

Old Blue, the Goat Who Misplaced Tuesday

A Tale from Luminous Hollow

© 2026 Luminous Hollow

*This story may be shared as it is,
but not copied, altered, or distributed without permission.*

Old Blue wasn't actually blue; he was the color of weathered cream, with a beard gone a little silver at the ends. He was named for the blueberry bush he slept under every summer, guarding it through the night as though it were a royal treasure. Now, Old Blue and his blueberry bush were just another part of Luminous Hollow, like the lane bending where it pleased or the pond holding the moon a little longer than strictly necessary.

Old Blue was a goat of complicated opinions and simple pleasures. He liked clover, disliked interruptions, and tolerated most of the Hollow creatures with the practiced patience of someone who has outlived several generations and a few bad fashion trends.

He also had a habit that was quite rare in the Hollow: he kept a schedule.

A very precise one.

Every dawn, he grazed on the patch of grass on the east side of the meadow. At noon, he walked to Crystal Pond for a drink and a long, thoughtful sigh. In the evening, he circled the meadow twice, exactly twice, before folding himself into his favorite patch of earth.

The Hollow residents found it comforting. The sparrows knew when morning had truly begun because Old Blue would already be grazing. The rabbits knew when it was nearly noon because he would pass the stone wall with his steady, unhurried tread. Even the sheep seemed calmer at dusk once he had completed his second circle.

Then one Thursday—at least, the rest of the Hollow thought it was Thursday—Old Blue woke up, stretched, and announced loudly:

“Well now. Where in the blazes has Tuesday gone?”

The sparrows froze mid-chirp.

The rabbits paused mid-hop.

A chipmunk dropped an acorn and gave a tiny squeak.

Old Blue stomped through the meadow, demanding the whereabouts of Tuesday like a detective who'd lost a suspect.

"I had it yesterday! Or was that the day before? No, it was definitely properly arranged. Monday, then Tuesday, then Wednesday, then...:" He looked sharply at the sky. "That's wrong. Something's gone sideways."

In fairness, time in Luminous Hollow is... bendy. Sometimes seasons linger because they're enjoying themselves. Sometimes dawn arrives late because it overslept. But days rarely go missing.

Determined, he set off to look for Tuesday. He checked under the blueberry bush. Inside the hollow log he'd once mistaken for a mailbox. Beneath a particularly judgmental mushroom. Nothing. He headed for Crystal Pond.

The Hollow residents offered reasonable suggestions.

"Maybe you forgot it," said Hush the rabbit gently.

Old Blue gave him a look. "I do not forget days. I place them in sequence."

"Maybe it wandered off," offered Mira from beneath the willow.

But Old Blue shook his shaggy head. "Days do not wander. People wander. Hens wander. No. I misplaced it. Same way I misplaced that hat last winter."

(He was wearing the hat. No one mentioned that.)

Old Blue drank from the pond, then stared into it as if Tuesday might rise obligingly to the surface if rebuked firmly enough. But Crystal Pond showed him only the pale sky, the willow branches, and his own worried face.

That afternoon he did not graze in the east patch of meadow as usual. He was too busy searching. By evening he had missed one of his circles, and that was when the Hollow began to feel the loss.

It was not dramatic. No clocks stopped. No doors flew open. But the day seemed to sit a little crooked.

The sparrows bickered longer than usual over a branch. One rabbit arrived at the lane before remembering why he had gone there. At the Long Table House, Mabel held up a half-finished row of crochet and said to no one in particular, "Something has slipped a stitch."

She said it lightly, but she looked out the window when she said it.

On the second morning, Old Blue was waiting by the pond before the frost had fully lifted.

He looked tired.

Not ill. Not wild-eyed. Only as if he had spent the night trying to keep a cupboard in order while the shelves quietly rearranged themselves.

Bran the crow came down from the willow and settled on the fence post nearby.

"I hear," Bran said, "that you have misplaced part of the week."

Old Blue did not glance up. "Not part. A whole day. A useful one."

Bran folded his wings. "Where do you usually keep it?"

Old Blue frowned. "One does not keep Tuesday. One arrives at it."

"Mm," said Bran. "And if it did not wish to be arrived at just then?"

Old Blue tilted his head to the side, considering the possibility that Tuesday could have its own wishes.

