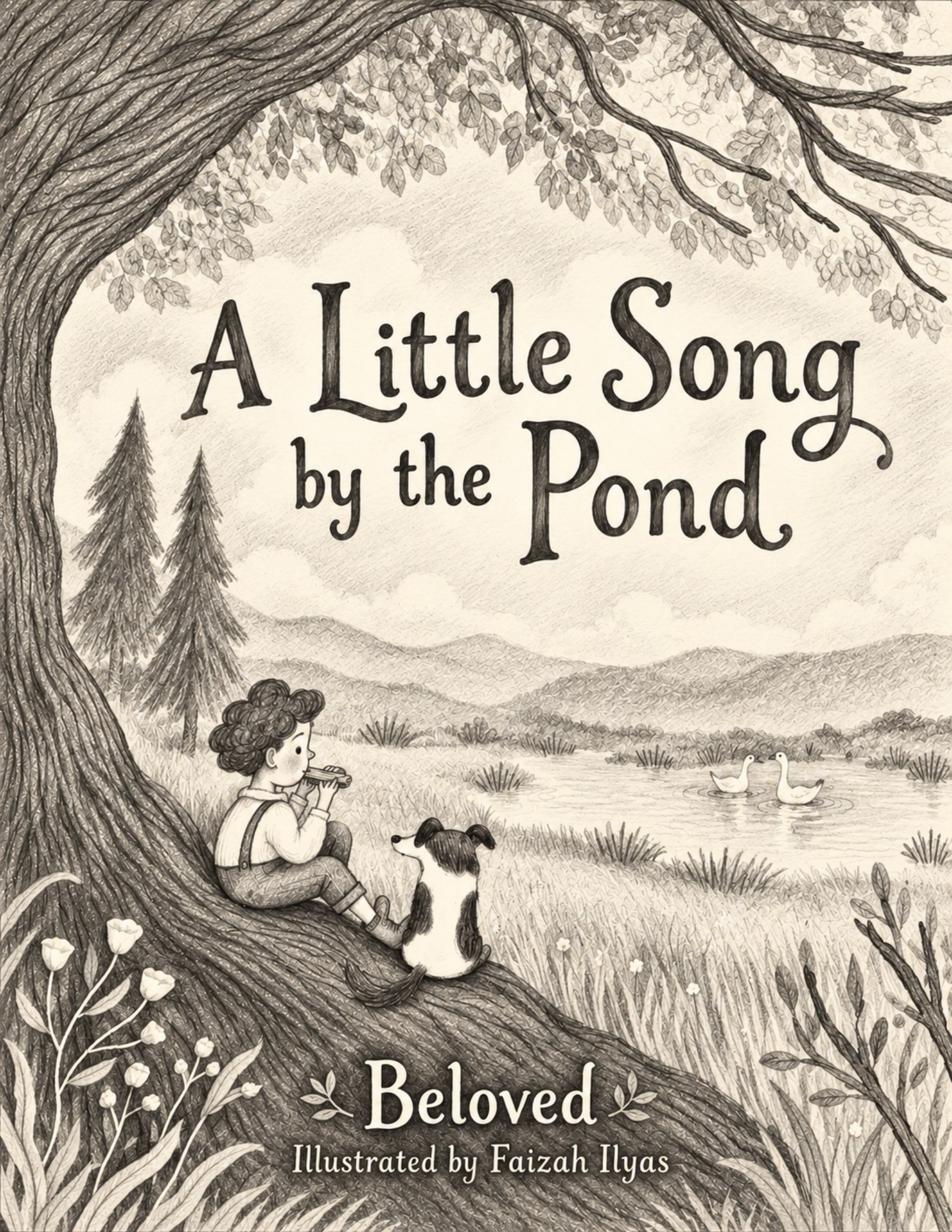

A Little Song by the Pond
Beloved
Illustrated by Faizah Ilyas


A Little Song by the Pond
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A place to listen

Generated pencil-style concept



A place to listen



Milo found his favourite seat beneath the old tree. Its roots made a little bench, just big enough for him and Pip.

Across the pond, two white geese drifted through the reeds. The grasses whispered. The leaves rustled.

Milo took a small harmonica from his pocket.

"Shall we give the afternoon a song?" he whispered.

Pip settled close, ready to listen.

One small tune

Generated pencil-style concept



One small tune



Milo blew a gentle note. Then another.

One sounded sweet. One came out squeaky.

He lowered the harmonica. "That bit wasn't quite right."

But Pip stayed beside him, ears tipped towards the music.

Milo smiled and tried again. This time, he played slowly, leaving little spaces between the notes.

In those spaces, he heard the breeze brushing through the tree.

The pond joins in

Generated pencil-style concept



The pond joins in



Then came a soft honk from the water.

The two geese bobbed their heads. Tiny ripples spread around them, round and round.

Milo played a note. A goose called back. Pip gave one happy woof.

Now their little song had three voices, with the leaves keeping time.

Milo laughed. It did not have to be perfect.

It only needed someone to share it with.



Sometimes the smallest song can fill the biggest day.

Milo and his dog, Pip, settle beside a quiet pond. With a little tune and a listening ear, they discover how much music a peaceful afternoon can hold.

Beloved

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