



Mirae and the Fox Who Reached for the Stars

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

It was a golden afternoon in the whispering woods. Mirae sat by her favorite creek, watching the water dance over smooth stones, but her heart felt heavy.

She had spent most of the day trying one thing after another.

That morning, she'd tried to paint a butterfly. When the first one went wrong, she started again on a fresh sheet of paper. Then she tried once more. But each butterfly looked less like a butterfly than the one before, until the last one looked like a smudged flower with crooked wings.

Next, she'd practiced the melody on her flute that she had been trying to learn all week. She played it slowly. She started over. She tried one more

time. But the notes still squeaked, stumbled, and tumbled over one another.

Later, she'd gathered wildflowers and tried to braid their stems together. The first braid slipped apart. The second one broke. The third fell to pieces in her hands.

One thing going wrong might have been almost funny. But after so many tries, Mirae no longer felt like laughing.

"Everything I touch goes sideways," she whispered to the water.

The petal from Bria still lived on her windowsill. *Hold it whenever you feel too small*, Bria had said. *It will remind you that you are already whole and enough.*

But today, even that felt far away.

A rustling in the ferns made her look up. There, with bright copper fur and a tail that flickered like flame, was a young fox. His white-splashed chest rose and fell from running, and his eyes sparkled with something that seemed to be hiding from Mirae today.



Joy.

"Hi there," he said, plopping down beside her with zero ceremony. "I'm Sage. I was just trying to catch falling leaves with my paws, but they keep outsmarting me." He grinned. "Leaves are trickier than they look."

Mirae blinked. "Doesn't that... bother you?"

"Bother me?" Sage tilted his head. "Why would it? I got to run, and jump, and spin around seven times. Plus, I discovered that oak leaves make the best whooshing sound when you miss them completely."

Despite herself, Mirae almost smiled.

“What have you been up to today?” Sage asked her.

Mirae’s cheeks warmed. “Nothing good. Just... mistakes.”

“Ooh, mistakes!” Sage’s tail swished. “Those are my specialty. Want to see?”

Before she could answer, he bounded to a nearby tree and leaped, clearly aiming for a high branch. He missed by a fox-length and landed in a pile of soft leaves instead.

“See?” he said, popping his head up with leaves in his ears. “I was reaching for the stars, but I found the world’s coziest landing spot.”

Just then, another leaf floated down and landed on top of his head.

Mirae giggled. “You look so funny with all those leaves on you.”

“Nothing funny about it,” Sage replied with dignity. “It’s called decoration.”

He gave her a huge grin, showing every one of his small, sharp teeth.

Mirae laughed even more.

Sage scrambled out of the leaf pile and glanced back at the branch. “Next time, I’m starting farther away. I nearly touched it.”

Then he padded back over, still wearing half the forest.

“Want to know a secret? Bria once told me that trying is its own kind of magic — a little piece of wisdom to share with any friend who might forget, kind of like sharing starlight.”

"You might've met her," Sage added with a grin. "She's a tiny fairy who glows when people are kind to themselves – and she's so clever."

He tilted his head thoughtfully. "She sent me to keep you company for a while."

"But I wanted my butterfly to be beautiful," Mirae said quietly. "I can see beautiful things, but I can't seem to make them."

"Hmm," Sage said thoughtfully. "But you tried to make something beautiful because you love beautiful things, right? A butterfly is beautiful..."

"Yes, but—"

"I think that's special too," Sage said, matter-of-factly. "Maybe you're really good at seeing beautiful things – even if making them feels tricky. And maybe..." He looked at her with bright eyes. "Maybe that's okay."

"Maybe." Mirae sighed.

Before she could say more, a breeze rushed through the trees. The branches above them rustled, and a shower of golden leaves came twirling down.

"Look! There are more coming!" Sage cried. "I'll get them!"

His excitement was impossible to resist. Mirae jumped up too and raced after him.

Sage bounded toward one leaf while Mirae chased another. She stretched out her arms, jumped – and missed it completely.