Bran hopped down from the fence post and walked once around Old Blue's front hooves. His black feathers held a blue shine in the early light, and his eye was bright with the sort of curiosity that was rarely entirely helpful but often worth having nearby.

"Perhaps Tuesday grew tired," he said. "You do keep a very strict order. It may have wanted a little lie-down."

Old Blue stared.

"Days do not lie down." For a moment Old Blue looked ready to continue the argument, but then lowered his head and his ears drooped.

“I do not like things going missing,” he said more quietly. “Not days. Not steps. Not the way the meadow feels when I have not circled it properly.”

Bran, who loved mysteries and liked thinking them through, tucked one claw up into his feathers and said nothing for a moment.

The pond made its little edge-sounds against the mud. Somewhere across the field, a rooster declared the morning far more triumphantly than it deserved.

At last Bran said, “Then perhaps you are not looking for Tuesday.”

Old Blue frowned again, but less sharply. “What else would I be looking for?”

“The place where Tuesday went to rest.”

Old Blue turned this over in his mind as though testing it for cracks.

That afternoon he did not march all over the Hollow demanding order. Instead, he returned to the blueberry bush. He stood beneath it for a while, then lowered himself with a grunt into the flattened earth where he slept in summer. The branches above were still bare this early in the year, but they made a little shelter all the same. He watched the comings and goings of the Hollow residents as the afternoon flowed past in an orderly fashion.

By evening, Mabel passed along the lane with her crochet basket over one arm and a small wooden tag in her pocket. She had found it in a drawer that morning, smooth from handling and blank on one side. Such things often announced their purpose later.

She stopped when she saw Old Blue under the bush.

“Well,” she said, “there you are.”

Old Blue opened one eye. “I am keeping company with the problem.”

“That sounds productive.”

He huffed.

Mabel sat on the stone near the bush without asking permission, which was one of the reasons she got on with difficult creatures better than most. She drew out her yarn and hook and began a row of neat

stitches, the wool slipping through her fingers in a rhythm steady enough to calm the air around it.

After a while Old Blue said, "Everything feels wrong when the order slips."

"Yes," Mabel said.

"I rely on things occurring when they ought."

"Yes."

"And if Tuesday can simply vanish, then Wednesday may become unreliable, and after that one cannot be too careful."

Mabel worked another row before answering.

"Or," she said, "Tuesday may simply have sat down for a minute because you were pulling it too hard."

Old Blue looked scandalized.

Then, because Mabel was Mabel and the evening was soft and the yarn made its small patient sound, his expression loosened.

"I do not pull days," he muttered.

"No. You herd them."

That drew a short, unwilling snort from him.

The wind hummed a low lullaby. Fireflies flickered in sleepy patterns. And the goat, weary from worry, closed his eyes.

The next morning, Old Blue woke beneath the blueberry bush to birdsong, dew on the grass, and a feeling he had not had in two days.

Settled.

Not orderly, exactly. The world was never so obliging as that. But the pieces of it seemed to have remembered one another again. The pond shone. The meadow breathed. In the lane a young girl carried a basket toward the village, right on time or close enough.

Old Blue stood, stretched, and looked around.

"Well," he said, "there you are."

The Hollow nodded kindly. No one asked whether he meant Tuesday. No one thought they should question a goat who had just returned a missing day to the world.

Later that day Mabel came by with a little wooden tag and a length of cord. She held them up without ceremony.

“I thought you might want this.”

Old Blue sniffed the tag. It smelled of cedar drawer, yarn, and Mabel’s kitchen.

“What is it for?”

“That depends on what it needs to remember.”

Old Blue considered this, then lowered his head so she could tie it around his neck.

She had carved a message into the wood with her smallest knife.

From that moment on, Old Blue began carrying the little wooden tag around his neck—a reminder with a gentle message:

“Don’t panic. Lost things return when they’re ready.”

It swung gently against his chest as he made his evening rounds. Once, twice. The proper number.

From then on, when something small went missing in the Hollow—a mitten, a spoon, a bit of courage, the feeling of what day it ought to be—someone was likely to say, “Take it by Old Blue. He knows about these things.”

And if a creature came to him in a fret, he would glance at the tag, then at the meadow, then at the sky beyond the pond, and say, as if it had always been obvious,

“Well. Best not chase a thing too hard. It generally comes back once it has had a proper rest.”

The Hollow is still there, if you'd like to return.

luminoushollow.com