

★ ★ Click's Everyday Magic ★ ★

Click and the Very Loud Evening

— ★ Book Five ★ —



— ★ Strangewoven ★ —
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CLICK'S EVERYDAY MAGIC

BOOK FIVE

Click and the Very Loud Evening

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A little comfort.

A little company.

A place to watch together.

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The Fourth of July picnic was nearly ready.
Click carried napkins while Dad fixed the tablecloth.
A paper plate sailed past.
“I didn’t know those could fly,” said Click.



June told him about the town's fireworks.

"They look like flowers in the sky."

Click looked toward the rooftops.

"Flowers that grow after dark?"



Then, somewhere nearby—POP!
Pip slipped beneath the picnic table.
His fluffy tail tucked close.
Click put down the napkins.



He bent down beside the table.
“Not your favorite, are they?” he said softly.
Pip pressed close to his slipper.
“We can find a better place.”



Click noticed a child covering their ears.
Mrs. Alvarez stepped farther from the busy picnic.
“I’d rather watch from my porch,” she said.
Click looked from her to Pip.
He had an idea.



With June and Dad, he made a little porch picnic.
They brought cushions and a tray of snacks.
Dad filled a bowl of water for Pip.
There was room for everyone to settle in.



Dad offered the child ear defenders.
“You can try these,” he said.
“We don’t have to watch.”
The child put them on
and chose a cushion beside June.



When the town's fireworks began, Click stood up.
Bright sparks bloomed beyond the rooftops.
Then he felt a warm little nudge.
Pip was leaning against his slipper.



Click sat back down.
Pip curled beside his feet.
The child leaned into a cushion.
Mrs. Alvarez smiled from her chair.
They watched together from the porch.



Click described the bright shapes softly.
“That one looks like a dandelion.”
June watched another burst open.
“And that one looks like a great big flower.”



Then a shower of little sparks scattered.
June leaned toward Click.
“That one looks like your watering can sneezed.”
Click looked again.
“Oh dear. I hope it brought a tissue.”



Afterward, Pip slept with his chin on Click's foot.

"Did you like the fireworks?" June asked.

"Yes," said Click.

He looked around their little porch picnic.

"I liked this part, too."

ROOM FOR EVERYONE.



The End

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