



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.

For a while, she stayed where she was. Then she got up and pulled on her soft yellow sweater — the one she always wore when she needed to feel a little hugged. Her grandma had stitched tiny sunbeams into the sleeves, and it felt warm and fluffy against her skin.

After breakfast, she went to her little treehouse — her favorite quiet place — just to sit for a while.

And sitting there, with her back against the warm wood, yesterday came back to her.

Yesterday she made a picture for Grandpa.

It was the big tree behind his house, the one with the low branch. She worked on it the whole afternoon. She got the light right, the way it came down through the leaves in little pieces. When she finished, she sat back and looked at it for a long time, and something in her chest went warm and quiet.

She rolled it up and carried it to his house.

Grandpa put on his glasses and smoothed the paper flat on the table.

“Oh, Mirae,” he said. “Look at the light coming through the leaves. You caught that beautifully.”

Mirae stood beside him, beaming.

Grandpa looked at the picture a little longer.

“Do you know what I think? I think it would help you a lot if you learned how to get the proportions right, ‘cause this branch is way too big in comparison to the whole tree — see, your cousin Ben did a great job with that in his drawing over there. It looks very natural and real, don’t you think? And of course, I’m not comparing you with Ben. I would never do that. I’m only saying that I know you could do better.”

Mirae knew Ben was five years older than her. She knew that.

And she liked him. He let her hold his flashlight, and he never talked to her like she was little.

But something in her chest went small anyway.

Grandpa was still looking at the tree when Mirae slid the paper out from under his hand.

She said thank you, because she always did.

At home, she didn't unroll it. She put it in the drawer with the old pencils and closed the drawer. She didn't draw anything that evening. She didn't want to.

The small feeling was still there when she said goodnight. It was still there this morning, before she even opened her eyes.

Now, in the treehouse, 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 she didn't matter.

Like maybe the world was too big for someone like her.

After a while, Mirae climbed down from the treehouse and wandered into the woods.

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.

So she noticed.



There was a small golden light between the trees, up ahead. Mirae thought it was the sun caught on a leaf. That happens all the time.

Then the light moved.

Not the way sunlight moves, slow and sleepy along a branch. This went sideways. Then up. Then it stopped and waited.

Mirae waited, too.

The light didn't go anywhere. It stayed exactly where it was, shining softly, as if it had all morning and didn't mind spending it.

Curious, Mirae followed it.

It led her off the path, over a fallen log, past a fern that was taller than she was. It stayed just far enough ahead to be interesting. Once she stopped to see what it would do, and it stopped as well.

Then the trees opened up.

She was standing in a quiet glade where the light spilled in soft puddles. The little golden light came down slowly, the way a feather comes down, and settled on a mushroom the size of a muffin.

Only it wasn't a light at all.



It 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?”

The fairy looked at her, hardly containing her eye-roll. “No, I’m not. I’m only sitting right here in front of you. Of course I’m real – are you?” the fairy asked, laughing. Her voice sounded like tiny bells. Mirae was stunned into silence for a moment.

“Sure,” she said at last. “I’m real, too.”

It sounded rather silly the moment she said it. Mirae smiled a little at herself, but with a real fairy sitting in front of her, it was the best answer she could manage.

“You look gentle today,” the fairy said. “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.

“What made you feel so small today?”

Mirae looked down at her hands.

“My picture wasn’t right,” she said. “So maybe I’m not right either.”

Bria didn’t answer straight away. Her glow softened.

“That’s what it feels like,” she said. “I know it does.”

“Is it true?”

“No.”

Mirae looked at her.

“A picture can be imperfect,” Bria said. “And you can still be perfectly all right.”

“Even if I could have done it better?”

“Even then.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

And Mirae believed her. Bria was a fairy, after all, and fairies ought to know about things like that.

Something inside her softened. Even if just a little.

Bria’s glow grew warm and bright again.

“And there’s more,” she said. “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:

There was a smaller Mirae in the shimmer now. Shorter hair. One sock slipping down. She was sitting under the slide at recess, in the cool dark place where the ladder made stripes of shadow on the sand — the spot nobody ever thought to look.

That morning, she had read out loud in front of everyone. The word had looked easy sitting on the page. But it came out of her mouth sideways, and somebody laughed.

Her friend had spun around and stuck her tongue out at whoever it was, quick as a lizard, and that had helped. A little.

But the laugh had stung. And so had the word. Mirae had wanted to get it right, and she hadn't.

So when the bell rang and everyone ran for the swings, Mirae went the other way. She crawled into her cool dark place, hugged her knees, and thought the thought that had been waiting all morning:

I got it wrong. Maybe I'm the wrong one.

Then, very quietly, into her own kneecaps, she whispered, "It's okay, Mirae. You're still good."

The fairy glowed brighter.

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

The memory beneath the slide faded, and another took its place.

This time, Mirae was lying in bed in the almost-dark, listening to the morning sounds beginning outside her window. School was waiting, and she did not want to go at all.

She could no longer remember what had been waiting for her that day — a difficult lesson, something she had to do, or simply a morning when everything felt harder than usual. She remembered only the heavy feeling beneath her blanket and the thought that came with it:

Not today. Today I don't feel like myself.