The leaf sailed past the tip of her nose. Mirae landed crookedly, lost her balance, and tumbled straight into the same pile Sage had crashed into.

Leaves burst into the air and settled over her hair, her sweater, and even the toes of her shoes.

Sage peered over the edge of the pile.

“Now you’re decorated too,” he said, his grin spreading from ear to ear.

Mirae sat up with a leaf balanced on her forehead and began to laugh.

Sage’s ears perked up. “Another one!” he cried. “That one’s mine!”

He sprang away after another tumbling leaf.

Mirae scrambled to her feet. She wasn’t going to be left behind.

Two leaves floated toward her. This time, she waited until they dipped lower. Then she jumped and clapped her hands around them.

“Got them!” she cried, opening her hands to show Sage.

“I knew it!” Sage said. “The more often you try, the more chances you have to succeed.”

Mirae beamed. Then another leaf came spinning between them, and they both raced after it.

By the time the last leaf had settled, Mirae and Sage were lying beside the creek, breathless from running and laughing, listening to the water’s gentle song.

Then Sage did something wonderful. He bounded to the creek’s edge and, after searching for a moment, picked up a small, perfectly heart-shaped stone with his mouth.

“Look what I found!” he said proudly, setting it down between them. “My masterpiece. I didn’t make it, but I found something beautiful. Sometimes that’s just as good.”

Mirae looked at the heart-shaped stone, then at Sage's bright, hopeful face. Something inside her chest loosened.

Sage's eyes sparkled. "And if you still want to make something beautiful, you could always reach again for the stars," he said dramatically.

Mirae looked doubtful.

"How many butterflies did you paint?" he asked.

"Three."

"Three reaches!" His tail swept excitedly through the leaves.

"Three disasters," Mirae corrected him.

"Were they all the same disaster?"

Mirae opened her mouth to say yes. Then she thought about it.

"No," she admitted. "The first one had one enormous wing and one tiny wing. On the second, I used too much water and all the colors ran together."

"And the third?"

"I tried to cover the smudges with more paint." Mirae wrinkled her nose. "That made an even bigger smudge."

Sage nodded seriously. "So now you know at least three things that don't work."

Mirae looked at him.

Then a small laugh escaped her.

"I suppose I do."

“What will you try next time?”

“Maybe I could draw the wings first,” Mirae said slowly. “Then I could use less water and wait for one color to dry before I add another.”

Her eyes brightened as the idea took shape.

“You know what?” she said. “I think I’d like to try painting again tomorrow.”

Sage’s whole tail lit up with happiness. “And I’ll keep reaching for the stars. Who knows? Maybe I’ll high-five the moon instead. You should try that too.”

As the sun began to set, Sage nuzzled her hand gently. “Bria told me something once,” he said quietly. “She said every reach teaches you how far you can fly. Even if we can’t fly like she can — it still counts. I think she meant that trying always takes you somewhere good.”



That night, Mirae placed Sage’s heart-shaped stone next to Bria’s petal on her windowsill. Two small treasures that reminded her: some gifts are made, and some are found — but both can fill your heart.

Then she went to her little desk and picked up the last butterfly she had painted.

Its wings were crooked. The colors had run together, and the extra paint had dried into a lumpy patch in the middle. For a moment, Mirae thought about hiding it beneath the other papers.

Instead, she carried it to the window and leaned it beside the petal and the stone.

Bria's petal reminded her that she was already whole and enough. Sage's stone reminded her that beauty could be found in unexpected places. And her crooked butterfly held a new reminder: every try could teach her something.

As Mirae got ready for bed, she pulled her sweater over her head. A golden leaf slipped out and fluttered to the floor.

Mirae picked it up, remembering Sage's enormous grin.

"Decoration," she whispered with a smile.

She placed the leaf on her nightstand, climbed into bed, and pulled the blanket up to her chin.

Tomorrow, she would paint another butterfly. She didn't know yet how it would turn out.

