



Mirae and the Ears That Made Him Fly

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

The Witnessing

Seven-year-old Mirae was on her way to the library at Willowbrook Elementary, passing the kindergarten playground that sat just beside the school building, when she heard a boy's voice call out loud enough for everyone to hear:

"Your ears are huge. Like... waaaay too big!"

She stopped and turned toward the voice, her stomach tightening. A boy with grass-stained knees stood near the sandbox, hands spread wide for emphasis. He was pointing at a smaller boy – maybe only four years

old — who'd been happily building a sand castle with some other children.

Mirae knew what happened next. The awful quiet. The staring. The way your face gets hot and you want to disappear.

But something made her stop at the edge of the playground, one hand gripping her library book. She had to see.

Then the air beside her shimmered — warm as starlight, soft as breath, the quiet kind that comes only when it matters most.

Bria appeared, her wings settling quietly.

She was the Fairy of Wholeness, drawn to moments when a child's sense of being *alright* was about to be shaken — the very moments when wholeness needed to be remembered.

She always arrived softly, and something in this moment pulled at her heart. Something important was unfolding.

And in the distance, near the sandbox — there.

A shimmer in the air that only those who knew how to look could see. A small bend in the light — the almost-visible kind that made the world feel a little more magical.

Gabby — a guardian who watched over children at the very moment unkindness found them.

Bria's wings fluttered with recognition. Of course, Gabby was here. This was her domain — the bullied kids, the teased ones, the children whose lights flickered when sharp words found their mark.

Bria had seen her work before, so many times. Watched her trip playground tormentors into sandpits, redirect cruel comments with

perfectly timed distractions. Once, Gabby had caused an entire class of bullies to forget their mean nicknames for three blissful weeks.

They'd shared moments like this before. Moments when little hearts needed help. Different kinds of help, perhaps, but help all the same.

Gabby's wings were folded tight, her focus absolute. Her hand was raised, ready. Ready in the way guardians often were — poised to nudge a moment gently, not force it.

She almost intervened. Almost. But she didn't.

Because the little boy looked up from the sand castle, considered the words with the seriousness they deserved, and grinned.

Not the trembling smile of a child pretending not to hurt. Not the nervous laugh of someone hoping cruelty might pass them by. This was pure, delighted recognition — wide and bright, stretching ear to ear and making those prominent ears even more noticeable.

"Yeah!" he agreed, nodding enthusiastically. "They're like Dumbo's!"

The playground hushed. Even Gabby's hand stilled mid-snap, her wings folding close.

The boy paused, as if struck by the most wonderful idea, and added with utter conviction:

"You know, Dumbo can fly with his ears. And so can I."

Then he wiggled them — actually wiggled his ears.

The breeze itself seemed to pause, as if waiting to see what would happen. The playground held its breath for just one second.

Then one of the kids burst out giggling. Then another. Then ALL of them — fits of giggles bubbling up like they couldn't stop, because it was

so absurd and funny and wonderful. The kind of giggles that make your whole body warm – the kind that spill out before you can catch them.

And Mirae was laughing too – caught right in it, swept up in the silly magic of it all.

Children started running around the sandbox with their arms spread wide, pretending to fly.

The grass-stained boy stopped pointing and stared in amazement. “Can you really fly?” he asked, his voice full of awe.

The little boy hopped onto the swing set, still grinning. His ears caught the morning wind.

And for just one perfect moment, he really did look like he could fly.

In the distance, Gabby slowly lowered her hand. She hadn’t needed to intervene. The boy had protected himself in the most extraordinary way.

Her expression brightened with pure delight. She glanced toward Bria with a grin that warmed the space between them – a soft, joyful *Did you see that?*

Bria’s wings shimmered with answering warmth. She understood what this moment meant – not just for the little boy, but for the girl beside her who had witnessed courage turn teasing into magic.

Gabby gave a tiny, knowing nod – her way of saying, *Your kind of work begins now.*

Then she faded from view, trusting Bria to stay with the one who had seen it happen.

Mirae didn’t see any of that. She only felt the laughter still bubbling in her chest.

Something had happened. Something important.

Something in her chest felt wide and warm, like the moment before a smile.

The little boy had taken something that could have made him feel small and somehow made it shine. Not by fixing or hiding or apologizing. Just... a shift. Like the world had tilted back into place.

Her heart felt light.

Lighter than it had been all morning.

