



Sophie Packs Her School Bag

A story for Sophie

TuckBook

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

Pat. Pat-pat. Pat. Sophie lay very still beneath her yellow quilt and looked at the bright little circle made by her bedside lamp. Rain was tapping on the roof above her bedroom. Tomorrow she would go back to school, and tonight she wanted to listen calmly until sleep came.

But the rain did not sound like the rain she remembered. One drop went tick near the window. Another went plunk somewhere in the gutter. Sophie pulled her blue pyjama sleeves over her ears. Then she could not hear the roof at all, which was no help.







She uncovered one ear. Pat. Pat-pat. Her tummy gave a small squeeze. Tomorrow there would be her classroom, her peg, her lunchbox, and all the other children who might have grown taller during the holiday.

Sophie reached for her picture book, The Red Boat, and opened it to the page with the striped sail. She tried to follow the painted boat across its blue sea. But each pat from the roof turned into a thought: Had she found her crayons? Was her school bag ready? Did the rain know it was nearly morning?





Dad heard the page turn for the third time. He came to the doorway in his green cardigan and sat beside her bed. “Those are busy thoughts,” he said softly. “Would it help to make tomorrow a little less busy?”

Sophie glanced at her school bag waiting in the cozy hallway. It was red canvas, with a round silver badge on the front. “I could pack it,” she said. “But not by myself.” Dad held out his hand, and together they padded into the hall.

First Sophie put in her purple pencil case. Then she tucked in her small notebook, whose cover showed a yellow sun. Dad found her reading folder on the hall table, and Sophie slid it carefully beside the pencil case. The bag began to look like it had a plan.





When she lifted the bag to test it, something inside gave a most un-school-like rattle. Sophie opened it again. At the bottom lay Mr. Crunch, her green toy dinosaur, upside down with one plastic foot poking from the pencil case. Sophie laughed so suddenly that Dad laughed too.





“Mr. Crunch is excellent at roaring,” Sophie said, “but he does not need to learn letter sounds.” She set him on the hallway shelf beside the picture book, where he could guard the house until she came home. Then she zipped the school bag closed.





Pat. Pat-pat. Pat. The roof spoke again, steady now that Sophie was listening. She put one hand on the packed bag. “That one says good night, pencil case,” she whispered. Another group of drops followed. “Good night, notebook. Good night, reading folder.”

Dad did not hurry her. Sophie listened for the next little pattern. Pat-pat. Pat. “Good night, school bag,” she said. The words made tomorrow seem not like a giant door, but like a bag with familiar things inside.





Back in bed, Sophie placed The Red Boat on her bedside table. Dad turned the lamp down until its light was as soft as a buttercup. The rain kept its roof-rhythm overhead: pat, pat-pat, pat.

Sophie breathed in, then out. Her packed school bag waited safely in the hallway, and Mr. Crunch kept watch from his shelf. Soon the pats became part of her dreams, each one a small, kind good-night.





Good night, Sophie.



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After the story



WHAT THIS STORY IS ABOUT

On a rainy bedtime before school begins again, Sophie and Dad make tomorrow feel manageable one small step at a time. With her school bag packed and her worries soothed, Sophie drifts into sleep.

TALK ABOUT IT AFTER READING

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

AND TOMORROW...

The next morning, Sophie may discover that her familiar school bag has one surprising thing to help her through the school day.





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Personal edition by TuckBook

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Copy TB-47F-CCA836F150

A detailed illustration of a man with dark hair, wearing a green sweater, looking down at a child in bed. The child is covered with a yellow blanket. The scene is set in a bedroom at night, with a window showing a dark sky and stars. A lamp is visible on the left, and a framed picture of tulips is on the wall.

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5 minutes of reading



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