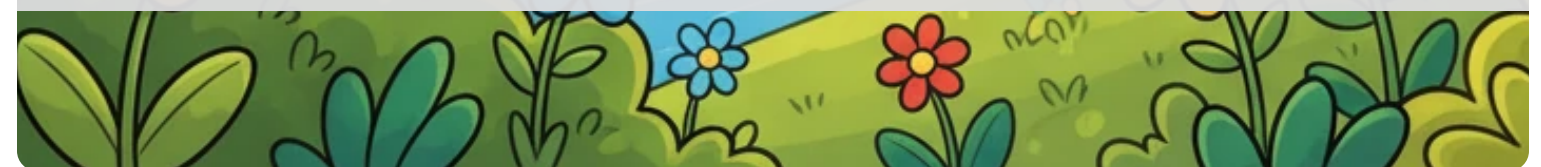




# The Little Leaf Who Wanted to Float

Brett Butler





Little Leaf wiggled on her branch. “I want to float!” she whispered, her tiny green self swaying gently. The wind brushed by, soft and curious, tickling her edges.





Pip leaned forward—a tiny lean, a brave one—but the sturdy branch held her tight. She couldn't quite let go. “Hmm,” she said, looking a little thoughtful.



Pip looked up, watching a fluffy white cloud drift lazily across the big blue sky. "How does it do that?" she wondered, wishing she could be as free as the cloud.



She tried to wiggle more, feeling a little tug from the wind, like a playful friend. A tiny blush of golden yellow was starting to appear on her bright green edges.





A friendly little robin landed on her branch, chirping a sweet, happy song. Pip felt a warm, comforting feeling, like a gentle, feathery hug from her new friend.



The wind swirled around her, a little stronger now, making her dance and spin. Pip giggled out loud, feeling lighter and more excited than ever before.





With a soft, gentle 'pop!' her tiny stem let go of the branch, finally free. Pip gasped, her eyes wide with surprise and a tiny bit of nervous excitement.





Then, she wasn't falling down! She was floating, soaring gently on the breeze, higher and higher. A huge, joyful smile spread across her little leaf face.



She twirled and danced in the air, seeing the world from a brand new, wonderful view. The sunshine felt extra warm and bright on her floating journey.





Finally, she drifted down, down, down, landing softly on a cozy bed of colorful fallen leaves below. Pip snuggled in, feeling perfectly content and happy.