

The morning light folded gently over the valley,
and the little village blinked awake beneath a sky of blue.
Mira tied the ribbon in her hair and stepped out to meet the day.
She had a small map in her pocket and a large hope in her heart.

Along the cobbled lane, the bakery smelled of warm bread and cinnamon.
Mira paused to listen to an old clock's steady tick, thinking of journeys past.
A sparrow landed on the windowsill and seemed to urge her forward.

She walked past fields where sunflowers leaned toward the sun.
Children chased a red kite that tugged like a tiny bright boat at sea.
At the hilltop, she sat, opened the small map and read the first line aloud.

The line said: 'Follow the river until it sings, and then listen.'
So she followed the river's winding song through reeds and stepping-stones.
A fisherman waved and shared a small smile as she wandered by.

At dusk the river led her to a light in the trees - a lantern and a quiet bench.
Mira realized that some maps only show roads; the rest must be discovered.
She sat, breathing the evening, and wrote the last line of her day's story.