I've Got You, Little Sister

“I've got you,” Zayde said, steady beside her. Brexlie lowered her nose toward the fox cub. “And we've got you.” Step by careful step, the cub crossed the broad log toward its mother. Brexlie's knees wobbled afterward. Zayde touched her shoulder. Brave could feel wobbly and still be brave.

Let’s imagine together

- When have you felt nervous and done something brave anyway?
- What encouraging words would you say to Brexlie?
- If you could build a magical bridge, what would it look like?

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