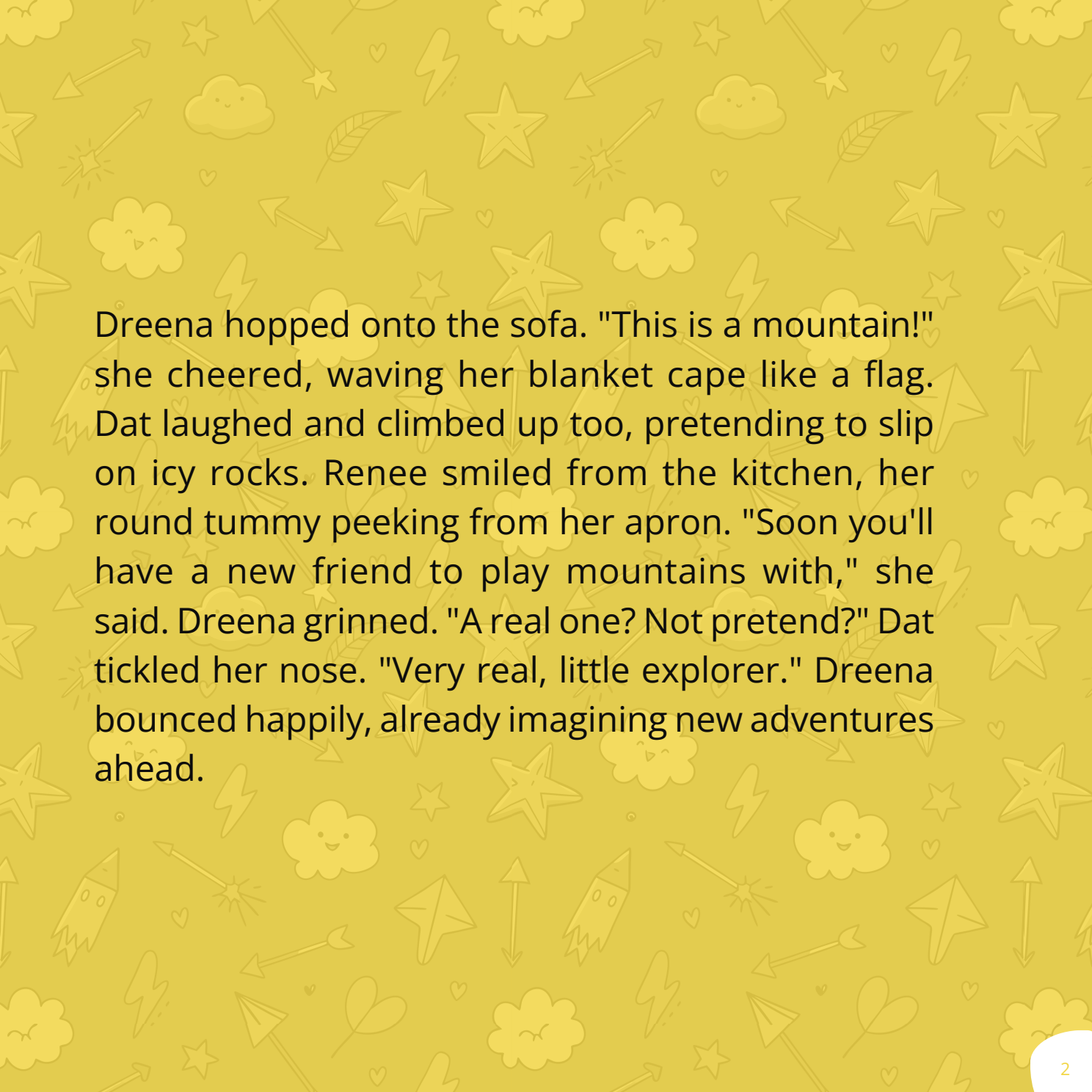


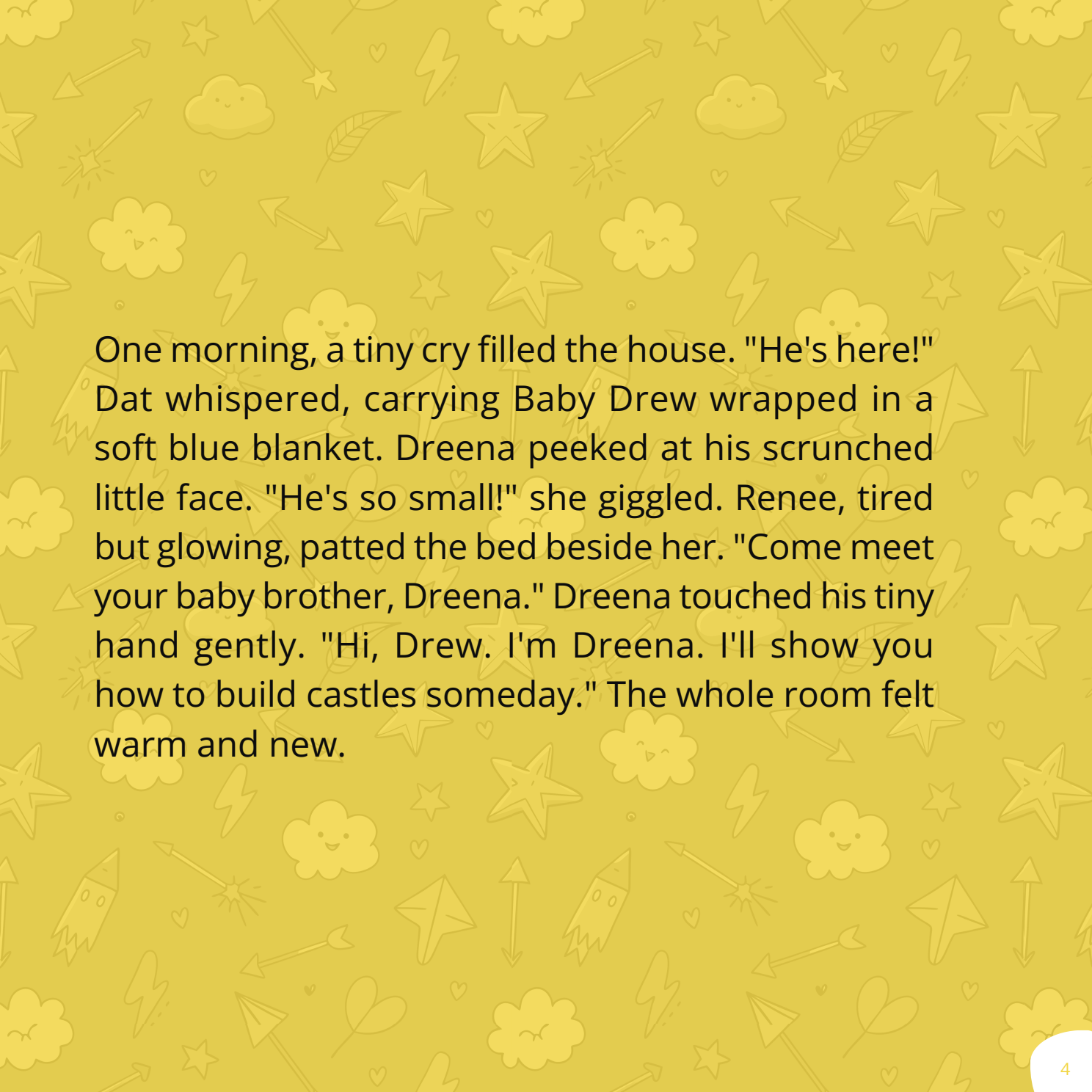
Dreena and the Little Moon Crown





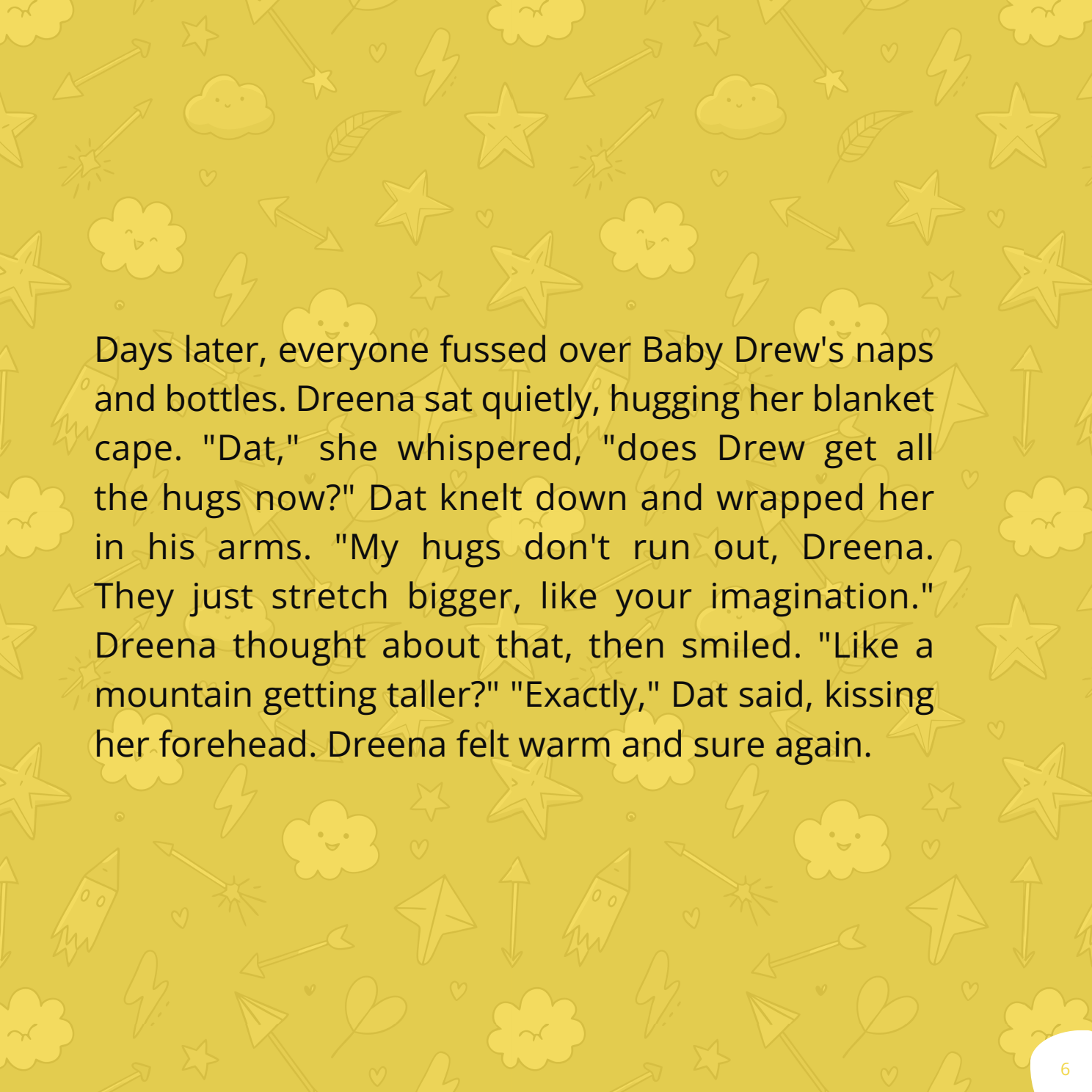
Dreena hopped onto the sofa. "This is a mountain!" she cheered, waving her blanket cape like a flag. Dat laughed and climbed up too, pretending to slip on icy rocks. Renee smiled from the kitchen, her round tummy peeking from her apron. "Soon you'll have a new friend to play mountains with," she said. Dreena grinned. "A real one? Not pretend?" Dat tickled her nose. "Very real, little explorer." Dreena bounced happily, already imagining new adventures ahead.





