MADE WITH LITTLE STORYBOOK

The Little Ghost’s Quiet Boo



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The Smallest Boo

The cardboard moon was up. The cushion stage was ready. Boo floated into place and opened their tiny mouth. “Boo.” Tilly leaned forward. “Was that the beginning?” “That was all of it,” said Boo.





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Puff

Boo puffed out their soft corners. They made their mouth as round as a pea. “Boo.” Still tiny. Tilly shuffled her cushion closer. “I heard that one.” Boo let out their puff. Their corners flopped.

The Play Grows Sleepy

Tilly finished her moon dance. Mama Squirrel put away the cardboard stars. Then she spread the soft blankets. Tilly gave an enormous yawn. “Is there a little bit more?” she asked. Boo looked at the quiet room.





Close Enough

Mama opened the bedtime book. Boo settled on the cushion beside her. At the end of the first page, they whispered, “Boo.” “I heard it,” Tilly whispered back. Nobody needed to lean forward now.

One Last Little Sound

The book closed. The cardboard moon rested against the wall. Boo tucked their floppy corners into a cozy little heap. Tilly’s eyes grew heavy. “One more?” she murmured. Boo gave her the smallest, softest—“boo.”



THE END

Put your child in this story

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