For a while, she stayed exactly where she was.

Then she pushed back the blanket and opened her drawer. She did not choose the itchy dress with the shiny buttons. She chose the soft blue sweater with the elbow patch and the pants with the deep pockets — the ones that felt like her.

When she looked in the mirror, she smiled and gave herself a small nod, the kind you give to someone you trust.

The day was still waiting. But she felt a little more ready to meet it.

“I like you in that sweater,” Bria said. “It looked so cheerful. Especially the elbow patch.”

That memory faded, and another appeared.

Now it was a blazing afternoon, and there she was, running home with her cheeks hot and her hair sticking to her forehead. She went straight to the kitchen sink and drank a whole glass of water in one long go. Then another.

Her body had said *thirsty*, and she had listened.

Then came a gray Saturday. Mirae was curled on the couch with her feet up on the armrest. She had said no to one more game and yes to resting, letting the afternoon move slowly around her so her body had time to do its quiet mending.

Bria's light rose and fell with each memory, warm and steady.

The next memory took them back to school.

Mirae was walking home with a spelling test folded in her pocket.

Six words right. Four wrong.

“I tried my best,” she told herself. And she had.

That afternoon, her mom cleared the kitchen table, and together they wrote the four words again until the letters stopped wriggling around and stayed where they belonged.

Beautiful was the trickiest one. It took three tries before all the letters agreed where to stand.

Another school day appeared.

Mirae was sitting at the lunch table with no lunchbox, because her lunchbox was at home on the kitchen counter, being extremely unhelpful.

Her stomach grumbled, and she was so mad at herself she could hardly sit still. How could she have forgotten it?

Then she thought: *Everybody forgets things. Even grown-ups. Even the ones who make lists.*

She was still hungry. But she wasn't mean to herself about it — and those were two different things.

The girl beside her slid an apple across the table without making a thing of it. Then half a sandwich followed. “I wasn't going to eat the crust anyway,” she said, which was almost certainly not true.

Bria leaned a little closer, her glow growing even brighter. “Oh,” she said. “The next one is one of my favorites.”

Mirae was sitting in a classroom with her hand in the air, holding it steady even though her arm wanted to come back down.

She worried that everyone would think she was the only one who didn't understand.

Then she remembered the hero in one of her favorite books. She was clever, but not because she always knew the answers. She was clever because she asked questions — all kinds of questions — whenever she wanted to understand something.

Mirae wanted to be brave like her. She wanted to be her own hero.

She was still afraid. But she lifted her hand a little higher.

"I don't understand this part," she said. Out loud. In front of everyone.

It was the bravest sentence of the whole day.

And then there was this one — a whole different day. One that had gone crooked from the very beginning. Mirae in bed with the blanket pulled up to her chin. "Tomorrow is a new day," she whispered to Sixpence, who was squashed under her chin the way he liked.

Her mom came in and kissed her forehead and sat on the edge of the bed the way she did. "You know," she said, "when you're one hundred years old, rocking in your chair with your seventeen cats, you won't remember one single second of today."

"Seventeen cats?"

"At least."

And they laughed, the two of them, until the day felt lighter than it had felt all afternoon.

The last picture faded, and the glade was quiet again. These were all 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, being kind to herself. 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 left Mirae's shoulder and flew in front of her face, 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."

Mirae settled onto the moss, and Bria came to rest lightly on her knee. They sat together in the quiet. The kind of quiet that doesn't need fixing.

Then Bria rose from her knee and reached into the air beside her, the way you might reach into a pocket, and came away holding a petal — soft, glowing faintly. She held it out, and Mirae opened her hand. "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?"



"Yes, and you'll see more than me. You'll see yourself as the beautiful, light-filled soul you are. And that light? It's always been yours."

That night, Mirae opened the drawer with the old pencils and took out her picture. She unrolled it slowly.

The branch was still too big.

But the light still came through the leaves in little pieces, exactly as she had seen it.

Mirae carried the picture upstairs and placed it on her windowsill. Then she laid the glowing petal beside it, where the moon could touch them both.

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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A Little Heart-to-Heart:

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 name something specific 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."

If the answer is "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?

If the answer is "I have no light"

Don't argue with it. Name one or two specific things you see in them:

...the way they ask questions about everything
...how they notice when someone is sad
...how excited they get about the things they love
...the way they keep trying when something is hard
...how gentle they are with animals
...the way they make people laugh

"That's your light. I see it all the time."

If the answer is "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 Bria came to visit you, where do you think she'd sit?

If the answer is "Bria wouldn't come to me" or "I don't think she'd visit me"

"Bria appears when someone is kind to themselves. She found Mirae because of all the little ways Mirae was already caring for herself. That means she could find you, too – perhaps she's already nearby 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.

Maybe they helped in a small way no one noticed, smiled with open curiosity, were brave, were eager to forgive and quick to let go of a grudge, comforted someone who was sad, or took care of a pet.

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

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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 little heart-to-hearts, parent tips, and journal prompts included with each tale can be used at any time of day — morning, afternoon, or before sleep. 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.*