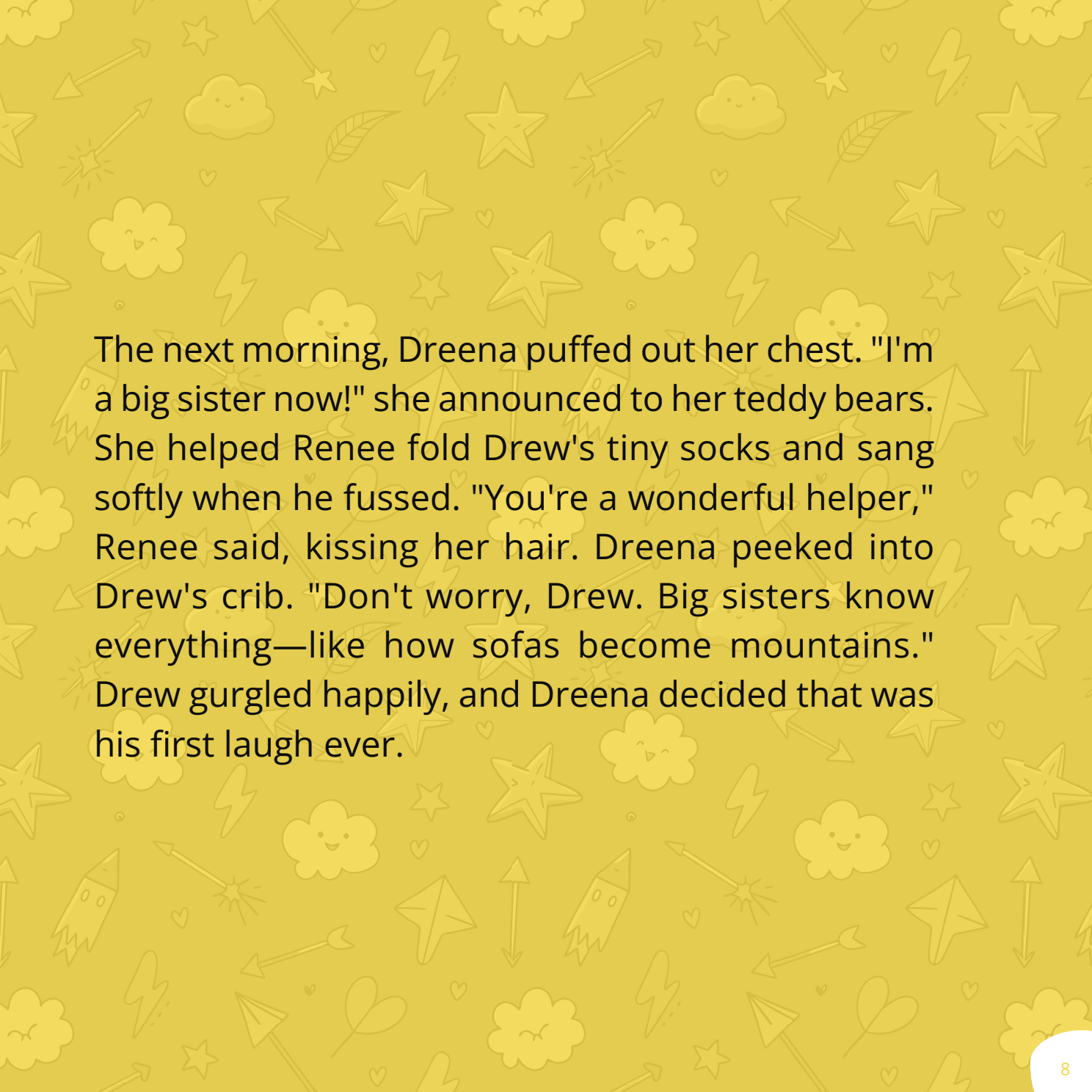
One morning, a tiny cry filled the house. "He's here!" Dat whispered, carrying Baby Drew wrapped in a soft blue blanket. Dreena peeked at his scrunched little face. "He's so small!" she giggled. Renee, tired but glowing, patted the bed beside her. "Come meet your baby brother, Dreena." Dreena touched his tiny hand gently. "Hi, Drew. I'm Dreena. I'll show you how to build castles someday." The whole room felt warm and new.





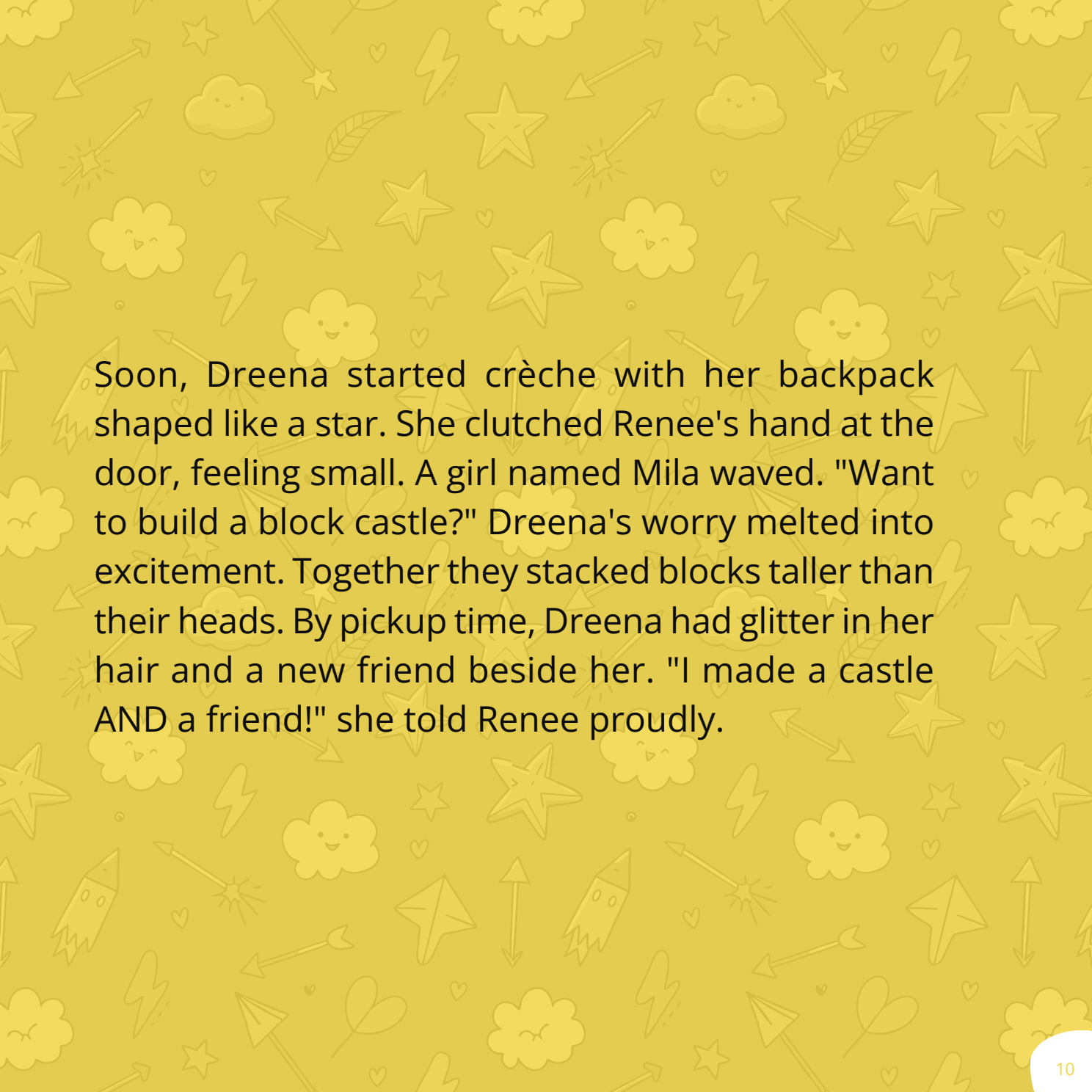
Days later, everyone fussed over Baby Drew's naps and bottles. Dreena sat quietly, hugging her blanket cape. "Dat," she whispered, "does Drew get all the hugs now?" Dat knelt down and wrapped her in his arms. "My hugs don't run out, Dreena. They just stretch bigger, like your imagination." Dreena thought about that, then smiled. "Like a mountain getting taller?" "Exactly," Dat said, kissing her forehead. Dreena felt warm and sure again.





