
Aro and the
Quiet Parcel
A little adventure about trying another way
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Ages 3–5



Tap. Tap. Tap. Aro tapped the little wooden box with a twig. Across the garden, Ori hummed three soft notes. He was getting their cozy listening nook ready. Come close, little friend. This is the day Aro tried to pack a sound. "I'll bring Ori my tapping!" Aro said. "Then we can play it together." Aro opened the box. He tapped into it, shut the lid, and carried it to the path. He held his ear beside the box. Not a peep. "Perhaps the taps are sleeping." He opened the lid. The box was empty. A sound could not stay inside it.



Aro tried again. This time he shut the lid very quickly. Still quiet. He peeked under the lid and whispered, "You can come out now." Nothing came out. Not even a tiny tap. Aro's wings drooped. He wanted to bring Ori something they could play together. "I'll remember the taps," he decided. He put the box down and tapped it with the twig. But when he hurried to repeat them, he stopped. "Was that two? Or three?" Beside the box lay a little pile of fallen leaves. Aro had gathered them to make a soft lining.



Aro nudged a leaf into the box. It made a soft shush. The leaf stayed there, even when the shush was gone. Aro tipped his head. "The sound won't stay. But a leaf will!" He emptied the box and set the leaves beside it. "Stop. Listen. One at a time." Aro made one tap. He put one leaf in the box. He touched that leaf and made one tap again. His feet did a little happy shuffle. "One leaf reminds me of one tap. I can pack a reminder!" Now his quiet box had something to do.



Aro wanted to bring his whole little tapping to Ori. For a moment, he almost hurried. His wing hovered over the leaves. Then he settled the box in front of him. "Stop. Listen. One at a time." Aro tapped once and placed one leaf. He tapped again and placed another. One more tap, one more leaf. Three leaves rested in the box. Aro touched each leaf, just once, and tapped as he touched it. "One. Two. Three. Three taps!" This time he did not have to guess. He closed the lid gently. The box was quiet, and the reminders were safe inside.



At the listening nook, Aro gave Ori the box. "My parcel is quiet," Aro said. "But it can help me bring the taps back." Ori opened it. Aro placed the three leaves farther apart on their little table. He touched one leaf and tapped beside it with his wing tip. He did the same for the next leaf, and the next. The taps were softer now. The leaves were farther apart. There were still three of each. "Three little taps!" Ori said. Aro nodded. "I tried a different way. The leaves helped me remember."



Ori hummed the three soft notes Aro had heard across the garden. Aro tapped beside the leaves. Ori hummed along. Their listening nook filled with a tiny tune. The quiet parcel had brought them something to play together after all. Aro tucked the leaves back into the box. He would keep the reminders for another afternoon. "Stop. Listen. One at a time." Aro said it softly. Then he curled up beside Ori on the wide, cozy bench. Both friends were safe at home, and Aro's wings felt light again. Little friend, when your first way doesn't work, you can try a different way.


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A quiet parcel.
A new way to try.
Ori says:
Little friend, when your first way doesn't work, you can try a different way.
Read, listen, and explore
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