

Dot and the Footprint Pattern

An Oodleloo story

3-8

Made with Oodleloo



In the warm sandy desert, Dot loved to spot patterns. She found them everywhere she looked.



A snake slid by and left a wavy line in the sand: curve, curve, curve. Dot copied it with her tail. Curve, curve, curve.



A beetle trotted past and left
a dotted track: dot, dot, dot.
Dot copied it with her toes.
Dot, dot, dot.



A little bird hopped across and left forked footprints: hop, hop, hop. Dot copied that too.



"Spot the pattern!" sang Dot. But when she looked back at her trail, she stopped smiling.



Every pattern behind her belonged to somebody else. The snake's wave. The beetle's dots. The bird's hops. "Where is mine?" said Dot.



Dot tried to think of a brand-new pattern. She thought and thought, but her head felt as empty as the sky.



So she started with what she knew. Step, step, like the beetle. Then hop, like the bird. Then swish, like the snake.



Step, step, hop, swish. Step, step, hop, swish. Dot looked behind her and gasped. Nobody had ever made that one before.



Her footprints wound across the sand in a long, happy trail, all the way to a warm flat rock.



The beetle came back, saw the trail, and tried to copy it. Step, step, hop... and it tumbled over, giggling.



Dot curled her tail and smiled at her very own pattern. "Copying helped me start," she said. "And then I made it mine."