



Mirae and the Best Friend Who Moved Away

On a day like any other, when the world feels both big and small, this story begins...

The Wall for Two

There was a low stone wall between the schoolyard and the field.

Not high. Just high enough to sit on if you were seven and didn't mind a little climb.

Every afternoon, Mirae and Junie sat on that wall. Their legs swung above the grass, sometimes together, sometimes in opposite directions.

It was their wall. No one had said so. It had just become true, the way some things do.

And every day, they played the same game.

“Best thing,” Junie would say. And Mirae would tell her the best thing that had happened all day.

“Worst thing,” Mirae would say. And Junie would tell her the worst.

Some days they talked very seriously. On others, Junie would start laughing halfway through her worst thing, then snort, and Mirae would laugh so hard she forgot whose turn it was.

Back and forth, until the whole day had been handed over and there was nothing left to carry home alone.

Afterward, the walk home always felt lighter, with the silly parts of the day still making them smile.

It was their game, on their wall, and Mirae had never imagined being there without Junie.

But Junie’s family had moved away.

Not to the next street. Not to the other school.

Far. So far away that it would take a whole day in the car to get there. On moving day, Junie had pressed her face to the window, and they had waved until they couldn’t see each other anymore.

And now it was afternoon again.

And Mirae was sitting on the wall.

Alone.

The Empty Half

The wall felt wrong now.

Too long. Too quiet.

Mirae sat at her end and looked toward the other — the empty half, where Junie should have been.

“Best thing,” she said. Just to try it.

But her voice sounded strange in the quiet, with no one there to catch it.

And there was no one to say worst thing back.

So the whole day stayed inside her. All of it, with nowhere to let it out.

Her chest felt heavy.

She missed Junie’s laugh — the one that started with a snort.

She missed knowing someone would be at the wall.

She missed the way Junie understood her, sometimes before she had even said a word.

“It’s not fair,” she whispered to the empty half. “The wall is still here. And you’re not.”

Her eyes went hot.

“And everyone keeps saying I’ll find a new best friend.” She pulled her knees up. “But I don’t want a new one. I want Junie.”

A Quiet Kind of Help

The air beside her shimmered — warm as starlight, soft as breath.

Bria appeared, her wings settling quietly.

She pressed a gentle hand over her heart, feeling the ache that had called her here.

She looked up, speaking softly into the listening air:

“Someone she loves has moved far away, and she doesn’t know what to do with all the missing.”

Bria stayed quietly beside her, unseen. Mirae did not need answers just then. She needed someone who knew how to stay.

So Bria turned toward the field and called, in the quiet way she had, for a friend of hers.

Mirae sat gazing somewhere beyond the field when something warm settled against her side.

She looked down.

A graceful gray cat with bright blue eyes and one white paw had curled up beside her, as though the place had always been hers.

For a moment, the cat met Mirae’s gaze. Then she rested her head on her paws and closed her eyes. Soon, a small purr began inside her, soft and steady, like a tiny engine meant only for comfort.

The cat’s warmth reached through Mirae’s sweater, and something inside her eased.

The cat was not Junie, and she did not make Mirae miss her any less. But the wall no longer felt quite so empty.

They sat there while the light turned long and gold.

When at last Mirae slid down off the wall, the cat rose too, stretched, and went her own way along the stones.

Mirae watched her to the end of the wall.

Then she went home.

Home

Her mother was at the counter when Mirae came in. One look at Mirae, and she put everything down. A half-cut apple and its curling peel were left behind on the wooden board.

She crossed the kitchen and knelt in front of her.

“Okay, love,” she said. “Tell me. What’s wrong?”

And it came out of her, all of it.

The wall. The empty half. The game with no one to play it. The way Junie’s laugh always made Mirae laugh too, sometimes before she even knew what was funny. How much she missed simply having her beside her, close enough for their elbows to bump when one of them became too excited.

“I’m so sad,” she said. “I have no one to tell my best thing and my worst thing to at the wall anymore. We can talk on the phone, but it isn’t the same.”

Her mother drew Mirae into her arms and listened to every word, every tear, and every silence in between, until Mirae had told it all.

She held Mirae and all her sadness in a warm, steady embrace, as if neither could ever be too much.

“I know,” she said. “I know it hurts.”

And somewhere between the telling and being held, a little lightness found its way back in. Mirae took one long breath and rested her cheek against her mother’s shoulder.

