

FINN & FRIENDS

The World's Smallest Parade



Four friends. One rather loud trumpet.
A small beginning with a big surprise.

LITTLE STORY HARBOR

Ages 6–9 • Illustrated read-aloud edition

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

On Monday, Mabel announced that Willowbrook needed a parade.

"A magnificent parade!" she declared.

"With music! And flags! And a marching band!"

Pip took out his notebook.

"How many people?"

"Everyone!"

"How many instruments?"

"Millions!"

"How long will it last?"

"Forever!"

Pip closed his notebook.

"I think we should start smaller."

So they planned a Friday parade and invited everyone in Willowbrook.

Unfortunately, everyone was busy.

Mrs. Crumble had bread to bake.

Mr. Moss had seedlings to plant.

Rosie Rabbit had a loose tooth and didn't want to go anywhere.

And Mr. Badger was taking a nap.

By Friday, there were only four people in the parade.

Mabel, Finn, Lily, and Pip.

"Four!" cried Mabel. "That's not a parade! That's a walk!"

"Perhaps we can cancel," suggested Finn.

"Absolutely not," said Mabel.
She put a paper hat on her head.
It fell over her eyes.



She pushed it back.
"We shall have the finest four-person parade in history!"
Pip had made a schedule.
10:00 — Assemble.
10:05 — Begin marching.
10:07 — Turn left.
10:09 — Wave flags.
10:12 — Finish parade.
"Only twelve minutes from meeting to finishing?" asked Lily.

"Twelve minutes is plenty," said Pip. "There are only four of us."

Finn carried a little drum.

Lily carried a flag.

Pip carried the schedule.

Mabel carried a trumpet.

She didn't know how to play the trumpet.

This became clear almost immediately.

BWAAAAAAP!

A pigeon flew out of a tree.

Finn jumped.

One drumstick flew from his hand.



It landed in a puddle.

"STOP!" shouted Pip.

The parade stopped.

Finn picked up the drumstick and wiped it on his handkerchief.

Drip.

"A very damp drum solo," said Lily.

Pip checked the schedule.

"We're already three minutes late."

"That's all right," said Lily.

"It is not all right," said Pip. "We're supposed to turn left at 10:07."

Mabel looked around.

"Can we turn left now?"

Pip sighed.

"I suppose."

They started marching again and turned left.



And found themselves in a dead-end lane.

There was a wall.

There was a dustbin.

There was a very surprised cat.

"Are we finished?" asked Finn.

"No!" cried Mabel.

She turned around and marched back the other way.

BWAAAAAAP!

The cat fled.

Finn followed with his drum and one damp drumstick.

Lily waved her flag.

Pip stopped to check his schedule, then hurried to catch up.

They marched past the bakery.

Mrs. Crumble came outside.

"What on earth is that noise?"

"Our parade!" shouted Mabel.

Mrs. Crumble laughed.

"Well, wait there."

She disappeared inside.



A moment later, she returned with a wooden spoon and a saucepan.

"The bread is out of the oven," she said. "I can come for a little while."

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

"Five!" shouted Mabel.

They marched past Mr. Moss's garden.

He was watering his seedlings.

"Is that a parade?" he asked.

"Yes!" cried Finn.

"Splendid."

"Last seedling watered," he said.

Mr. Moss put down his watering can.

He joined them, carrying a flowerpot.

"Six!" shouted Mabel.

Rosie Rabbit heard the music.

She came outside, holding a little ribbon.

Her tooth was still loose, but a parade sounded much more interesting than sitting at home.

"Can I come?"

"Of course!"

"Seven!"

Mr. Badger woke from his nap.

He opened his window.

"What is all this?"

"A parade!" shouted everyone.

Mr. Badger considered this.

Then he went inside and came out wearing his best hat.

"Eight!" cried Mabel.



By the time they reached the meadow, half the village was following them.

Someone brought a whistle.

Someone brought a tambourine.

Someone brought a cowbell.

The noise was enormous.

Pip checked his schedule.

They were nowhere near its times.

He folded it up and put it away.

Mabel marched proudly at the front.

"Behold!" she cried. "The greatest parade Willowbrook has ever seen!"

Finn looked at all the smiling faces.

Then he looked at Lily.

"I thought there were only four of us."

"There were," said Lily.

Finn smiled.

"I think four was enough to start."



At the end of the parade, Mabel stood on a box.

"Thank you, everyone! Next year, we shall have an even bigger parade!"

Pip raised one paw.

"How big?"

Mabel thought for a moment.

"Twice as big!"

Pip looked at the crowd.

Then at his notebook.

Then at Mabel.

"Oh, dear," he said.

And everyone laughed.



On the way home, the instruments were quiet.

Finn tapped the last little beat on his knee.

Mabel tucked the trumpet under her wing.

For once, she had nothing more to announce.

The End.