



Sophie and the Waiting Crayons

A story for Sophie

TuckBook

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

Sophie pressed one finger onto the soft blue bandage on her knee. Tomorrow was her first day back at school, and her small backpack was waiting by the door. “What if everyone stares?” she asked. “And what if I cannot do anything?”

Mum sat beside her on the hallway step. Sophie wore her blue jumper and green skirt, ready for a practice walk around the house. Mum looked at the bandage, with its row of cheerful yellow suns. “The bandage is not a warning sign,” she said. “It is a cushion and a cover. It protects your scraped knee while it mends.”

Sophie slipped on her backpack and took three slow steps along the hall. The backpack bumped against the backs of her knees. On the fourth step, its loose strap slid down to her ankle. Sophie stood stiffly, like a surprised penguin, while Mum carefully lifted the strap away.



Sophie giggled, though her cheeks were pink. “This backpack is trying to trip me.” Mum tightened the straps until the backpack sat high and snug. Sophie tried again, holding the banister with one hand. Slow steps did not feel like school steps, she thought. They felt like snail steps.

“Snails get where they are going,” said Mum. “At school, you may choose what feels comfortable. You do not have to run, climb, or join every game while your knee heals.” Sophie considered this. Choosing sounded better than missing everything.





In her room, Sophie put her favorite picture book into the backpack. It was the one about a small fox who found a blue boat in the reeds. Then she opened her box of crayons and made a picture for her teacher: a school, a bright sun, and a girl sitting under a tree with a book.





She drew the girl's knee with a large blue square around it. At first, Sophie made the square tiny. Then she looked at it and drew it bigger, with yellow suns. "It is only a bandage," she said, mostly to herself. "It can be seen."

The next morning, Mum walked with Sophie to the classroom door. Inside, children were arranging cushions for story time, while others chose puzzles at low tables. Ms. Patel, in her purple cardigan, bent down and smiled. "Welcome back, Sophie. I heard your knee needs gentle care today."





For one small moment, Sophie tucked her bandaged knee behind her other leg. Then she remembered the picture with its big blue square. She stepped forward and held out her leg. “I scraped it,” she told Ms. Patel. “This bandage protects it.”

A child nearby looked at the yellow suns. “They are like little pancakes,” he said. Sophie laughed. Ms. Patel pointed to the art table and the school library. “Would you like crayons at the table, or a quiet book on the cushions?”





Sophie chose the crayons. She carried the box to a low table, lowered herself carefully into a chair, and drew a garden full of blue-bandaged knees growing sunny flowers. Soon two children asked if they could draw beside her. Sophie passed them crayons, one at a time, without needing to hurry.





Later, Sophie brought her picture book to story time. She rested her sore knee on a cushion and listened to Ms. Patel's calm voice. The classroom sounds became pencil scratches, turning pages, and the soft click of crayon lids.

That evening, Sophie placed her small backpack by the door again. The favorite picture book was still inside, and her box of crayons was on her desk, with a new drawing tucked beneath it. Mum checked that the bandage was clean and smooth around the edges.





Sophie climbed into bed and looked
at the yellow suns on her knee.
Tomorrow, she thought, she might
choose the puzzles. Or the library again.
Her knee could mend at its own quiet
pace. Sophie pulled up her blanket,
and the waiting crayons rested in their
box until morning.





Good night, Sophie.



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After the story



WHAT THIS STORY IS ABOUT

A warm illustrated story about a small discovery, a meaningful choice, and finding a gentle way forward.

TALK ABOUT IT AFTER READING

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

AND TOMORROW...

On another school morning, Sophie wonders whether she is ready to carry a tray of tiny seedlings to the classroom window.





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A warm illustrated story about a small discovery,
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6 minutes of reading



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