



A STORYBOOK PLAYHOUSE ADVENTURE

Pip and the Path Home

An adventure in the Kingdom of Snuggleton



With Pip, Ellie, Sir Sniffles, and the Butterfly Sheep



Pip loved the Kingdom of Snuggleton. He loved its pink hills, its sleepy flowers, and the bluebells beside his home.

One afternoon, a butterfly bobbed past his nose.

“Just one more flutter,” Pip whispered, following it around a bend.

Then another bend.

Then one bend too many.



The butterfly flew away. Pip stopped.

He could not see the willow tree above his cottage. He could not hear the bluebells by the door.

“Mama? Papa?” he called.

Only the grass rustled back.

Pip sat beneath a flowering tree and curled his tail around his feet.

“I think I’m lost,” he whispered.



“Ah ... ah ... ACHOO!”

Around the bend came Sir Sniffles in his enormous bunny slippers. Ellie walked beside him, while a butterfly sheep fluttered overhead.

“I can’t find my parents,” Pip said.

“We’ll help,” said Ellie.

Sir Sniffles offered a handkerchief. “Tell us what you remember about home.”



“A willow tree,” said Pip. “A pink roof. Bluebells that ring in the breeze.”
Sir Sniffles unrolled his map. Ellie leaned closer, and the sheep fluttered down to look.
“We’ll cross the Spoon Bridge and pass the Toast Castle,” said the knight.
“That sounds far,” said Pip.
“One little bit at a time,” Ellie said.



The Spoon Bridge curved over a golden soup lake. Pip peeked through the railing.

“It looks wobbly,” he said.

“My knees are wobbly, too,” Sir Sniffles admitted. “But the bridge is quite steady.”

Ellie stayed beside Pip. The sheep fluttered above the railing.

Together, they crossed slowly to the other bank.



Beyond the bridge, the butterfly sheep landed among the daisies.

“Baa!”

“Which way to the Toast Castle?” asked Pip.

The sheep pointed one tiny hoof toward a winding path.

“Thank you!” said Ellie.

The sheep bowed so politely that its woolly forehead brushed a flower.

Sir Sniffles chuckled. Pip gave a happy tail-swish.



The Toast Castle smelled wonderfully warm. Its towers were tall. Its flags were tissues.

“Button Hill is just beyond those gates,” said Sir Sniffles.

Pip’s tummy rumbled.

“Was that thunder?” asked Ellie.

“No,” said Pip. “That was a dragon.”

The sheep giggled a little “baa.”

“Let’s get him home for supper,” said the knight.



At the top of Button Hill, three paths curled into the valley.

Pip's wings drooped. "Which one?"

"Let's stop and listen," Ellie said.

Sir Sniffles cupped a hand to his ear. The butterfly sheep held its wings still.

Then, very softly ... ting-a-ling.

Pip lifted his head. "Our bluebells!"



They followed the bells to a meadow. A lantern bobbed near the willow tree.

“Mama! Papa!” Pip called.

“Pip?” answered a familiar voice.

Ellie waved. The sheep fluttered beside her. Sir Sniffles raised his spoon.

Pip’s nose began to tickle. “ACHOO!”

Golden stars floated into the evening sky.

“There he is!” cried Papa.



Soon Pip was tucked between two familiar pairs of wings.

“We were looking for you,” Mama whispered.

“Ellie, Sir Sniffles, and the butterfly sheep helped me,” said Pip.

“Thank you, all of you,” said Papa.

Sir Sniffles bowed. One bunny slipper squeaked. The sheep answered,
“Baa!”

Ellie laughed, and Pip giggled into Mama’s scarf.



That evening, Mama tucked a blanket around Pip's toes.

"Next time," Pip said, "we'll explore together."

"That sounds lovely," Papa said.

Ellie waved goodbye from the doorway. The butterfly sheep fluttered beside her, and Sir Sniffles led the way home.

Squeak, squeak ... "ACHOO!"

Pip smiled. His friends were never very far away.