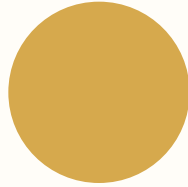


The Night Mia Found Her Brave

A GENTLE BEDTIME ADVENTURE MADE FOR MIA





The Night Mia Found Her Brave

A fictional privacy-first storybook sample

AGES 3-5 - PDF SAMPLE

Mia is an entirely fictional character.

No real child's name, photo, voice, school, birthday, location, health information, or family history was used to create this sample.



For every brave little step you take

—

we will always be cheering nearby.





After the last goodnight, Mia sat very still.

Her room was quiet.

The moon made a silver square on the floor.

Then, from the garden, came one tiny golden blink.





At the garden gate, Mia found a little lantern.

It glowed as if it had been waiting just for her.

Mia picked it up.

The gate gave a soft creak.





On the other side sat a small red fox.

The fox took one step.

Then it looked back.

Mia's knees felt wobbly.



Mia held the lantern close.

She breathed in slowly.

She breathed out slowly.

"Brave can start very small," she whispered.

And she took one careful step.





The path asked, "What do you love?"

"Foxes," said Mia.

A tiny star lit beside the fox.

"Moonflowers," said Mia.

Another star began to glow.



Mia named smooth stones.

Warm blankets.

Songs before sleep.

With every answer, the path grew brighter.

So did the brave feeling inside her.





Soon, a shallow stream crossed the path.

Three broad stones waited in the water.

One step.

Then two.

Then three.

Mia reached the other side with dry, coral
slippers.





Halfway up the hill, the night breeze began to hum.

The lantern's bright flame became a very small flame.

Mia knelt beside it.

The fox sat close.



Mia covered the light with her hands.

"You do not have to be big," she told it.

"You only have to stay."

The little flame steadied.

"One more step," Mia said.





At the top, Mia saw the whole path below.

It had not become shorter.

Mia had simply walked it -

one breath,

one light,

one small brave step at a time.





Before long, Mia was tucked beneath her quilt again.

Now she knew: brave did not have to roar.

Sometimes brave was a whisper that said,
"One more step."



A personal story can still be private.

This fictional sample demonstrates the intended format. The paid product is designed for a parent or legal guardian to personalize without uploading a child's photo.

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