The Pocket Sea

A story for Mina



Bluefin Bay → Saltfern

A new place. A new school. Still your story.



At the Bluefin Bay base, Mina packed her shells. Not the pink one. She held it to her ear. ‘A pocket sea,’ she told Pip the dog.



At Saltfern, the hills were dry and gold. No waves. ‘I miss my friend Ari,’ Mina told Auntie Jo. Pip was there, too, curled close by.



At the sharing table, Mina squeezed the shell. *What if I have nothing to say?* She looked sideways and let the girl beside her see the pink stripes.



Mina drew her shell next to the girl’s picture of a yellow wattle tree. She still missed the waves. The two pictures looked good side by side.

After the story

Pick one to talk about or draw. You can also skip a question, change the words, or read the story again.

Something to keep

What small thing would you take to remember Bluefin Bay?

Something to try

What would you like to do in Saltfern? You could start with something you already enjoy: shells.

Something you can ask

Mina wondered, ‘What if I have nothing to say?’ What would you like to ask a grown-up about your new school?

A space to draw or write, if you like.

Fiction for shared reading. Not medical or therapy advice.