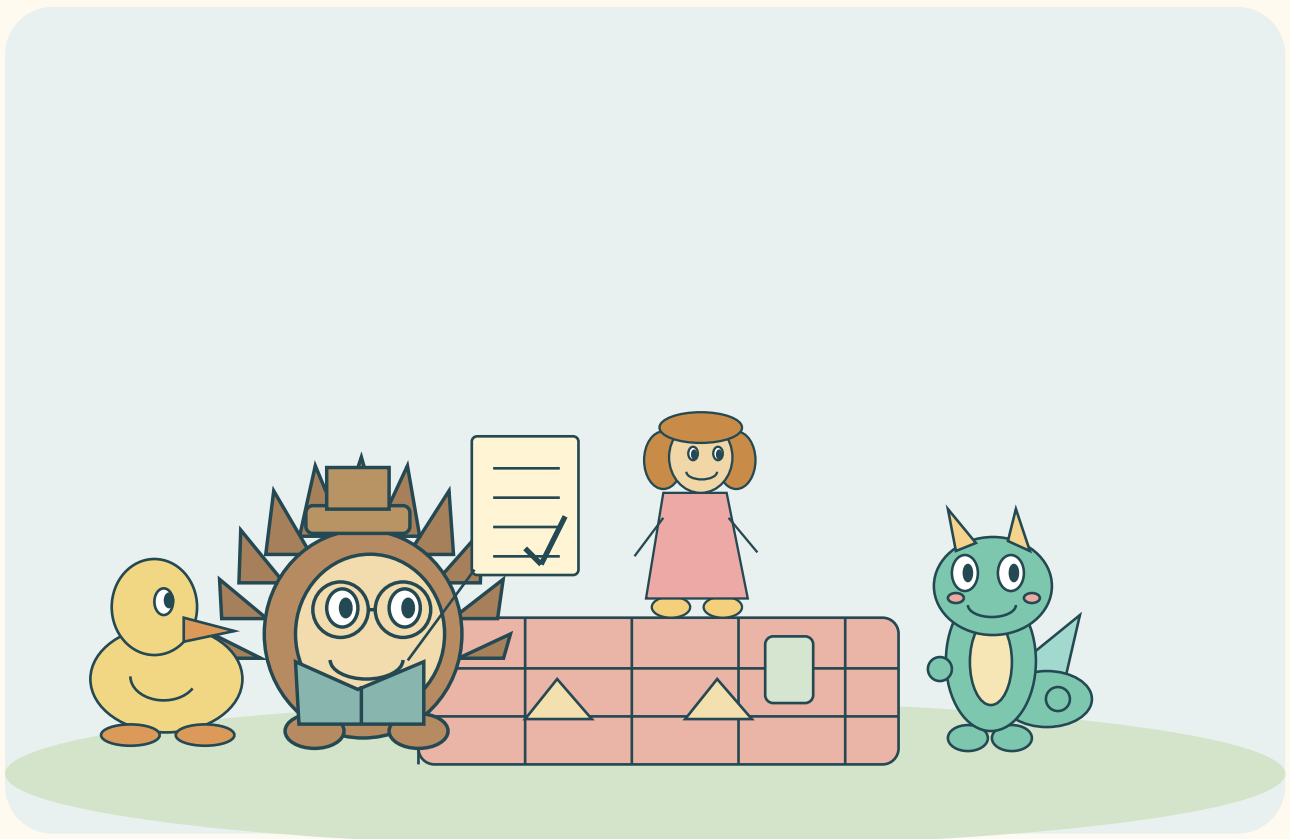


FINN & FRIENDS

The Very Important List



A picnic, a missing list,
and one very good sandwich cloud.

LITTLE STORY HARBOR

Ages 6–9 • Illustrated read-aloud edition

Pip the hedgehog loved lists.

