MADE WITH LITTLE STORYBOOK

The Balloon That Flew Away



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A Red Balloon

There was a little fair in the park at the end of Jasmine Lane. Dadu bought Mira a balloon, round and shiny and red, on a long white string. Mira held the string tight. Pip trotted beside them, sniffing everything.





Bob, Bob, Bob

All the way home, the balloon bobbed above her head. Bob, bob, bob. "I will tie it to my bed," said Mira. "Then it can bob all night." Pip jumped up to sniff the string, and Mira laughed.

Up and Away

At the garden gate, a gust of wind tugged the string. Mira's fingers opened, just for a second, and up went the balloon, past the mango tree, up, up, up. It got smaller and smaller. Mira felt sad. Very, very sad.





A Heavy Chest

Mira's chest felt heavy, as if a stone sat inside it. Her chin wobbled. Big tears rolled down her cheeks, and her feet did not want to walk. Pip's tail drooped low, and he leaned his warm body against her leg.

A Raincloud Feeling

Inside, Dadu knelt down beside her. "That is a raincloud feeling," he said. Mira hung the red heart on the raincloud. "Is it okay to cry?" she asked. "Tears are allowed," said Dadu. "Rain helps things grow."





I Can Remember It

They sat on the blue sofa, and Dadu gave her a long, warm hug. Mira cried until the tears were done. "My balloon is gone," she whispered. "It is gone," said Dadu. "But you can still remember it." Mira closed her eyes. She could see it: round and shiny and red.

Drawing the Balloon

Then Mira had an idea. She fetched her crayons and drew the balloon, round and shiny and red, with a long white string. Ravi toddled over and added a wiggly line. "That's the wind!" said Mira.





The Rain Stops

Mira's tears had dried. Her chest felt lighter. She looked at her drawing and smiled a small smile. The rain inside her had stopped, the way rain always does.

A Present From Ravi

Ravi toddled off and came back with his red ball. He pushed it into Mira's hands. "Ball, Mimi! Red!" Mira laughed and hugged him. "Thank you, Ravi. It is round and red, just like my balloon."





Goodbye, Balloon

That evening, the drawing hung beside Mira's bed. She waved at the sky from the window. "Goodbye, balloon." Then she hung the red heart back on the sun. When did you last feel rainy?

THE END

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