



The Bunny with Blue Backpack

Petya bunny pressed both paws around the strap of his blue school bag. Inside it waited a small yellow school pencil, sharpened neatly for the first morning back at school. But first came something else. “I want my smile to be ready,” Petya said, though his ears had tucked themselves close to his head. “I just don’t know if I can sit in that dentist chair.”

At the friendly dental clinic, Petya saw a fish tank bubbling behind the reception desk and a row of picture books with bent corners. He liked those things. Then a door opened, and there was the chair: wide, smooth, and able to tip backwards. Above it hung a bright round lamp. Petya’s paws tightened on his bag.

“Hello, Petya,” said Dr. Fern, the rabbit dentist in a green coat. Her voice was as unhurried as turning a page. “Would you like to look at the chair before you decide anything?”

Petya did. He touched the chair’s cool blue armrest with one finger. Dr. Fern pressed a button, and the chair rose a tiny bit. Then it settled down again. “It moves like a very sleepy elevator,” Petya whispered. That was not quite as frightening as he had expected.

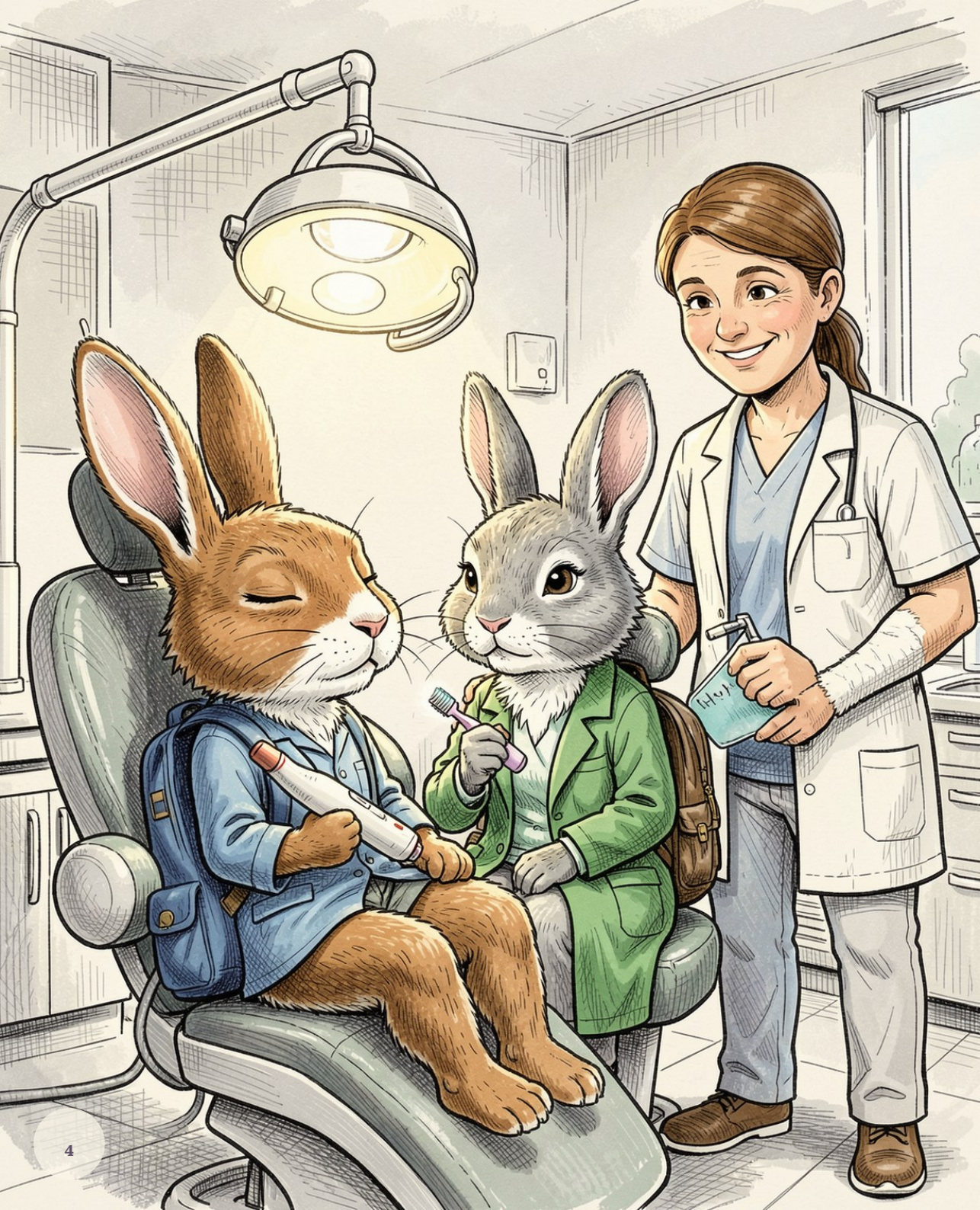


He climbed up, but when the bright lamp clicked on, Petya squeezed his eyes shut. From a tray came a soft whirring sound. It was a little electric toothbrush, turning in Dr. Fern's gloved paw. "That noise is only for polishing," she said. "We do not need it yet. First, we can practise being still for one calm moment."

Petya opened his blue school bag and took out his small yellow pencil. Its silver tip gleamed under the lamp. "This is for writing my name," he said. "Can it come with me?" "Certainly," said Dr. Fern. "Hold it gently. We'll take three slow breaths, as if we are blowing three tiny bubbles."

Petya breathed in. He breathed out slowly. Once. Twice. Three times. The lamp still shone, but it no longer seemed to shine at him. Dr. Fern handed him a round dental mirror with a handle. "Would you like to see what I use?" In its little circle, Petya saw one brown eye, one long ear, and his own worried mouth.