But this time, she knew where to begin.

Her heart was lighter than before. Trying was brave. Finding beauty was a gift too. And both were part of becoming who she was meant to be.

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



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.)

What's something you tried today, even if it didn't turn out how you planned?

“Nothing” or “I didn’t try anything”

“Hmm, let me think about your day. Did you try to tie your shoes? Did you try to draw or write something? Did you try to be helpful? Even getting dressed is trying! What was one thing you did today that took even a tiny bit of effort?”

“Everything I tried failed”

“You know what Sage would say? He’d say that trying is its own kind of magic. Even if things didn’t turn out perfect, you were brave enough to reach. That’s what matters. What good thing might come from you trying?”

What’s something you’d like to try tomorrow?

“I don’t know”

“That’s perfectly fine. You don’t have to know tonight. Maybe when you wake up tomorrow, your heart will tell you. Or maybe you’ll just see what feels interesting in the moment.”

“Nothing” or “I don’t want to try anything”

“That’s completely okay. Some days we need rest days. Maybe tomorrow you’ll feel like trying something, or maybe you’ll just want a cozy, quiet day. Both are good.”

If you had a friend like Sage, what would you want to try together?

“I don’t know”

“Sage loves catching leaves even though he always misses! He loves trying things that seem impossible. What’s something you’ve always wanted to try but felt a little scared to do alone?”

“Nothing” or your child seems resistant

“That’s okay. Maybe right now you just need a friend to sit with you, like Sage sat with Mirae by the creek. Sometimes we don’t need to try new things – we just need someone to be with us.”

Parent Tip:

Share your own “reaching for the stars” moment with your child:

Think of something YOU tried recently (or long ago) that didn't go as planned — maybe you:

- Tried a new recipe that turned out weird (but you learned what NOT to do)
- Attempted to fix something around the house and made it worse at first
- Tried to be more patient with your child but lost your temper anyway
- Started a project or hobby that felt harder than expected

Tell your child:

- What you tried: *"I tried to [specific action]..."*
- What happened: *"It didn't work out because..."*
- What you learned: *"But I learned that..."*
- What you'd try differently: *"Next time, I think I'll..."*

Example:

"You know what? This morning I tried to stay calm when I was running late, but I still got frustrated and rushed everyone. I learned that I need to wake up 10 minutes earlier so I don't feel so pressed for time. Next time, I'm going to set my alarm earlier and give myself that breathing room."

The gift you're giving: When you share your own imperfect tries, you show your child that reaching — even when you miss — is something brave people do at every age.

Journal Page Prompt:

Draw your own wobbly heart or crooked butterfly. Write one word that describes how it felt to make it with your hands and heart. Keep it close — it's part of your courage collection.

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 2 • Card 2 A

Your Trying Matters
Even when you miss,
you're still flying

*Trying is its own kind
of magic.*

– Wisdom from Sage (Mirae Tale 2)



MIRAE BLESSING CARD

HOLD THIS WHEN...

...you tried something and
it didn't go the way you
hoped.

Every try teaches you
something good –
and helps you grow a little
stronger inside.



From "Mirae and the Fox Who Reached for the Stars"

The Mirae Tales Wisdom Cards

A heartfelt collection for kids learning to love who they are

MIRAE WISDOM CARD

From Story 2 • Card 2 A

Your Trying Matters

Even when you miss,
you're still flying

*Trying is its own kind
of magic.*

– Wisdom from Sage (Mirae Tale 2)



FOR PARENTS & CAREGIVERS

THE GIFT OF TRYING

“Every reach teaches you something.”
– Sage

When your child tries something and it
doesn't turn out as they hoped,
they've learned something important –
what didn't work, and where to turn next.

That's courage in motion.

Your steady encouragement helps them notice
the small discoveries along the way:
a new idea, a different angle,
or simply the bravery it took to try at all.

Trying strengthens them gently,
one brave step at a time.

From “Mirae and the Fox Who Reached for the Stars”

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.*