

# Milo and the Magical Words



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# Milo and the Magical Words

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Once, in the sparkling town of Willowpond, there lived a little mouse named Milo. Milo wore the brightest red pajamas and loved to play hide-and-seek beneath the moonlit leaves. He was small, but his heart was big—so big, it sometimes bubbled over with feelings he didn't know what to do with.





Most days, Milo filled his world with giggles and cheerful chatter. He and his best friend, Tilly the Turtle, made up silly games with funny names—like Boing-Bounce Bouquet and Wiggly Wormy Parade. Their laughter floated through Willowpond like shiny soap bubbles.







But one grumbly afternoon, the rain poured and pitter-pattered until every game had to be put away. Milo tried to build a block castle, but the blocks tumbled down—crash and clatter! His tail twitched. His whiskers wiggled. He just wanted everything to work!



Then Tilly knocked at the door, her shell shiny with raindrops. 'Let's read a story!' she smiled. But just as Tilly settled in, her big shell bumped Milo's favorite block tower—topple! It fell again. Milo's cheeks went hot. Words flew out in a hurry, sharp and fast: 'Tilly, you ruined everything!'





Tilly's head ducked into her shell. The cozy room felt prickly and quiet. Milo crossed his arms and frowned, but deep down, something felt wrong. He missed the happy bubble that always floated between them.





Milo's mama took his tiny paw. She sat with him and whispered, 'Even when you're upset, kind words help hearts feel safe. Words are like seeds—what you plant will grow.' Milo blinked. He thought about a world made of harsh, pokey words. It sounded lonely. He also imagined words that bloomed like dandelions and made hearts giggle.



Milo tiptoed back to Tilly. He cleared his throat, all squeaky and shy. 'Tilly... my feelings got mixed up. I was mad about my tower, but I didn't mean to hurt you.

I'm really, really sorry.' Tilly peeked out—a little at first, then a lot. Milo continued, 'Next time, if I feel grumpy, I'll try to use softer words.'







Tilly's face brightened like a lantern. She said, 'It's okay. Sometimes shells bump things, but friends can fix them together.' The room filled with a warm giggle. Tilly and Milo stacked blocks—slowly and kindly, helping with every wobbly patch, sharing silly words like  
‘wiggle-wobble-win!’



By bedtime, Milo felt lighter than a dandelion puff. He learned that everyone feels upset sometimes. But when you choose gentle words—even grumpy ones—you plant friendship, and watch it grow.





As the rain whispered and the stars peeped in, Milo snuggled in his bed. His mama kissed his ear. Milo smiled, and whispered to the moon, 'Thank you for teaching me the magic of kind words.' And somewhere outside, a sleepy owl agreed, 'Hoo-hoo, kind words for you, too!'

# Before You Drift Off...

How do you feel when someone says something kind to you, even if you're upset?

Can you think of a time today when you used gentle words, or maybe could have used them to help a friend?