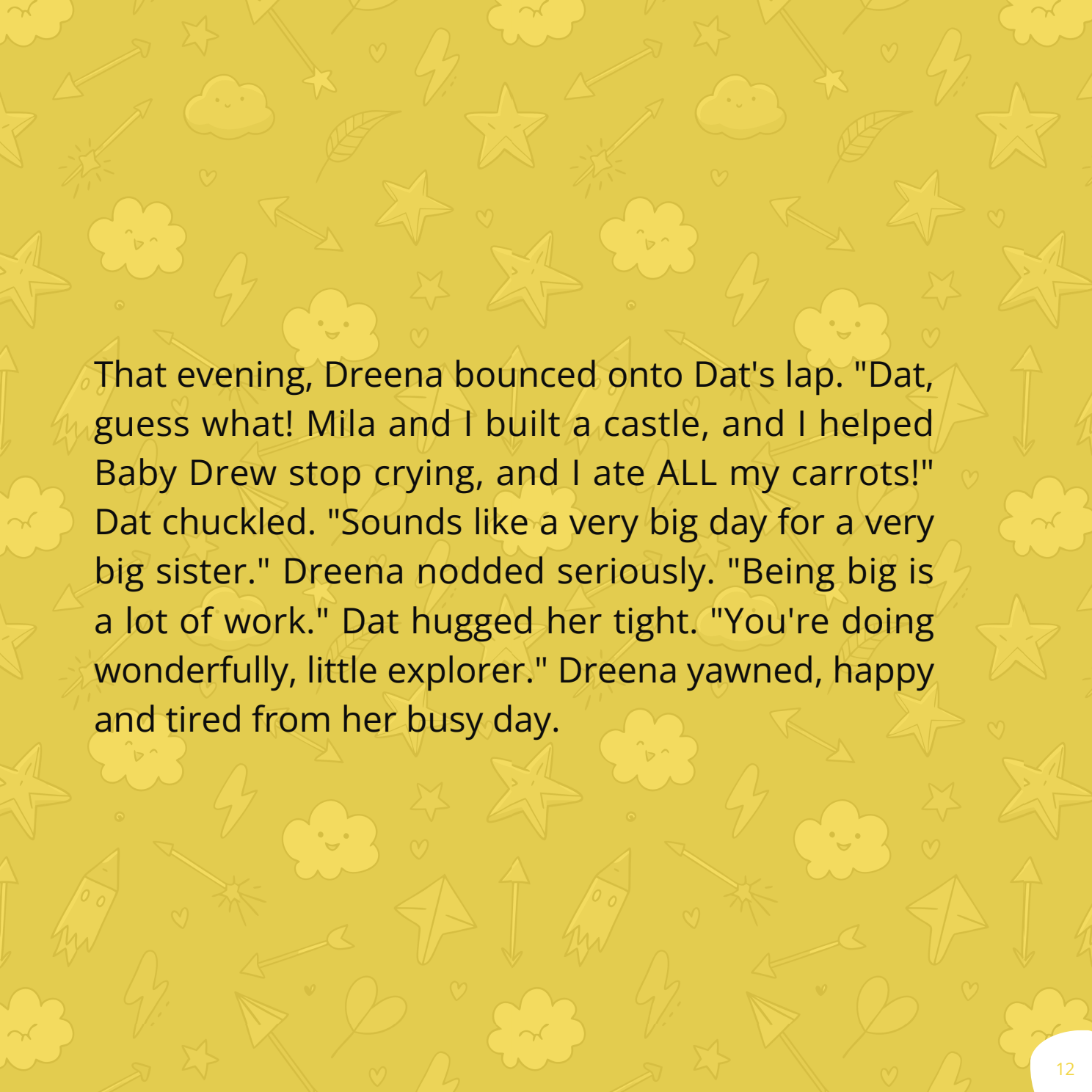
The next morning, Dreena puffed out her chest. "I'm a big sister now!" she announced to her teddy bears. She helped Renee fold Drew's tiny socks and sang softly when he fussed. "You're a wonderful helper," Renee said, kissing her hair. Dreena peeked into Drew's crib. "Don't worry, Drew. Big sisters know everything—like how sofas become mountains." Drew gurgled happily, and Dreena decided that was his first laugh ever.





