



SERIES 1 · BOOK 5

# I'm Good Where I'm Stood

By JC

*Ages 4+*

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A warm, sunny clearing with no one around.

Pip yawns and stretches, making no sound.

The sun lay across the last leaves on the floor.

Pip had all the world. Pip didn't need more.

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The wood was all amber. The sky was all blue.

Pip had not a thing in the whole world to do.

The last of the autumn lay golden and bright.

"I'm good where I'm stood," Pip said. It was right.

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Hare came by with a bound: "Come on, Pip! Let's run!"

"Not today, Hare. I'm good where I'm stood, in the sun."

Hare gave a quick grin - "of course, of course!" - and was gone.

Pip turned to the warmth. And the morning moved on.

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The others were somewhere in amber and brown.

The warmth on the ground pulled Pip gently right down.

Warm on the nose and warm over the ear.

Pip was exactly as Pip needed: here.

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Fox came through the clearing, all warmth and all ease.

"I've been looking for you, Pip - come now, if you please.

We've made such a wonderful den by the stream.

We've laughed all the morning - it's been like a dream.

The others are there, and there's room just for you -

I thought of you, Pip. Won't you come? Won't you, too?"

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"I'm good where I'm stood, Fox," Pip said with a smile.

Fox didn't move on. Fox just waited a while.

"Of course," said Fox gently. "I just - I had thought you'd want to. I'd hoped." And the sentence stopped short.

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"No - come, Pip. You'd love it. The morning's not done.

The others are waiting - it's barely begun.

I thought of you, Pip - every moment. It's true - there's nobody else in the wood quite like you.

I kept you a place, Pip. It's waiting. For you.

Come. Just for a little while." Fox said it low.

The voice came back warm. Like the clearing. Just so.

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"I'm good where I'm stood," Pip said - softer. Not right.

"Of course," Fox said gently. And turned from the light.

The morning went quiet. Something golden had gone.

Fox took just one step toward the shadow. And on -

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- and away. "Wait -" Pip said. "Fox - wait. Don't go. I'll come." And Pip left the clearing. Left the sun's glow.

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They walked from the clearing.

The sun stayed behind.

Pip tried not to notice.

Pip tried not to mind.

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When Pip came back later, the clearing was still.

The sun had gone over the edge of the hill.

The leaves were all there, but the gold had all passed.

The warmth that was Pip's - it had moved on too fast.

Pip stood in the clearing. The sun wasn't there.

The afternoon spread out in shadow and chill.

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Pip walked from the clearing.

Pip walked through the wood.

Pip found Owl's old hollow

where Owl always stood.

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"Fox came and I left," said Pip. "Now it's cold."

Owl listened to all of it, all being told.

"Oh, Pip." Nothing rushed. Owl's wing came in near.

Pip leaned in a little. The evening was clear.

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Pip paused. "I was good where I stood, warm in the light.

Leaving the clearing just didn't feel right."

Owl nodded. And softly - as softly as snow:

*"When a grown-up says stop - that's how it must go.*

*But when it's your time, little Pip - only you know."*

*Pip replied. "How I spend time - my friends can suggest.*

*But it's up to me, what I choose, what is best."*

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Pip followed the sunlight through shivering trees,  
to the wood's edge where the sun reached with ease

-

a warm autumn sunset with no one around.

Pip yawns and stretches, making no sound.

A little more sunshine just before night.

Pip, full of the warmth of the last of the light.

END

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*THIS STORY WAS DEVELOPED IN COLLABORATION  
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