

The Goodnight Kiss

Blau was three years old and had eyes as big as the full moon. She loved building forts with blankets, finger painting, and dancing barefoot in the dining room. But what she loved most, the most special moment of the day, was breastfeeding before bed.

When the sky turned dark blue and the stars came out to play, Blau snuggled into her mother’s arms. Breastfeeding was like a warm refuge, like a wordless song. With her eyes half-closed, she listened to her mother’s heartbeat and fell asleep with a soft sigh.

One night, after her bath and a story, her mother looked at her tenderly and said:

“Blau, my princess… do you know what? You’re growing up. And soon you’ll learn to sleep without breastfeeding. I’ll help you, step by step, to find a new way to rest.”

Blau lifted her head, surprised.

“But… how will I sleep, Mommy, if I don’t nurse?”

Mommy gave her a huge hug and three kisses: one on her forehead, one on her nose, and one on her heart.

“You’ll sleep with magic kisses, soft songs, and a new friend: the dream pillow.”

“The dream pillow?” Blau asked, her eyes wide.

That night, Mommy brought her a very soft pillow with a blue cover covered in stars. She placed it beside her and whispered in her ear:

“This pillow listens to everything you tell it before you go to sleep. If you talk to it, if you explain what made you happy or what made you angry, it remembers everything and helps you rest.”

That night, Blau didn’t nurse. But Mom sang her a song of light, told her a story about a brave little girl sleeping under the moon, and said:

“Goodnight, my dear Blau. My love will be here, right here, very close to you.”

Blau closed her eyes, clutching her new pillow. At first, it was difficult. Sleep didn’t come as quickly as before. But little by little, with kisses and caresses, her heart calmed, and she drifted into a sleep as sweet as honey.

The first few nights weren’t easy. Sometimes, Blau would still say in a soft voice, “Just a little bit of breast milk…” And Mom, with all the love in the world, would reply, “Now I’ll tell you a story, and I’ll give you a kiss that lasts all night.”

And Blau discovered that she could sleep in other ways. Without breast milk. With stories, hugs, and her new magic: the pillow of dreams.

Because growing up doesn’t mean losing love; it means discovering new ways to love.

And so this story ends, but not the goodnight kiss. That kiss... always travels with her, every time she closes her eyes.