THE WORD SHE WOULD NOT PEEK AT

A Lydia & Fip Storybook

Fip points to Jesus



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Adapted from the Lydia & Fip episode of the same name

Memory verse: Luke 16:10 (KJV)

All Scripture is from the King James Bible (KJV).

Grace Team Academy

Fip points to Jesus



It was the morning of the spelling final, and the three sisters walked the lane to school together.

Ariel, the big sister, carried the school books. Lydia carried her copybook under her arm — page after page of honest practice — and in the big front pocket of her jacket rode Fip the Pocket Fox, his head and front paws out, ready for the day.

Little Phoebe, the baby sister, toddled along holding Lydia’s hand, waving at the schoolhouse bell. Today Lydia would spell for the silver bell — and she had studied for weeks.



In the schoolroom, two spellers stood at the front. On Mrs. Hart’s desk, catching the light, sat a small silver bell. Lydia stood with her hands clasped to keep them still, and her eyes went to the bell like a compass needle.

MRS. HART: “Two spellers left. Lydia — Miriam — the silver bell waits for one clear word, spelled clean.”

LYDIA: “Weeks of lists, Fip. Weeks. It’s nearly ringing already.”



On the edge of the desk, angled toward Lydia alone, the teacher’s word card lay face up. Only Lydia could see it from where she stood — and she went suddenly very still.

LYDIA: “Fip. On the desk edge. The word card — face up. I can see it from here. Only from here.”

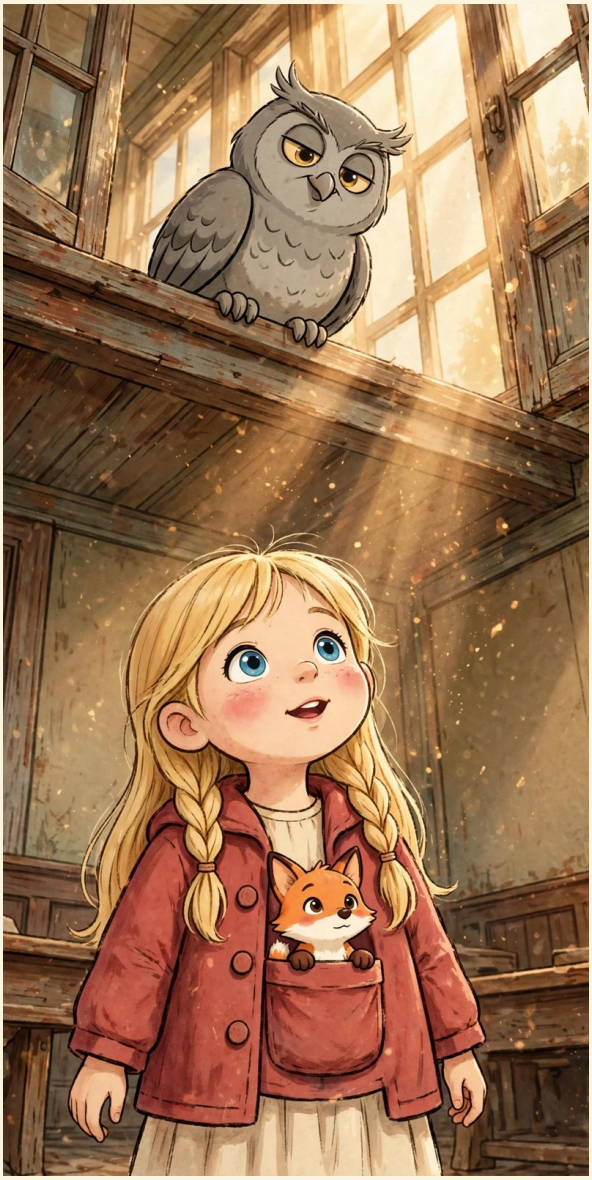
FIP: “I see where your eyes want to go, Lydia.”



The class sat hushed on their benches, slates down. Mrs. Hart waited, patient, her list in her hand. And Lydia said her wanting out loud, under the hush, like a girl pricing something.

MRS. HART: “Your final word waits when you’re ready, Lydia.”

LYDIA: “If I look, it’s mine. The bell, the clapping, Mother hearing it ring —”



On the high schoolroom windowsill, in a bar of dusty light, sat Hoot Scoot the owl, tilting his great round head, like a visiting inspector.

HOOT SCOOT: “One glance. That’s the whole price of the bell, clever girl.”

LYDIA: “You’d fit in a schoolbook, Hoot Scoot. All smooth pages.”



