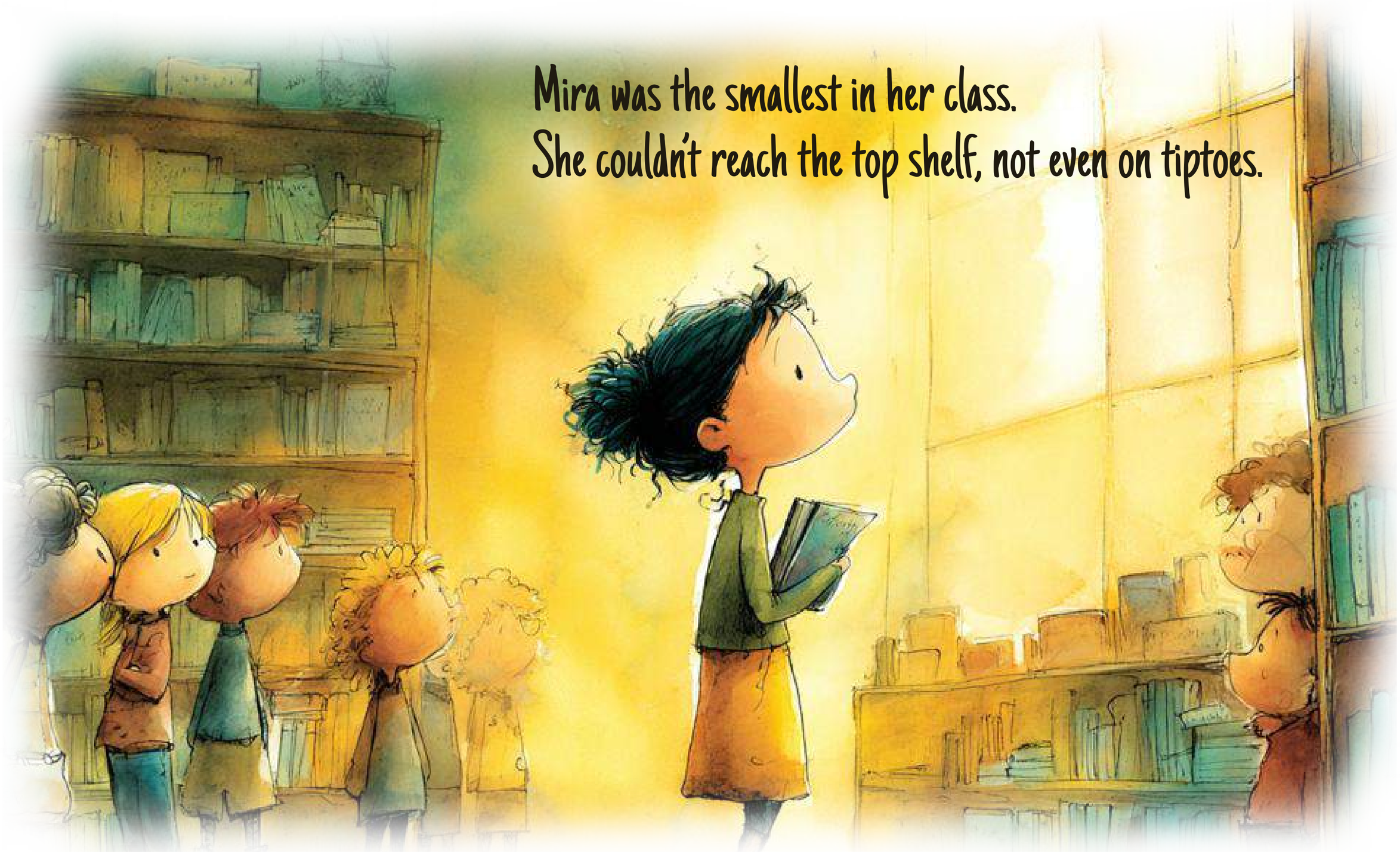
