

THE GOOD DAYS AND THE OTHER DAYS



BY [CHILDBOOK.AI](#)

Aire jumped out of bed and pulled open his curtains. Sunlight poured in! "Today's the day!" he shouted. Mom had promised a whole afternoon at the park—swings, slides, and maybe even ice cream. Aire pulled on his favorite green shirt and raced downstairs, his socks sliding on the wooden floor. He could already imagine the wind in his hair as he swung higher and higher. "Mom! Mom! Is it time yet?" he called, bouncing on his toes by the kitchen table, waiting for breakfast to start.



Mom sat down slowly at the table, rubbing her knees. "Sweetie, I need to tell you something," she said softly. Aire looked up, spoon halfway to his mouth. "My legs are really tired today," Mom explained. "Too tired for the park, I'm afraid." Aire's face fell. "But you promised!" he said, his voice cracking. Mom reached for his hand. "I know, buddy. I really wanted to go too." Aire pulled his hand away and stared at his cereal, bubbles popping in the milk.



"Just try!" Aire said, pushing his bowl aside. "You can rest at the park on a bench!" Mom shook her head gently. "It's not that simple, sweetheart. My legs won't listen today, no matter how much I want them to." Aire crossed his arms. "That doesn't make sense. Yesterday you were fine!" "Some days are good days," Mom said, "and some days are other days. Today is an other day." Aire didn't understand. He just wanted to swing on the swings.



Aire stomped up the stairs, each step louder than the last. He flopped onto his bed and stared at the ceiling. It wasn't fair! The park had the tallest slide and the best swings. He squeezed his stuffed elephant, Ellie, tight. "Why can't moms just push through?" he mumbled into the pillow. Downstairs, he heard Mom moving slowly, the couch creaking as she sat down. Aire frowned harder, wishing today could just be a good day instead.



A soft knock came at his door. "Can I come in?" Mom asked. Aire didn't answer, but she came in anyway, walking carefully. She sat on the edge of his bed. "I know you're upset," she said. "It's okay to feel that way." Aire hugged Ellie tighter. "I just wanted to go to the park," he whispered. Mom nodded. "Me too. But sometimes my body needs rest, just like yours needs rest after running a lot."



"Remember when you ran all afternoon and your legs felt wobbly after?" Mom asked. Aire nodded slowly. "That's a little like today, but bigger," she said. "My legs feel wobbly like that every single day sometimes, like they're full of heavy sand." Aire looked at her legs, trying to imagine sand inside them. "Does it hurt?" he asked. "Sometimes," Mom said. "Resting helps, just like your legs feel better after you sit down." Aire started to understand, just a little.



"Since we can't go outside," Mom said, "what if we build the best fort ever, right here?" Aire's eyes lit up. "Can Ellie live in it?" he asked. Mom laughed. "Ellie can be the queen of the fort." They gathered blankets and pillows from the closet, and even grabbed the couch cushions. Aire's frustration melted a little as he pictured tunnels and secret rooms made entirely of blankets, right in the living room.



Mom sat on the floor, draping a blanket over two chairs while Aire tucked the edges under books. "This is the entrance," Aire announced, crawling through with Ellie. Mom handed him a flashlight. "Every fort needs light," she said. Inside, they sat close together, the blanket glowing softly. "This is actually pretty cool," Aire admitted. Mom smiled. "Sometimes other days can still be good, just different."



Inside the fort, Mom told Aire a story about a brave knight and his elephant sidekick. Aire giggled, adding his own silly parts about flying pancakes. They shared crackers and juice boxes, crumbs scattering on the blanket floor. "This might be my favorite kind of afternoon," Aire said, surprising himself. Mom squeezed his hand. "I'm glad, buddy. I love spending time with you, wherever we are."



"Mom," Aire said, peeking out from the fort, "next time your legs are tired, can we just build a fort again?" Mom smiled warmly. "I'd love that." Aire thought for a moment. "Is it okay if I get upset sometimes though? I really do love the park." "Of course," Mom said. "Feelings are okay. We can be upset and still be kind to each other."



Before bed, Aire hugged Mom extra tight. "I'm sorry I said you should push through," he said quietly. "I didn't understand." Mom kissed his forehead. "You're learning, and that means so much to me." Aire smiled. "Good days or other days, I still love you." Mom laughed softly. "That's exactly right, buddy. That's exactly right." Aire fell asleep dreaming of forts and future park days.



Days later, Aire woke to sunshine again. He tiptoed to Mom's room. "How are your legs today?" he asked carefully. Mom stretched and smiled. "Today feels like a good day!" Aire cheered, racing to grab his shoes. At the park, they swung side by side, laughing in the breeze. Aire squeezed her hand. "Good days are the best," he said. Mom nodded. "Every day with you is good, buddy."



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