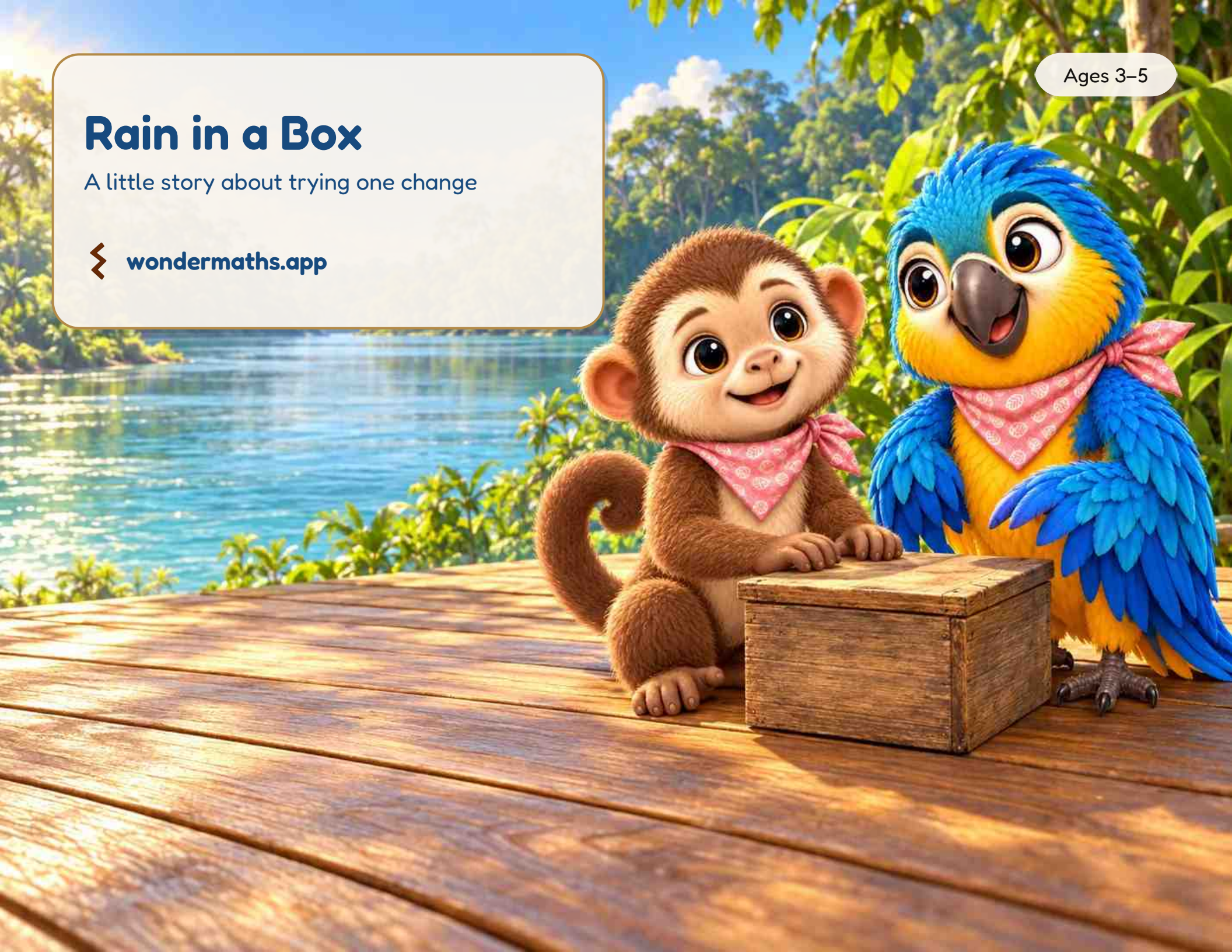