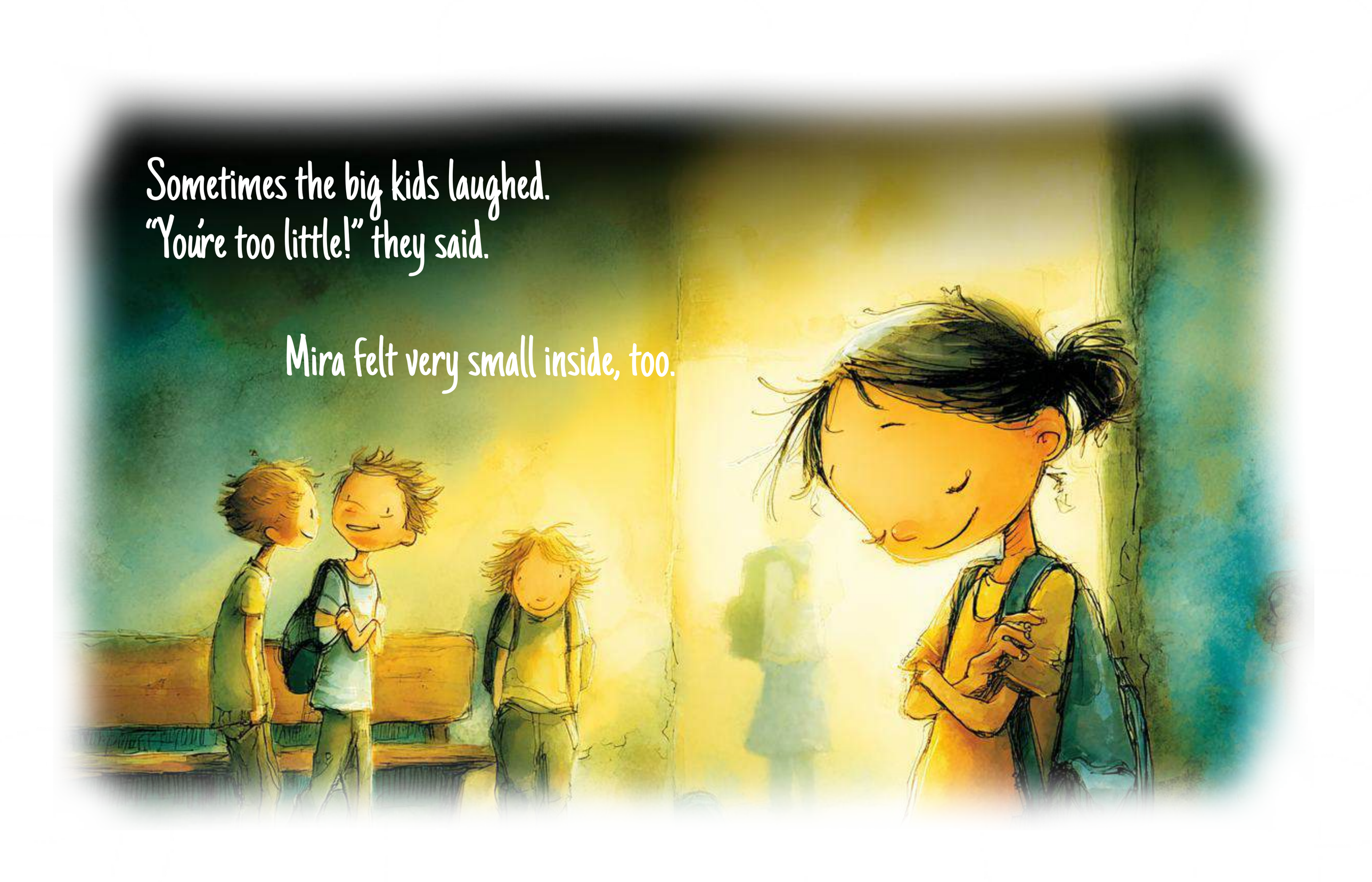
Mira and
the Pocket Sized Forest



