



Barnaby Button and the Wonderful Sweater

by Shhikhaa Karaan



Barnaby Button loved his rainbow-striped sweater. It was soft and cozy, perfect for collecting treasures in its deep pockets. But Barnaby only ever saw the tiny holes that seemed to appear from nowhere.



Barnaby, with a furrowed brow, pointed to a small hole. "This sweater is ruined!" he exclaimed to his grandmother, his voice filled with disappointment. She smiled kindly, her eyes twinkling with wisdom.



Grandmother presented Barnaby with a shimmering silver sweater, flawless and smooth. "Try this one, dear," she said. Barnaby, thrilled, immediately put it on, eager to explore its perfection.



At the park, Barnaby attempted the bumpy wooden slide. The silver sweater snagged and caught, making it impossible to slide. He sighed, realizing his perfect sweater wasn't so practical after all.



Back home, Barnaby hugged his rainbow sweater tightly. "The silver sweater has no holes, but it's terrible!" he declared. He realized the tiny hole was where he helped his neighbor and made a happy memory.



Grandmother smiled. "Life is like your sweater, Barnaby. Focus on the warmth and colors, not just the holes." Barnaby hugged his sweater, now appreciating its imperfections and the wonderful memories it held.