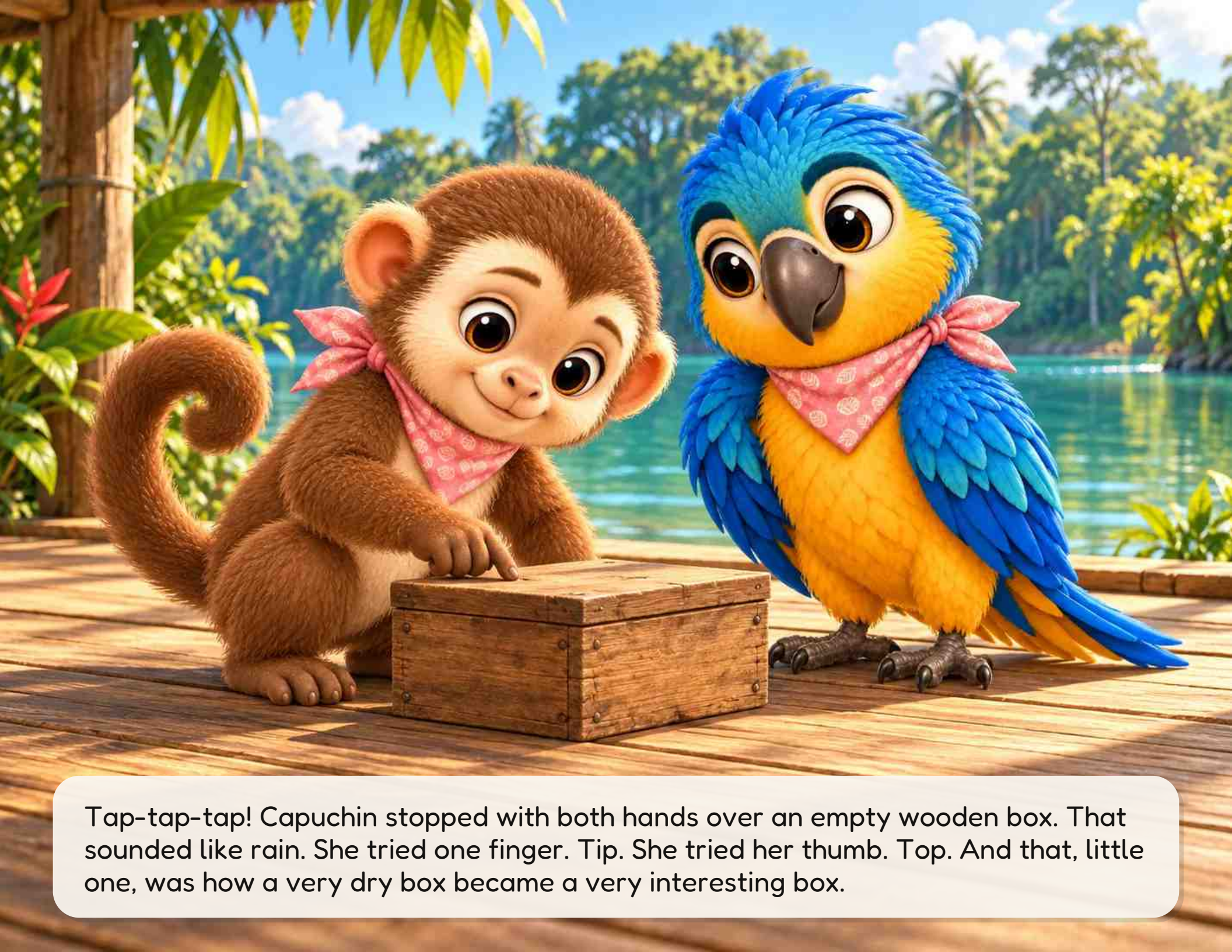


