



SERIES 1 · BOOK 7

Pip Got Lost

By JC

Ages 4+

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The field lay ahead in the pale of the dawn.

The frost at the edges had nearly all gone.

First green. And the sky. And the field, open wide.

Pip stood at the field's edge. Deer's home - the far side.

Yesterday - this same field. "I'll watch," Fox had said.

"I can see over the grass here. Go on. Go ahead."

The path disappeared in the tall. No Fox came.

Grass all around.

Just Pip.

Not found.

A while.

Fox came, warm and close. Not quite making a fuss:

"You got lost, Pip. Don't worry. Just between us."

Pip nodded. Walked home through the last of the light.

Fox's words came along. And they stayed through the night.

Morning.

Owl came through the air, an easy, slow glide.

“Going to Deer’s? Perfect - I’ll come. I can guide.

The field’s almost singing.” Owl opened a wing.

Pip walked. Owl above. And they went into spring.

The field came alive. All the long grass was back.

Pip walked in the green and the path was on track.

“I’ve got you from here,” Owl called, circling near.

The world felt like spring. The sky, bright and clear.

Then Owl was above - just a shape in the blue -
a shape, then a glint, then a colour, then drew
away into nothing.

Gone.

Grass all around.

Just Pip.

Not found.

Pip stopped. The green closed in. Something pulled
tight.

Owl came back. Landed. A tear in Pip's eye.

"Oh Pip." Owl was still. "I lost you." A sigh.

"Tell Deer. I'll be there. Deer needs to know.

Deer is there for you." Owl settled. Low.

And Pip said it quiet. Almost didn't say it.

"Fox did this.

Yesterday.

Lost half the day.

Fox didn't fuss:

'You got lost, Pip.

Don't worry.

Just between us.'

Like I'd done it."

The long grass stood still.

Owl was still. Then, quietly:

“I didn’t know.

I’d have watched with more care.

I wouldn’t have done this.”

The long grass. The morning. The field still and clear.

Owl’s wing came around. “I’ve got you.” Drawing Pip near.

“Deer looks after you, Pip.

Deer needs to know.

Both times.

You tell - or I will.”

Fox said: you got lost.

Owl said: I lost you.

Safe people share things,

though sharing can sting.

Pip understood.

Pip stood. The grass moved. The field stepped aside.

Owl lifted above, coming back close beside.

“I’ve got you.” Pip walked. The path found its way.

The rest of the field. The rest of the day.

Deer's place was ahead - warm light at the door.

Pip stepped to the threshold. The same as before.

But Pip didn't stop. Pip came in. Said to Deer:

"I've got something to tell you." And Deer drew near.

Deer listened.

At Deer's, it was warm. And Pip sat in the glow
of the morning in spring - Pip breathing it slow.

Safe people share things, though sharing can sting.

Pip breathed - Deer close - Owl at the door -
everything.

END

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*THIS STORY WAS DEVELOPED IN COLLABORATION
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