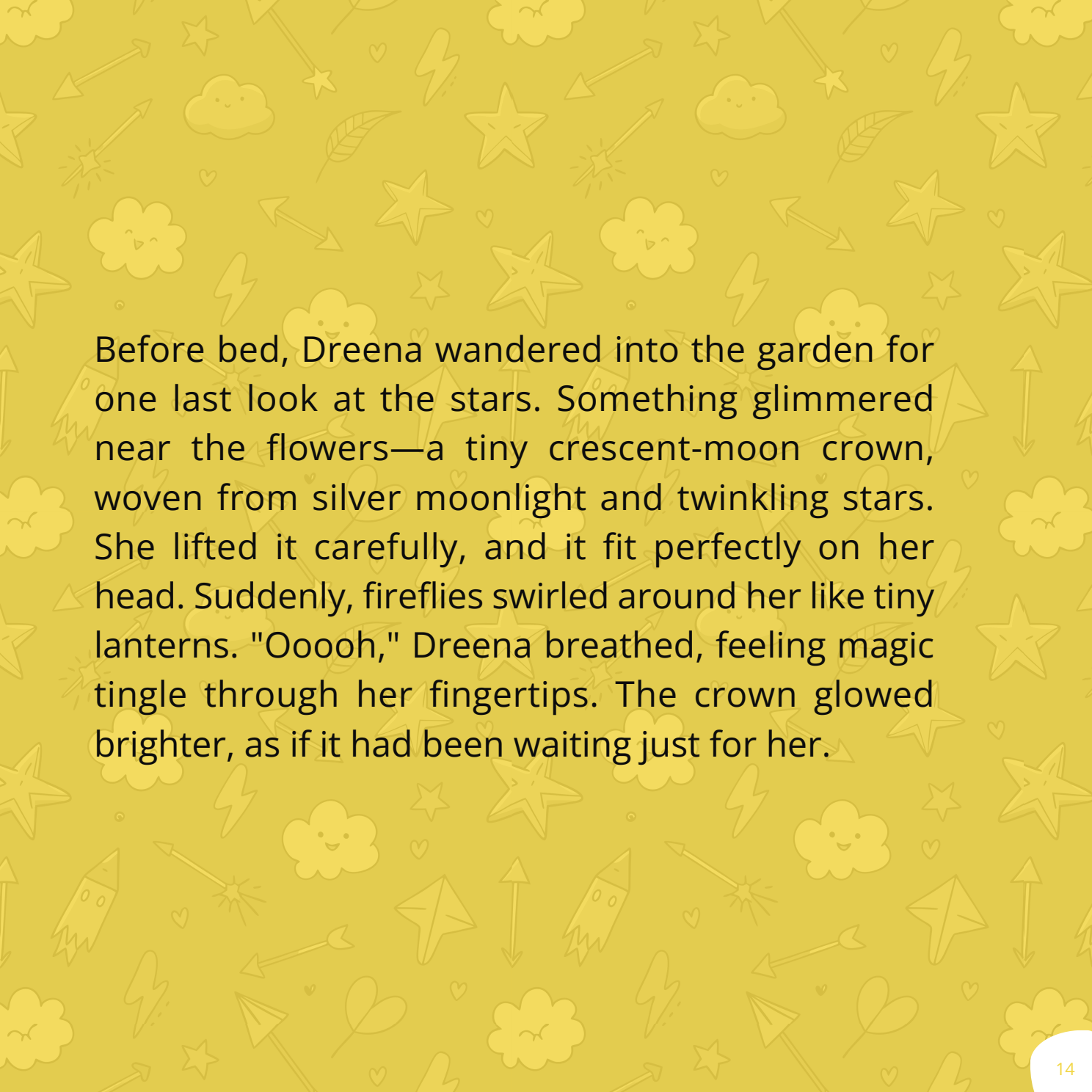
Soon, Dreena started crèche with her backpack shaped like a star. She clutched Renee's hand at the door, feeling small. A girl named Mila waved. "Want to build a block castle?" Dreena's worry melted into excitement. Together they stacked blocks taller than their heads. By pickup time, Dreena had glitter in her hair and a new friend beside her. "I made a castle AND a friend!" she told Renee proudly.





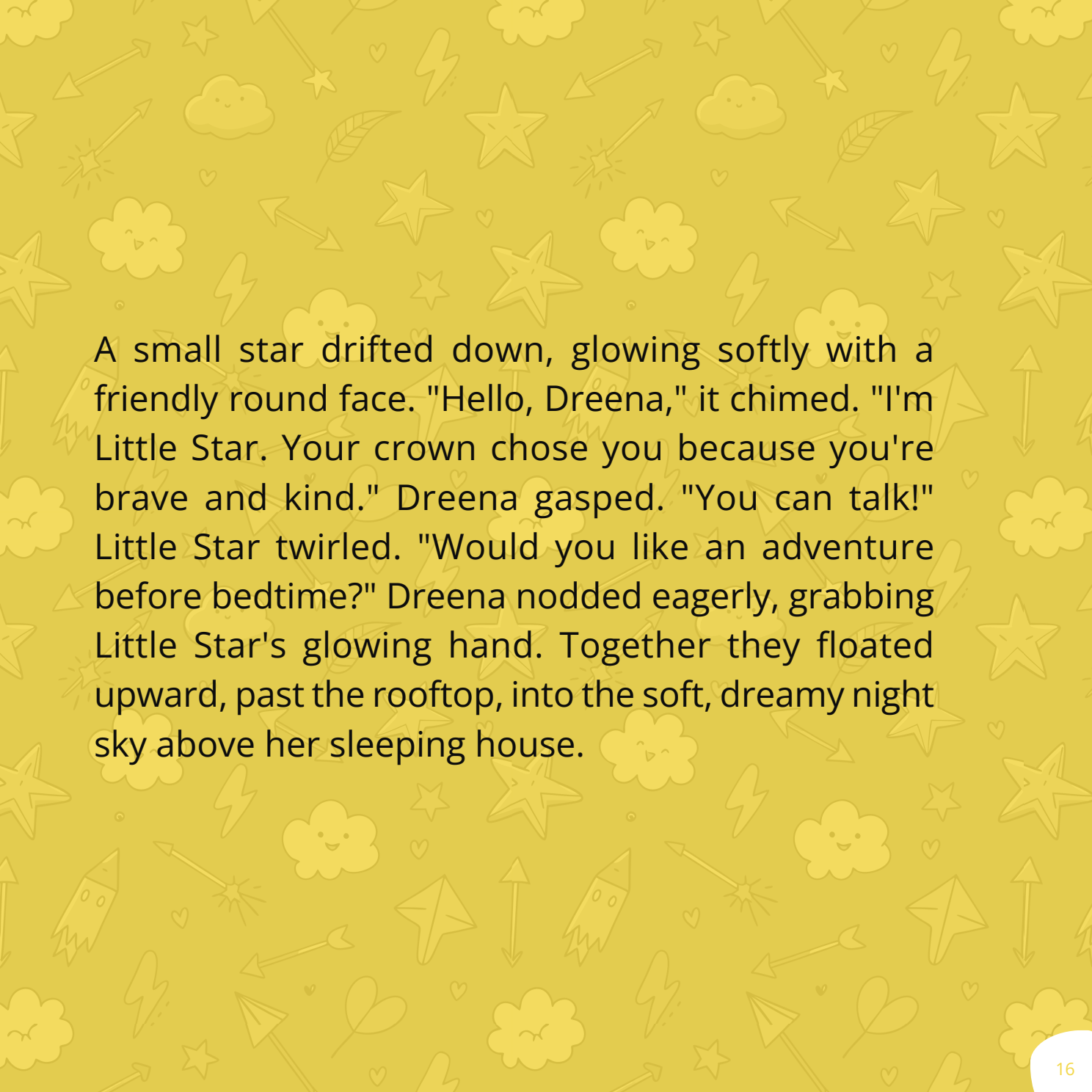
That evening, Dreena bounced onto Dat's lap. "Dat, guess what! Mila and I built a castle, and I helped Baby Drew stop crying, and I ate ALL my carrots!" Dat chuckled. "Sounds like a very big day for a very big sister." Dreena nodded seriously. "Being big is a lot of work." Dat hugged her tight. "You're doing wonderfully, little explorer." Dreena yawned, happy and tired from her busy day.





