

Freddie's Magic Rock

a Sally Harper Story

Copyright © 2024 Sally Harper

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the author.

First Edition

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

Independently published by Sally Harper

For Freddie

Freddie is miserable.

He has:

- runny eyes,
- a tickly nose,
- and two bright red spots on his cheeks due to a nasty cold.

Mummy gives him a big squeeze. "When you feel better, we'll go out for a treat," she promises.



“Shall we go to the cinema? Or the animal farm?”

“No,” says Freddie. “I want to go to the seaside.”

“Oh,” says Mummy doubtfully. “The seaside will be very quiet this time of year, and it’s much too cold to paddle in the sea.”

“I don’t mind,” says Freddie. “I want to build a sandcastle.”



The next week, Mummy makes a picnic and sends Freddie upstairs to the toy cupboard to find his bucket and spade.

Freddie comes downstairs with his bucket, spade...and his beach ball, dinosaurs, monster truck, and action figures.

“We can’t take all that!” laughs Mummy. “It will be much too heavy to carry.”

“Please?” says Freddie.



Mummy and Freddie wrap up warmly in hats, scarves, gloves, and Wellington boots, then drive to the beach.

Mummy carries the picnic basket, a blanket, and Freddie's toy bag to a secluded spot by the rocks. It's all very heavy. She sits down wearily.



“Can I build a sandcastle?” asks Freddie, as he pulls his bucket and spade from the bag.

“Stay where I can see you,” Mummy warns.

Freddie runs nearer to the water and scoops handfuls of wet sand into his bucket. He turns it out onto the ground and makes a splendid sandcastle.



“Bravo!” cries Mummy, clapping her hands.

“Now come and eat your picnic.”

Mummy and Freddie enjoy a delicious picnic of hot tomato soup from a thermos flask and cheese and crisp sandwiches on chunky brown bread.



Freddie leans back against the rocks, gazing at the wintry sun sparkling on the waves. He watches the seagulls circling above and breathes in the salty seaside air.

Freddie is happy. He has bright eyes, a pink nose, and two bright red spots on his cheeks from excitement.



Mummy gives him a big squeeze. "I'm so glad you're better," she says.

"While I'm clearing away our picnic, why don't you look for some shells and pebbles to decorate your castle?" she suggests.



Freddie climbs around the rocks. He finds shiny pink shells and smooth, round grey pebbles, and pops them in his bucket. Then he spots a piece of black rock, covered in tiny specks of silver and gold, and puts it in his pocket.



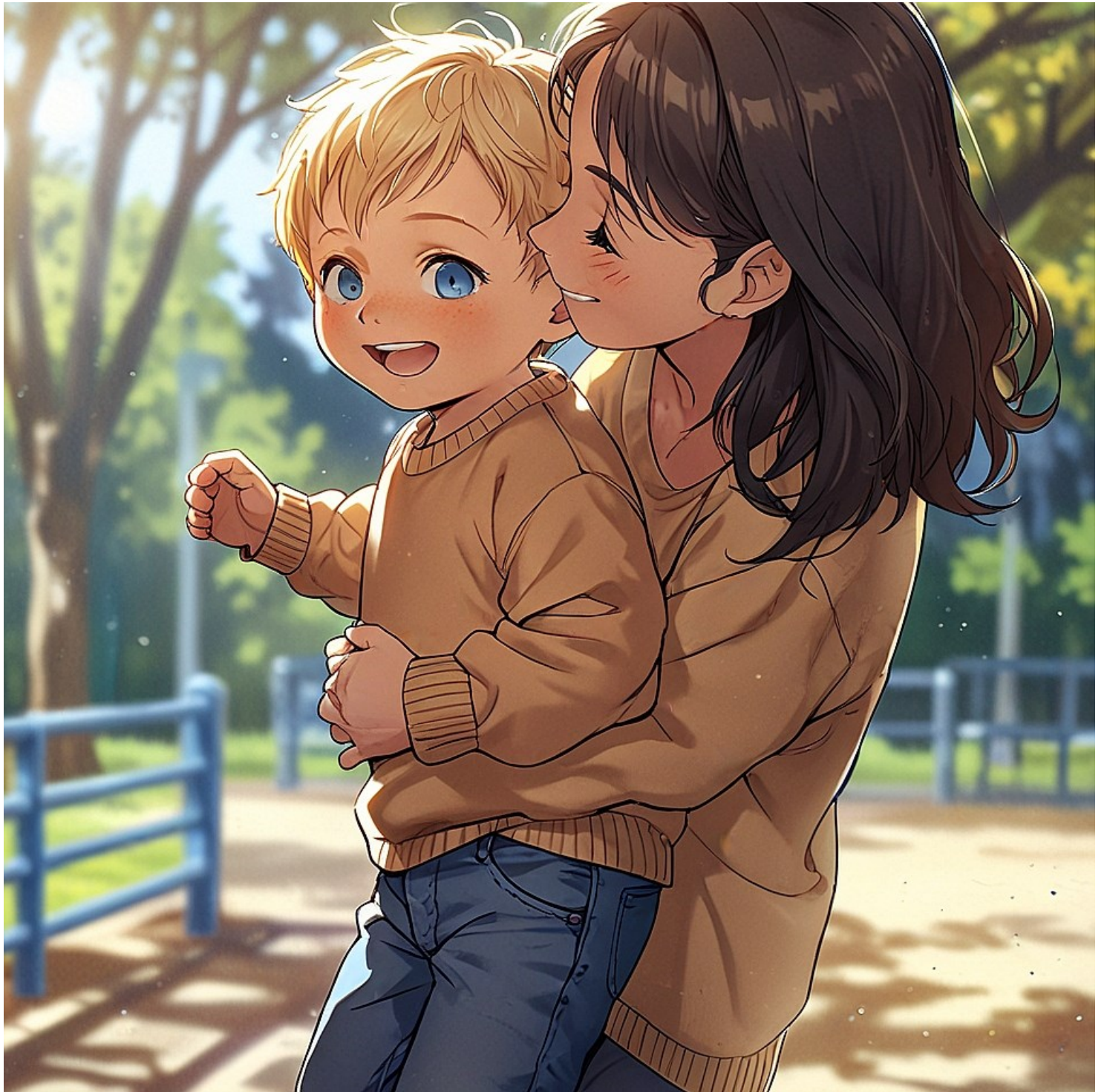
“Besides,” says Mummy, “I was friends with Tommy’s Mummy when I was about your age, and we’re still best friends today!”



“Do you know what I think, Freddie?” asks Mummy.

“No,” says Freddie, shaking his head.

“I think you are just perfect the way you are,” says Mummy.



“Do you think that Tommy's Mummy thinks Tommy is perfect the way he is too?” asks Freddie.

“Oh yes!” says Mummy. “I don't have to think about that at all; I am quite sure of it!”



This story teaches children about the importance of accepting themselves and others as they are. Through Freddie and his friend Tommy, young readers see that everyone has different strengths and qualities, and that's what makes each person special. It encourages children to recognize that both differences and similarities make us all perfect in our own way, fostering self-esteem and empathy for others.

Look out for more Freddie stories by Sally Harper

Acknowledgments:

Illustrations by Martin Fretwell