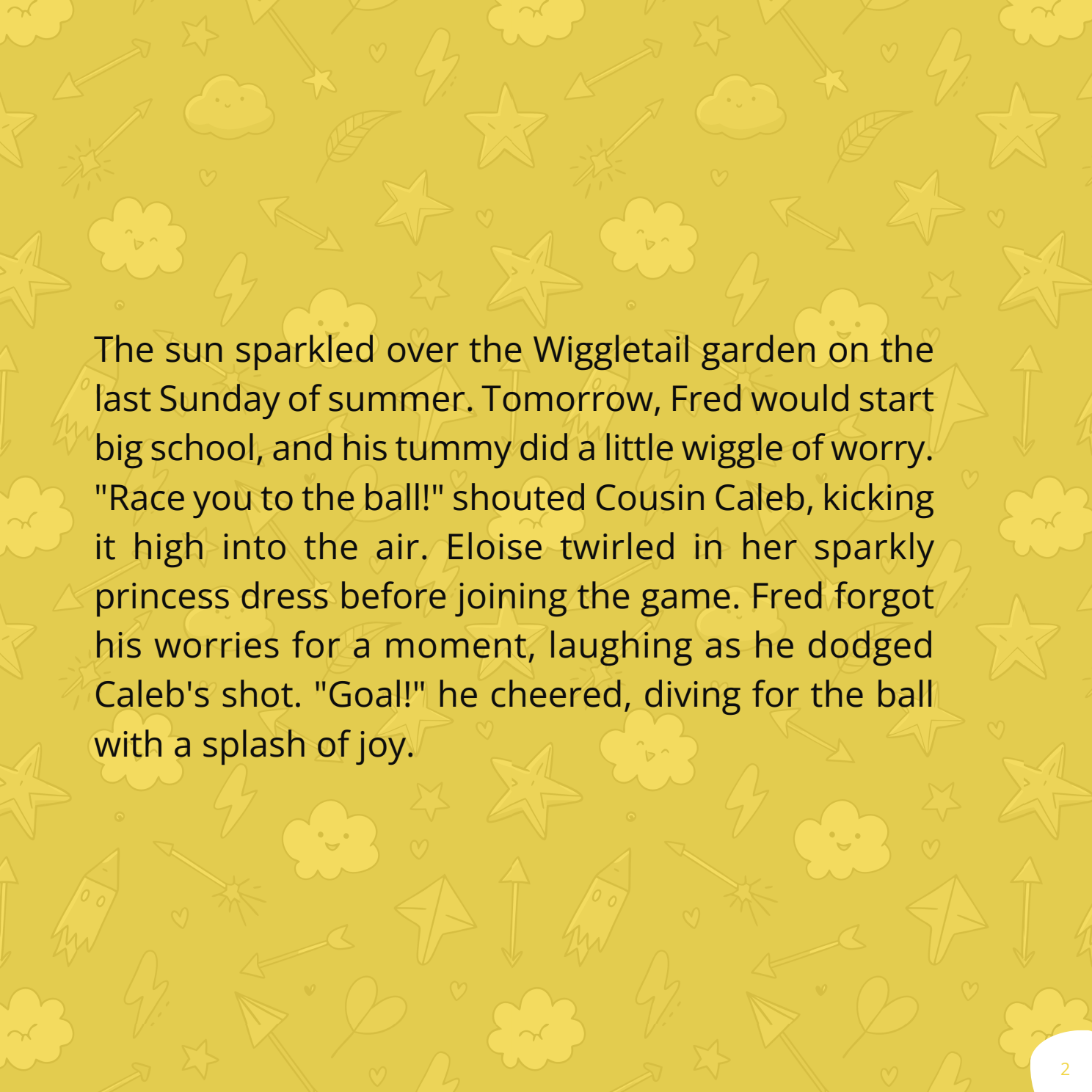


THE WIGGLETAIL FAMILY BOOK ONE: THE LAST SUNDAY OF SUMMER

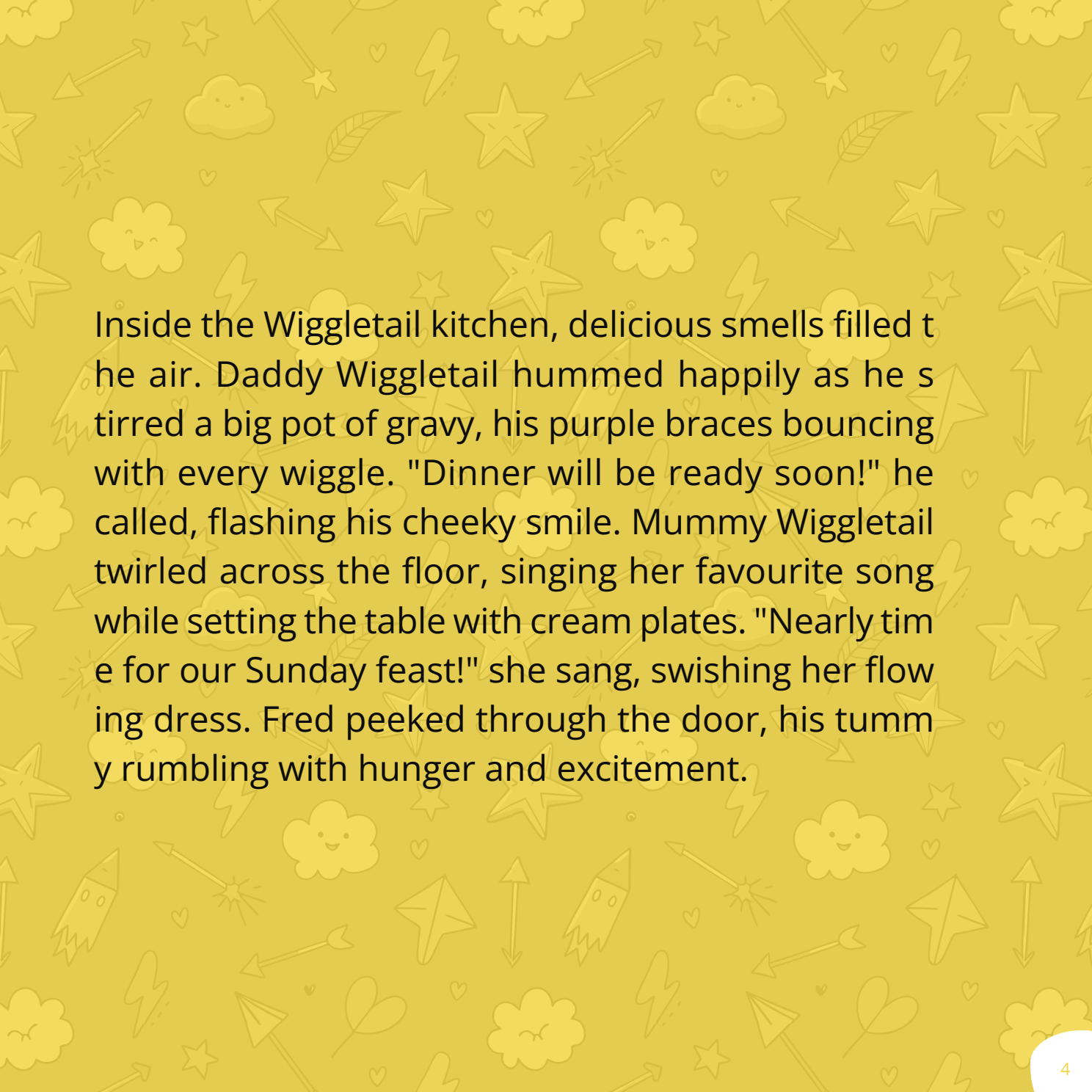


BY [CHILDBOOK.AI](https://childbook.ai)



The sun sparkled over the Wiggletail garden on the last Sunday of summer. Tomorrow, Fred would start big school, and his tummy did a little wiggle of worry. "Race you to the ball!" shouted Cousin Caleb, kicking it high into the air. Eloise twirled in her sparkly princess dress before joining the game. Fred forgot his worries for a moment, laughing as he dodged Caleb's shot. "Goal!" he cheered, diving for the ball with a splash of joy.





Inside the Wiggletail kitchen, delicious smells filled the air. Daddy Wiggletail hummed happily as he stirred a big pot of gravy, his purple braces bouncing with every wiggle. "Dinner will be ready soon!" he called, flashing his cheeky smile. Mummy Wiggletail twirled across the floor, singing her favourite song while setting the table with cream plates. "Nearly time for our Sunday feast!" she sang, swishing her flowing dress. Fred peeked through the door, his tummy rumbling with hunger and excitement.



A cheerful knock sounded at the door. "Benny's here!" shouted Fred, racing to greet his big brother. Benny scooped Fred up for a wiggly hug, his warm brown eyes twinkling. Right behind him came Ewan, wearing his white doctor's coat even on a Sunday. "Ready for school tomorrow, little man?" Ewan asked kindly. Fred's tail drooped just a little, but Benny ruffled his gills. "You'll be brilliant," Benny said, "just like you are at football!" Fred grinned, feeling a bit braver already.