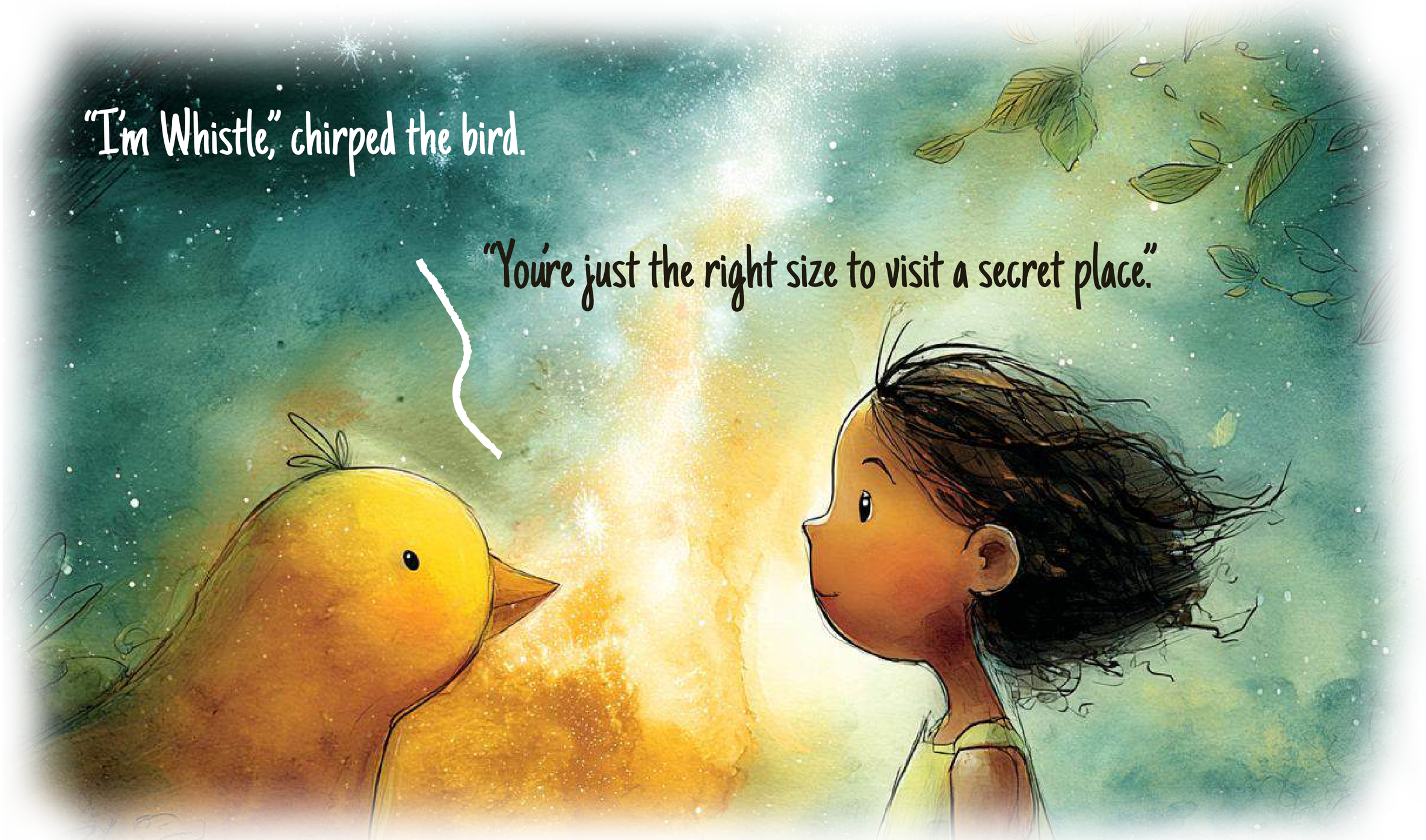
Mira was the smallest in her class.
She couldn't reach the top shelf, not even on tiptoes.



