

Chadi and Laia

In the village of Ventall, where the streets smelled of fresh bread and children shouted until the sun went down, lived Chadi. Seven years old and with seemingly inexhaustible energy, he was known to everyone as the “King of Mischief.” He loved hiding the baker’s shoes, shouting louder than the crickets at night, and running through the fields leaving a trail of laughter and messy footprints.

One day, while chasing a ball that had gotten away from him, he accidentally bumped into a little girl dressed in light blue, wearing a crown so delicate it seemed made of light. It was Princess Laia, who had come to visit the village with her parents. Chadi, his knee covered in dirt, stared at her, wide-eyed. He had never seen such a clean and tidy girl, much less one wearing a real crown.

“What are you doing, you rascal?” she said, but instead of getting angry, she smiled knowingly.

That’s how a friendship no one would have expected began. Laia taught him quiet games, like guessing shapes in the clouds or reading stories under a tree. Chadi, for his part, showed her how to jump in puddles without worrying about getting dirty or how to make people laugh with funny faces. But it wasn’t all easy. Laia got angry when he

left toys on the ground, and he struggled to understand why she had to wash her hands before eating a simple piece of candy.

One night, after an argument because Chadi had thrown a pinecone at her favorite book, Laia turned to him and said:

“I can’t be your friend if you don’t respect my things!”

Chadi stood still, his heart pounding. He didn’t want to lose his friend, the first person who saw him not as a rascal, but as someone special. So, that very day, he did something no one expected: he picked up all the toys from the floor and placed a bouquet of daisies (a little squashed) in Laia’s book.

“I’m sorry,” he said, his voice softer than usual. “I can do better.”

Laia looked at him and, without saying a word, held out her hand. From that day on, they learned to find balance: sometimes they played pirates and shouted through the streets, and other times they sat quietly reading. Chadi discovered he liked listening to the stories she made up, and Laia learned that a little mess wasn’t the end of the world.

And so, with laughter and the occasional apologetic kiss when things didn’t go well, they grew up together. Because friendship—and love—isn’t about making everything perfect, but about finding a way for both of you to fit together, like two puzzle pieces that, at first, didn’t seem made for each other.