

A bedtime story for Noah

Noah and Ember's Sparkly Sneeze



In a cozy corner of the Whispering Woods, where the ferns grew soft as pillows and the moss glowed gentle green, there lived a small dragon named Ember. Ember was no bigger than a loaf of bread, with scales the colour of sunset and the sweetest little snore you ever did hear. But here's the funny part: Ember couldn't roar or breathe real fire like other dragons. Instead, when Ember got excited, she would sneeze—and out would come a cloud of warm, sparkly air that smelled like cinnamon and starlight.

One evening, Noah was visiting Ember's cosy cave when the little dragon decided to help tidy up. 'I'll make this place perfect!' Ember squeaked happily. But as she bounced around, organizing pinecones into neat piles, she sneezed—ACHOO!—and knocked them all over again. Sparkles went everywhere, swirling like tiny fireworks. Noah giggled. 'Oops,' said Ember, her nose twitching. 'I made a mess.'

'That's okay!' said Noah kindly. 'Everyone makes mistakes, even dragons. Look—your sparkles made the pinecones shine like little stars now.' Ember's eyes grew wide. She looked around at the glimmering cones, and her tiny dragon face broke into a huge smile.

So Noah and Ember decided to stop trying to be perfect and just have fun instead. They built a wobbly tower of stones—it fell over twice—and they played a game where Ember would sneeze sparkles and Noah would try to catch them (he couldn't, but it was hilarious). Each time something went wrong, they laughed harder.

By the time the moon rose high and round, the cave was messier than ever, but it was also the coziest, most magical place in the whole forest. Ember's sparkles hung in the air like frozen snow, catching the moonlight.

Noah sat down beside his sleepy friend, and Ember curled up in his lap, already yawning. 'Thank you for not being mad when I made mistakes,' whispered Ember drowsily. 'That's what friends do,' Noah said softly, stroking her warm, glittering scales.

As Noah's eyes grew heavy, Ember's gentle snores filled the cave with the softest sound, like wind chiming through trees. The sparkles drifted down slowly, slowly, like golden snowflakes settling to sleep. Noah snuggled deeper into the warm nest of blankets, Ember tucked beside him, both of them safe and loved. And in that magical cave, under a sky full of stars, they drifted off to dreams as sweet and shimmering as Ember's very best sneeze.

The End · Sweet dreams, Noah

Tonight's little lesson: Making mistakes is how we learn and grow, and friends love us anyway.

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