Just then, Grandad Duds wiggled through the gate, his flat cap tilted and golf clubs under his arm. "Fore!" he joked, winking at Fred. Beside him trotted Nell, her black coat shining and her tail wagging with mischief. "Nell!" Fred cheered, dropping to hug her floppy ears. Nell gave one happy bark before sniffing the air toward the kitchen. In a flash, she scooted under the dinner table, her nose twitching for tasty titbits already.

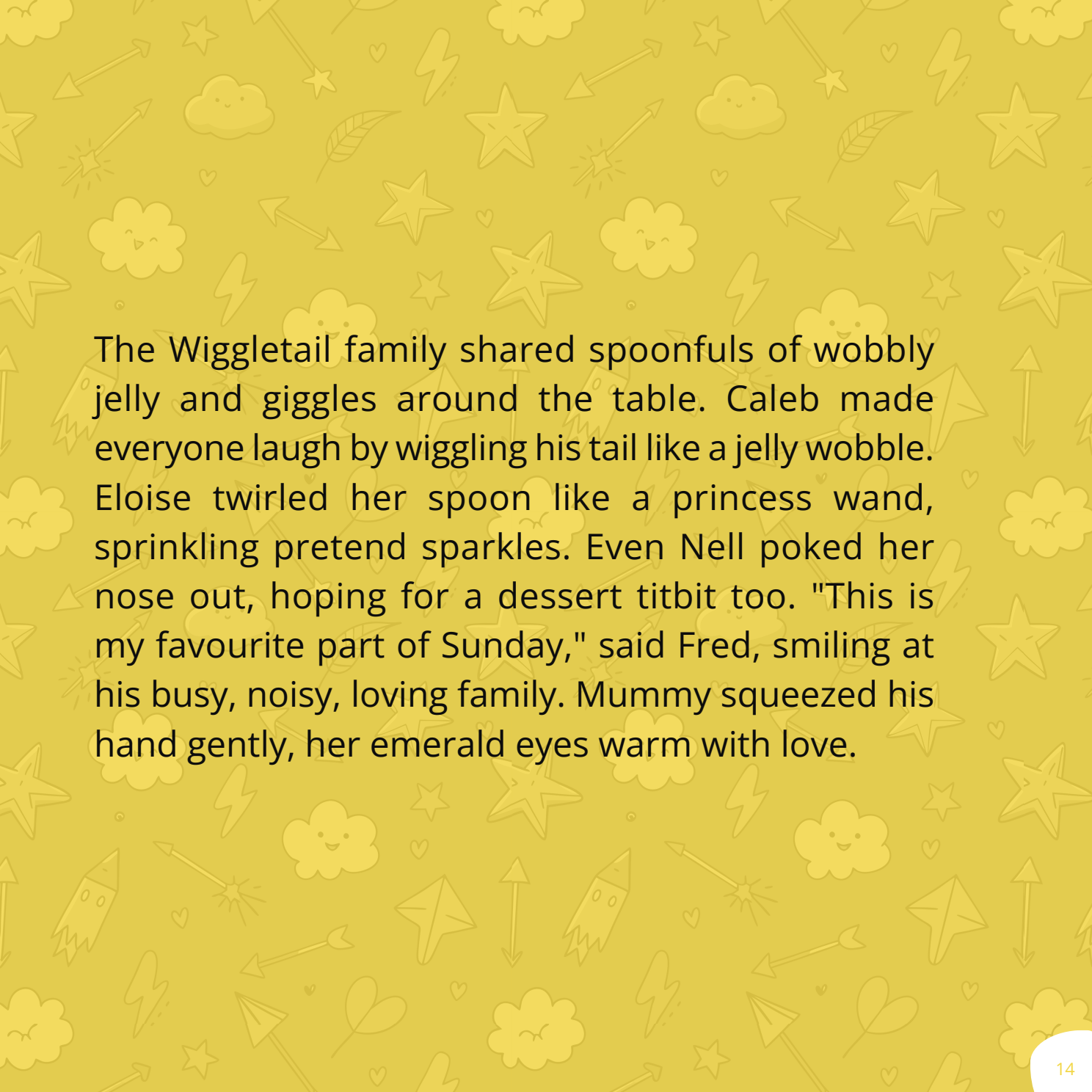


Everyone gathered around the big dinner table, plates piled high with roast potatoes and vegetables. Daddy carved while Mummy poured gravy with a happy hum. Suddenly, a roast potato rolled off Fred's plate and bounced under the table. There was a gulp, a crunch, and a satisfied doggy sigh. "NELLY!" the whole family shouted together, bursting in to laughter. Grandad Duds chuckled, peeking underneath. "Well, she does love Sunday dinner," he grinned, shaking his head fondly.



