

Old Wren's Quiet Day

A Thistledown Lane story · Series 1 · Episode 2



Every morning on Thistledown Lane begins the same way: the sun comes up over the hills, the leaves go scritch-scratch along the wall, and Old Wren sings from his branch.

Every morning, that is, except this one.



“Moss, listen,” said Bramble.

“I can’t hear anything.”

“Exactly. Where’s Old Wren’s song?”



Up on his branch, Old Wren was fluffed up like a little brown ball, with his beak tucked under his wing.

“Old Wren? Are you all right?”

“Hnff. Hello, little hedgehog. I’ve got a cold. My chirp’s gone all… hnff… croaky.”



“A bird with no chirp?” said Moss. “That’s the saddest thing I ever heard.”

“Don’t fuss. I’ll just sit here quietly. Hnff.”

“We’re not leaving you like that,” said Bramble.

“Come on, Moss. We’ve got jobs to do.”

“We have?”



“Something soft for his head. Something warm
for his back. And something nice for his tummy.”

“Soft, warm, and nice,” said Moss. “I can remember that.”

So off they went, down the lane, with a list of
three things and no idea where to find them.



The big green field was full of dandelion clocks,
nodding their white fluffy heads in the breeze.
“Bramble, look at these. They’re like little clouds on sticks.”
“Soft. Something soft for his head!”



Moss stood on his tiptoes and puffed, and the fluff came away in his paws like a tiny pillow.

“Got it! Oh… it tickles. Ah… ah…”

“Don’t sneeze!”

“Achoo!”

thistledownlane.co.uk · free for classroom use



And half the pillow floated away over the wall.

“Oops.”

“Never mind. We’ve still got enough.
Hold it tight, and don’t breathe on it.”

One thing found. Two to go.

thistledownlane.co.uk · free for classroom use



In the woods, the leaves lay thick and golden on the floor, all different sizes.

“We need a big one,” said Bramble. “The biggest, warmest leaf in the whole wood.”

“This one’s big.”

“That’s a twig.”

“This one’s big!”

“That’s a toadstool, Moss. Put it down.”

thistledownlane.co.uk · free for classroom use



Then Moss stopped, right at the foot of the tallest tree.

“Bramble. THIS one’s big.”

It was. It was so big that when Moss picked it up, all you could see was a leaf with two little pink feet underneath.

thistledownlane.co.uk · free for classroom use



“Perfect. Something warm for his back.”

“It’s a bit heavy,” said a voice from under the leaf.

“Then we’ll carry it together.”

Two things found. One to go. And the last one meant going home.



“Well, look at the pair of you,” said Mam. “A pillow and a leaf. Are you building a nest?”

“It’s for Old Wren, Mam. He’s got a cold and he’s lost his chirp.”

“Oh, the poor old thing. Then he’ll be needing something nice for his tummy.”



“That’s the third thing!” said Moss. “How did you know?”

“Mams know. Here. One honey bun, warm from the oven. Mind you don’t eat it on the way.”

“I would never.”

“Well. Maybe a crumb.”

“Moss!”



Three things found. And back up the lane they went,
as fast as a leaf and a pillow and a bun would let them.



“Old Wren! We’re back!”

“Hnff. So you are. What’s all this?”

“Something soft for your head,” said Moss.

“Something warm for your back,” said Bramble.

“And something nice for your tummy. Honey bun. Mostly whole.”

thistledownlane.co.uk · free for classroom use



Old Wren tucked the pillow under his head, and the big leaf over his back, and took one small peck of honey bun.

“Mm. That’s… that’s very…”

And then something happened that neither of them expected.



“Hnff… hnff… CHIRP!”

“He chirped!” cried Moss.

“Chirp! Chirrup! Oh, that’s better. That’s MUCH better.”

“Your chirp came back!”



“It was never far away,” said Old Wren. “It just needed
a good pillow, a warm leaf, and two very kind friends.”

And the lane filled up with birdsong again,
all the way down to the little round door.



“Did it work?” asked Mam.

“Listen.”

Through the open door came a chirp, and another, and another.

“Well, there we are. Now, who’s for a honey bun?”

“Me! I only had a crumb. Honestly.”

thistledownlane.co.uk · free for classroom use



“If a friend feels poorly, you don’t need to fix everything. Just bring something soft, something warm, and something nice.”

And that’s how friends look after each other, down on Thistledown Lane.

Thistledown Lane

The lesson: **If a friend feels poorly, bring something soft, something warm, and something nice.**

Watch the episode and hear the characters read this story aloud, free, at **thistledownlane.co.uk/episode-old-wrens-quiet-day**

Free teaching packs for every episode: **thistledownlane.co.uk/teaching**