

Pip and the Windy Day

A Thistledown Lane story · Series 2 · Episode 1



It was the windiest morning of the whole autumn on Thistledown Lane. The trees were roaring, and the leaves were coming down like golden rain.



“Whoooa! Look at them all! There must be a million!” said Lilly.

“Hold on to something, Lilly. You’re very light,” said Moss.

“I’m not light. I’m aerodynamic,” said Lilly.

“Lilly, mind your hat!” said Bramble.

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But it was too late. A great big gust came roaring down the lane, and it whisked Lilly's beret right off her head.

"My beret! My best beret! It's going over the wall!" said Lilly.

"Come on. Quick, before it gets away," said Bramble.

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So off they ran, through the gate and across the big field, with the beret tumbling over and over ahead of them, like a little red leaf.

“It’s getting away!” said Moss.

“It’s going down by that bank!” said Lilly.

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And then the wind dropped it, plop, into an enormous pile of leaves at the bottom of a grassy bank.

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“Where is it? It was right here. It’s gone into the leaves!” said Lilly.

“There are an awful lot of leaves,” said Moss.

And then Bramble saw something. In the bank, behind the leaves, there was a little round doorway. And in the doorway, two very big, very worried eyes.

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“Hello? We won’t hurt you. We’re only looking for a hat,” said Bramble.

Very, very slowly, a small grey-brown face peeped out. It had one floppy ear and a yellow striped jumper.

“H-hello. I’m Pip. I live here. Is the wind still very loud?” asked Pip.



“It’s quite loud. I’m Bramble. This is Moss, and this is Lilly,” said Bramble.

“We’ve lost my beret. Have you seen a beret?
It’s red. And very important,” said Lilly.

“I haven’t been outside. Not all day. Not with
all the leaves falling on everything,” said Pip.



“The leaves are a bit scary. One fell right on my head,” said Moss.

“One fell on MY head yesterday. I stayed in for the rest of the day,” said Pip.

“Will you come out and help us look?” asked Bramble.

“I... I don’t think I can,” said Pip.

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Just then, Old Wren came fluttering down onto the hawthorn bush at the top of the bank, his feathers all ruffled up by the wind.

“Hmm. Blowy. I’ve been blown halfway across the field and back again,” said Old Wren.

“Old Wren, Pip’s frightened of the leaves falling,” said Bramble.

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“Well. That’s only because nobody’s told her why they fall,” said Old Wren.

“Why ARE the trees throwing their leaves away? Don’t they want them?” asked Moss.

“They’re getting ready for bed. All summer, a tree works hard. In autumn, it lets its leaves go, and it rests all through the winter. And in spring? Brand new leaves,” said Old Wren.



“So the trees aren’t throwing things at me?” asked Pip.

“Bless you, no. They’re just tucking themselves in,” said Old Wren.

And Pip thought about that. A tree going to bed
didn’t sound frightening at all. It sounded rather cosy.

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“I’d still like to help find the beret. But it’s a very long way out,” said Pip.

“It doesn’t have to be all at once. How about just one little hop?” asked Bramble.

“One little hop…” said Pip.

And Pip did one little hop, right onto the doorstep.

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“That was a good one,” said Moss.

“...and another little hop,” said Pip.

And then Bramble hopped, and Moss hopped, and Lilly did a hop that was more of a bounce, and they all hopped together, one little hop, and another little hop, all the way to the great big pile of leaves.

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“One little hop… and another little hop!” said Pip.

“Pip, you’re outside! You’re right outside!” said Lilly.

“I am! I’m outside!” said Pip.

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And then Pip, the most careful rabbit in the whole field, took a big breath, and jumped right into the middle of the leaf pile.

There was a great whoosh of leaves, and for a moment there was no Pip at all. And then...

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...up she popped, with leaves in her ears, and something red on her head.

“My beret! Pip, you found it! You found my beret!” said Lilly.



“It was in the leaves all along. The leaves were quite nice, actually. They’re crunchy,” said Pip.

“Can I have a go?” asked Moss.



So they all had a go. Moss jumped in, and Lilly jumped in, and Bramble jumped in, and Old Wren said he was far too old for that sort of thing, and then jumped in as well.

“Don’t tell anybody,” said Old Wren.

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“Will you come back tomorrow?
It might be windy again,” said Pip.

“We’ll come back. And if it’s windy, we’ll do
it one little hop at a time,” said Bramble.



“Being brave doesn’t mean you’re not scared. It means you’re a bit scared, and you do one little hop anyway.”

And that’s how Pip came out of her burrow,
on the windiest day of the whole autumn.

Thistledown Lane

The lesson: **Being brave doesn't mean you're not scared. It means you're a bit scared, and you do one little hop anyway.**

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