The owl counted up Lydia’s weeks of study like coins she had already paid — and offered to let her collect.

HOOT SCOOT: “You’ve earned that bell a hundred times over — the lists, the lamp-light, the sore eyes. Is it cheating if you already nearly know it?”



Lydia’s eyes slid — actually slid — toward the desk edge, and stopped halfway. She spelled the start of the word under her breath, and hit the fog in the middle of it.

LYDIA: “Nearly know it. N-E-C-E… the middle is the foggy bit. One look would clear the fog —”

FIP: “Lydia. Fog or no fog — whose spelling will it be if your eyes do the work?”



Behind Fip stood the schoolroom scales on the science shelf — a small brass balance, still and exact. Fip lifted his chin and spoke the Word.

FIP: “A false weight still weighs wrong, however small: ‘A false balance is abomination to the LORD: but a just weight is his delight.’ (Proverbs 11:1)”

LYDIA: “One little letter isn’t a false balance. Is it?”



The owl spread one soft wing toward Miriam, who stood at the front looking hopefully at the bell, knowing nothing of the whole war.

HOOT SCOOT: “Winners are girls who take their chances, darling. Miriam is reaching for that bell in her daydreams already.”



Fip asked his question gently, and then let the verse answer it. Lydia’s shoulders came down, like a girl setting down something heavy.

FIP: “Who is the spelling for, Lydia — the bell, or the Lord you studied before?”

FIP: “It is written: ‘And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men;’ (Colossians 3:23)”

LYDIA: “If I do it for Him, I can’t do it with borrowed eyes.”



The owl leaned down from the windowsill, close and kind, intimate as a secret between friends — making his last, softest play.

HOOT SCOOT: “Borrowed! It’s your own word, on your own teacher’s desk. Look, child. Looking is free.”

But Lydia did not answer him. She answered her teacher instead.



Fip gave the decisive answer — Jesus' own weighing of the least things — and Lydia took it up in her own words. Above them, the owl was already turning away.

FIP: "Jesus weighed little things Himself: 'He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much: and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much.' (Luke 16:10)"

LYDIA: "Least. One letter is the least thing there is. And it's the whole thing."



Lydia stepped forward half a pace and lifted her chin — to her teacher’s face, and nowhere near the desk edge. She declared her choice out loud, before the whole class, so there was no road back to the card.

LYDIA: “Mrs. Hart, I’m ready. I’ll spell it from my own study — fog and all.”

MRS. HART: “Then spell, Lydia. The word is necessary.”



Every bench was silent. The word card still lay on the desk edge, unlooked-at. Lydia spelled to her teacher’s face, letter by letter, brave and clear — and the fog was real.

LYDIA: “Necessary. N — E — C — E — S — A — R — Y. Necessary.”

MRS. HART: “One letter short, Lydia — two belong in the middle. Miriam, the bell is yours, fairly won.”



Miriam lifted the silver bell with both hands and rang it once — a clear, lovely note — then looked straight at Lydia.

MIRIAM: “I wanted to win. I didn’t want it to hurt you. Your eyes never went to that desk, did they?”

LYDIA: “They wanted to. Oh, they wanted to. Ring it again, Miriam — you spelled your way there.”



Then Mrs. Hart rose, took up the silver bell, and held it out — not to the winner, but to Lydia.

MRS. HART: “I saw where your eyes did not go. Will you carry the bell to Miriam, and set it in her hands?”



The short walk across the front of the schoolroom was suddenly the longest walk in the world, and the proudest. Lydia carried the bell carefully in both hands, Fip riding in her pocket, beaming — and set it in Miriam’s hands herself.

LYDIA: “For the winner — carried by the girl who lost honest. It’s heavier than I thought. And lighter, somehow.”



At the schoolroom window at day’s end, the silver bell shone in Miriam’s hands, and Lydia’s copybook — full of honest practice — was tucked under her arm.

FIP: “Our verse to keep, from Jesus’ own lips: ‘He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much: and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much.’ (Luke 16:10)”

LYDIA: “He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much: and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much.”

FIP: “Fip the Pocket Fox — your pocket companion in Christ!”

Fip points to Jesus.



Is one little letter too small to matter?

One glance would have won the bell — but a false weight weighs wrong, however small. Lydia spelled from her own study, lost honest, and was trusted with the bell itself.

“He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much: and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much.”
— Luke 16:10 (KJV)

Lydia & Fip storybooks bring each Lydia & Fip episode to the page: Fip, Lydia, Ariel, and baby Phoebe — and the Word that answers every temptation.

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Fip points to Jesus