The kind of light that makes the world feel a little wider, a little kinder.

The Library Incident

She meant to go to the library after that. She really did.

But as she walked back into the building — past the classrooms where older kids worked on math and reading, down the hallway where the water fountain dripped — the glow from the playground still lingered around her.

She was still thinking about the little boy.

About his grin.

About the way everyone had laughed — the good kind of laughing, all together.

“Mirae!”

She turned.

A boy from her grade was at his locker, pulling out books.

He glanced at her, then smiled.

“Your hair looks like a bird’s nest today.”

He said it like he was just noticing — like pointing out a smudge on her shoe or that her zipper wasn’t all the way up.

But the light in Mirae’s chest flickered.

Her face went warm in the wrong way.
It felt like the hallway suddenly tightened around her.

She felt like everyone was looking —
even though maybe no one was.
Even though maybe the boy was the only one who'd noticed at all.

Her hands flew up to her hair — the wild, curly kind that never stayed
where you put it.
This morning she'd tried to smooth it down, but it had dried all springy
and everywhere-going.

"I..." she started.

But the word felt stuck.

So she hurried away, her breath small and her steps quick — the warmth
from outside shrinking into something tight and shaky inside her chest.

Her Favorite Spot

Mirae's favorite spot was behind the gym, past the fence where the
morning glories grew: an old oak tree with roots that made a natural seat
and branches that hung low enough to feel like a secret room. It stood
beside the wall where she used to sit with her friend Junie.

She liked it because no one could see you unless they knew to look.

She sat down, wrapping her arms around her knees.

"I just don't feel good," she whispered to the tree roots.

The boy's words kept playing in her head.
Bird's nest. Bird's nest.

“Everyone was looking at me. It was so embarrassing being called out like that.”

Her throat felt tight. Her face still felt warm from the hallway.

“And it’s my hair. It’s always so messy and wild.”

She thought about Emma from her class —
Emma with the smooth, shiny hair that stayed exactly where she put it.
Emma who always looked neat and tidy and... right.

“Emma’s hair is always so nice,” Mirae said quietly. “She looks... right.”

She pulled at one of her own wild curls, watching it spring back the moment she let go.

“And I look... wrong.”

She thought about the little boy at the sandbox.
About how he’d just grinned when someone pointed out his ears.
About how he’d made everyone laugh with him instead of at him.

“I wish I could do that,” she whispered. “I wish I could be like him.”

But her eyes felt hot. Her chest felt heavy.

“But I can’t. Because...” She touched her hair again. “Because I look wrong. And everyone can see it.”

When a Fairy Is Summoned

The air near the oak tree shimmered — warm as starlight.

Bria appeared first, settling quietly on a nearby root.
She pressed a gentle hand over her heart, feeling the small ache that had called her here.

She looked up, speaking softly into the listening air:

“She’s starting to believe something about her is wrong... and it already hurts.”

Another shimmer rose beside her — soft lavender and silver, like garden blossoms bathed in moonlight.

A second fairy stepped forward from between the leaves.

Calyn, Fairy of Your Difference — summoned when children felt ashamed of what made them stand out.

“That hurt,” Calyn murmured, her voice like wind through flowers, “that’s the beginning of shame — when a child starts to worry that being different means something is wrong with them.”

She looked at Mirae with eyes full of quiet understanding, steady and warm.

“If that worry grows,” she said gently, “it can turn into something heavier — the feeling that you are wrong. But she isn’t there.”

She touched her fingers lightly to her own heart.

“This little ache is mine to tend.”

Bria’s glow warmed.

They had worked together before — each guarding a different part of a child’s inner world.

She nodded once, then gently faded, leaving Calyn to the work that belonged to her.

Calyn drifted closer, letting herself become visible — slowly, softly — until she hovered right in front of Mirae’s face. Her wings shimmered silver and lavender in the dappled light — one of each.

“Hello,” she said, her smile soft as sunrise. “I’m Calyn.”

The Questions That Unlock

Mirae looked up, tears still on her cheeks, seeing the fairy for the first time.

“You... you look like Bria,” she whispered, hiccupping through her tears.

“Are you friends with her?”

Calyn smiled — soft, warm, knowing.

“Yes,” she said gently. “Bria and I are friends. She helps when someone needs to remember they’re already good and whole.”

She touched her own heart lightly. “And I’m here when the things that make you different start to feel scary.”

