

The Mirae Tales

A Heartful Series for Kids Learning to Love Who They Are

Tale 1

Mirae and the Day She Felt Too Small

On a day like any other, when the world feels both big and small, this story begins...

It was a soft, blue morning in the whispering woods behind Mirae's house. She woke up in her cozy room, hugged by blankets and birdsong, but something felt different. After breakfast, she went to her little treehouse — her favorite quiet place — just to sit for a while.

She looked at her hands. Her feet. Her shadow on the wooden floor.

"I feel too small today," she whispered.
Not in size. Not in height. Just small.

Like maybe her voice didn't matter.
Like maybe the world was too big for someone like her.

She put on her soft yellow sweater, the one her Grandma stitched with sunbeams in the sleeves, and tiptoed outside.

The forest didn't seem to mind her smallness. The moss still welcomed her feet. The breeze still kissed her cheeks. But Mirae wasn't sure if she belonged.

She followed a ribbon of sunlight between the trees, listening to the hush of her own footsteps. The air smelled like green things growing, and for a moment, it felt like the forest was waiting for her to notice something.



The path led her to a quiet glade where the light spilled in soft puddles. There, sitting on a mushroom the size of a muffin, was a tiny fairy glowing like a firefly at dusk. Her wings shimmered like they were made of morning dew. The air around her smelled faintly of wild honey and light.



Mirae stopped, holding her breath. She blinked once, twice — wondering if the fairy would disappear like a fading dream.

"Hello," she whispered, so softly she barely heard herself. She didn't want to scare her away.

The fairy tilted her head, studying her. Then her glow brightened, warm as a smile. "Hello."

Mirae's heart skipped. "Are you... real?"

"Are you?" the fairy asked, laughing. Her voice sounded like tiny bells. "You look gentle today. That's beautiful."

Mirae felt something warm bloom in her chest. No one had ever called her beautiful for being gentle. "I feel kind of invisible," she admitted.

The fairy floated up, closer now, hovering near Mirae's face. Her light was soft, not blinding — like a smile that truly sees you. Then she landed on Mirae's shoulder, light as a breath.

"I'm Bria," she said. "And I glow brightest when someone is kind to themselves. That's how I found you."

Mirae's frown was small, uncertain. "But I haven't done anything special."

Bria's wings fluttered softly. "You don't need to do something special to be kind to yourself." Her voice was warm, like sunlight through leaves. "You woke up today. You got dressed, even though your heart felt foggy."

You stepped outside. You looked at the sky and went for a walk. You found me. That's more than enough."

She tilted her head, studying Mirae with knowing eyes. "And there's more. So much more you don't even remember."

She waved her hand, and the air shimmered — as if the glade itself remembered. A memory unfolded like a blanket:

Mirae, younger, curled up under her desk, feeling like a mistake after she got something wrong. But then she hugged her knees and whispered, "It's okay, Mirae. You're still good."

The fairy glowed brighter.

"That," said Bria, "was kindness. That was strength."

The memory rippled and bloomed into more moments:

Mirae choosing to wear something nice to be her best self. Mirae drinking water when she felt tired and thirsty. Mirae letting herself rest so her body had time to take care of itself. Mirae saying "I tried my best" after a test that didn't go well. Mirae being okay with herself even though she forgot her lunchbox. Mirae asking for help when she felt confused. Mirae telling herself "tomorrow is a new day" before bed.

Small things. Gentle things. Things she never thought counted.

"All of it," Bria said with a smile, "was you being kind to you."

Mirae's eyes grew wide, and a smile bloomed across her face — big and wondering. She was already doing it. All those little moments... they were real. They counted. "I didn't know those things mattered," she said, a hint of pride warming her voice.

"They're the most important things," Bria said softly. She floated closer, her glow pulsing gently. "Do you see this?" She gestured to her own

shimmer. "This is what I mean by light — the good that shines from inside you. Everyone has it. Yours isn't loud or bright like fireworks. It's soft and steady, like starlight — quiet but always there, guiding you home. And it glows strongest when you treat yourself like you matter."

Mirae looked down at her hands, then back at Bria. "So... when I'm kind to myself, my light gets brighter?"