The Thread Between Hearts

When Mirae's breathing had grown quieter, her mother leaned back a little and brushed the damp hair from her face. Her palm rested softly against Mirae's cheek.

"I wish I could make the road between you and Junie shorter," she said. "I wish I could put her right back beside you on that wall. But I can't."

Mirae nodded. Somehow, hearing the truth felt easier than being told she would feel better soon.

"But there is something else that's true," her mother said. "You and Junie are still connected. You love her, and she loves you. Moving away didn't change that, did it?"

Mirae thought of Junie waving through the window until she had become a tiny blur.

"No," she said. "That didn't change at all."

"Junie may be far away now, but love can reach as far as it needs to."

She took Mirae's hand and turned it over, palm up. Then she drew her finger slowly across it, from one side to the other.

"It's like an invisible thread," she said. "One end stays with you, and the other stays with Junie. When she moved away, the thread simply grew longer — all the way from here to her new home. And it can keep growing, however far it needs to go."

Mirae looked at her palm. For a moment, she could almost see it: a fine golden thread running out through the kitchen window, over the rooftops and across every mile between them, until it reached Junie.

"You and I have one too, you know."

Mirae looked up. “We do?”

“Of course we do,” her mother said. “There is an invisible thread between us and every person we love.”

Mirae studied her palm, trying to imagine all the threads that might begin there – one for Mom, one for Junie, and others reaching toward every person she loved. For a moment, her hand seemed much too small to hold them all.

“Can the threads get tangled?”

“With you and Junie?” her mother said. “Almost certainly.”

Mirae let out a little laugh. Junie could tangle a jump rope just by carrying it.

The laugh had barely left her when Mirae bounced onto her toes, suddenly too excited to stand still.

“Junie needs to know!” she said. “She needs to know our thread is still there. And I can still tell her my best thing. Can I call her, Mom?”

“Of course you can, love. But before you do, I have an idea.”

The Evening Ritual

Her mother wiped Mirae’s cheek with her thumb.

“We’ve had the worst thing today, haven’t we?” she said. “It’s out now. It’s been told.”

Mirae nodded.

“So here’s a thought – only if you’d like it. We could have a little ritual of our own, you and me. In the evenings, before bed. We give the day back

the things it gave us. A good thing. A happy thing. A thing we're already excited about for tomorrow."

Mirae was quiet for a moment.

"Every evening?"

"Every evening, if you want."

"I want it," Mirae said. "Can we start tonight?"

"We'll start tonight." Her mother smiled and kissed the top of her head. "And we'll write them down and send them to Junie. Maybe she'll send hers back, and your days can keep traveling back and forth between you."

Still kneeling, her mother held Mirae's face gently between her hands.

"Some days are still going to hurt," she said. "Maybe for a long while yet. But when the missing feels too heavy, bring it to me. We'll carry it together."

Then she stood and glanced at the clock.

"Now go on. Junie should be home from school by now."

Mirae did not need telling twice.

The First Page

That night, Mirae opened a small notebook with a yellow cover. She had told Junie about the evening ritual on the phone, and Junie had liked the idea so much that she was starting one too.

"Maybe she's writing right now," Mirae said.

"Maybe she is," Mom said, sitting beside her.

The first page looked far too clean, as new pages often did. Mirae pressed her thumb into one corner and left a tiny smudge.

Better. Now it belonged to her.

Across the top, she wrote:

The Things Today Gave Me

Then, in her neatest letters:

My good thing: A gray cat with one white paw sat with me on our wall. I think she chose me.

My happy thing: Hearing Junie's snort-laugh again and talking to her.

The thing I'm excited about for tomorrow: Going back to see if the cat remembers me.

At the bottom of the page, Mirae drew the cat. Its four legs came out in four different lengths, but she carefully left one paw white.

"Very lifelike," Mom said.

"It looks nothing like her."

"The white paw is excellent."

Mirae grinned and placed the open journal on her windowsill, where the moonlight could reach its very first page.

The worst thing was still true. Mirae still missed Junie.

But it was no longer the only thing the day had given her.

Bria came in the quiet dark, her wings soft as candlelight.

She settled beside the open journal and read Mirae's first page. When she reached the drawing of the gray cat — with its one white paw and four very differently sized legs — a smile touched her face.

"I see you two found each other," she murmured.

Then she looked at Mirae, asleep with one hand curled beneath her cheek.

"You carried something big today, little one," she whispered. "The missing may stay awhile. That's all right. Love takes time to learn a new distance."

Her gaze returned to the journal.

