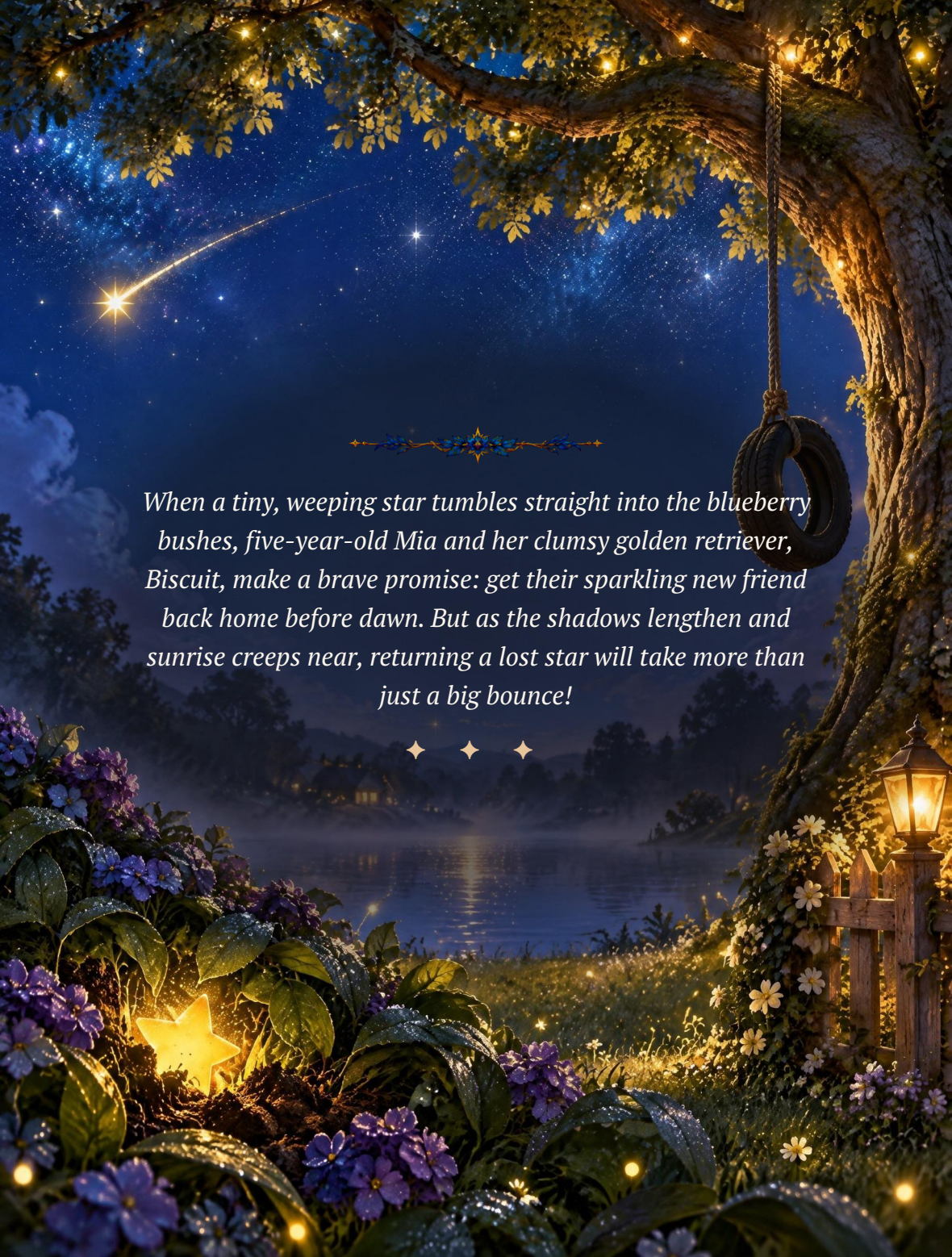
Mom

Mia and Biscuit: The Night the Star Fell



When a tiny, weeping star tumbles straight into the blueberry bushes, five-year-old Mia and her clumsy golden retriever, Biscuit, make a brave promise: get their sparkling new friend back home before dawn. But as the shadows lengthen and sunrise creeps near, returning a lost star will take more than just a big bounce!

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For Mia,

My sweet little star—

You brighten every night,

No matter how dark.

Mia swings above the lawn,
Long before the golden dawn.
Silver moons adorn her knees,
Drifting in the sleepy breeze.
Biscuit gives a joyful whuff,
Wagging through the dande-fluff.
“Tiptoe-zoom!” she whispers high,
Waving to the velvet sky.

From the dark a sparkler falls,
Tumbling over berry walls.
There sits Twig in purple gloom,
Sobbing sparkles through the bloom.
Biscuit sniffs her with a sneeze,
Hugged between two grassy knees.
“Double-dog I promise, star:
Home is nevermore too far!”