Rain in a Box

A little story about trying one change

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Ages 3–5



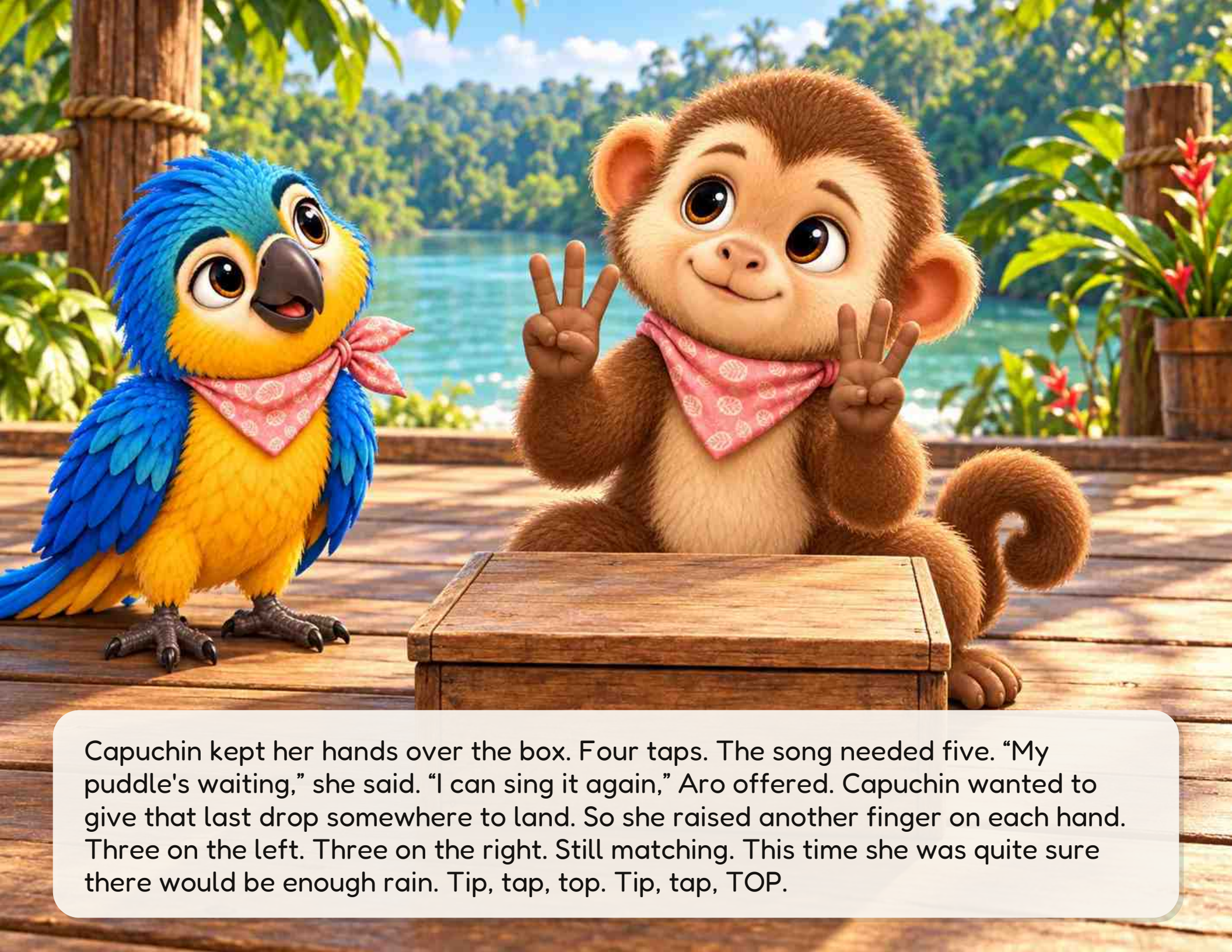
Tap-tap-tap! Capuchin stopped with both hands over an empty wooden box. That sounded like rain. She tried one finger. Tip. She tried her thumb. Top. And that, little one, was how a very dry box became a very interesting box.



Beside her, Aro was singing a small rain song. It ended with five little drops. “Drip, drop, drip, drop, plop,” he sang. Capuchin leaned closer. The last drop was her favorite. It sounded as if it had landed right in the middle of a puddle. “Aro! I can make the rain for your song!” she said. “In here. Then we can do it together.” She patted the box. Aro settled beside it, ready to sing. His wing made a soft little roof over its edge.



Capuchin raised two fingers on her left hand. On her right hand, she raised two more. Both hands matched. That felt like a promising start. “Here comes my rain,” she whispered. She tapped each raised finger once: first the two on her left hand, then the two on her right. Tip, tap. Tip, tap. Aro sang along—but his last “plop” arrived after her rain had stopped.



Capuchin kept her hands over the box. Four taps. The song needed five. “My puddle's waiting,” she said. “I can sing it again,” Aro offered. Capuchin wanted to give that last drop somewhere to land. So she raised another finger on each hand. Three on the left. Three on the right. Still matching. This time she was quite sure there would be enough rain. Tip, tap, top. Tip, tap, TOP.



The song ended. One extra tap followed it into the quiet. “Oh,” said Capuchin. “That drop came after the song.” Her shoulders sank a little. She tucked her hands into her lap. Without her rain, Aro's song and her box were two separate things again. Aro stayed beside her. “Shall I wait?” he asked. “Just a little,” she said. The wooden box waited too. It was very good at waiting.



Capuchin remembered the first try. Aro's song had fitted her first two taps. Those taps hadn't needed fixing. She brought her left hand back above the box and raised two fingers. “Keep this part. Change one part,” she murmured. She left those two fingers just as they were. Her right hand could do something different.



