MADE WITH LITTLE STORYBOOK

The Thankful Jar at Nora's House



Two Blank Leaves Left

Orange dusk settles outside Grandpa Rafi's bay window. On the long wooden table, the clear glass Thankful Jar is almost full of bright paper autumn leaves. Only two blank paper leaves wait beside the crayons — one for Nora, and one for Owen before bed.





Nora's Cinnamon Leaf

Nora picks up a plump brown crayon and smiles. She draws a steaming pie and the big maple tree outside Grandpa's window. She curls her red paper leaf gently and drops it into the glass jar with a soft flutter.

Too Small for the Jar?

Owen stares at his blank yellow leaf and lets out a tiny sigh. "Grandpa," he whispers, "the things I love are too small. They aren't grand enough for Thanksgiving." Maple rests his furry chin gently on Owen's yellow rain boot.





A Quiet Evening Hunt

"Too small?" Grandpa Rafi smiles and offers Owen his hand. "Come show me!" Softly, Nora, Owen, Grandpa, and Maple tiptoe down the lamp-lit hallway to look for Owen's favorite tiny things.

Warm Socks and a Wet Nose

By the cozy bedroom bench, Owen points to his thick wool socks waiting warm and dry after splashing in autumn puddles. Just then, Maple hops up onto his back paws against the bench and gives Owen's cheek a cold, wet-nose boop! Owen bursts out laughing.





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The Brightest Leaves of All

Grandpa Rafi kneels right beside Owen and hugs him close. "Oh, Owen," Grandpa says softly. "Big holidays are made out of tiny good things. Warm dry socks, a puppy's chilly nose, a sister who waits for you — those are the brightest leaves in the whole jar."

Owen's Bright Yellow Leaf

Back at the dining table in their soft pajamas, Owen takes an orange crayon and draws a tiny striped sock, a little yellow boot, and a round puppy nose. Nora lifts the glass lid so Owen can drop his leaf right on top of the jar.





Goodnight, Thankful Jar

Snuggled deep under quilt blankets as golden autumn moonlight silvers the maple leaves outside, Nora and Owen yawn wide. Grandpa Rafi clicks off the little bedside lamp. Downstairs on the table, the Thankful Jar holds every bright leaf safe until morning. Goodnight, warm socks. Goodnight, Maple.

THE END

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