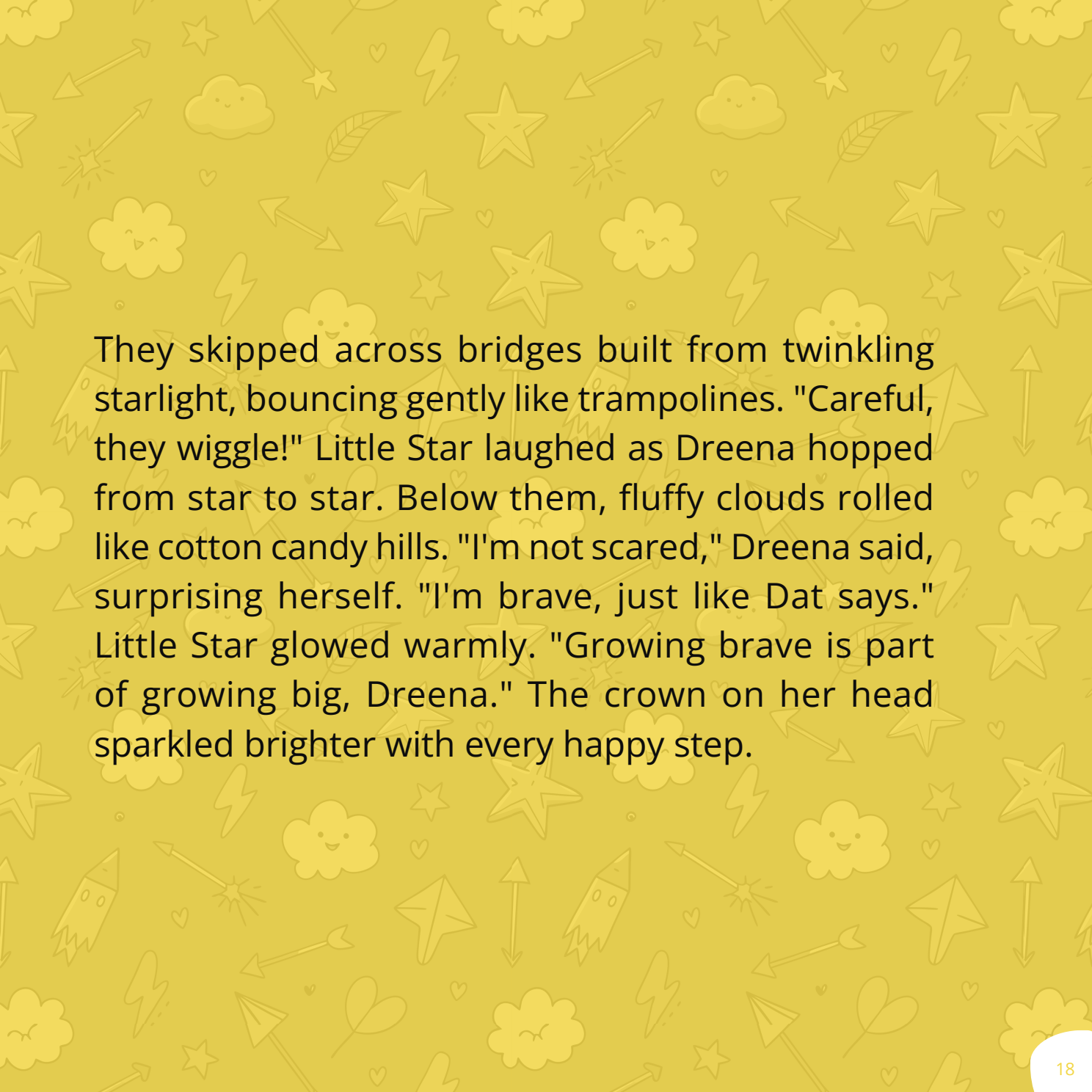
Before bed, Dreena wandered into the garden for one last look at the stars. Something glimmered near the flowers—a tiny crescent-moon crown, woven from silver moonlight and twinkling stars. She lifted it carefully, and it fit perfectly on her head. Suddenly, fireflies swirled around her like tiny lanterns. "Ooooh," Dreena breathed, feeling magic tingle through her fingertips. The crown glowed brighter, as if it had been waiting just for her.