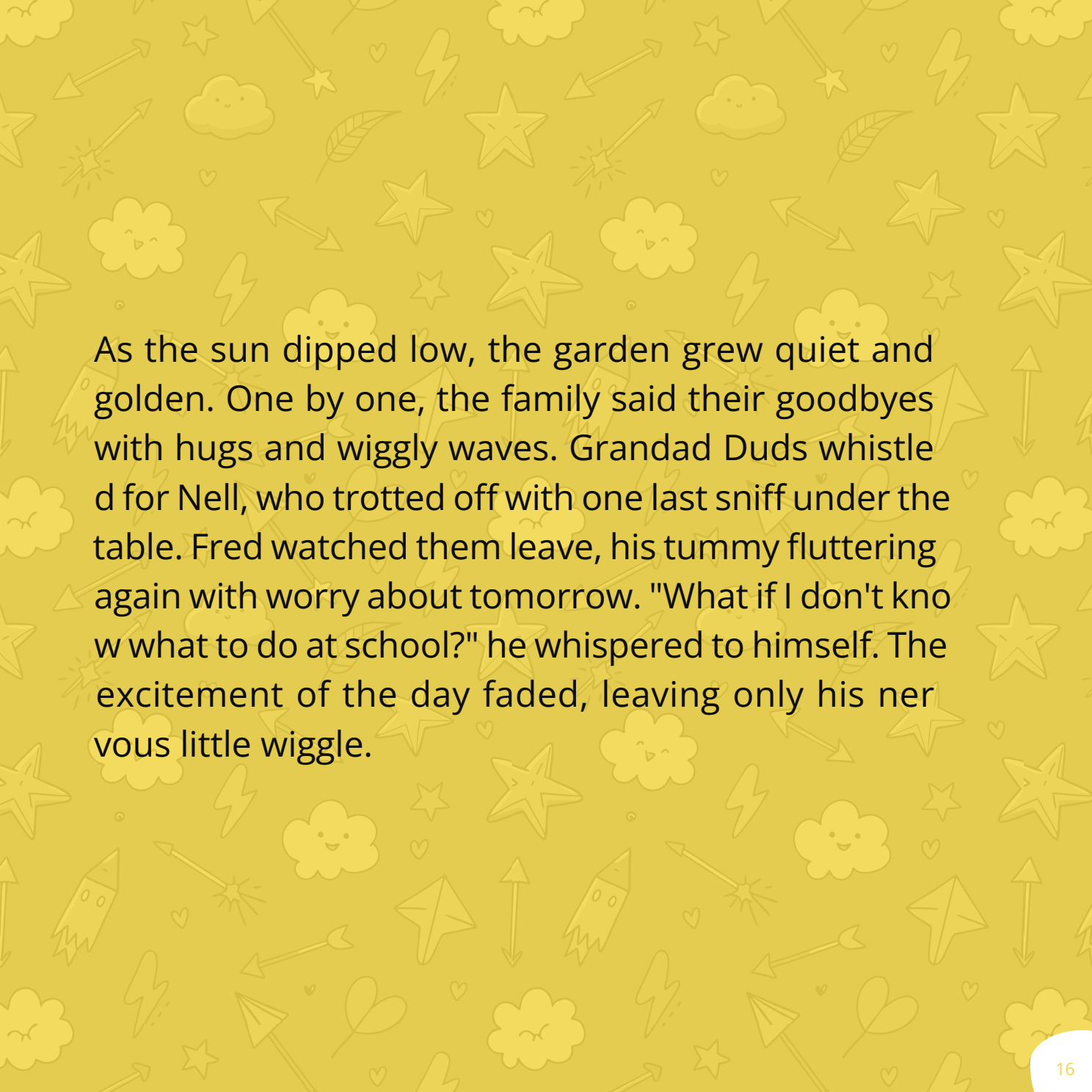
Just as Mummy brought out a wobbly jelly for dessert, a campervan horn beeped outside. "We're here!" called Auntie Emma, rushing in with Uncle Coady close behind. "Got lost again," laughed Uncle Coady, "but we followed our tummies instead of the map!" Auntie Emma hugged Fred tightly, smelling of summer flowers. "Perfect timing," said Daddy, winking, "pudding's just ready!" Everyone squeezed closer together, making room at the table for the last two Wiggletails.