She reached out and touched one of Mirae’s wild curls — so gently it felt like a whisper. The curl glowed for just a moment, light and warm.

“I hear thoughts sometimes,” Calyn said softly. “And yours are very loud right now.”

Mirae’s eyes grew wide. “You can?” she asked in a small voice.

Calyn smiled. “Only the loud ones — the ones that hurt the person thinking them.”

She looked at Mirae with warm understanding. “You’re thinking your hair is the problem,” Calyn said gently. “I heard that little hurt.”

Fresh tears gathered in Mirae’s eyes.

Calyn tilted her head, her wings catching the light. “Can I ask you something?”

Mirae nodded.

“Do you like your hair?”

Mirae blinked. Opened her mouth. Closed it again.

No one had ever asked her that before. She’d only ever thought about what other people thought — what Emma’s hair looked like, what the boy in the hallway said, what kids whispered sometimes.

“I... I don’t know,” she said finally.

“That’s honest,” Calyn said gently. “Let me ask another way. When you think about your hair — not what anyone says about it, just your hair — how does it feel?”

Mirae thought. Really thought.

“It’s... bouncy,” she said slowly. “And wild. It goes everywhere. It never stays put.”

“And how does that feel?” Calyn asked.

“It feels...” Mirae paused. “It feels like... like it’s alive. Like it has its own ideas.” A tiny smile tugged at her lips — surprising her.

“There,” Calyn said, her glow brightening. “That’s how your hair feels to you. Now tell me — what makes you feel bad when someone mentions it?”

Mirae’s smile faded.

“Because... everyone looks at me,” she whispered. “Everyone sees that I’m different. That my hair is... messy.”

“Everyone looking at you,” Calyn said slowly, “that must have felt scary.”

“It was,” Mirae said. “I felt really bad... they were all staring. I wanted to hide but I couldn’t.”

Calyn nodded, her light softening. “You were singled out for your hair — when you already thought it was messy and different and maybe wrong.”

Mirae looked down, quiet.

Calyn floated a little closer. “Can I ask you something else?”

Mirae nodded, wiping her cheeks with the back of her hand.

“Who do you compare your hair to?”

Mirae thought of Emma — Emma with her smooth, shiny hair that always looked perfect. Emma who never had flyaway curls or tangles or anything out of place.

“There’s a girl in my class,” Mirae said quietly. “Emma. Her hair is... nice. It always looks right.”

“Right,” Calyn repeated softly, letting the word sit there. “And yours looks...?”

“Wrong,” Mirae whispered.

Calyn was quiet for a moment, just hovering there, her glow steady and warm.

Then she said gently, “Sometimes something only seems wrong — not because anything is actually wrong with it — but because it is different. Of course your hair isn’t wrong — just as the boy’s ears weren’t wrong. It is only unlike the others. Not wrong. Just different.”

She paused, one wing brushing against a nearby leaf.

“Even words that aren’t meant to hurt — like ‘bird’s nest’ — carry shadows with them. We hear ‘messy’ and ‘wrong’ even though real bird’s nests are intricate works of art. But when we’re standing there, not yet knowing if we’re okay with our difference, those shadows feel huge.”

She let that settle between them.

“Different feels scary when someone points it out before you’ve decided if you’re okay with it. When you haven’t had time to think about how you feel — and suddenly everyone is looking. And that makes you feel bad.”

Her glow turned soft and reassuring.

“But why does it make you feel bad? What are you afraid might happen?”

Mirae thought about it — about standing in the hallway with everyone looking, about Emma’s perfect hair, about feeling like she stuck out in all the wrong ways.

“Maybe...” she said slowly, “maybe if I look different... then I don’t fit. Then everyone knows I’m... not right.”

“Not right,” Calyn echoed, her voice soft and sure. “But who gets to decide what ‘right’ even is?”

Mirae looked up at her, confused.

“Is there a rule somewhere?” Calyn asked. “A law that says hair must be smooth and neat? That wild hair is against the rules?”

“No,” Mirae said. “But... Emma’s hair is nice. Everyone else’s hair is... normal. And mine is...”

“Different,” Calyn finished.

Mirae’s shoulders sagged a little.

Calyn drifted even closer, her glow soft and steady. “Different feels scary,” she said gently, “because you’re afraid you won’t fit in. Or that people won’t like you. Or that you’ll be left out.”

She paused, her voice warm and careful. “And sometimes... when difference feels heavy... you start to wonder if you’re even okay.”

