

Mia and the Sunshine Post

A story for Mia

TuckBook

The main character of this story: **Mia**

Mia made summer on the kitchen table. She cut a sun from yellow paper, gave it crooked rays. “A little summer for Grandma,” she told Dad. Grandma’s village, high across the valley, had disappeared under the first snow. Her letter said the windows were white, the paths were white, and even the cat looked surprised. “Then her window needs this.” Mia slid the sun into a blue envelope. Dad checked the weather through the kitchen window. “A clear morning for the balloon post,” he said. Mia pulled on her yellow coat. This was a delivery she meant to make herself.





In the meadow, their red-and-cream balloon was waking up. Its great striped sides lifted from the grass, rounder and rounder, until the basket tugged gently at its ropes. Dad was the pilot; Mia's job was to keep the parcel safe. She tucked the envelope into her blue satchel, climbed into the deep basket, and settled beside him. "Next stop: Grandma's!" Dad released the last rope. The meadow slipped down. A fence became a row of matchsticks. Mia's stomach gave a tiny, delighted hop. She waved to their house, which looked much too small to hold a whole kitchen.





The river unrolled beneath them like a silver ribbon. Mia counted three bridges, a flock of sheep shaped like spilled porridge, and one tractor making a very slow green line. Ahead, the hills wore white caps. Dad guided the balloon towards a sheltered snowy meadow outside Grandma's village. Mia could already see the cottage's yellow door. "We have brought sunshine!" she called, although nobody on the ground could possibly hear. She opened the satchel to check her parcel. The blue flap fluttered. The paper sun slipped out—and the wind caught one of its crooked rays. "Oh!" said Mia. Her summer was flying away.





“Stay inside,” Dad said, keeping both hands on the balloon’s controls. Mia gripped the basket rim and watched. The sun twirled once, twice, then landed in a small fir tree beside the meadow. It flashed yellow against the snow. Dad brought the basket down softly. Only when he had secured the balloon did they climb out. Mia hurried through the powder, lifting her boots high. The sun was still there, caught on a low branch. She reached up. Her mitten missed it by the width of another mitten. Dad could reach the branch, but the paper was snagged beyond his fingers. “We need something gentler than a tug,” he said.





Mia rolled a little snowball. “A snowy nudge?” She aimed at the branch, nowhere near Dad, and threw. Poof! The snowball burst into white dust. The branch trembled. The sun stayed put. Snow fell neatly down the back of Dad’s collar. He made such a startled face that Mia laughed before she could help it. “The post has delivered a snowball to me,” he said. Mia tried not to giggle. Then she noticed something: when the branch moved, the paper lifted—but only a little. A hard throw might tear it. She needed to catch the sun underneath, as softly as catching a falling leaf.





“My scarf!” Mia spread her red scarf between her two mittens. Dad carefully bent the low branch towards them, keeping his boots on the ground. Mia held the scarf beneath the yellow paper like a little hammock. One ray loosened. Another slipped free. Down floated the sun, straight into the red wool. “Delivered!” Mia cried. A corner had torn, and one ray was folded backwards. She smoothed it with her mitten, then stopped. Now it looked like a sun waving hello. “That one can stay,” she decided. Dad released the branch. Snow sparkled down. Mia crouched to check her gift, then carried her summer towards the yellow door.





Grandma opened the door before they could knock. “I saw a red balloon,” she said, “and hoped the post might be hungry.” Inside smelled of warm bread and orange peel. Mia unfolded the sun on the table and explained about the wind, the fir tree, and Dad’s unexpected delivery. Grandma laughed until she had to wipe her eyes. Together they pressed the paper flat and fastened it in the window. The yellow paper glowed against the blue-white snow outside. The crooked rays spread across the snowy garden. “There,” Grandma whispered. “A little summer, right where I can see it.” Mia stood beside her, quiet and very pleased.





After lunch, Grandma put on her boots. “I believe there is another kind of post outside.” She rolled a small snowball and sent it gently towards Dad’s feet. Mia made one too. Soon three sets of footprints looped around the garden, a lopsided snowman guarded the gate, and Dad’s scarf was wearing more snow than Dad. The secured balloon bobbed in the meadow beyond the fence, ready for their journey home. Mia looked back at the cottage. In its window, the paper sun was waving its bent yellow ray. Grandma’s window had its summer. The garden could keep its snow.





Good night, Mia.



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After the story



WHAT THIS STORY IS ABOUT

A balloon ride, a snowy mishap, and a delivery only Mia can make. Join her as a handmade paper sun becomes a very special gift for Grandma.





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