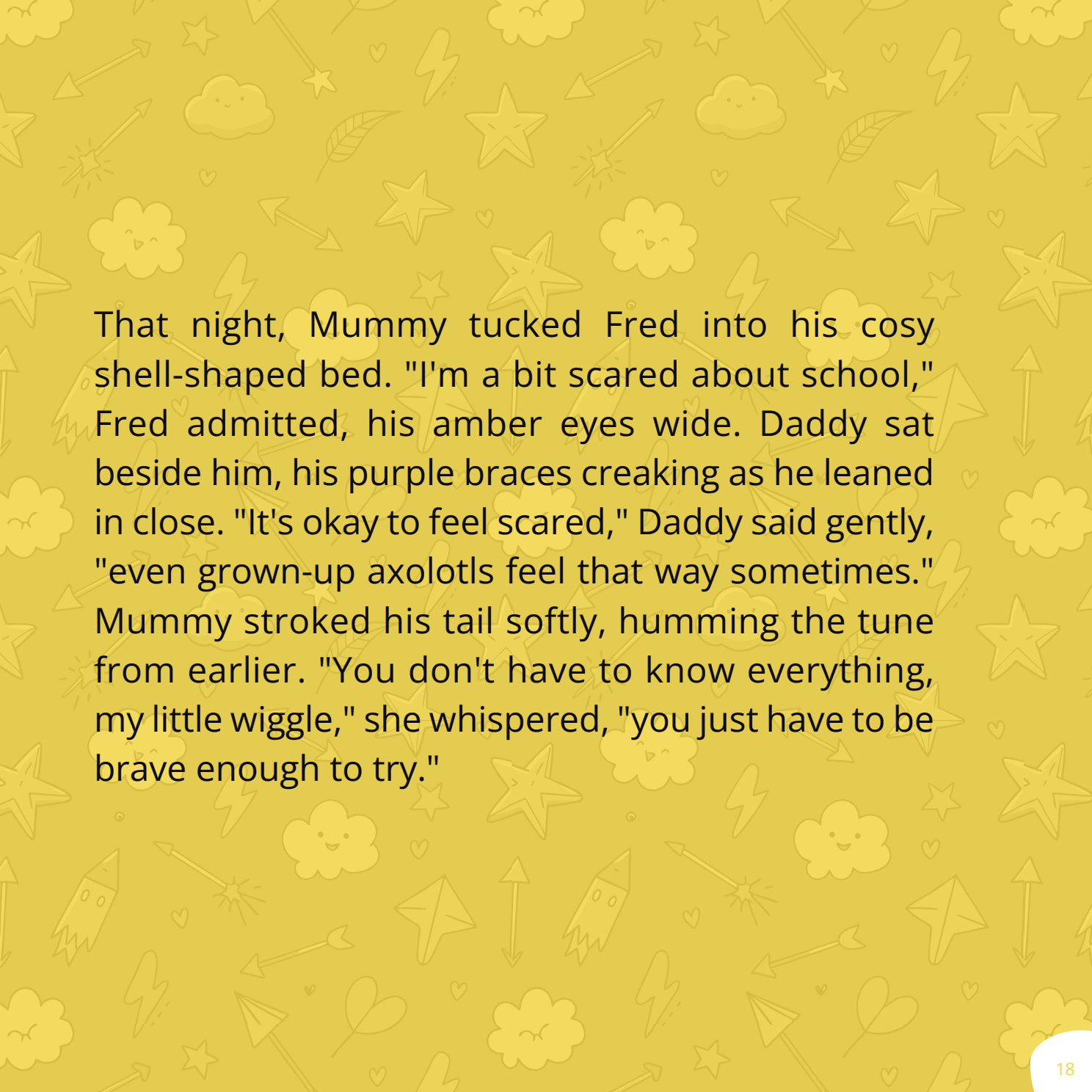
The Wiggletail family shared spoonfuls of wobbly jelly and giggles around the table. Caleb made everyone laugh by wiggling his tail like a jelly wobble. Eloise twirled her spoon like a princess wand, sprinkling pretend sparkles. Even Nell poked her nose out, hoping for a dessert titbit too. "This is my favourite part of Sunday," said Fred, smiling at his busy, noisy, loving family. Mummy squeezed his hand gently, her emerald eyes warm with love.