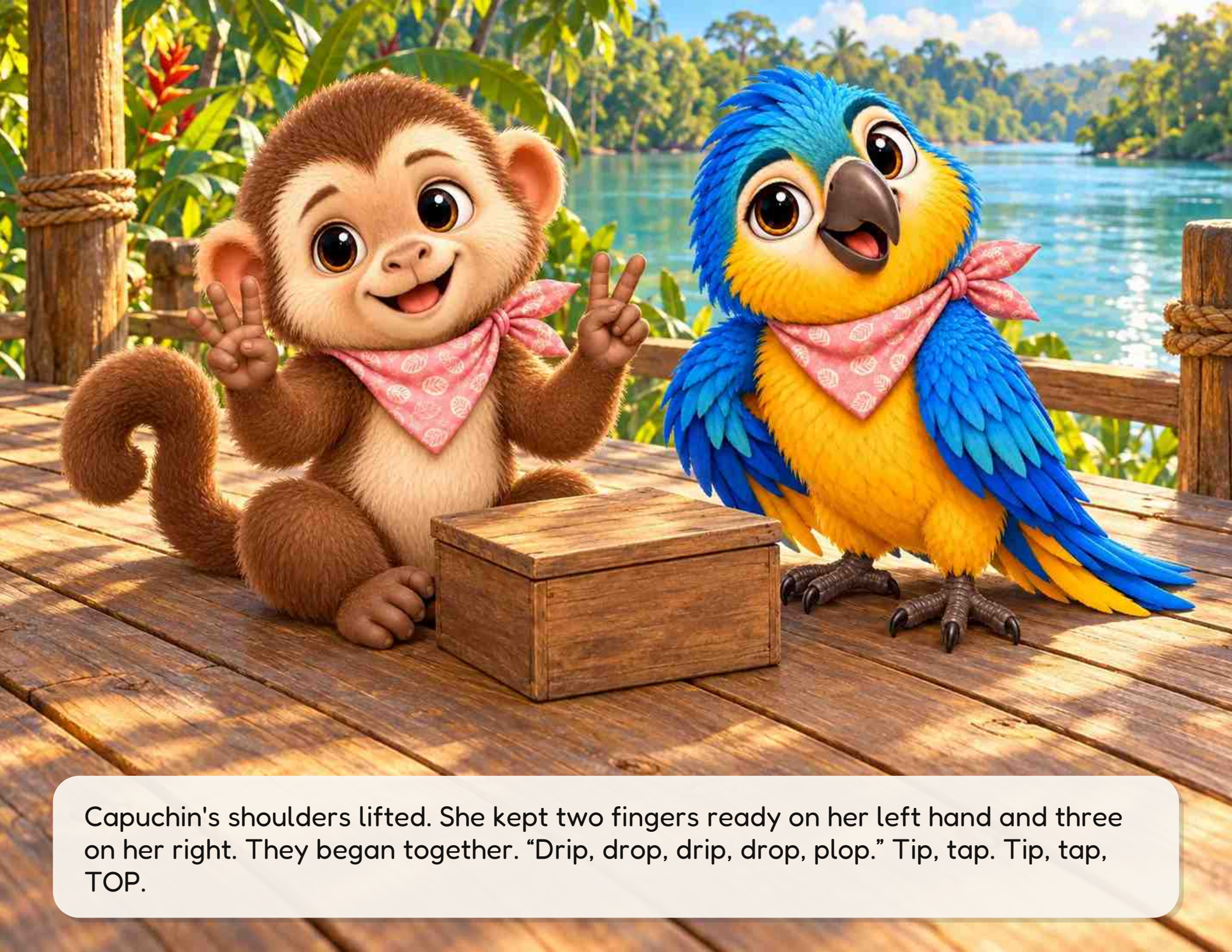
“Aro, hum the song slowly. I want to hear where my other hand goes.” Aro hummed. Capuchin listened through the whole little tune. She didn't tap yet. Then she raised three fingers on her right hand. Two on one hand. Three on the other. The hands didn't match now—but she didn't change them back.



“Keep this part. Change one part,” she said. Aro began his song again, slowly. She tapped the two left fingers, one at a time. Tip, tap. Then the three right fingers, one at a time. Tip, tap, TOP. Five taps altogether. The last one landed exactly with Aro's “plop.”



Capuchin held her hands still. The song was finished. Her rain was finished too. “There!” she said. “I kept my two. My other hand did three!” Aro leaned close to the box. “Again?” he asked softly. Not because anything was missing this time. Because he wanted to hear it again.