"Always," Bria said, her smile like dawn breaking. "That's how I found you."

They sat together in the quiet. The kind of quiet that doesn't need fixing.

Then Bria placed a petal in Mirae's palm — soft, glowing faintly. "Whenever you feel too small, hold this. Not because it makes you bigger. But because it reminds you: you're already whole. You're already enough."

Mirae closed her fingers around it gently. "Will I see you again?"

"You'll see more than me. You'll see you. And that light? It's always been yours."



That night, Mirae placed the petal on her windowsill where the moon could touch it. She crawled into bed — not louder, not bolder — but softer inside.

And somehow, that felt like the strongest thing of all.

... and in the quiet, something small had bloomed and settled.

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Bedtime Reflection:

A few gentle questions you can explore together – to help your child see their own light and kindness.

(If your child gives short or uncertain answers, you'll find little guiding whispers below each question.)

Was there a moment today where you were kind to yourself?

If the answer is "No" or "I don't know"

"That's okay. Sometimes we forget to notice. Like when you ...now add a specific thing you saw them do today – took a deep breath when frustrated, kept trying even though it was hard, gave yourself a hug ... That was you being kind to yourself."

"I wasn't kind to myself at all today"

"You know what? Even getting out of bed this morning was you being kind to your body. Even eating your breakfast was you taking care of yourself. Sometimes the smallest things count the most."

What does your light feel like inside?

"I have no light"

Then for example just tell what kind of light you can see – bright eyes, beautiful smile

"I don't know what you mean"

If they're confused: *"Your light is that special thing that makes you **YOU**. Maybe it feels warm, or buzzy, or quiet and calm. There's no wrong answer. What do you feel in your chest when you're happy?"*

If you had a Bria, where do you think she'd sit?

"I wouldn't have one" or "She wouldn't come to me"

"Bria appears when someone is kind to themselves. She found Mirae just for getting out of bed. That means she'd find you too – maybe she's already there and you just haven't noticed."

Parent Tip:

Tell your child one gentle thing you saw them do today. Help them see their quiet strength (helped in a small way no one noticed, smiled with open curiosity, was brave, forgave quickly and moved on, comforted someone (who was sad/or a pet), took care).

Journal Page Prompt:

Draw a picture of your light or write about it. Is it a color? A glow? A word? Name it, and keep it close.

From my heart to yours – may this story bring light to the quiet places.

The Mirae Tales Blessing Cards

A heartfelt collection for kids learning to love who they are

MIRAE BLESSING CARD

From Story 1 • Card 1 A

Your Light is
always shining

*You feel it most
when you're kind to yourself.*

— Wisdom from Bria (Mirae Tale 1)



MIRAE BLESSING CARD

HOLD THIS WHEN...

...you forgot how bright
you are.

Your light never left.
Sometimes big feelings
cover it for a while —
but it's always there.



From "Mirae and the Day She Felt Too Small"

The Mirae Tales Wisdom Cards

A heartfelt collection for kids learning to love who they are

MIRAE WISDOM CARD

From Story 1 • Card 1 A

Your Light is
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*You feel it most
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FOR PARENTS & CAREGIVERS

THE GIFT OF STEADINESS

"This is what I mean by light —
the good that shines from
inside you."
— Bria

A quiet reminder for you, too:
Your steadiness, your gentleness,
and the way you show up —
these are all forms of light
your child feels.

Sometimes the simplest moments
bring them back to themselves.

From "Mirae and the Day She Felt Too Small"

A Note for Parents, Caregivers, and Educators

The Mirae Tales are designed to nurture connection, confidence, and self-awareness in children — whether shared as bedtime stories, daytime reading, or during quiet moments of togetherness.

The bedtime reflections, parent tips, and journal prompts included with each tale can be used at night or revisited anytime during the day. There is no “right” moment — only the one that feels right for you and your child.

Let these tales become gentle companions, helping you build meaningful conversations and celebrate every child’s unique light.

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*The Mirae Tales is a heart-born series created to nurture self-love, quiet courage, and the joy of becoming who you are meant to be.
Thank you for reading and respecting the spirit of this work.*