MADE WITH LITTLE STORYBOOK

The Worry Bird



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The Swimming Bag

Mira's new swimming bag sat by the green door: a green swimsuit, a towel with ducks on it, and a pair of goggles. Tomorrow was her very first swimming lesson. The red heart hung on the sun.





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Flutter, Flutter

At bedtime, the light went off. Mira closed her eyes. But she could not fall asleep. Flutter, flutter, went something in her tummy. Flutter, flutter, flutter.

The Worry Bird

It felt like a little bird, flapping and fluttering inside her. A worry bird. "What if the water splashes my face?" it said. "What if I don't know what to do?" Mira was worried.





The Bird Gets Bigger

With every what-if, the bird flapped harder. Mira's shoulders went tight. Her tummy fluttered. Her feet would not keep still under the quilt. Pip lifted his head, and his ears went up.

Tell Dadu

Mira tiptoed to the living room, where Dadu sat reading under the lamp. "Dadu, I have a worry bird." She looked at the board. "There's no peg for worry." Dadu blew gently on the red heart, and it swung from side to side. "Worry is like wind," he said. "It blows our thoughts about."





A Small Plan

"What is the worry bird saying?" asked Dadu. "What if the water splashes my face?" "Then you can wipe your face and blink," said Dadu. "Your teacher will be right next to you in the water. And I will sit on the bench where you can see me." Mira counted the plan on her fingers: wipe, teacher, Dadu.

Smaller and Smaller

Back in bed, Mira whispered the plan to Pip. "Wipe. Teacher. Dadu." With every word, the worry bird got smaller, until it was only as big as a button. It tucked its head under its wing.





Splash

The next morning, Mira sat on the wide, shallow step of the pool. Her teacher waved from the water, right beside her, and Dadu waved from the bench. Splash! Water sprinkled her face. Mira wiped it and blinked. The plan worked. The worry bird had flown away.

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Kick, Kick, Kick

Mira held the edge of the pool and kicked her legs, with her teacher right beside her. Kick, kick, kick! Little splashes jumped everywhere. "Look, Dadu!" Dadu clapped from the bench. Mira felt light and bubbly inside.





As Small as a Button

At home, Mira told Ravi, "My worry bird is tiny now." Ravi flapped his arms. "Birdie!" Mira laughed and hung the red heart on the sun. What is your worry bird saying?

THE END

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