Mirae looked at her — eyes wide — because Calyn had named the exact thought she hadn't dared to say aloud.

The tears came again, but softer this time — the kind that come when someone names a truth you've been carrying all by yourself.

Calyn reached out and touched Mirae's hand, her touch light as air.

"But what if," she said, her voice warm and sure, "what if different isn't wrong at all? What if it's just the way you are — and it's okay if you don't like it yet."

She gestured with one hand, and the air began to shimmer.

"Would you like me to show you something?"

Mirae nodded, unable to speak.

The oak tree and the fence and the morning glories began to fade like mist. The light grew softer, warmer, sweeter.

And suddenly Mirae was standing in a garden unlike any she'd ever seen.

The Wild Garden

Everywhere she looked, flowers bloomed — but none of them looked like normal flowers.

One had petals that spiraled like a tornado. Another hung upside down with wild, twisted stems. One had six different colors all mixed together. Another had spiky leaves and thorns but the most beautiful purple blooms.

Some flowers were huge and dramatic. Some were tiny and delicate. Some stood straight and tall. Some bent and curved and seemed to dance.

No two were the same. And none of them were trying to be like the others.

“This,” Calyn said, her arms spread wide, “is the Wild Garden. Every flower here looks different. And every one of them tells a story that only *it* can tell.”

Mirae walked slowly between them, her fingers trailing over soft petals and rough leaves. Everything smelled like honey and earth and something else she couldn’t name but that made her chest feel lighter.

“Do you see that one?” Calyn pointed to a flower with wild, spiraling petals that went in every direction – red and orange and yellow all swirled together.



Mirae nodded.

“Long ago,” Calyn said, “a great artist walked through this garden looking for something to paint. She passed all the neat, tidy flowers. They were pretty, but they didn’t... speak to her. Then she saw *this* one.”

The flower seemed to glow in the light.

“And she said, ‘THIS. This is the one. This flower has movement. Life. Energy. It tells the story of wildness and freedom. It tells the story of refusing to be contained. I want to paint *that*.’”

Calyn turned to Mirae. “Do you know why she chose the wild one?”

Mirae shook her head.

“Because different is interesting. Different is memorable. It catches the eye and makes people stop and look and think and feel.”

She floated over to another flower — this one with bright, unusual colors that seemed almost impossible.

“This flower stands at the entrance to the garden,” Calyn said. “Do you know why?”

“Why?” Mirae whispered.

“Because it’s the guide. When creatures get lost, they look for this flower. Its brightness, its difference — that’s its purpose. It was made this way on purpose, to help others find their way.”

Mirae looked around the garden with new eyes.

“Every flower here,” Calyn said softly, “that looks ‘too different’ holds a story only it can tell. The wild one speaks of freedom and energy. The twisted one speaks of resilience — see how it grew strong despite bending? The bright, unusual one speaks of courage and joy. The spiky one with thorns speaks of protecting its beauty while still blooming.”

She floated back to Mirae, settling in close.

“Your hair,” she said, “tells a story too. A story of energy. Of creativity. Of movement and life. It’s not trying to be smooth or flat or contained — it’s trying to be alive.”

Mirae touched her own hair, feeling the curls spring against her fingers.

“It’s... not wrong?” she asked, her voice very soft.

Calyn shook her head gently.

“Not wrong. Just yours. And you don’t have to like it yet. But you are allowed to decide what it means to you.”

Mirae frowned a little, trying to understand. “Decide... how?”

Calyn floated closer, her glow warm and steady. “Look around this garden. Every flower here looks different – some twist, some curl, some shine, some spike. None of them try to look the same. Each one has its own way of being beautiful.”

She touched one of Mirae’s curls lightly. “Your hair has its way too. And you get to discover what that way is – and choose the story it tells.”

The Magic of Owning

“But... how?” Mirae asked. “How do I choose the story?”

Calyn smiled. “Do you remember the little boy at the sandbox?”

Mirae nodded.

“Let me show you again,” Calyn said. “But this time, just the parts that matter.” She lifted her hand, and the air shimmered – not a full memory, just quick, bright flashes – showing...

The teasing boy pointing at the big ears of the smaller boy.

The little boy thinking for a moment... then nodding, agreeing, grinning.

“They’re like Dumbo’s.”

Another flash – “I can fly with them too.”

The wiggling ears.

