

Daisy's Special Steps

A Journey of Understanding and Acceptance

Daisy's Special Steps

Daisy was eight years old and full of big thoughts.

She liked to read, make plans, and knew exactly how she liked things done. She was clever and kind, and sometimes liked being in charge—especially when she played with her little sister, Summer.

Summer was five, with wild curls, bright eyes, and a mind that danced like her feet. Her imagination never stopped—she could turn a cushion into a spaceship, a spoon into a sword, and a Tuesday into a fairy rescue mission.





At home, the sisters played together for hours. Sometimes as princesses, sometimes as superheroes, and sometimes in a made-up world where both existed at once.

But outside? That was trickier.

Town was busy.

There were cars zooming by, people chatting loudly, shop doors opening and closing with little jingles. Daisy walked beside Mum, holding Summer's hand like always.

Summer's eyes darted from side to side, taking in everything. The bright signs, the tall buildings, the flashing lights. She slowed down. Then stopped.

And then—she sank to the ground, curled up small with her hands over her ears and her eyes shut tight.



Daisy crouched beside her. “Summer?”

Summer didn’t answer. A tear slipped down her cheek.

Mum gently touched Daisy’s shoulder. “She’s feeling too much at once,” she whispered. “Sometimes, we have to step into her world to help her come back.”

Daisy knew what that meant. She’d done it before—at home, when they played fairy queens or superhero spies. But outside? It felt different. People could see.

She looked at her little sister, shaking softly on the pavement. And in that moment, Daisy didn’t care who was watching.

She knelt down and took Summer’s hand.

“Princess Summer,” she said, her voice clear and calm, “I am here to guide you through the maze. Quick—only the shiny tiles are safe. We have to jump our way to the end!”

Summer blinked her eyes open. “Shiny tiles?”

Daisy pointed to the glinting patches of pavement where the sun hit just right. “Those. Ready?”

Summer nodded.

Just like that, they were off—leaping from one sunlit tile to the next, dodging cracks and laughing as they “escaped” the invisible traps.

People passed by, but Daisy didn’t notice. She was too busy guiding her sister, one tile at a time.

By the time they reached the corner, Summer was smiling again, cheeks rosy from the fun.

Daisy gave her a wink. “Maze completed.”

Summer threw her arms around her big sister. “You’re the best guide ever.”

And maybe Daisy didn't always feel brave. Maybe she still liked playing pretend at home the most.

But in that moment, outside in the middle of town, she had taken her special steps—and found the magic that lived in Summer's world.

The End.

