

Click's Everyday Magic

Click and the Night Outside

Book Seven



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Click and the Night Outside

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A little wonder.
A little listening.
A night together.

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Pip was spending the night with Mrs. Alvarez.
Click, June, and Dad were going camping.
Click packed his slippers.
“Just in case,” he said.



At the campsite, Click looked around.
There were trees, a picnic table, and a patch of sky.
“Where are the walls?”
Dad lifted the tent bag.
“We brought them.”



Putting up the tent took all three of them.
Click held one end of a pole.
June held the other.
“Oh,” said Click. “That is much easier.”



Soon, the tent stood in the clearing.
Dad checked it while June spread out the mats.
Click peered through the doorway.
“A room that fits in a bag.”



When the unpacking was done, Click sat down.
He set his walking shoes neatly on the mat
and put on his familiar slippers.
“Now I’m properly here.”



Next came the sleeping bags.
Click turned his around twice.
“Which end does the person go in?”
“Feet first,” June told him.
“Your head stays out.”



As evening settled, Dad switched on the lantern.
June found the first star.
Click pulled his chair a little closer.
The trees were turning into dark shapes.



A rustle. A chirp. A soft scritch.
Click looked toward the trees.
“Does the outside always stay this busy
when people go to bed?”



“Listen,” June whispered.
Leaves brushed together in the breeze.
A small animal slipped past beyond the clearing.
They watched from their chairs.
Then it passed.



Click stopped trying to follow every sound.
He could listen from beside his family.
Later, he settled into his sleeping bag.
The little night sounds carried on outside.



Early light reached the tent.
Click and June sat outside to watch.
Sunshine touched the tops of the trees.
Neither of them said much.



“How was your first night outside?” Dad asked.

“Very nice,” said Click.

He looked back at their tent.

“Although we did bring a little inside with us.”

A LITTLE INSIDE, OUTSIDE.



The End

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