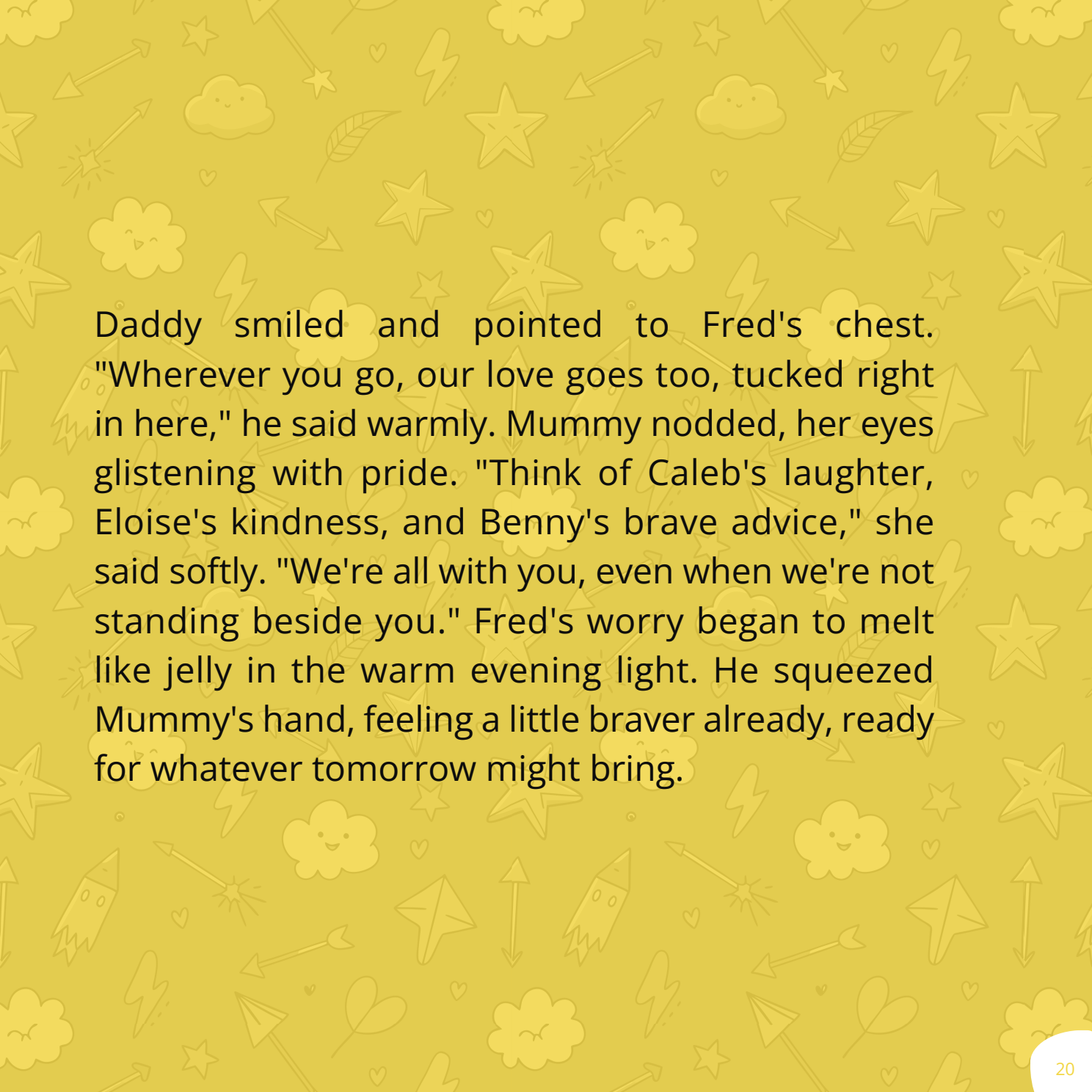
As the sun dipped low, the garden grew quiet and golden. One by one, the family said their goodbyes with hugs and wiggly waves. Grandad Duds whistled for Nell, who trotted off with one last sniff under the table. Fred watched them leave, his tummy fluttering again with worry about tomorrow. "What if I don't know what to do at school?" he whispered to himself. The excitement of the day faded, leaving only his nervous little wiggle.





