



Sophie and the Sleepy Feather

A story for Sophie

TuckBook

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

Sophie reached for her pillow and patted only the smooth sheet. “Pillow?” she whispered. Tomorrow was her first day back at school, and without its plump, familiar lump beneath her cheek, she could not settle at all.

A small white feather floated past the moonlit window. Then another drifted over the blue rug. Sophie sat up in her light-blue pyjamas with yellow stars. Her warm orange blanket had slipped into a heap, as if it, too, had been surprised.

She peered beneath the blanket first. There was only one lost sock, curled like a sleepy snail. Sophie gave the blanket a little shake. The sock flew up and landed on her head. “Oh!” she said, laughing softly. But there was no pillow.





A feather rested on her red schoolbag by the door. Its zipper was open a finger-width. Sophie remembered pencils, stories, the classroom window, and all the things she might need to remember tomorrow. Perhaps her pillow had hidden inside because it was worried too.

Sophie opened the bag carefully. She found her round pencil case, a library book, and a crumbly biscuit wrapper from the last school day. No pillow. Yet from deep in the bag came a tiny whisper: “A good dream for brave beginnings.”

That was strange enough to make Sophie follow the next feather into the hallway. The house had become soft and dreamy around her. The pictures on the wall seemed to yawn. At the bottom of the stairs, three feathers pointed toward the sitting room.



There, on the sofa, lay the pillow's shallow dent in the cushion, but the pillow itself had gone. Sophie pressed her hand into the dent. It was still warm. Beside it, a feather whispered, "A good dream for stories read twice." Sophie thought of being tucked close while a favourite page was read again.





The trail led next to the kitchen table, where the night-light made a buttery circle on the floor. A feather had settled beside Sophie's cup. "A good dream for breakfast," it breathed, "and for finding your own socks." Sophie smiled. She could do those things. Usually.

At last, one single feather sailed back along the hallway and rose, somehow, toward her bedroom. Sophie followed it upstairs. This time she did not hunt under furniture or unzip bags. She listened.





From behind her bedroom door came the gentlest puff-puff sound. Sophie opened it and found her pillow perched on the bed, rounder than before. Its corners bulged with soft dreams: story dreams, breakfast dreams, pencil-sharpening dreams, and a bright little dream of Sophie walking into school with her red bag on her shoulders.

“Oh,” Sophie said. Her pillow had not been lost at all. It had been gathering comforts from every room. She picked up the sleepy feather she had followed and tucked it into the pillow’s warm corner. “You can keep that one,” she told it. “It helped me find you.”





Then Sophie climbed beneath her orange blanket and pulled the pillow close. The moon made a pale square on the floor. Her schoolbag waited quietly by the door, with its zipper properly closed. Sophie rested her cheek on the dream-filled corner and felt ready enough for tomorrow to become sleepy.







In her dream, the pillow gave one small, pleased sigh. Sophie's breathing slowed. The feather stayed tucked in its corner, and the house kept all its gentle dreams until morning.

Good night, Sophie.



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After the story



WHAT THIS STORY IS ABOUT

When Sophie's pillow disappears on the night before school, she follows a trail of soft feathers through her cozy home. Each room offers a small comfort until Sophie finds that her pillow has been gathering brave dreams for tomorrow.

TALK ABOUT IT AFTER READING

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

AND TOMORROW...

One morning, Sophie may discover that her red schoolbag has saved a tiny dream for the walk to school.





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5 minutes of reading



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