

The Mirae Tales

A Heartful Series for Kids Learning to Love Who They Are

Tale 5

Mirae and the Cloud Who Couldn't Hold Her Shape

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

Mirae woke up feeling sparkly and bright — like sunshine dancing on water. She bounced out of bed, eager to paint the picture she'd been dreaming about all week.

But when she sat at her art table with her watercolors spread out like a rainbow, the sparkly feeling slipped away. She wanted to read instead.

A few pages later, she wanted to run. Then to build something. Then to draw again.

"Hmm," she murmured, glancing around at the half-done things. "I guess my mind's just... traveling today."

Then a tiny pinch of a thought brushed through her — Emma's voice from yesterday, light but sharp: *"You never finish anything, Mirae."*

It buzzed in her chest, small but uncomfortable.

"Maybe she's right," Mirae whispered. "Why can't I just stay with one thing?"

By lunchtime, she'd started three different activities and finished none. When her mom found her sitting on the kitchen floor, Mirae sighed, "I'm all mixed up today. Emma always knows exactly what she wants. She's so steady. I'm just... everywhere."

Her mom knelt beside her, voice warm and calm. “Maybe a walk in the woods would help,” she said. “I think the trees are good listeners. They don’t say much, but somehow you feel lighter afterward.”

At the Favorite Meadow

Mirae wandered along the familiar forest trail, her footsteps soft on the leaf-covered ground. She still felt unsettled, like a snow globe that had been shaken up and couldn’t find its calm.

The deeper she walked, the quieter everything became — just the hush of trees and the slow rustle of leaves above her.

Soon she reached her favorite meadow, the one with soft grasses that felt like a blanket and wildflowers nodding gently in the breeze. She lay back, looking up at the sky. The clouds above were putting on quite a show, shifting and changing with every breath of wind.



One cloud in particular caught her eye. It kept transforming — first into a rabbit, then a ship, then something that might have been a dragon, and now... well, now it looked like a fluffy question mark.

“Oh, bother,” came a voice from above, light and airy, like wind chimes. “I’ve done it again, haven’t I?”

Mirae sat up, startled. “Who’s there?”

“Up here, dear one,” the voice called gently. “I’m Nimara.”



Mirae looked closer at the cloud and gasped. A soft, pearlescent face was smiling down at her, with eyes that glimmered like morning dew.

“You’re a cloud!” Mirae said in wonder.

“I am indeed,” Nimara replied with a rueful laugh. “Though I’m not terribly good at it, I’m afraid. I can never seem to hold one shape for more than a few minutes. The other clouds drift by looking so dignified and steady, while I’m constantly shifting and changing. It’s rather... untidy.”

The Cloud's Story

As if to prove her point, Nimara began changing again. Her question-mark shape softened into a heart, then stretched into a long silver ribbon that trailed across the sky.

“See?” she said, now resembling a gentle wave. “I planned to be a nice, respectable cumulus cloud today – you know, the kind that looks like fluffy cotton balls. But then the wind whispered about adventures, and I just had to become a ship. Then I saw a bird and thought being a bird-cloud would be lovely. And then...”

“And then you became a question mark?” Mirae asked, eyes bright with fascination.

“Exactly! Because I started wondering if maybe changing so much meant something was wrong with me.” Nimara’s form wavered with hesitation. “The other clouds seem so sure of themselves. They pick a shape and stay that way for hours.”

Mirae felt a flutter in her chest — the kind that comes when someone says out loud what you’ve been feeling all along. “I know exactly how you feel,” she said softly.

The Gentle Flow of Change

“You do?” Nimara asked, her cloud-form brightening with interest.

“I woke up wanting to paint, then wanted to read, then wanted to run, then to sit still,” Mirae said. “I couldn’t stick with anything. I felt all scattered and mixed up — like I didn’t know who I was supposed to be.”

Nimara drifted lower, her edges soft and welcoming. “Oh, my dear. But look at what all my changing has brought to the world today.”

She lifted a wispy tendril toward the meadow below. “When I was ship-shaped, I cast a shadow that looked like a boat on the pond, and the ducks played in it. When I became bird-shaped, I inspired that little sparrow to try a new flying pattern. And when I was a heart...” She paused, her form glowing with quiet pride. “A little boy pointed at me and told his mother he loved her.”