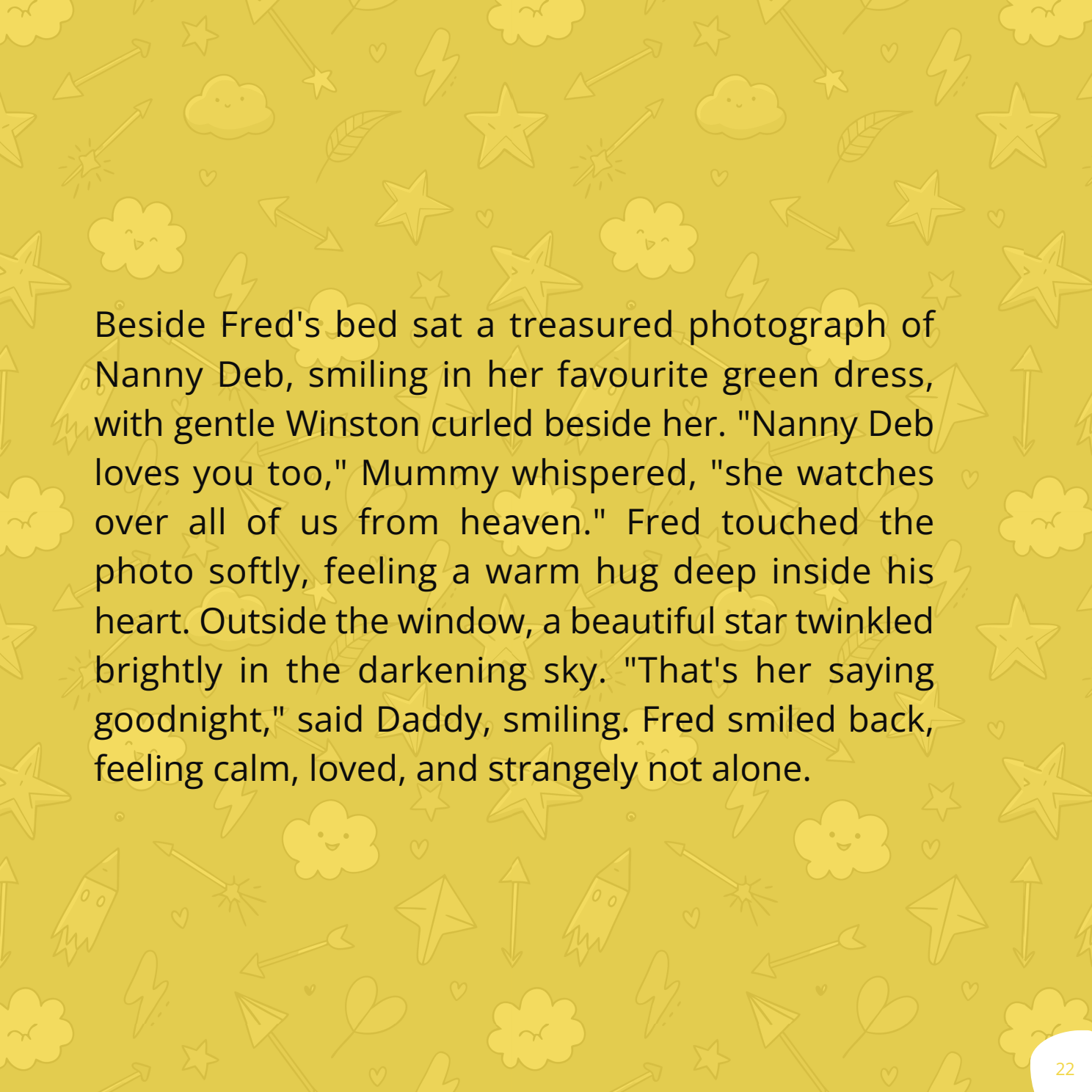
That night, Mummy tucked Fred into his cosy shell-shaped bed. "I'm a bit scared about school," Fred admitted, his amber eyes wide. Daddy sat beside him, his purple braces creaking as he leaned in close. "It's okay to feel scared," Daddy said gently, "even grown-up axolotls feel that way sometimes." Mummy stroked his tail softly, humming the tune from earlier. "You don't have to know everything, my little wiggle," she whispered, "you just have to be brave enough to try."





