



The Porcelain Doll *Adventure*

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Rain tapped the windows.
Luka and Savanna played on the rug.
Bella the cat watched with big, curious eyes.



Luka reached his
arms up, up, up.
“Look, Savvy!
The fancy doll!”
He stood on
tiptoes to see.



Uh-oh.
Wobble. Wiggle. Woووو-
CRASH!



The porcelain doll
lay on the floor.
A tiny hand... a
tiny shoe...
and one little
crack.





Luka's tummy felt twisty.
"Maybe we should hide it,"
he whispered.
Savanna shook her head.
"We tell Mommy."



“But first,” Savanna said,
“let’s try to make it better.”
They gathered soft cloths,
glue, and a tiny brush.
Bella brought a ribbon.
(She thought that might help.)



They cleaned the dust with careful dabs.

“Shhh,” Savanna whispered to the doll.

“We’ll be gentle.”





When Luka held the doll's hand in place,
the room felt... sparkly.
Were those... fairies?

In their imaginations, the living room became a dollhouse town. Teeny fairies carried glittery stardust glue. "We can help," they chimed.



“Hold steady,” said one fairy.
“Patience makes strong mends,” said another.
Luka counted, “One... two... three... hold.”