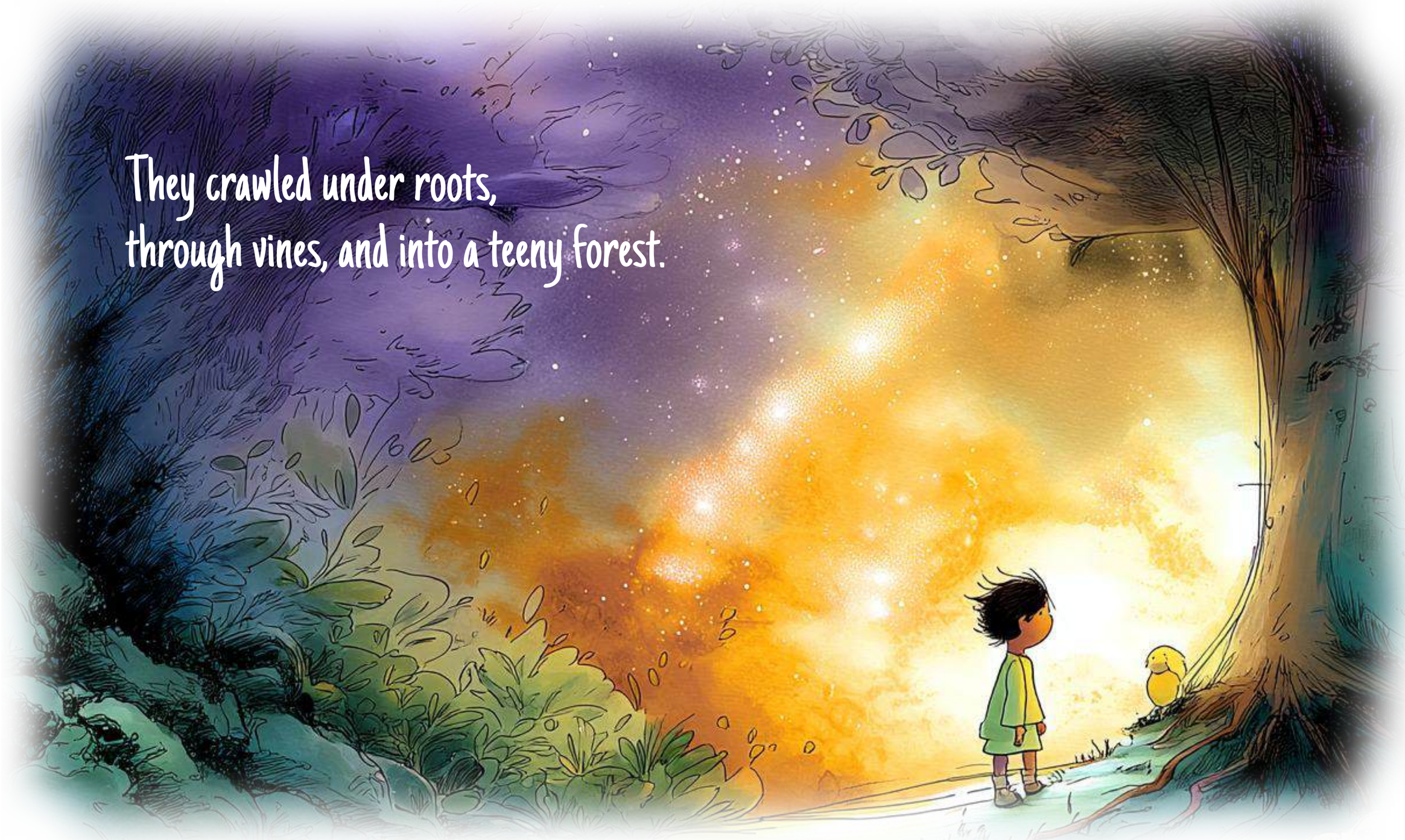
Sometimes the big kids laughed.
"You're too little!" they said.

