

Clover and the Crimson Wind

Inspired by Brené Brown

Written by Sundeep Parmar



LITTLE KEYS
to the Universe



LITTLE KEYS TO THE UNIVERSE

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DEDICATED TO

Ria & Mia



Big Lessons. Little Stories.



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In a quiet grove near the heart of the grasslands lives Clover, a young kangaroo with soft eyes and a pouch full of wildflower seeds. She plants wherever she goes, little bursts of joy scattered across the land. Blue blossoms near burrows, sun-yellow daisies by the creek, heart-shaped petals beneath the shade of whispering trees. Once, the bright spring waterhole at the center of the grasslands was a gathering place where animals splashed, shared berries, and told stories under the setting sun.



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But lately, it has fallen silent, the laughter has faded, and the reason everyone knows is Trixie is a Tasmanian devil with a voice like thunder and claws sharp as stones. She growls when others approach, she shoves without warning. She has claimed the waterhole as her own, and though no one ever agreed, no one dared to disagree. Clover, like many others, avoided the trouble. She took longer paths to find water and spent her days planting in quieter places.



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One morning, Clover hopped to a spot where she had made something special, a ring of delicate flowers for her little friend, Jojo the Wallaby. But the flowers were gone, trampled, petals torn, stems snapped. In the middle of it all sat Jojo, scraped and trembling. I just wanted to fill my pouch, he whispered, tears brimming. But Trixie said I wasn't allowed, she pushed me. Clover's heart tightened, she gently scooped him up and held him close.



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No words came, just silence, a silence filled with something heavy. That night, as the wind rustled through the grass, Clover lay awake. The crimson wind slipped through her window and whispered, soft but certain. Kindness without courage fades like petals in the storm. But kindness with courage, that takes root. She sat up, the pouch of flower seeds rested beside her bed. She picked it up and held it tight.



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She didn't sleep again that night. Before the first rays of morning stretched across the grasslands, Clover stepped outside. She filled her pouch with fresh seeds and gently nudged Jojo awake. Come with me, she said. Wordless and calm, they began to walk. Others noticed, a wombat with sleepy eyes, a sugar glider just returning from the night sky. Even the old kookaburra, who rarely said a thing, joined the quiet march.



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They headed for the water hole. Trixie was already there. She spotted them from a distance and stood tall. Look who finally grew a backbone, she growled. What's the plan, flower pouch? Gonna plant a daisy and hope I disappear? Some animals faltered, unsure, but Clover stepped forward. We're not here to fight. We're here because we all belong here. Trixie's eyes narrowed. This place is mine if you don't like it.



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She reached out and swiped Jojo's pouch, emptying the water onto the ground. A gasp swept through the crowd. Clover froze. Her legs wanted to run. Her heart hammered, but she stayed. You're right, she said, voice shaking. I was scared before, but not anymore. Trixie circled her, teeth bared. What are you gonna do, throw flowers at me? Clover didn't move. No, she said, I'm going to stay right here so others know they can too.



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She reached into her pouch and flung a handful of seeds into the air. They caught the breeze and spun like sparks floating down around them. A few landed at Trixie's feet. Then slowly, one by one, the others stepped forward. Jojo stood beside Clover. The possum with the crooked tail joined him. The kookaburra landed silently on a branch above. None of them shouted.



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None of them raised a paw or a claw. They simply stood. Trixie blinked. Her voice cracked. You all think you're better than me? I was left out once too. I barked first because no one listened. No one answered at first. The wind moved through the grass, carrying only stillness. Then Clover spoke gently. You don't have to bark anymore. We see you. But you can't keep hurting others and expect kindness to stay.



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Trixie looked down. The pouch she had snatched from Jojo now lay limp in her claws. Slowly, awkwardly, she filled it again and handed it back. I don't know how to be different, she muttered. Clover met her eyes. Start by staying. Watch the flowers grow. Trixie didn't reply, but she didn't leave either. She sat down near the edge of the water hole. That's where she stayed.



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And so, little by little, things began to change. Trixie didn't become sweet overnight. She still snapped. But she listened more. She helped sometimes. And once, when Jojo dropped his lunch, Trixie quietly helped him gather every crumb. The water hole came back to life. Splashes, giggles, petals in the breeze. And right in the center of a fresh flower ring, a tall red blossom grew. Clover called it the brave bloom, because even the toughest stories can begin again.



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With kindness and courage, side by side,



THE LITTLE KEY

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Being brave means you feel scared, but you
try anyway. That's so brave!



CHOOSE KIND COURAGE

Clover the kangaroo must find the courage to stand up with kindness when the crimson wind stirs up trouble. A warm bedtime story about brave, gentle courage.

For kids afraid to be brave — a reminder that shaking and brave can happen together.

Big Lessons. Little Stories.

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