



The Paper Star

A story for Freya

TuckBook

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

Freya tipped her school bag upside down on her bedroom rug. Out came two sharpened pencils, a purple eraser, a folded timetable, and one lonely hair clip. “Where is my star?” she said. Tomorrow was her first day back at school, and she wanted to tuck her small paper bookmark into The Moon Map before morning.

The bookmark usually lived on the little shelf beside Freya’s bed. She checked there first, moving a smooth pebble, a tin of coloured pencils, and the book’s empty place. No star. She looked beneath the bed, where only a woolly sock and a drawing of a fox lay waiting.

Then every lamp blinked once and went out. The room became a soft grey shape around Freya. The hallway, bright and ordinary a moment before, was now a long strip of shadow beyond her open door.



Freya stood very still. She knew this hallway well, but without its usual light, the coat hooks looked taller and the picture frames seemed farther away. “I don’t like searching when the room has changed,” she said.

Her mother came from the nearby sitting room, holding Freya’s hand torch from the drawer by the telephone. “The power will come back when it can,” she said. “Meanwhile, would you like to look together?”





Freya clicked on the torch. Its small round beam landed on her yellow pyjamas, then the rug, then the doorway. She did not rush into the hall. Her mother walked beside her, and Freya swept the light slowly over the floorboards, noticing dust sparkles and the tiny blue thread from her blanket caught by the door.

“What was I doing when I last had The Moon Map?” her mother asked. Freya remembered reading after tea. She had made a nest on her bed because the map in the story had led through snowy mountains. She had used her blanket as a mountain cave.







Back in her room, Freya shone the torch at the bed. The blanket was bunched in a lumpy hill, with one corner drooping almost to the floor. Near its edge, something dark blue made a straight little line beneath the folds. Freya saw it, but at first thought it was only a shadow.

She could have pulled the whole blanket down at once. Instead, Freya put the torch on the bed beside her mother's hand and lifted one fold carefully. Underneath lay The Moon Map, opened to a picture of a silver bridge. Resting neatly between its pages was the paper star, its five points pressed flat and safe.

"There you are," Freya whispered. She slid the star back to the page where the traveller had just reached the bridge. It had not vanished at all. The dark had simply hidden the familiar shapes and made her look too quickly.

With the torch beam shining gently on the rug, Freya packed her bag again. The pencils went into their case. The timetable went into the front pocket. The Moon Map went on top, with its star peeping out like a tiny promise.







The lights came back just as Freya pulled her cosy blanket over her knees. Her room looked exactly like her room again, though she had noticed more of it than usual. Her mother kissed her forehead, and Freya opened The Moon Map to the silver bridge, ready for one last page before sleep.

Good night, Freya.



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After the story



WHAT THIS STORY IS ABOUT

When a power cut makes Freya's bedroom feel unfamiliar, she searches patiently for a lost paper star. With a torch and a careful look at the things she already knows, she finds it in time for bedtime.

TALK ABOUT IT AFTER READING

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

AND TOMORROW...

The next morning, Freya may discover that a missing classroom map needs the same slow-looking skills.





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5 minutes of reading



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