The breeze catching them just right, making it look – for one perfect moment – like he really could lift off the ground.

His superpower.

Then the burst of laughter – warm, shared, everyone laughing with him instead of at him.

The shimmer faded.

“Do you see what happened?” Calyn asked.

“He... he didn’t argue,” Mirae said slowly. “He didn’t say his ears weren’t big.”

“Exactly,” Calyn said. “Because they are big. That’s a fact. But here’s the magic part – he got to decide what that fact meant.”

She floated a little closer.

“Someone pointed at his ears as though they meant something bad – something to be embarrassed about. But the little boy chose a different meaning. A wonderful one. Something that made him feel so strong it felt like flying.”

Mirae’s eyes widened. “His superpower,” she said.

“He owned it,” Calyn said. “He said, ‘Yes, they’re big. And they’re amazing. And they’re mine.’”

“And that’s when his ears became his superpower,” Mirae whispered.

“Yes,” Calyn said softly. “That’s when he took back the power. The other boy no longer got to decide what his ears meant. The little boy had chosen for himself – and his decision was the one that mattered.”

She touched Mirae’s hair again.

“Your hair is wild,” she said. “That’s a fact. Someone can point it out. They can call it a bird’s nest or messy or anything they want. But you get to decide what ‘wild’ means.”

“Wild like... like a garden?” Mirae asked.

“Wild like freedom,” Calyn said. “Wild like energy. Wild like creativity and life and refusing to be contained. Wild like all the best things.” She smiled, her glow warm and bright.

“When you own it — when you decide what your hair means — no one else’s words can make you feel small. Because you’ve already claimed your own story.”

Coming Back

The garden began to fade. The flowers dimmed into soft color. The sweetness in the air thinned like morning mist.

Then Mirae felt grass beneath her again.

She was back under the oak tree — her library book beside her, the real world settling around her like a quiet sigh.

Calyn hovered nearby, her glow gentler now.

Mirae sat very still, thinking about the little boy. His face when he’d grinned — so happy, like his big ears were exactly right. He seemed to like all of him.

She reached up. Let a curl wrap around her finger, then spring free.

She watched the curl bounce and suddenly said, “I can like my hair too. It can have its own superpower, right? It’s... brave... braver than me sometimes.”

Calyn’s eyebrows lifted, her lavender wing glowing soft. “Brave?”

Mirae nodded. “It goes where it wants. It’s not scared of being different. It doesn’t hide.”

Calyn’s smile bloomed — bright, warm, delighted.

“Brave,” she said softly. “That’s the perfect word for your hair.”

Mirae stood, touching her curls once more.

“I think my hair knows what it’s doing,” she said. “And maybe... maybe I can know that too.”

Calyn reached out, her silver wing brushing one of Mirae’s curls — just for a moment, the curl glowed silver-bright, then settled back to its natural color.

“You just decided something important,” she said gently. “Your hair doesn’t mean there’s something wrong with you. It just means you’re different. And different can be brave.”

She gave Mirae a little wink. “I’ll be nearby whenever you need a reminder.”

And then she was simply gone.

Mirae stood under the oak tree. The world looked exactly the same. The playground sounds in the distance hadn’t changed. Her hair was still wild and curly.

But something inside her had shifted. Something had settled. And something small had started to grow.

Seeds Planted

That night, Mirae stood at her windowsill where her treasures lived.

Bria’s glowing petal. Sage’s heart-shaped stone. Elda’s smooth pebble. Nimara’s cloud-soft feather.

She placed two new things beside them.

A drawing she’d made — a little boy with big ears, arms spread wide, flying. Underneath she’d written in careful letters: His ears gave him superpowers and everyone liked it.

And a picture she'd taken of herself, her wild curls framing her face.
She'd written across the bottom: Brave hair. Sure of itself. And so can I.

Six treasures now. Six ways of remembering.

She climbed into bed, touching her curls one more time before closing her eyes.

She didn't know what she'd say if someone pointed at her hair again.

But maybe she didn't need to know yet.

Maybe it was enough for now to know she got to decide.

Calyn appeared in the quiet darkness, her silver and lavender wings glowing soft as moonlight. She watched Mirae sleep, her face peaceful, her wild hair spread across the pillow.

"Sweet dreams, beautiful one," Calyn whispered. "You witnessed something important today. You saw someone refuse to let others tell them who they are. And tomorrow, you'll carry that with you. It might take time. But the knowing is there now — that you get to choose your own story."

