

The Arrival of Anna

It all begins on a very special day. A day unlike any other. The sky was blue like a clean blanket, and the air smelled of tender flowers and new promises.

That day, Anna arrived.

Her mother held her in her arms for the first time and cried… but not from sadness, no. She cried with joy, with love, with that love that can only be felt when your heart beats stronger than ever.

“Hello, Anna…” she whispered in her ear. “We’ve been making room for you for a long time, and you’re finally here.”

Her father, with eyes full of light, gently touched her with a finger.

“You’re so small… and so big at the same time. You are already our whole life.”

The house was filled with a new peace, a sweet calm, as if everyone knew someone important had arrived. Anna’s grandmother said she looked like a star, and her grandfather swore he’d never seen such an alert baby.

Even the cat, who was always growling, sat beside her and purred. It seemed to be saying, “Welcome to your world, little one.”

Anna was small, yes. But inside her was an immense world. When she yawned, it was as if she were opening windows to her dreams. When she closed her eyes, the air paused for a moment to listen to her silence.

And when she laughed… oh! When she laughed, the clouds parted, the bells rang by themselves, and the flowers turned to face her.

Everyone said, “What a strong little girl!” because with every small movement she showed her energy.

“What a clever little girl!” because she listened to the world with her eyes wide open, as if she understood everything.

“What a joyful little girl!” because with her first smile she painted everyone’s hearts with color.

The days passed, and each day was new with Anna. Her mother sang her sweet songs, her father told her made-up stories, and she listened… or perhaps she only heard the voices that told her, every day without fail:

“We love you. We love you like we’ve never loved anyone before. And we always will.”

When Anna cried, everyone fell silent. Not out of fear, but out of respect. Because those tears were also words, and they were learning to listen to them.

When Anna slept, the house became tender. The hours slipped by, and the world seemed to watch over her with an invisible hand.

“When you grow up, Anna, you can be anything you want to be,” her mother would say as she gently massaged her little feet.

“You can be an astronaut, a ballerina, a gardener, a veterinarian, a writer, or the guardian dragon of fairy tales,” her father would add with a playful tone.

But what mattered was something else. And they repeated it, night after night, like a spell that never fades:

“Whoever you are, whatever you do… you will always be loved. Always.”

And so, each night, enveloped in sweet words and gentle caresses, Anna fell asleep. And dreamed. And grew.

And so the story ends by the cradle: Anna has arrived, and everything is sweeter.