Mirae looked around the meadow with new eyes. She could see where different cloud-shadows had fallen, creating cool spots where tired butterflies had rested. She noticed how the changing light had made the wildflowers seem to dance.

“You brought joy to all of them,” Mirae said softly. “Just by being exactly who you are.”

Nimara’s glow deepened, her voice rich with kindness. “And you, dear one — what if your changing moods and interests aren’t a problem to fix, but a gift to explore?”

Her form shimmered gently. “May I show you something?”

The air around them rippled, and Mirae saw herself from last week — sitting at her desk, halfway through a drawing before setting down her brush to write a note to her grandmother instead.

The scene shifted. Her grandmother sat in her sunny kitchen, reading that little note, her eyes bright with happy tears.

“See?” Nimara said gently. “You brought joy to your grandmother — just by being yourself.”

Mirae leaned forward, eyes wide. “Look at her face — she’s smiling! I didn’t know she would be that happy.”

Nimara’s smile grew warm, glowing like morning light. “She is — and it all started with you.”

Let Your Heart Dance in All the Ways it Wants To

Mirae thought about her morning — how the sparkly energy had made her excited about painting, how the quiet feeling had drawn her to books, and how the restless energy had wanted to run and explore.

“Maybe,” she said slowly, “I wasn’t all mixed up after all. Maybe I was just... listening to different parts of myself.”

“Exactly!” Nimara’s form shimmered with delight, now resembling a gentle smile stretched across the sky. “Some days we’re mountain clouds — steady and strong. Some days we’re rain clouds — full of feeling that needs to pour out. And some days we’re wispy, curious clouds that dance wherever the wind takes us.”

Mirae looked up, a small crease of worry appearing between her brows. “But what about when people say you should be the same all the time?”

Nimara considered this, her form shifting thoughtfully. “Not everyone will understand your changing shapes right away. But what matters most is

understanding yourself — and letting your heart dance in all the ways it wants to.”

Mirae smiled, thinking of Emma, her friend who always seemed so sure. “I guess that’s okay,” she declared. “Emma can be steady. I can be me.”

Nimara glowed with warmth. “And I can be Nimara,” she said, laughing like wind chimes. “Can you imagine? Staying one shape all day — like Caelum? I’d miss half the fun.”

As the afternoon wore on, Mirae felt herself relaxing into the conversation. She told Nimara about her art supplies, her books, her love of running — and somehow, sharing all her different interests helped her see that each one was part of discovering what she might want to try.

“You know what I think?” Nimara said, her form curling softly into a gentle spiral. “I think you’re not scattered at all. You’re just... full. Full of curiosity, full of different kinds of joy, full of possibilities.”

“Full,” Mirae repeated, testing the word. It felt so much better than *scattered* or *all mixed up*.

“And,” Nimara continued, “maybe tomorrow you’ll wake up feeling steady and focused, like a mountain cloud. Or maybe you’ll feel like dancing through different interests — the way I dance through different shapes. Both are perfectly wonderful ways to be.”

As if summoned by her words, a stately cumulus cloud drifted nearby. Instead of feeling small beside him, Nimara brightened and lifted a wispy hand in greeting.

“Beautiful work, Caelum!” she called out cheerfully. “Your steadiness is making such lovely shade for the forest below.”

The other cloud rumbled a friendly reply, and Mirae noticed that Nimara wasn’t trying to be like him anymore. She was celebrating his gifts — and her own.

The Sky Within Us All

That evening, Mirae sat at her bedroom window with a new notebook. On the cover, she wrote:

Mirae's Sky Journal – For All My Different Weather.

Weather, she wrote in the corner, *means all the feelings and moods I can have inside me – happy sunshine, stormy anger, quiet cloudy days, or excited windy moments.*

Inside, she drew a picture of Nimara changing shapes, surrounded by all the ways those changes had brought beauty to the world.