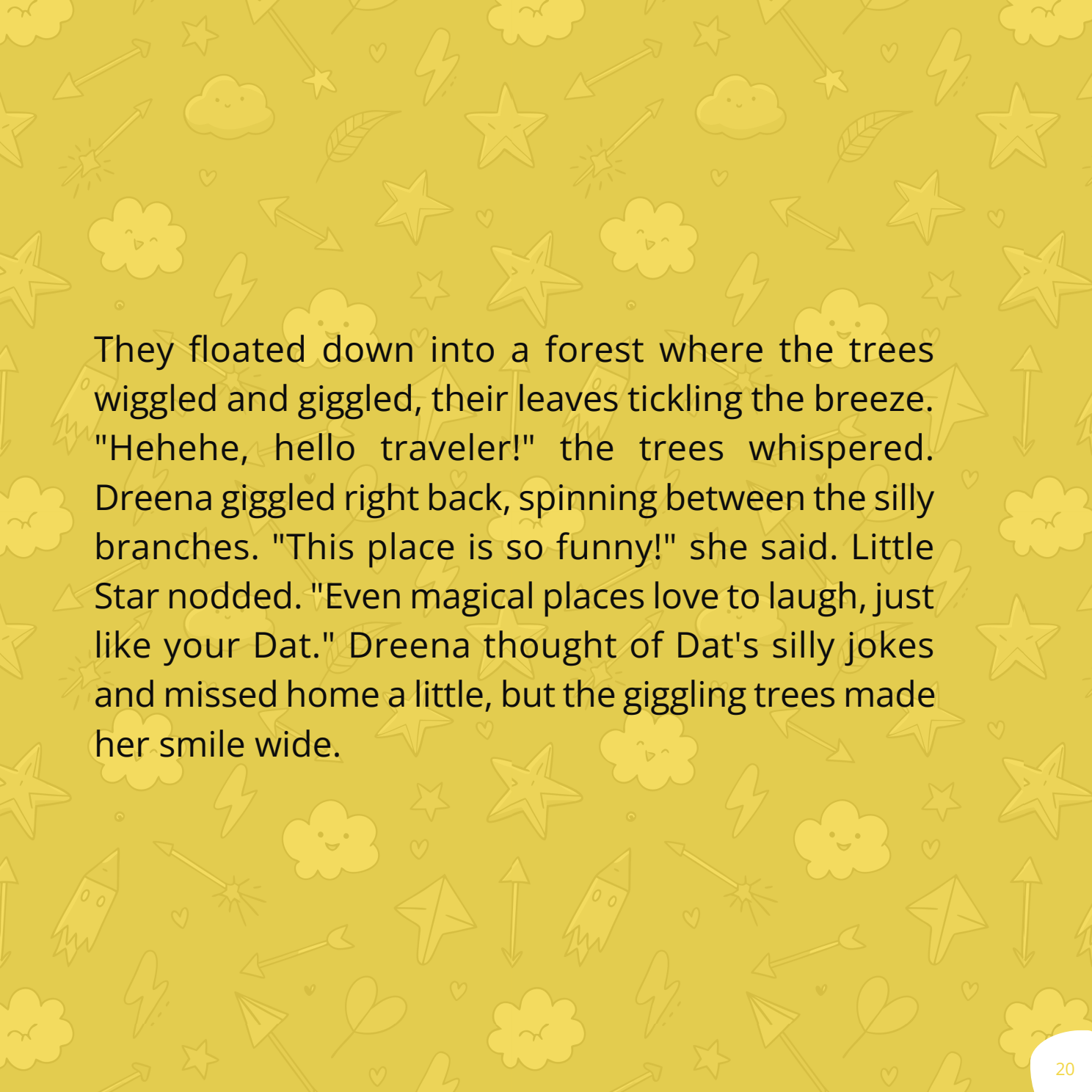
A small star drifted down, glowing softly with a friendly round face. "Hello, Dreena," it chimed. "I'm Little Star. Your crown chose you because you're brave and kind." Dreena gasped. "You can talk!" Little Star twirled. "Would you like an adventure before bedtime?" Dreena nodded eagerly, grabbing Little Star's glowing hand. Together they floated upward, past the rooftop, into the soft, dreamy night sky above her sleeping house.





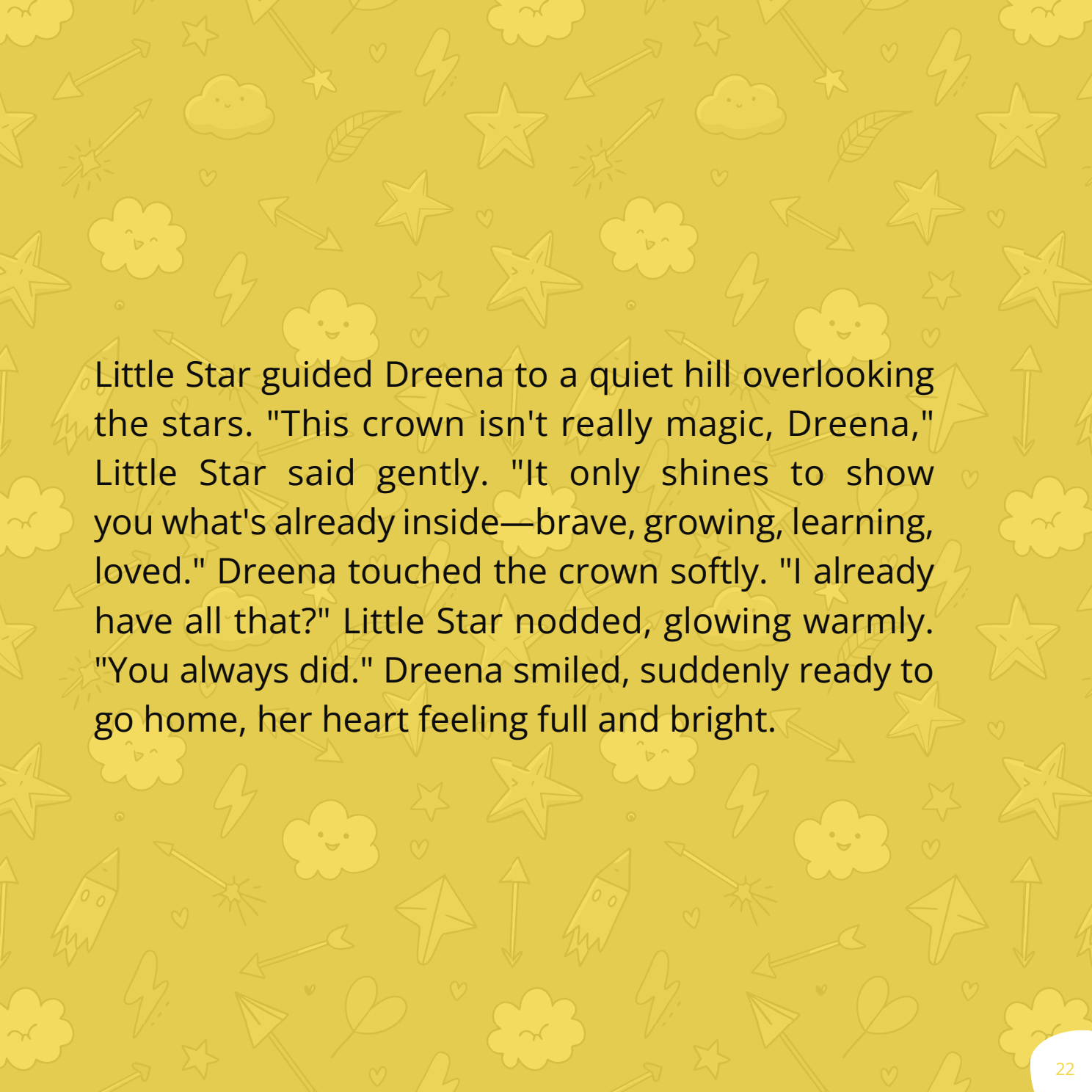
They skipped across bridges built from twinkling starlight, bouncing gently like trampolines. "Careful, they wiggle!" Little Star laughed as Dreena hopped from star to star. Below them, fluffy clouds rolled like cotton candy hills. "I'm not scared," Dreena said, surprising herself. "I'm brave, just like Dat says." Little Star glowed warmly. "Growing brave is part of growing big, Dreena." The crown on her head sparkled brighter with every happy step.