Mia bounces to the cloud,
Singing out her wishes loud:
“Up go paws, up goes light,
Back into the velvet night!”
Clay pots tumble on the spot,
Biscuit bundled in a knot!
Flying blankets wrap and flap,
Twig lands safely in her lap!

Out hops Barnaby the Quill,
Fussy, round, and seldom still.
Acorn buttons on his vest,
Thimble cap upon his crest.
“Rule forty-two!” shouts the scout,
“Sun will put this sparkler out!”
In his mossy pouch goes Twig,
Down the tunnel dark and big!

Underneath the cabbage row,
Biscuit leads the way below.
Golden bottom sticks out straight,
Wedged inside the tunnel gate!
Mia clicks her wand of green,
Brightest spark you've ever seen.
"Tiptoe-zoom!" she gives a shove,
Sliding with a heart of love.

Oak roots braid a roof of clay,
Blocking all the sleepy day.
Greenish light illumes the loam,
Far away from bed and home.
Biscuit makes a snort-thump sound,
Sniffing sparks upon the ground.
Barnaby is grumbling near:
“No one steals my treasures here!”

Teacups sit in towers high,
Glow-worms twinkle like the sky.
In a jar of frozen gray,
Twig's warm sparkles fade away.
Barnaby folds paws in pride,
Standing on the saucer side.
"Hrumph, precisely so!" he snaps,
"Outside there are danger traps!"

Mia sees his trembling snout,
Full of lonely fear and doubt.
In her hand the yarn-wand glows,
Softly as a midnight rose.
“Take my wand of cheerful green,
Fit to crown an acorn queen!”
Whiskers twitch; he frees the sprite:
“Chime-chime!” rings her butter light!

Biscuit thumps an ancient beam,
Halting ev'ry happy dream.
Earth caves in with rumble-roar,
Locking up the tunnel door!
Dawn’s pink beam cuts through the stone,
Twig turns cold as polished bone.
Biscuit hides his weeping snout:
“Whuff!” How will the crew get out?

Mia hugs her little spark,
Singing softly in the dark:
“Up go paws, up goes light,
Back into the velvet night!”
Mia tickles Twig’s top crest,
Snuggled to her flannel chest.
Hollow oaks reveal a flue,
Climbing to the morning blue!

Biscuit stands with golden spine,
Steady as a garden pine.
Mia scrambles on his back,
Leading up the chimney track.
Quill unlocks the cedar wood,
Pushing as an elder should.
Out they tumble with a slide,
Where the sunflow'rs tower wide!

Rosy ribbons paint the skies,
Catching Madame Fluff's green eyes.
Velvet wings of minty silk,
Powdered soft as morning milk.
"Hush-hush, darling," whispers Fluff,
"Wind will give a friendly puff.
Flutter, find the tallest stalk,
Far above the garden walk!"

Biscuit’s neck-cloth, checkered red,
Makes a springy launching bed.
Barnaby ties ev'ry strand,
With a steady, clever hand.
Biscuit sits upon the base,
Grinning with a happy face.
Mia plants a tender kiss:
“Love will never steer amiss!”

All together shout the rhyme,
Right inside the nick of time:
“Up go paws, up goes light,
Back into the velvet night!”
Sunflow'r stems release a twang,
Louder than a cymbal clang!
Twig shoots high in golden arcs,
Followed by the happy barks!

Twig clicks in the Dipper's bowl,
Making ev'ry twinkle whole.
Stardust paints a smiling hound,
Twinkling over sleepy ground.
Barnaby wipes off a tear,
Free of all his hoarded fear.
Biscuit gives her chin a lick,
Warm and loving, soft and quick.

Honey warms the window sill,
Sleeping on the quiet hill.
Grass stains mark each cotton knee,
Tired, happy, safe, and free.
Biscuit curls up on the spread,
Tucking in his golden head.
Mia hugs her puppy tight:
Love will always light the night.

The heroes of this book

Mia

Biscuit

Twig

Barnaby Quill

The heroes of this book

Madame Fluff

Twig the Star

Biscuit's Bandana

The Glow-Stick Wand

Acknowledgments

This bedtime adventure was made possible by the sweetest real-life duo I know. Thank you, Mia, for lending your bright curiosity, your endless giggles, and your brave little heart to every single page. You teach me every day that a little bit of wonder can light up the entire world. And to dear Biscuit, our wonderfully clumsy golden shadow: thank you for sharing your big furry paws, your wet-nosed sneezes, and that cheerful, unstoppable tail wag that never fails to rescue us all from a rainy mood. You two are my whole universe, night and day.

Mom

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Author: **Mom**

Written especially for Mia, my little star who lights up every night

October 2026