Then she wrote: *Today I learned that I don't have to be the same all the time. I can be sparkly-me, quiet-me, running-me, thinking-me – and they're all really me. Like clouds in the sky, there's room for all of them.*

She looked out at the real sky, where the first stars were beginning to appear. Tomorrow, she decided, she might start that painting – if she felt like it. Or she might read her dragon book. Or maybe she'd discover something entirely new she wanted to try.

And if she changed her mind? That would just be another kind of weather in her sky – perfectly natural, perfectly hers.

"Thank you, Nimara," she whispered to the darkening sky. "For showing me that changing can be beautiful too."

Somewhere high above, a wispy cloud that might have been shaped like a waving hand drifted across the moon.

The next morning, Mirae woke with her dragon book on her mind. She was sure she'd read all morning.

But when she reached the breakfast table and saw sunlight spilling through the window, something shifted. She wanted to be outside instead.

She smiled, slipped on her shoes, and tucked the dragon book under her arm. Maybe she'd read beneath her favorite tree. Or run first. Or discover something entirely new.

Her heart was simply following the wind — the way clouds do.

And that felt exactly right.

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



Bedtime Reflection:

A few gentle questions you can explore together — to help your child understand that change, curiosity, and shifting moods can all be part of their natural rhythm.

What was your favorite part of the story — and why?

After your child shares, tell them your favorite part too and why you liked it.

You might be surprised by what they noticed most — children often see details or feelings we miss. That's the gift of their perspective.

Which part felt most like you today?

What kind of "weather" do you feel in your heart right now?

Like sunny-happy, cloudy-quiet, windy-excited, or rainy-sad.

You can share your heart's weather too — it helps children see that everyone has changing feelings, even grown-ups.

Or you might wonder together:

- Did you ever feel a bit like Nimara — changing your mind a lot?
- If you could ask Nimara one question, what would it be?
- What do you think Mirae learned about herself?
- If this story had one more page, what do you imagine would happen next?

Parent Tip:

When your child seems to bounce from activity to activity, pause to see what's behind it. Are they exploring with joy and curiosity? Or are they feeling bored, restless, or overwhelmed? Celebrate genuine exploration as a gift — but if they seem unsettled, take time to help them find calm. A quiet conversation, a warm embrace, or a moment of steady presence can help them come back to themselves. Sometimes, they might also need to move their bodies to release energy before they can settle into focused play.

Journal Page Prompt:

Make your own “weather map” of yourself today.

Draw or write about the different moods or interests you felt — like sunny (happy), cloudy (confused), windy (excited), or rainy (sad).

Next to each one, add what made you feel that way or what you did while you were in that mood.

Remember: every kind of “weather” inside you — every feeling or interest — brings something special to the world. Like Nimara, celebrate each one.

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 5 • Card 5 A

Changing your mind —
however often —
is part of
becoming you

"You're not scattered at all,"
Nimara said gently.
"You're just... full."

— Wisdom from Nimara (Mirae Tale 5)



MIRAE BLESSING CARD

HOLD THIS WHEN...

...you feel bad for not sticking
with one thing,
or someone made you feel
wrong for changing again.

You're not doing anything
wrong.

You just have lots inside —
ideas, feelings, and wishes
you're still figuring out.



From "Mirae and the Cloud Who Couldn't Hold
Her Shape"

The Mirae Tales Wisdom Cards

A heartfelt collection for kids learning to love who they are

MIRAE WISDOM CARD

From Story 5 • Card 5 A

Changing your mind —
however often —
is part of
becoming you

*“You’re not scattered at all,”
Nimara said gently.
“You’re just... full.”*

— Wisdom from Nimara (Mirae Tale 5)



FOR PARENTS & CAREGIVERS

THE GIFT OF EXPLORING

*“What if your changing moods and
interests aren’t a problem to fix,
but a gift to explore?”
— Nimara*

Children lose focus for different reasons —
and each one is part of growing.

Some are exploring,
some are daydreaming,
and some feel overwhelmed.

Your calm helps them feel safe.
With gentle structure when needed
and soft permission when they explore,
they learn to trust their unfolding.

*From “Mirae and the Cloud Who Couldn’t Hold
Her Shape”*

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.

© 2026 Tanja May / The Mirae Tales

All rights reserved. No part of this tale may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the creator, except in the case of brief quotations used in critical reviews or articles.

*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.*