



A Grain of Sugar

by I.B. Rocky

© 2025

This work is licensed under the Creative Commons
Attribution-NonCommercial 4.0 International License.

To view a copy of this license, visit:
<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/4.0/>

For permissions beyond the scope of this license, contact:

JoshuaLizardi@gmail.com

For every child who chose wonder over judgment.



In the little town of Avilla, where corn stalks nodded in the breeze and clouds looked like marshmallows, there lived a curious girl named Maribel.



Maribel had the biggest eyes, always wide with wonder, and a heart like an open book. But sometimes, when someone said something silly or made a mistake, her eyebrows would scrunch up and she'd whisper, "That doesn't make any sense at all..."



One rainy afternoon, Maribel and her friend Benny sat cross-legged on the kitchen floor, coloring pages from an old book of animals. Rain tapped gently on the windows, and the smell of toast and cinnamon filled the air. Benny was happily scribbling a bright pink frog with a neon yellow crown. Maribel squinted at the page, her eyebrows pulling tight. "Frogs aren't pink," she mumbled, more to herself than to Benny. "That doesn't make any sense at all..."



Benny just shrugged and kept coloring, humming to himself. Maribel sighed and stood up, reaching for the sugar bowl to make another cup of tea—when something curious happened.



A small, sparkly creature no bigger than a teacup popped out of the sugar bowl with a plonk! It wore gumdrop boots, had peppermint stick wings, and smelled faintly of cotton candy. Maribel thought to herself "That doesn't make any sense at all..."



"Who are you?" Maribel gasped, nearly dropping her spoon. "I'm Charley," the creature said with a twirl, "a Sprinkle Sprite from the Land of Sweet Thought." "Sweet thought?"



"Yes! We believe in kindness before critique, wonder before worry, and a little sweetness when things seem strange." Then Charley pointed to Maribel's frown and said, "You, my dear, are stuck in the land of salt. But I'm here to sprinkle in something better." "Salt?" Maribel blinked. "You know... like when people say 'take it with a grain of salt'? That means don't believe it too quickly. But salt can make faces crinkle. It's sharp. Sour. It keeps us apart."



Charley reached into a tiny pouch and pulled out a shimmering crystal. "This," he said with a smile, "is a grain of sugar. When you take things with this, it helps you lean toward understanding. You wonder instead of judge. You smile instead of frown. You ask instead of snap."



Maribel held out her hand. “Can I try it?” And just like that, the grain of sugar melted on her tongue—and something in her heart softened.



Maribel blinked. The kitchen seemed a little brighter, Benny's frog seemed a little funnier, and her scrunched-up eyebrows slowly smoothed out. "Maybe frogs can be pink," she whispered. Benny looked up and grinned. "Of course they can."



For the rest of the afternoon, Maribel and Benny colored upside-down zebras, rainbow squirrels, and a dancing peanut. She laughed more than she had in a long time. And whenever her old frown tried to sneak back, she remembered the sparkle of that grain of sugar.



Charley zipped up toward the sugar bowl, giving Maribel a wink. "My work here is done—at least for today. Just remember, wonder is like sugar. A little goes a long way." With a swirl of glitter and a scent of strawberries, he was gone.



From that day on, whenever Maribel felt like saying “That doesn’t make any sense at all...” she paused. She took a breath. And she let the sweetness in.

The End

*Remember: The world is full of things that don't make sense at first—
but if you take them with a grain of sugar,
you just might find a little magic.*