



STARRING: MILA

Mila and the Little Star Who Lost Her Way

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A sample picture book about Mila, a fictional princess. This is the complete story, with 16 illustrated pages. Your picture book is created from your quiz answers. Digital edition.

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Princess Mila was putting her crown on the shelf when she heard a tiny sound in the garden. Plink! Among the roses, a little star was flickering. “I’ve lost my way home,” she whispered. Mila pulled on her boots. “Then we’ll find it together.”



Mila lifted the little star into her palm. She was as warm as a cup of milk and as light as a petal. A white bunny peeked out from behind a flowerpot. “Are you coming too?” asked Mila. The bunny twitched his nose twice. Of course he was!



Hundreds of lights twinkled above the castle. “Which ones are yours?” asked Mila. The little star nestled against her thumb. “My friends make the shape of a little kite. But from here, they all look the same.” Mila looked towards the hill. Perhaps they could see the sky better from up there.



Golden lights danced beside the garden path. “Your friends!” cried Mila happily. But the lights flew off among the daisies. They were fireflies. “We keep our light close to the ground,” they buzzed. “Come along. We’ll show you the way out of the garden.”



An owl greeted them beneath the old oak tree. She tilted her head one way, then the other. “A kite made of stars? Look beyond the clouds, above the hill.” Mila thanked her, and the little star glowed a tiny bit brighter. Now they knew which way to go.



As they left the rose garden, the wind began to blow. The little star shivered, and her light grew faint. Mila stopped and sheltered her between her hands. The bunny waited beside her. There was no need to hurry. First, they would help their little friend get warm.



On the little bridge over the stream, the star's glow almost faded away. Mila cupped her hands around her. "You don't have to shine brightly for me to see you," she said. The white bunny brushed against her boot. Among the water lilies, the first step of a moonlight staircase began to glow.



On the other side of the bridge, Mila stopped beside the water. The shining steps shimmered, then vanished as a breeze blew past. “It’s only a reflection,” she whispered. There was no shortcut to the sky. The bunny pointed his nose towards a dry path winding up the hill.



On a stone bench, the little star let her points droop.
“What if I never find my home?” Mila sat down beside
her. She couldn’t think of an answer straight away. So she
simply stayed close. After a few quiet moments, the little
star snuggled into her warm palm.



Rustle, rustle! A little hedgehog appeared in the grass. His basket had tipped over, and apples had rolled across the path. Mila held the basket steady. The bunny nudged an apple towards it, and the little star lit up the others. “Here’s the last one!” Mila laughed. The hedgehog gave a happy little puff.



As they walked on, the little star noticed something curious. While she was helping the hedgehog, she had forgotten to be afraid. Now she shone brightly enough for them to see every pebble. Mila smiled. “Your light is just what we need.” The little star stood a little taller in her palm.



At last, they reached the top of the hill. Far below, the castle looked as small as a doll's house. But a wide cloud had spread across the sky. "We're too late," sighed the little star. Mila spread the hem of her dress on the grass. "We can wait a little." The bunny curled up beside them.



In the quiet, they heard a sound. Plink... plink-plink. The little star looked up. “That’s how my friends call me!” She answered with the same soft sound. Mila and the bunny listened. From the other side of the cloud came a reply.

Plink... plink-plink!



Slowly, the cloud drifted aside. Behind it shone a little kite made of stars, with one empty space beside its tail. “That’s my home!” cried the little star. She was so happy that she floated above Mila’s palm. Mila opened both hands. “Your friends are waiting for you.”



Mila lifted her hands towards the sky. The little star soared up to her friends and shone with a warm, golden light. “Thank you for staying with me!” Mila waved. That evening, she knew that even the smallest kindness could help someone find their way home.



Back in her room, Mila put away her crown and boots. The bunny was already dozing on a soft cushion. Through the window, one little star winked at her. Plink. Mila smiled and snuggled under her blanket. Tonight, everyone had found their place.



The End



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