathed out, and rested. Soon his blanket felt as steady as the yellow waiting line, and sleep came quietly, right on its turn.





Good night, Oliver.



Made with love at TuckBook

After the story



WHAT THIS STORY IS ABOUT

Oliver learns that waiting can have a gentle rhythm of its own. With calm breaths and careful turns, he finds his way from playground impatience to peaceful sleep.

TALK ABOUT IT AFTER READING

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

AND TOMORROW...

Tomorrow, Oliver may discover that the climbing wall has its own patient pattern too.





Oliver at the Swing

Personal edition by TuckBook

tuckbook.app

Copy TB-47D-054F4F2A32

Oliver at the Swing

Oliver learns that waiting can have a gentle rhythm of its own. With calm breaths and careful turns, he finds his way from playground impatience to peaceful sleep.

6 minutes of reading



TuckBook

TB-47D-054F4F2A32