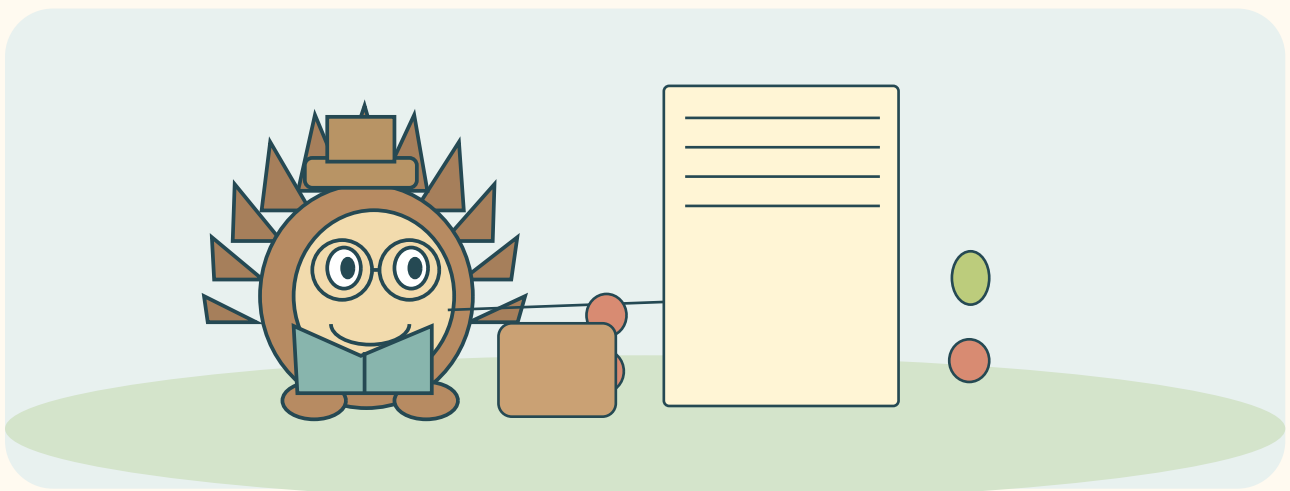
He had a list of things to do in the morning.

A list of things to do in the afternoon.

And a list of things to remember before going to bed.

He even had a list of his lists.

It was his favorite list.



One Saturday, Pip was organizing a picnic.

He had invited Finn, Lily, and Mabel to the meadow.

Everything was ready.

Sandwiches? Check.

Lemonade? Check.

Blanket? Check.

Three apples and one pear? Check.

Pip examined his list.

Then he examined it again.

"Perfect," he said.

He folded the paper carefully and slipped it into his pocket.

His handkerchief bunched around it.

At ten o'clock, everyone arrived.

Finn carried the picnic basket.

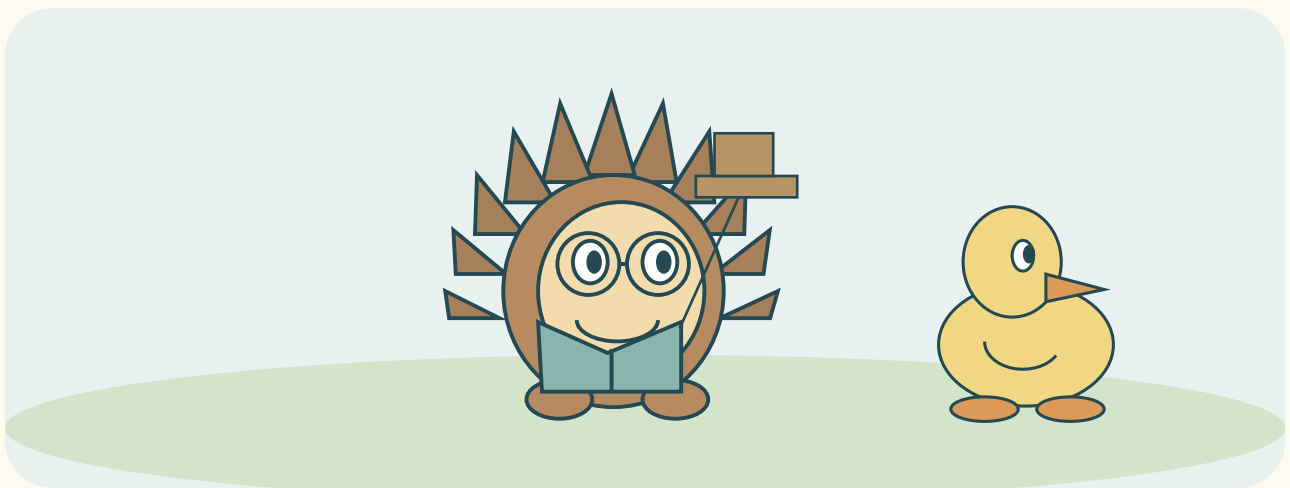
Lily carried the blanket.

Mabel carried herself.

"I was going to bring something," Mabel explained, "but I couldn't think of anything, so I decided to bring a very good mood."

"That's nice," said Finn.

"I brought two, actually," said Mabel. "In case the first one wears out."



Pip reached into his pocket.

His list was gone.

He felt around the handkerchief without taking it out. No paper.

He checked his other pocket.

Nothing.

He checked inside his waistcoat.

Nothing.

He checked under his hat.

"Why would it be under your hat?" asked Lily.

"I don't know!" cried Pip. "That's why this is an emergency!"

