



Clover and the One Small Bite

An Oodleloo story

2-5

Made with Oodleloo

In the sunny green meadow, Clover was humming and munching sweet clover, the same as every single day.

Then Rory came by with a little basket. "Try one!" said Rory.
Inside were round plums, purple and shiny.

Clover looked at the plum. It was not green. It was not clover. "I only eat what I know," she said, and took a step back.

But the plum smelled sweet, like a summer afternoon.
Clover's nose gave a curious little twitch.

"Let's count it," said Clover. Counting always made new things feel friendlier. "One sniff." Sniff. It smelled like sunshine.

"Two licks." Lick, lick. The plum was smooth and cool, and just a little bit sweet.

"Three tiny bites." Clover took one tiny bite. Then a second.
Then a third. Juice dripped into the grass.

Her eyes went wide. "It is sweet and squishy and a little bit tangy!" she said. "I never knew!"

"I counted to three and found a new favorite," Clover sang.
Then she counted the plums in the basket, one for everybody.