

FINN & FRIENDS

A Very Loud Whisper



One dragon. One very quiet library.
A voice that finds its own place.

LITTLE STORY HARBOR

Ages 6–9 • Illustrated read-aloud edition

Original AI-assisted story and illustrations, editorially reviewed. Estimated 6–8 minutes; not timed.

Finn was very good at making loud noises.

He could roar.

He could growl.

He could sneeze so loudly that birds fluttered out of trees.

But he was not very good at being quiet.

This became a problem on the day of Willowbrook's Quiet Reading Hour.

Everyone was invited to the library.

There would be cushions.

There would be stories.

There would even be biscuits.

But there was one rule.

No loud noises.

"Easy," said Finn.

Lily looked at him.

"Are you sure?"

"Of course."

To prove it, Finn whispered, "I CAN BE VERY QUIET."



Three birds flew away.

Lily sighed.

"Perhaps a little quieter."

Finn nodded.

At the library, Pip was arranging the books.

Mabel was sitting on a cushion.

Mr. Moss was already asleep.

The librarian, Miss Wren, stood at the door.

"Welcome," she whispered. "Please remember our rule."

Finn nodded.

He tiptoed inside.

His shoes clicked on the floor.

Click. Click. Click.

Everyone looked up.
Finn tried walking on his toes.
Click-click-click-click.
That was worse.
So he took off his shoes.
This was a mistake.
His feet were very ticklish.
The carpet tickled them.
The cushions tickled them.
Even the air seemed to tickle them.
Finn tried not to laugh.
His shoulders shook.
His wings quivered.
Then—
"HOO-HOO-HOO!"
He clapped a hand over his mouth.
His elbow bumped a glass of water.
Splash!
Pip lifted the newspaper just in time.



But Mabel's cushion was soaking wet.

She looked at Finn.

Finn looked at Mabel.

"I'm sorry," he whispered.

"A pond is lovely," whispered Mabel. "But I did not order one here."

Miss Wren brought a cloth, and Finn helped dry the floor.

Lily found a dry cushion.

Mabel settled onto it and chose a biscuit.

"Much better."

Finn sat down on a cushion.

He picked up a book.

He read the first page.

Then the second.

Then the third.

It was a wonderful story about a pirate who had lost his ship.

Finn wanted to tell Lily.

He leaned over.

"LILY," he whispered.

Lily jumped.

"Finn!"

"THE PIRATE HAS LOST HIS SHIP!"

"Shhh!"

"AND HE CAN'T FIND IT!"

"Finn!"

Everyone looked up.

Miss Wren came over.

"Finn," she whispered kindly, "this room is for quiet reading. You could try reading beside me, or use the garden story bench if you want to read aloud."

Finn looked at the pirate on the page.

"The story bench, please. This captain has a very interesting voice."



Miss Wren smiled.

"Stay near the far apple tree, and I'll close the window so both reading places can stay comfortable."

He carried his book into the garden.

There was a bench beneath an apple tree.

Finn sat down.

He opened the book.

And read aloud.

Not too loudly.

Just loudly enough for himself.

"Captain Barnacle searched the seven seas..."

A little voice spoke from behind the tree.

"What happened next?"

Finn looked up.

Rosie Rabbit was standing there.

"I like pirate stories," she said.

Finn smiled.

"Would you like to hear it?"

Rosie nodded.

Finn began again.

Soon, Mabel came outside.

Then Lily.

Then Pip.

Even Mr. Moss wandered over, rubbing his eyes.

Finn looked at them.

"Am I being too loud?"

"No," said Rosie.

"Not at all," said Lily.

"Does the pirate find his ship?" asked Mabel.

"You'll have to listen," said Pip.

Mabel put her biscuit on her knee.

"Then I shall listen very carefully."

Finn grinned.



Then he read the whole story.

With pirate voices.

And storm noises.

And one dragon roar that sounded much bigger than it really was.

"Rrrroar," he rumbled.

Rosie giggled.



Inside the library, Miss Wren looked out of the closed window.

Everyone was sitting beneath the apple tree, listening.

She smiled.

She turned back to her book.

"Quiet Reading Hour," she said to herself, "is going very well."

The End.