Mira felt very small inside, too.

One day, Mira sat under a big old tree.
A tiny bird fluttered down and sat on her knee.


"I'm Whistle," chirped the bird.
"You're just the right size to visit a secret place."

"Where?" Mira asked, wide-eyed.
"Follow me, little feet!"



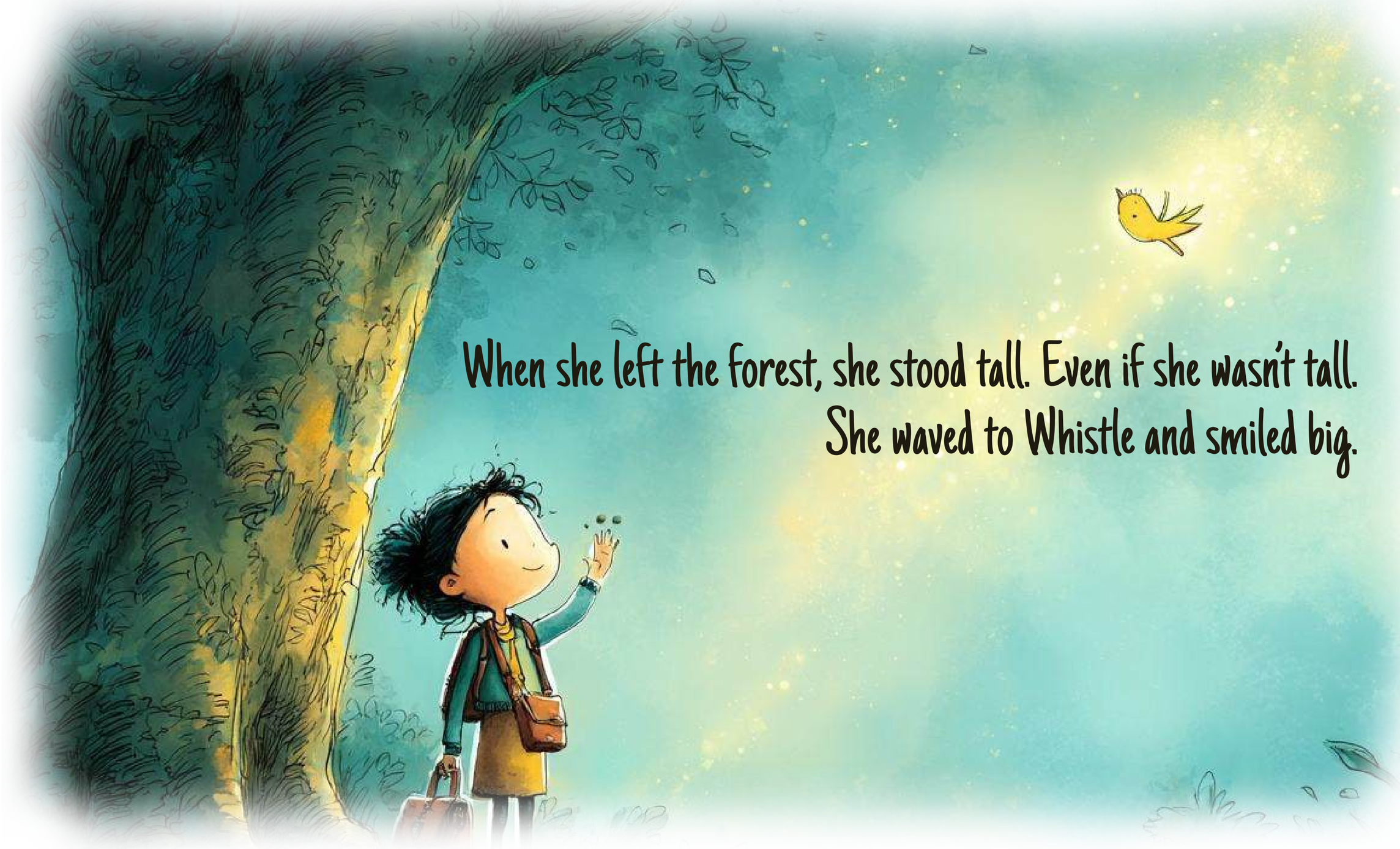
They crawled under roots,
through vines, and into a teeny forest.

Tallo, the tallest tree there, smiled.
"You made it!
Only small ones can come in."

"But... I thought being small was bad,"
Mira said softly.

Tallo's leaves rustled.
"Small lets you see big things up close."

Mira danced through the flowers,
and slid down a leaf like a slide.



When she left the forest, she stood tall. Even if she wasn't tall.
She waved to Whistle and smiled big.

The next day, when the tall kids laughed, Mira just giggled.
"They can't fit in the tiny forest," she whispered.