Mirae smiled in her dreams.

... 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 discover their power to choose the meaning of differences — the special things they notice in themselves, in others, or anywhere around them.

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

What makes you special?

If they say "Nothing" or "I don't know"

"You being you! That's what makes you special. Let me tell you what I see..."

Then name specific things: your wild curls that bounce when you laugh, the way you notice when someone is sad, how you think carefully before you answer, your freckles, your beautiful smile, your willingness to be happy, your openness to everything around you, how you move through the world...

Did you notice what was different about Calyn?

If they say "No"

"That's okay. When we read the story again, listen closely. You'll find it."

Can you think of something that stands out — in you, in someone else, or anywhere around you? What makes it different?

If they're stuck

"Sometimes it's a hair color, or lots of curls. Sometimes it's freckles. Sometimes someone is much taller or much shorter. Sometimes there's a space between front teeth. Sometimes how someone walks or talks. Or maybe a tree with a bent trunk, or a flower that's a different color. What catches your eye?"

A gentle reminder for us grown-ups, too: noticing a difference is not the same as judging it. Something can simply stand out and catch our attention without being good or bad — or needing to be liked or disliked.

If the difference you noticed had a superpower — like the boy's ears could help him fly — what would it be?

If they're stuck

"Let's imagine together. What feels powerful?"

- ❖ *Freckles* could be every happy laugh you've ever had, showing up on your skin
- ❖ *Curly hair* could catch dreams as they float by
- ❖ *Space between teeth* could be where wishes and truth both find their way through
- ❖ *Glasses* could help you see invisible solutions
- ❖ *Big ears* could hear what others miss — feelings, music, quiet truths
- ❖ *Being tall* means you're a sky-connector, closer to stars and dreams
- ❖ *Being short* means you notice small sacred things others walk right past
- ❖ *Tears that come easily* — each tear releases something beautiful into the world, clearing the path between 'I am hurt' and 'I am good again'

Parent Tip

When your child shares something that makes them feel different — or when you notice they're struggling with being pointed out — this is your moment.

Share your own difference. Not to solve it for them, but to show them they're not alone:

"You know what? I have something that stands out too."

Name it honestly: my ears stick out... I was always the shortest... I get really nervous talking to new people... my voice shakes when I'm scared... I have a scar that people ask about.

"And I handle it by..."

Your real strategy: ...sometimes I wear my hair to cover them... I learned to make jokes about it first... I take deep breaths and remind myself it's okay... I practiced what to say when people ask.

“But I’m still learning. Some days it bothers me, some days it doesn’t. And that’s okay too.”

Then remind them: “Some people own their difference proudly right away, like the boy with big ears. Some need more time, like Mirae. Both are completely okay. You get to figure out your own way.”

The gift you’re giving: vulnerability without perfection. You’re showing them that differences are part of being human at every age, and there’s no single “right” way to own them. Your honesty gives them permission to still be figuring it out too.

Journal Page Prompt

Draw or write about something different you noticed – in yourself, in someone else, or anywhere around you.

Then give it a superpower. What can that difference do?

Draw it. Name it. Keep it close.

Remember: you get to decide what different means.

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 6 • Card 6 A

Different
can be brave
& your
superpower

*"You get to decide
what your difference means."*

– Wisdom from Calyn (Mirae Tale 6)



MIRAE BLESSING CARD

HOLD THIS WHEN...

...you feel bad because
someone pointed out something
different about you: your hair, your
freckles, your ears,
whatever makes you YOU.

You get to choose the story.
Different isn't wrong –
it's just not like the others.

And that can be your superpower.



From "Mirae and the Ears That Made Him Fly"

The Mirae Tales Wisdom Cards

A heartfelt collection for kids learning to love who they are

MIRAE WISDOM CARD

From Story 6 • Card 6 A

Different
can be brave
& your
superpower

*“You get to decide
what your difference means.”*

– Wisdom from Calyn (Mirae Tale 6)



FOR PARENTS & CAREGIVERS

THE GIFT OF OWNING

*When you own what makes you
different, no one can take it from you.*
– Wisdom from Calyn

A quiet reminder:
Different feels scary when someone
points it out before a child has decided
if they're okay with it.

Guide your child to discover
their own relationship with what makes
them unique – before the world
tells them what it means.

From “Mirae and the Ears That Made Him Fly”

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.*