

Karic Mini #11 — The Star That Forgot How to Shine

Every night, the sky over Vireth sparkled like a blanket of diamonds — except for one lonely star.

It flickered. It dimmed. And then... it went out.

Down on the quiet hillside, a boy named Arel noticed. He wasn't a wizard, a hero, or anything special. He just didn't like seeing something give up.

So he climbed.

Through wind.

Through darkness.

Past creatures that whispered, *"Go home — the sky doesn't need you."*

But Arel kept going until the world fell away and the silence hummed like a song. There, floating in the void, he found the star — small, cracked, trembling.

"I can't shine anymore," it whispered.

Arel sat beside it. "Then I'll stay with you until you remember."

He told stories. Shared old memories. Laughed. Listened. And slowly, quietly, the star warmed — not bright, not blazing — just enough.

Because sometimes light doesn't come from power.

It comes from being seen.

The star ignited again, gentle but steady, and every other star leaned closer, shining a little kinder that night.

Karic Mini #12 — The Library That Walked Away

Everyone in town loved the library.

Except the library.

It creaked. It sighed. It listened to loud voices and sticky fingers and never heard a simple "thank you." So one dawn, with a groan through its beams, the library lifted its stone steps like feet and walked into the forest.

When the townsfolk woke, they panicked — except for Jun, who simply packed a notebook and followed the trail of fallen leaves and loose bookmarks.

Deep among the trees, Jun found the library resting beside a stream, doors closed tight.

“Why did you leave?” Jun asked softly.

“I hold their dreams,” the library replied, “but they forget I dream, too.”

Jun sat on the roots and wrote a sign:

WE SEE YOU.

WE CARE.

THANK YOU FOR HOLDING OUR STORIES.

The next day, children arrived. Elders, too. They didn’t ask for books. They read *to* the library — favorite lines, old jokes, poems whispered like prayers.

Brick by brick, the building brightened.

And when it finally walked home, it didn’t feel heavy anymore — because gratitude is lighter than wood, and stronger than stone.