

Manel’s Pillow

Manel was a five-year-old boy who was eager to go to school every morning, play with his friends, and eat ham sandwiches. But there was something he found a little difficult… going to bed.

Every night, when it was time to put on his pajamas, Manel would stall:

“Now I’ll brush my teeth… then I’ll pick up my toys… and then I want water… and later…”—and so the minutes ticked by.

One night, while his mother, Maria, was tucking him in with their usual green blanket, Manel asked:

“Mom, why do I have to sleep if I still want to play?”

Maria smiled and said:

“Because your body needs rest to grow strong, and because your mind also needs a rest from so many adventures. But do you want me to tell you a secret?”

Manel’s eyes widened.

“What secret?”

“Your pillow knows how to keep memories. Every night when you lay your head on it, you can tell it everything you did during the day. It keeps them safe until the next day. You just have to speak softly to it, and then close your eyes.”

Manel was lost in thought. That night, instead of asking for more water, he went over to his pillow and said to it in a low voice:

“Today I played soccer in the yard, I ate a strawberry yogurt, and I drew a picture of a red truck.”

Then he closed his eyes. And he fell asleep without realizing it.

From that night on, whenever his head was full of things or his heart was a little restless, Manel would explain to his pillow how his day had gone. Sometimes he told it happy things. Sometimes things he hadn’t liked very much. And always, always, the pillow listened to him silently, nice and soft, without asking any questions.

Maria and Agustí, Manel’s father, knew this. And every time the boy lay down with a smile, they would say to him:

“Goodnight, little one. Tell your pillow everything.”

And you… have you told your pillow about your day yet?