He looked at the basket.

"Nobody move."

Finn froze.

Mabel immediately moved.

"Mabel!"

"Sorry."

Pip searched the grass.

He searched the path.

He searched underneath Finn's wings.

"That tickles," said Finn.

The list was nowhere.

"We can't have the picnic," Pip announced.

"Why not?" asked Lily.

"Because I don't know what comes next!"

Lily looked at the basket.

"Couldn't we just eat?"

Pip stared at her.

"Just eat?"

"Yes."

"Without checking the list?"

"Yes."

Pip sat down very suddenly.

Mabel whispered to Finn, "I think he's going to faint."

Finn put the basket down.

"Perhaps we could make a new list."

Pip brightened.

"Yes! Excellent idea!"

He found a pencil.

But there was no paper.



"We can write it on a leaf," suggested Mabel.

Pip looked horrified.

"A leaf?"

"Leaves are quite good at being leaves," said Mabel. "Maybe they're good at being paper, too."

She picked up a large one.

Pip began writing.

1. Find a place to sit.
2. Put down the blanket.
3. Unpack the basket.

Then a gust of wind blew the leaf out of his paws.

"MY LIST!"

The leaf sailed over the meadow.

Finn flew after it.

The leaf sailed over the stream.

Finn flew faster.

The leaf sailed straight into a muddy puddle.



Finn landed with a splash.

He held up the leaf.

The writing was gone.

So were his clean feet.

Pip stared at the soggy leaf.

For a long moment, nobody said anything.

Then Mabel's stomach growled.

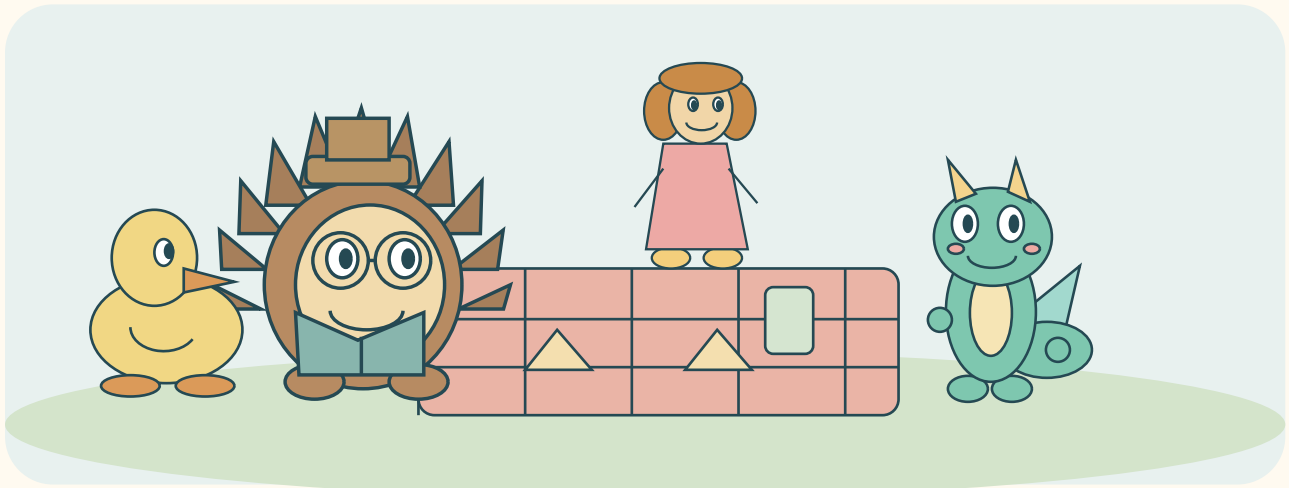
It was a very loud growl.

Everyone turned.

