

FINN & FRIENDS

The Day Lily Was Afraid



A little bridge. A quiet admission.
Two friends, one step at a time.

LITTLE STORY HARBOR

Ages 6–9 • Illustrated read-aloud edition

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

Lily was afraid of almost nothing.

She wasn't afraid of spiders.

She wasn't afraid of thunder.

She wasn't even afraid of Mrs. Crumble when she was angry about burnt bread.

Finn thought Lily was the bravest person in Willowbrook.

One morning, they went walking in the woods with Mr. Moss.

He was carrying the picnic basket.

"We'll take the path across the little wooden bridge," said Lily.

Finn nodded.

He liked the woods.

He liked the trees.

He especially liked the little stream that ran beneath the bridge.



But when they reached it, Lily stopped.

"What's wrong?" asked Finn.

"Nothing."

She took one step.

Then another.

Then she stepped back.

Finn looked at her.

"Are you feeling all right?"

"Perfectly."

But Lily was staring at the wooden planks.

The bridge had wooden handrails and room for two friends to walk side by side.

Below it, the stream rushed over the stones.

Mr. Moss checked the bridge and stayed close.

The stream was shallow that morning, but Lily did not want to look down.

Lily's knees felt wobbly.

She had never liked crossing bridges.

Especially bridges where she could see the water through the gaps.

Finn waited.

"Shall we go back?" he asked.

"No," said Lily quickly.

She didn't want Finn to know she was afraid.

After all, Finn was the one who got frightened.

Finn was the one who needed help.

Lily was supposed to be the brave one.

She took another step.

The bridge creaked.

Lily jumped backward.

Finn blinked.

Then he sat down beside her.

"I don't like knocking on doors," he said.

Lily looked at him.

"I know."

"And I don't like saying no."

"I know that too."

Finn thought for a moment.

"And I don't like it when people watch me do something I might be bad at."



Lily sat beside him.

"Neither do I," she whispered.

Finn looked at the bridge.

Then at Lily.

"Are you afraid?"

Lily nodded.

"A little."

Finn looked at her carefully.

"That's all right."

Lily stared.

"Really?"

"Of course."

"But I'm supposed to be brave."

Finn thought about this.

"Who said so?"

Lily opened her mouth.

Then closed it.

Nobody had said so.

Not really.

She had just decided it herself.

Finn stood up.

"Would you like me to fly you across?"

Lily looked at his little wings.

"Can you carry me?"

Finn considered this.

"Probably."

"Probably?"

"Well, I've never tried."

Lily laughed.

"Maybe not."

Mr. Moss set down the basket.

"No flying passengers today," he said gently. "The long path reaches the meadow too."

They sat quietly for a while.

Then Finn said, "We could walk back and take the long path."

Lily looked at the bridge.

"And miss the picnic?"

Mr. Moss patted the basket.

"The picnic is right here. It can wait for us."

"And the strawberry cakes?"

"Especially those."

Lily looked thoughtfully at the basket.

She liked strawberry cakes.

Very much.

There was no hurry. She could choose either path.

Then she stood up.

"I would like to try. Could you walk beside me?"

Finn smiled.

"Of course."

Lily took his hand.

Lily held the handrail with her free hand.

With Mr. Moss close behind, they stepped onto the bridge.

One plank.

Then another.

Then another.



Halfway across, Lily stopped.

Finn stopped too.

The water rushed below them.

Lily squeezed his hand.

"Don't let go."

"I won't."

They took another step.

And another.

At last, they reached the other side.



Lily let out a long breath.

"I did it."

Finn grinned.

"You did!"

She looked back at the bridge.

It seemed smaller now.

Not tiny.

Not easy.

But smaller.

Then Lily turned to Finn.

"Thank you."

Finn shrugged.

"That's what friends are for."

They continued along the path.



Soon, Lily spotted a spider hanging from a branch.

Finn squeaked.

Lily pointed to a clear place beneath the branch.

They walked around the spider, leaving its web undisturbed.

"That's what friends are for," she said.

And they walked on together.

The End.