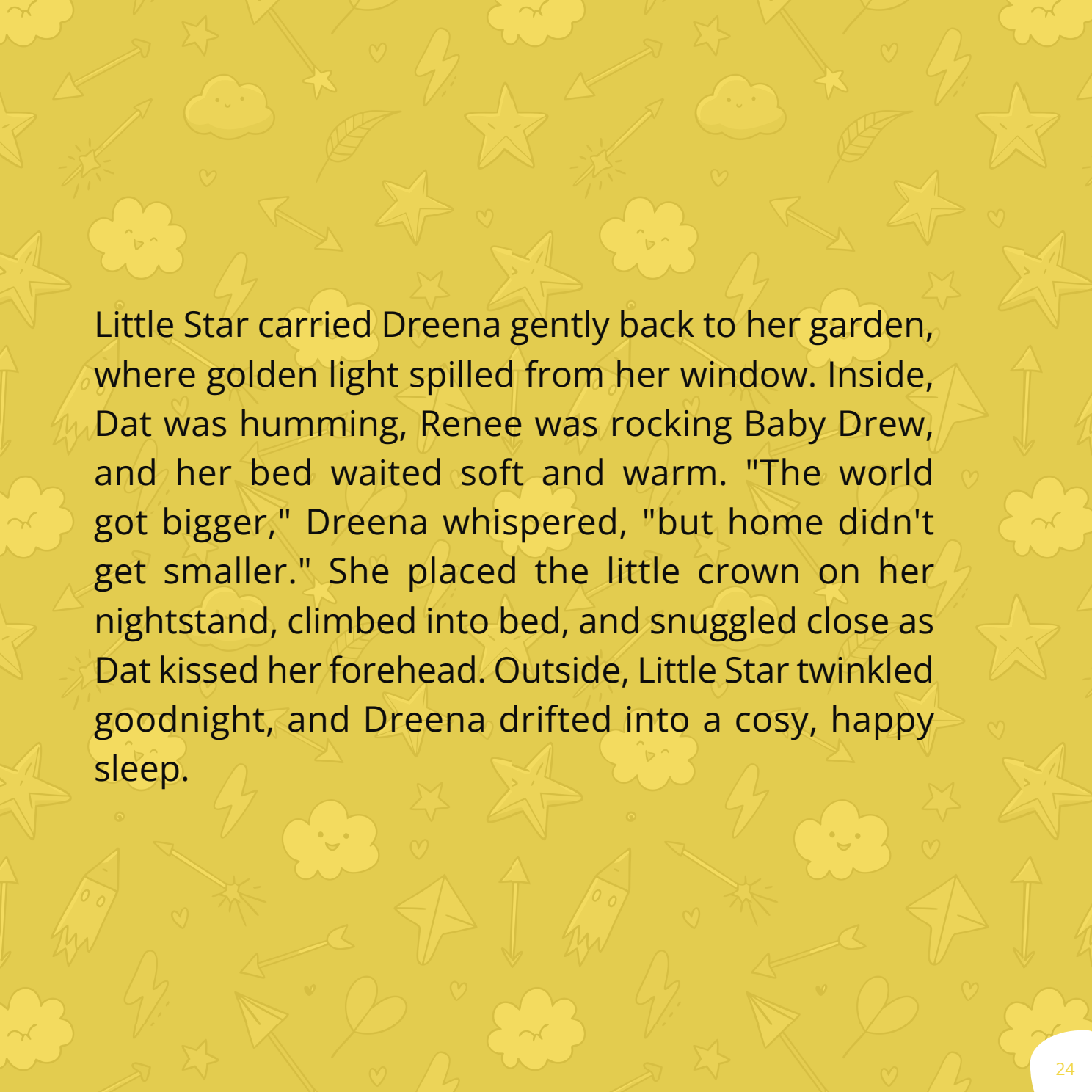
They floated down into a forest where the trees wiggled and giggled, their leaves tickling the breeze. "Hehehe, hello traveler!" the trees whispered. Dreena giggled right back, spinning between the silly branches. "This place is so funny!" she said. Little Star nodded. "Even magical places love to laugh, just like your Dat." Dreena thought of Dat's silly jokes and missed home a little, but the giggling trees made her smile wide.





Little Star guided Dreena to a quiet hill overlooking the stars. "This crown isn't really magic, Dreena," Little Star said gently. "It only shines to show you what's already inside—brave, growing, learning, loved." Dreena touched the crown softly. "I already have all that?" Little Star nodded, glowing warmly. "You always did." Dreena smiled, suddenly ready to go home, her heart feeling full and bright.





Little Star carried Dreena gently back to her garden, where golden light spilled from her window. Inside, Dat was humming, Renee was rocking Baby Drew, and her bed waited soft and warm. "The world got bigger," Dreena whispered, "but home didn't get smaller." She placed the little crown on her nightstand, climbed into bed, and snuggled close as Dat kissed her forehead. Outside, Little Star twinkled goodnight, and Dreena drifted into a cosy, happy sleep.



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