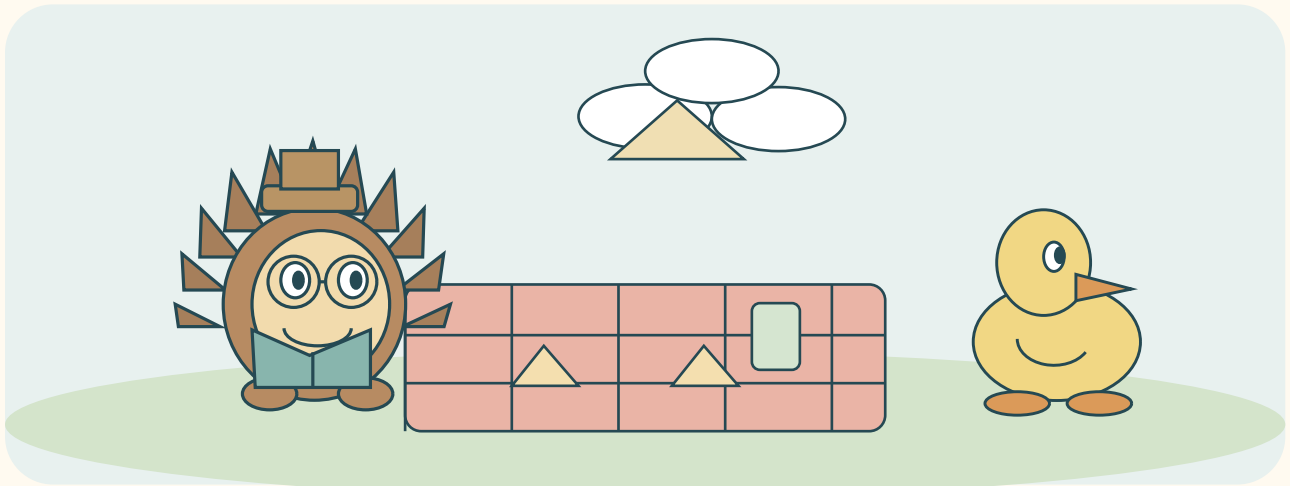
"That wasn't me," said Mabel.

Her stomach growled again.

"Well," she admitted, "perhaps a little."



Lily spread the blanket.
Finn opened the basket.
Mabel took a sandwich.
Pip watched them.
"Wait," he said.
They waited.
Pip looked at the blanket.
At the food.
At his friends.
"We haven't checked anything."
"What needs checking?" asked Lily.
Pip opened his mouth.
Then closed it.
He couldn't remember.
Finn handed him a sandwich.
Pip took a bite.
It was delicious.
After a while, he lay back on the blanket.



Clouds floated overhead.

One looked like a rabbit.

Another looked like a boat.

A third looked exactly like a giant sandwich.

"That's a good cloud," said Mabel.

Pip nodded.

He was having a wonderful time.

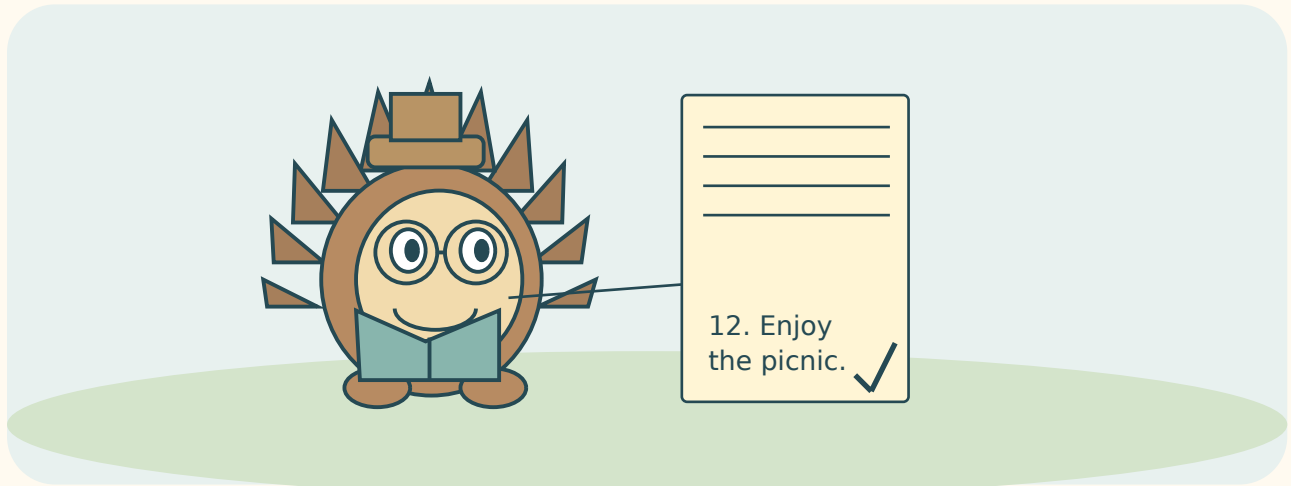
Then he reached into his pocket for a handkerchief.

Something crackled.

He shook out the handkerchief, and a folded piece of paper slipped out.

His list.

It had been tucked inside the handkerchief all along.



Pip unfolded it.

At the very bottom, beneath everything else, was one final item.

12. Enjoy the picnic.

Pip looked at his friends.

Then he took out his pencil.

And made a check mark.

The End.

An original story and original vector illustrations created with AI assistance and editorial review. For shared reading with an adult. Estimated read-aloud time: 5–6 minutes; not a timed listener test.