"But the missing doesn't get the whole page. Not when there is a cat with one white paw, Junie's snort-laugh, and tomorrow waiting its turn."

Bria's wings gave a pleased little flutter, spilling warm light across the yellow cover.

"Now that," she said, "is a beginning."

Mirae smiled in her dreams.

... and in the quiet, something small had bloomed and settled.



There are more adventures waiting for us — more friends to meet, more wonders to discover, and more stories still to begin.

Will you come with me?

Discover The Mirae Tales on tanjamay.com

A Little Heart-to-Heart:

A few gentle questions you can explore together — to help your child learn to love who they are.

(If your child gives short or uncertain answers, you'll find little guiding whispers below each question.)

What makes it especially nice to spend time with someone?

If the answer is "I don't know"

"That's okay. Maybe you like them to have wonderful ideas, make you laugh, invent games, listen to your stories, show you something new, or are simply good at sitting quietly beside you?"

You can give an example: "I like being with people who have good ideas and make ordinary things more fun. What about you?"

If invisible threads could carry absolutely anything, what wonderfully silly thing would you send along one — and where would it end up?

If the answer is "I have no idea"

Perhaps you would send a pocketful of giggles to the moon, a hat to a giraffe, a dancing sandwich to your teacher, or a meow that lands in someone's cereal.

Let your imagination go completely haywire.

What three things did today give you?

One good thing

One happy thing

One thing you are looking forward to tomorrow

They can be as small, funny, ordinary, or surprising as you like.

Keep the tone light. Whatever your child chooses to share, let the conversation end with something good to carry into the night.

Parent Tip:

A short answer of your own can help a child begin, but keep it brief and gently return the question to them. Your answer is the doorway – not the destination.

You might also tell your child one specific thing you enjoy about having them around: the ideas they bring, the questions they ask, the way they make you laugh, their excitement, their quiet company, or their gentleness with animals. This helps them recognize that connection is not only something they receive – they bring something valuable to it too.

Journal Page Prompt:

Write or draw your own first page.

The Things Today Gave Me

Add one good thing, one happy thing, and one thing you are looking forward to tomorrow. Then decorate the page with anything else the day gave you – colors, words, doodles, paw prints, stars, or something entirely your own.

From my heart to yours – may this story bring light to the quiet places.

The Mirae Tales Blessing Cards

A heartfelt collection for kids learning to love who they are

MIRAE BLESSING CARD

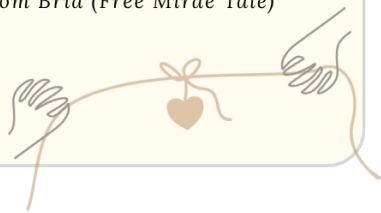
From Story 0 • Card 1 A

Love reaches
across every distance

—
and joy finds room
too.

*“The missing doesn’t get the
whole page.”*

— Wisdom from Bria (Free Mirae Tale)



HOLD THIS WHEN...

...someone you love feels
far away.

Picture **the invisible thread**
between you.

It can stretch across streets,
oceans, and stars.

Send a laugh, a hug, or a giant
hello along it.

Your love knows the way.

Now look around. What good
thing can you find today?

From “Mirae and the Best Friend Who Moved Away”



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MIRAE WISDOM CARD

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FOR PARENTS & CAREGIVERS

THE GIFT OF A HEART WIDE ENOUGH

“Love takes time to learn a new
distance.”
— Bria

A child’s heart can miss someone and still
notice what is here. It can keep one love
close without closing itself to another.

Joy does not erase the missing, and the
missing does not have to fill the whole day.
Both can be true without either becoming
smaller.

This is one of the quiet gifts of growing:
discovering that the heart can stretch with
life — carrying what matters forward while
still opening to what comes next.

From “Mirae and the Best Friend Who Moved Away”

A Note for Parents, Caregivers, and Educators

The Mirae Tales are designed to nurture connection, confidence, and self-awareness in children — whether shared as bedtime stories, daytime reading, or during quiet moments of togetherness.

The little heart-to-hearts, parent tips, and journal prompts included with each tale can be used at any time of day — morning, afternoon, or before sleep. There is no “right” moment — only the one that feels right for you and your child.

Let these tales become gentle companions, helping you build meaningful conversations and celebrate every child’s unique light.

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*The Mirae Tales is a heart-born series created to nurture self-love, quiet courage, and the joy of becoming who you are meant to be.
Thank you for reading and respecting the spirit of this work.*