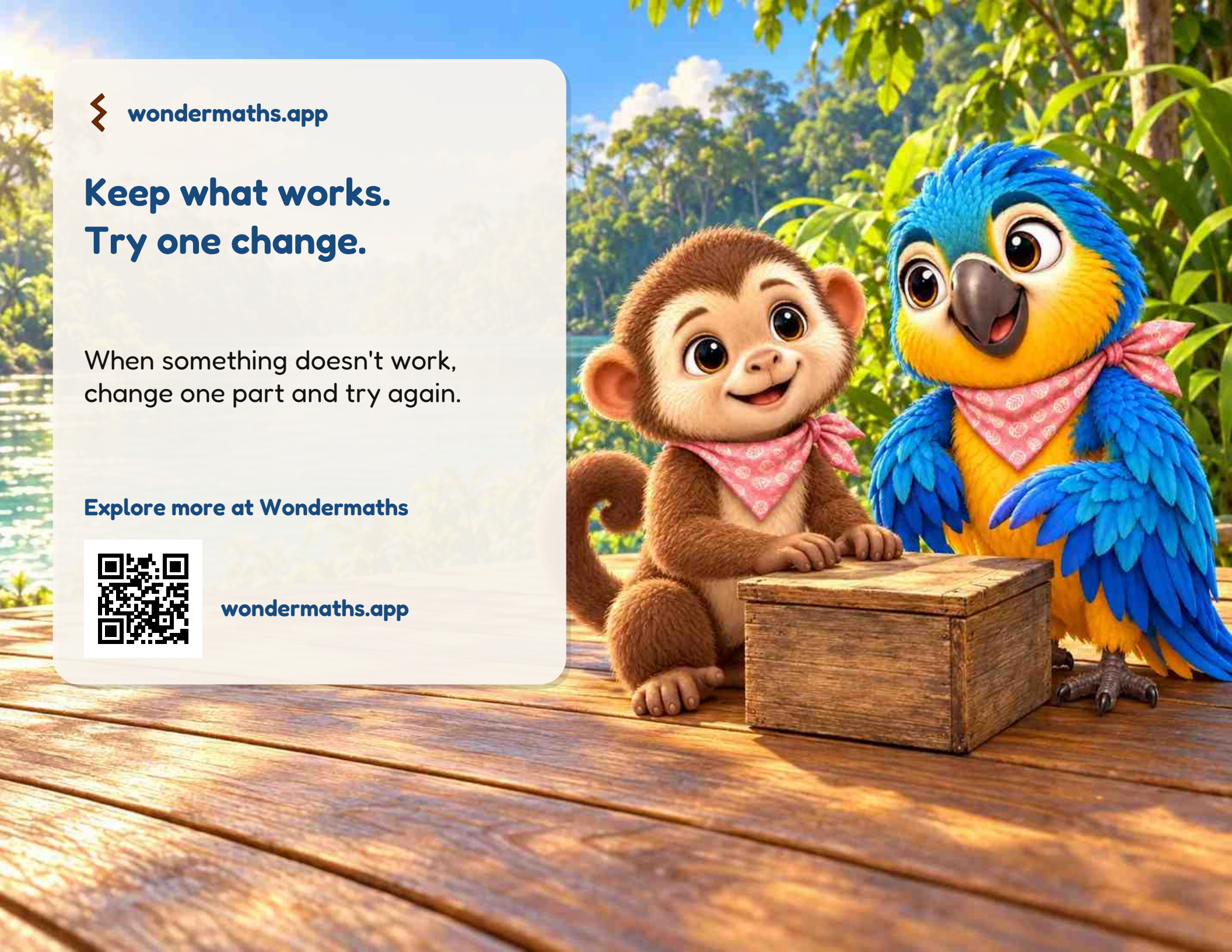
Capuchin's shoulders lifted. She kept two fingers ready on her left hand and three on her right. They began together. “Drip, drop, drip, drop, plop.” Tip, tap. Tip, tap, TOP.



As the last pretend drop landed, Aro stretched his wing a little farther. His small roof now covered Capuchin's head. “For the rain-maker,” he said. There wasn't a cloud above them. Capuchin nestled under the feather umbrella anyway.



“Keep this part. Change one part,” she whispered, resting her fingers. She kept the box beside them. Later it could make another kind of weather. But for now, her rain and Aro's song belonged together. And little one, when something doesn't work, change one part and try again.


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Keep what works.
Try one change.
When something doesn't work,
change one part and try again.
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