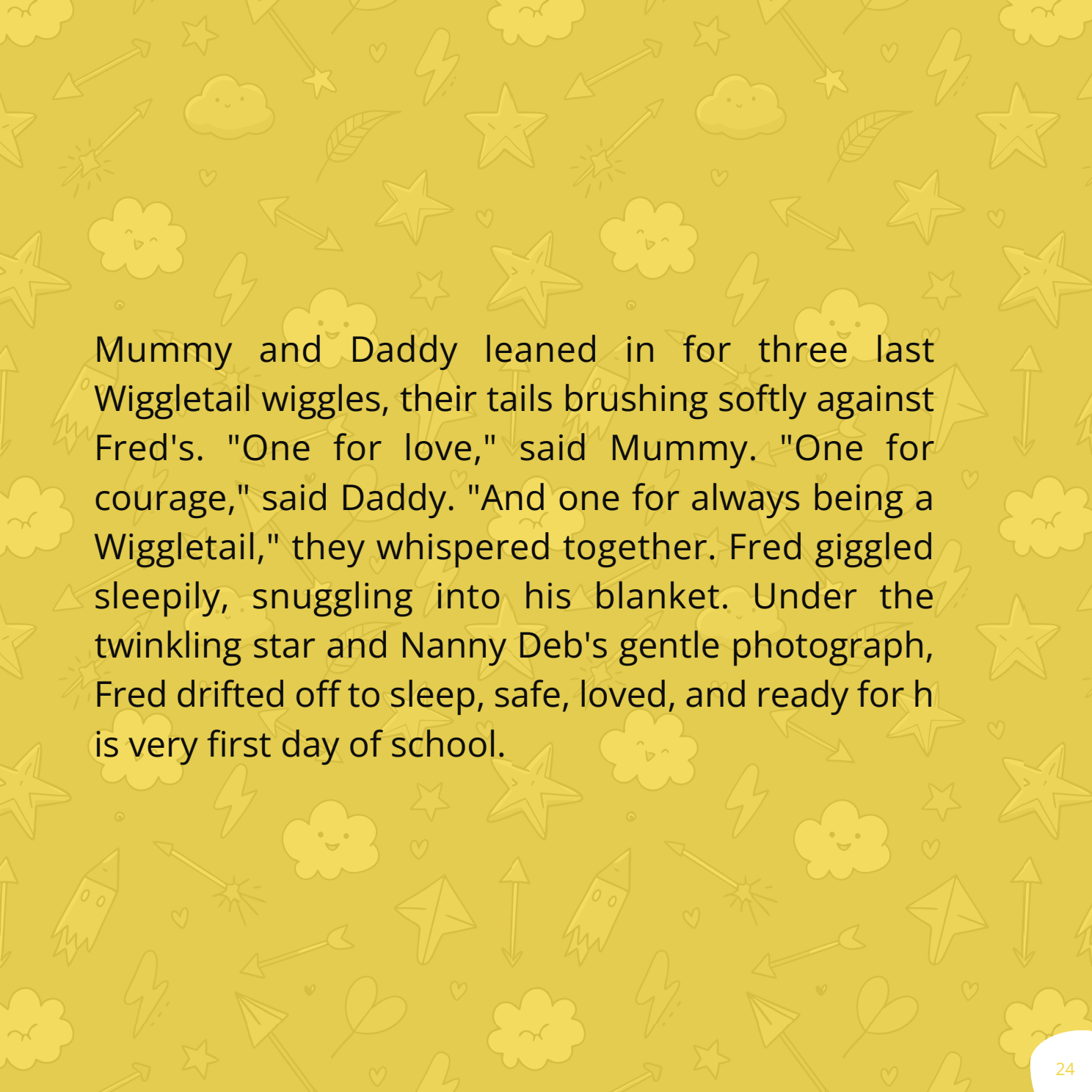
Daddy smiled and pointed to Fred's chest. "Wherever you go, our love goes too, tucked right in here," he said warmly. Mummy nodded, her eyes glistening with pride. "Think of Caleb's laughter, Eloise's kindness, and Benny's brave advice," she said softly. "We're all with you, even when we're not standing beside you." Fred's worry began to melt like jelly in the warm evening light. He squeezed Mummy's hand, feeling a little braver already, ready for whatever tomorrow might bring.





Beside Fred's bed sat a treasured photograph of Nanny Deb, smiling in her favourite green dress, with gentle Winston curled beside her. "Nanny Deb loves you too," Mummy whispered, "she watches over all of us from heaven." Fred touched the photo softly, feeling a warm hug deep inside his heart. Outside the window, a beautiful star twinkled brightly in the darkening sky. "That's her saying goodnight," said Daddy, smiling. Fred smiled back, feeling calm, loved, and strangely not alone.





Mummy and Daddy leaned in for three last Wiggletail wiggles, their tails brushing softly against Fred's. "One for love," said Mummy. "One for courage," said Daddy. "And one for always being a Wiggletail," they whispered together. Fred giggled sleepily, snuggling into his blanket. Under the twinkling star and Nanny Deb's gentle photograph, Fred drifted off to sleep, safe, loved, and ready for his very first day of school.



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