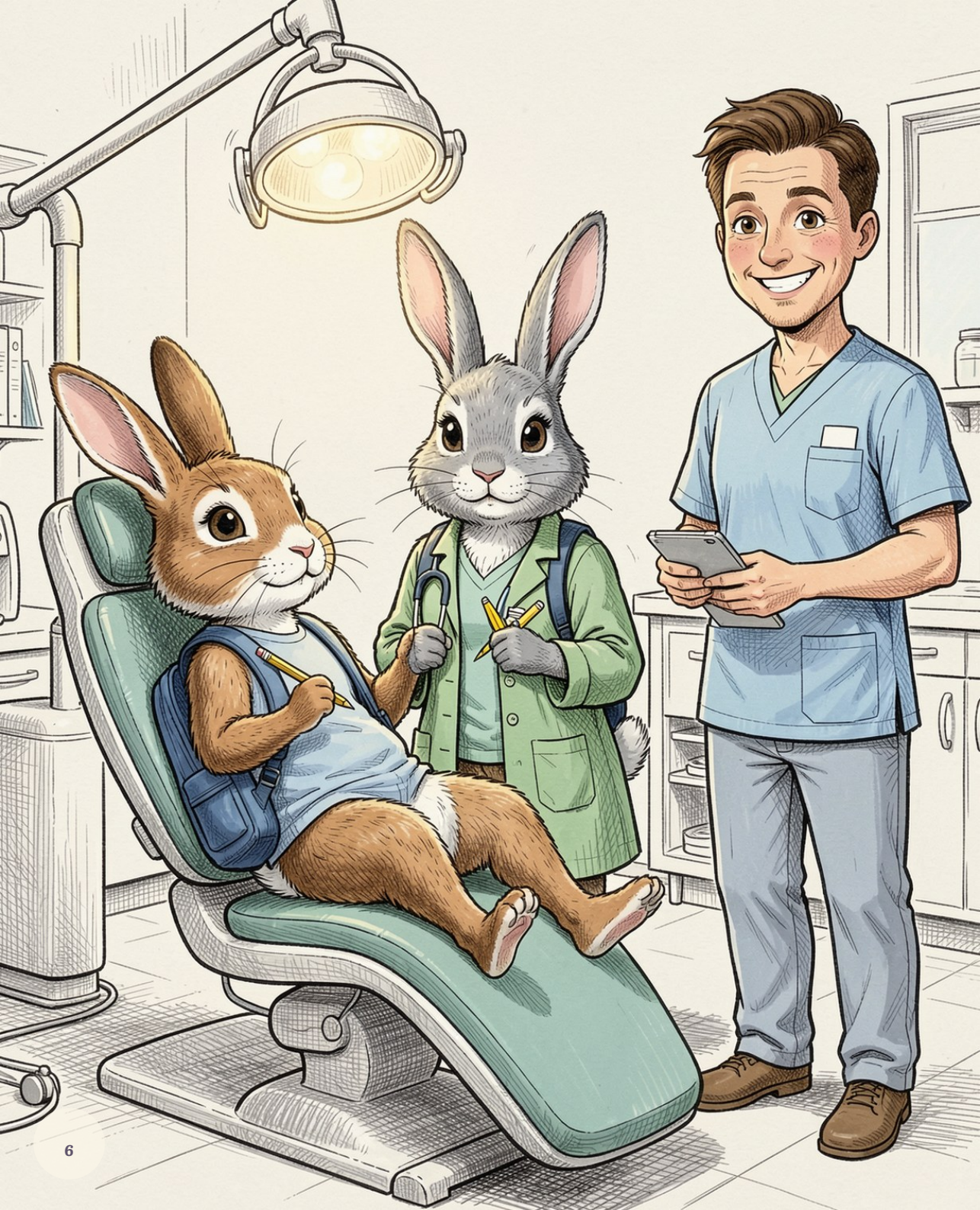


“The mirror just looks,” Dr. Fern explained. “It does not pinch or poke.” Petya held it for a moment, then gave it back. He chose to lean into the chair when it tipped gently down. His heart went thump-thump, but his pencil was warm in his paw, and he remembered the bubble breaths.

“Open wide like you are about to nibble a giant carrot,” said Dr. Fern. Petya almost laughed. He opened. The round mirror checked one side, then the other. Dr. Fern counted quietly, looked behind his front teeth, and nodded. “Your teeth are clean and strong. There is one back tooth that needs extra careful brushing, but it is healthy.”

Now Dr. Fern lifted the soft-whirring toothbrush. Petya watched its small bristles spin. He could have said no, and Dr. Fern would have stopped. Instead he gave his yellow pencil one careful squeeze and said, “One calm moment.” The toothbrush polished his teeth with a fizzy minty taste. It was over before he had finished one more slow breath.





Dr. Fern showed Petya how a grown-up could help him brush at home: little circles on the outside, little circles on the inside, and a gentle brush over the chewing teeth. Then she placed a brave sticker on his blue school bag. It showed a smiling tooth wearing a tiny red cap. “A ready-for-school smile,” Petya said, touching it.





That evening, with a grown-up beside him in the bathroom, Petya used his own toothbrush and made the little circles Dr. Fern had shown him. The back tooth got its careful turn. His yellow pencil rested safely in the blue school bag by the door, beside the brave sticker.

Later, Petya lay beneath his blanket and thought about the chair, the lamp, and the small mirror that only looked. They had been strange this morning. Now they felt like things he knew. He pictured the schoolroom ahead, his pencil making careful letters, and his smile waiting quietly for morning.





Good night.



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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 which moment felt the warmest or bravest today.

AND TOMORROW...

On his first school morning, Petya may find that his brave sticker helps him greet another new thing with one calm breath.





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Personal edition by TuckBook

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A detailed illustration of a brown rabbit with large, upright ears peeking out from behind a wooden door. The rabbit's face is visible, showing its eyes and whiskers. The background shows a bathroom with a sink, a window, and a tiled floor.

The Bunny with Blue Backpack

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

6 minutes of reading



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