



One Treasure Each Morning

“That one is coming home with me,” said Brindle, the crow, and she tugged a silver bottle cap from a patch of moss. It flashed blue-white when she turned it in her beak. Her nest was high in an old oak, and she could not wait to add this cap to her wonderful collection.

Brindle loved shiny things with her whole clever heart. She had shiny buttons, round and smooth, in red, green, and pearly white. She had three silver bottle caps, a brass key ring, and a small mirror shard with one jagged corner. She had tucked bright feathers among them too: a jay feather, a pigeon feather, and a black feather that gleamed purple in the right light.



At first, her nest had seemed exactly right for treasures. Brindle placed each new find carefully between the twigs. But now the treasures filled every dip and hollow. They pushed up through the soft feathers. They rattled when she landed. The new bottle cap would not fit anywhere at all, so Brindle shoved it beneath a bundle of dry grass.





That evening, Brindle tried to settle down. A button pressed against her wing. She shifted. A bottle cap tilted and clicked against a twig. She shifted again. The brass key ring caught one toe. “Oh, honestly,” she grumbled, lifting one foot and then the other. The nest was hers, and every shining thing in it was hers, but there was hardly a place left for Brindle.

The next day, she found a long blue button near the woodland path. It was the brightest button she had ever seen. She flew it home at once. Yet as she reached for the mirror shard to make room, her beak met only feathers, caps, and a tangle of grass. The mirror shard was gone.

Brindle searched from rim to rim. She lifted the pigeon feather. She rolled the red button aside. She peered beneath the brass key ring. A silver cap slipped over the edge and spun down onto a lower branch. Brindle swooped after it, caught it before it fell farther, and carried it back. Still no mirror shard.



She tried pulling out the grass at the middle of the nest. Out came two white buttons, then a twig, then the jay feather. The nest gave a worried sag. Brindle stopped with the grass hanging from her beak. If she kept digging, she might scatter everything. She looked at the heap around her and felt a hard, fluttery squeeze beneath her feathers.





Below the oak, near the roots, was a knothole in a fallen log. The woodland crows used it as a shared cache for treasures they were not using. Brindle had never put much there. Why should she? What if she wanted every lovely thing close by, all at once?

Then a thin square of light winked from inside the tangled grass. Brindle froze. The mirror shard had not disappeared at all. It was wedged under so many other things that she could barely see it. Its little flash looked lonely, not special. Brindle set down the grass. “I cannot see you when I try to keep everything,” she said.





She made a choice. Brindle picked up the mirror shard first and placed it on the smoothest part of her nest. Then she carried the blue button to the knothole cache. Back and forth she flew: red button, green button, pearly button; bottle caps, key ring, bright feathers. She did not throw them away. She set each one safely among the other woodland treasures.

When Brindle returned at last, her nest was still her nest: round, twiggy, and lined with soft feathers. But now it had a clear hollow in the middle. She turned the mirror shard so it caught a slice of sky, then folded her wings without bumping anything. “Just you today,” she told it.

The next morning, Brindle visited the shared cache and chose one treasure to bring home. Some days it was a button. Some days a feather. On the day she chose the silver bottle cap, it shone like a tiny moon beside her. And every evening, with room beneath her wings, Brindle rested in her cozy nest and knew exactly where her favorite thing was.





Good night.



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After the story



WHAT THIS STORY IS ABOUT

Brindle loves every shining treasure she finds, until her crowded nest leaves no room to rest. With help from the shared woodland cache, she learns that a favorite treasure can still be close without being piled all around her.

TALK ABOUT IT AFTER READING

After reading, ask which moment felt the warmest or bravest today.

AND TOMORROW...

One morning, Brindle finds a treasure in the shared cache that none of the woodland crows remembers bringing there.





One Treasure Each Morning

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A detailed illustration of a large, gnarled tree trunk with a hollow. A bird's wings are spread wide, showing intricate feather patterns. The background is a soft, light green wash. The title 'One Treasure Each Morning' is centered in a dark, serif font.

One Treasure Each Morning

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6 minutes of reading



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