

Mel and the Jar of Laughter

Mel was seven years old and had a name that suited her perfectly: she was sweet, curious, and always a handful with all the questions she asked.

Since her new little brother, Nico, had arrived, something inside her had stirred like a jar of honey.

Before, Mom and Dad only looked at her.

Now, it seemed that all their eyes—and songs, and hugs—were directed straight at the small, sleeping bundle in the crib.

One afternoon, while Mel was drawing a giant bee with glittery wings, she heard her parents laughing in the dining room with Nico.

And just then, plop, a tear fell onto her drawing.

“What if they don’t love me the same anymore?” she thought, her heart sinking a little.

That night she couldn’t sleep.

She got up, grabbed her star-shaped flashlight, and crept down to the kitchen.

High on the shelf, among the jam jars, she spotted a very strange one: a jar of honey with a handwritten label that read:

“FAMILY LAUGHTER — DO NOT TOUCH (unless you need to remember)”

Mel carefully opened it… and out came a Ha, ha, ha, ha! so loud the glasses rattled in the cupboard.

A golden cloud of laughter filled the kitchen and began to show her images like bubbles of memories.

She saw her mother swinging her as a baby.

Her father teaching her to ride a bike.

And then, the three of them laughing on the sofa, covered in flour from trying to bake a cake.

But the most surprising image was the last one: her, a little older, laughing with Nico on a swing, both of them covered in strawberry ice cream.

“See, Mel?” —whispered a sweet voice that seemed to come from the same jar—.

Your family doesn’t have less love now… they have more.

Your brother didn’t come to take anything from you, but to add new laughter.

Mel stared at the shimmering cloud of honey as it slowly faded away.

Then she closed the jar with a smile and put it back in its place.

The next day, when Nico woke up and started to cry, Mel was the first to go to him.

She stroked his little hand and said softly:

“It’s okay, little one. You’ll see, with you, the laughter will be doubled.”



And her mother, who had heard her from the doorway, noticed that the sun shone a little brighter through the window that day.

From that moment on, Mel continued to be the sweet and curious little girl she had always been,

but with a secret: she knew that love isn’t divided, it multiplies.

And every time she forgot, she would open the jar of laughter a little to remind herself.