



Who Mixed Up Noah's Labels?

A story for Noah

TuckBook

The main character of this story: **Noah**

“Commander Noah, water for the lunar greenhouse!” Noah announced, lifting his small watering can. He was seven, and his homemade silver spacesuit rustled when he walked. A round green expedition patch shone on his chest, and his wordless map tablet was tucked beneath one arm. The real greenhouse was only a row of glass panels beside Grandma’s vegetable beds, but its silver-leaved plants looked wonderfully moonish.

Grandma was gathering ripe bean pods, dry marigold heads, and tiny brown lettuce seeds into a garden basket. Before the evening rain, they needed to save seeds for next year’s garden and put away the little supplies for the new school-and-garden cycle: paper packets, wooden plant labels, string, and pencils. “August gives us a last busy hand,” Grandma said. “Let’s use ours carefully.”





Noah unfolded his map tablet on the porch table. Its thick hinged panels opened wider and wider until the whole star map covered most of the table, with coloured circles for each bed: yellow for marigolds, green for beans, red for lettuce. There were no words, only pictures and shapes. Beyond it, the garden stretched in neat rows, while a flock of sparrows bounced along the fence like little brown commas.

Grandma picked up the blue school-supplies box, and Noah picked up the red seed box. They had accidentally swapped them. Noah tried to tuck a seed packet into a pencil tin, while Grandma held up a wooden label from the school box. It poked through the handle like a rabbit ear. “This pencil case seems to be growing carrots,” Noah said. Grandma laughed so hard that her sunhat tipped sideways.





Then the wind arrived with one big whoosh through the open gate. Paper seed packets leapt from the red box. Wooden labels skittered across the path. One packet sailed neatly onto the spout of Noah's watering can and stayed there, fluttering like a flag. Another landed upside down in the basket, so the picture of a bean looked as if it were growing from Grandma's lettuce seeds.







“Oh dear,” said Grandma, reaching for two packets at once. “The rain is coming.” Noah’s stomach squeezed. All those careful August seeds could be mixed up or damp. He chased a yellow packet, but it slipped beneath the porch step. When he crouched, he saw three more packets there, their coloured corners peeping out like a row of tiny flags.

Noah stood still. He took one slow breath in through his nose and let it out. The fluttering packet on the watering can made a soft flap-flap sound. “Grandma,” he said, “what if we pause? We can sort one packet at a time. By colour first, then by the labels. We don’t have to catch everything all at once.”

Grandma stopped reaching. “That is an excellent mission plan, Commander.” Together they carried the red box and the blue box onto the covered porch. Noah unfolded the whole star map tablet again, this time across the long potting bench. Its coloured circles spread beneath the porch lantern, which Grandma switched on as the daylight began to dim.





Noah made a yellow pile, a green pile, and a red pile. Grandma brought each rescued packet to him, one at a time. They matched the pictures to the wooden labels: round marigold flower, curling bean, frilly lettuce leaf. Noah found the packet from under the step and held it beside the map. “Green circle, climbing vines,” he said. “Beans!” Into the seed box it went.

The watering-can flag turned out to be marigolds. Noah peeled it gently from the spout and put it with the yellow pile. Grandma found the missing school pencils in the seed box, where they had been hiding among the string. “They wanted to be planted,” Noah said. “Perhaps they hoped to grow homework trees.”

At last every packet had its label, every label had its string, and every pencil was back in the blue box. Noah tucked the seed packets safely inside the red box. Grandma set both boxes on the high porch shelf, dry and ready. Just then the first rain began to tick against the greenhouse glass.







They sat on the porch steps, well under the roof, with the lantern making a gold pool beside them. The garden drank quietly. Noah rested his watering can against the wall and folded his star map tablet shut. “Mission complete,” he murmured, as the rain made the whole familiar garden shine.

Good night, Noah.



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After the story



WHAT THIS STORY IS ABOUT

When a gust of wind scrambles Noah and Grandma's garden supplies before the evening rain, Space Commander Noah learns that a calm plan can rescue the mission. Together, they sort every colorful packet safely under the porch light.

TALK ABOUT IT AFTER READING

After reading, ask: “Noah, which moment felt the warmest or bravest today?”

AND TOMORROW...

On the next garden mission, Noah notices that a row of seedlings has appeared where nobody remembers planting any seeds.





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6 minutes of reading



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