

A bedtime story for Sofia

Sofia and Sir Biscuit: The Brave Heart



In a kingdom where the hills rolled soft like blankets and the castle towers caught the golden light, there lived a kind princess named Sofia. Her best friend was Sir Biscuit, a small pony with a warm brown coat and a white stripe down his nose. Every morning, Sofia would brush his mane and whisper, "Today we'll have an adventure, won't we, Sir Biscuit?" And Sir Biscuit would nuzzle her cheek and neigh softly, as if to say yes.

One afternoon, Sofia and Sir Biscuit were riding through the meadow near the castle when they heard a small voice calling for help. They found a young fox kit stuck between two fallen logs, shaking with worry. "Don't be afraid," Sofia said gently, kneeling down. "We'll help you." Sir Biscuit stood very still so Sofia could use him as a steady step. With careful hands and a patient heart, Sofia moved the logs aside, one by one.

The little fox kit was free, but it was trembling and far from home. Sofia could see the fear in its eyes. "What's your name?" she asked softly. "I'm Fawn," squeaked the kit in a tiny voice. Sofia smiled. "Fawn, we're going to find your mother. Sir Biscuit and I are very good at helping friends."

Sofia didn't rush. She let Fawn walk slowly beside Sir Biscuit, who walked so gently that even the grass beneath his hooves seemed to whisper. They searched the forest, calling softly. Sofia sang a little song to help Fawn feel brave. Sir Biscuit's ears perked up at every sound, listening carefully for any sign of Fawn's mother.

Soon they came to a clearing where a worried fox mother was searching everywhere.

"Fawn!" she cried, and ran to her baby. She looked at Sofia with grateful eyes. "You brought my child back to me. You are very brave." Sofia shook her head gently. "I wasn't brave because I was strong or fearless," she said. "I was brave because I wanted to help."

The fox mother walked with them back toward the castle, and Sofia asked her about Fawn's home. She listened to every word, and Sir Biscuit listened too, his ears turning toward the fox's voice. When they reached the edge of the forest, the mother fox touched her nose to Sofia's hand. "Thank you," she said. "You showed my Fawn that kindness is the bravest thing of all."

As the sun began to sink lower, painting the sky in shades of peach and lavender, Sofia and Sir Biscuit made their way home. Sofia leaned forward and hugged Sir Biscuit's neck. "You were so brave today, Sir Biscuit. You helped me help Fawn." Sir Biscuit's tail swished happily, and he nickered—a soft, proud sound.

When they reached the castle, the evening bells were ringing gently. Sofia's parents were waiting in the courtyard, and they hugged her close. "We heard about the fox kit," her mother said, smiling. "You were very brave today, Sofia." Sofia thought of Fawn's scared little face, and how it had changed when she felt safe. "Being brave means caring about someone else more than your own worries," Sofia said thoughtfully.

Sir Biscuit was led to his cozy stable, where fresh hay and water waited. Sofia gave him an extra apple and whispered, "Thank you for being brave with me." She kissed his soft nose, and he blinked his kind eyes slowly.

Sofia climbed the winding staircase to her tower room, where her bed was waiting with its quilted blanket turned back like an invitation. The stars were beginning to twinkle outside her window, and the castle was growing quiet and peaceful. She thought of Fawn safe with her mother, and of Sir Biscuit resting in his stable.

Sofia snuggled under her blanket, feeling warm and safe. The castle around her was full of sleeping friends—kind people, gentle animals, and the memory of a day spent helping someone in need. Her eyes grew heavy as the night grew deeper and softer. Tomorrow would bring new adventures, but tonight, Sofia drifted toward sleep, knowing that real bravery lived in a gentle heart. And as the stars shone down on the kingdom, Sofia smiled, already dreaming of meadows and friends and the quiet magic of kindness.

The End · Sweet dreams, Sofia

Tonight's little lesson: True bravery means being kind and helping others with a gentle heart.

Make it a real picture book starring Sofia

With their pet, painted on every page. Free preview at printoodle.com/stories