



Morning Star's Day

by Kayla Nembhard



The sun peeked over the horizon, painting the sky with streaks of orange and pink. Morning Star yawned, stretching her arms towards the awakening world. The scent of woodsmoke and breakfast filled the air as she rose from her bed of furs.



Morning Star walked outside her family's lodge. The village was already bustling with activity. Children played games, women prepared food, and men sharpened tools. Morning Star's heart filled with joy as she greeted the morning.



Her grandmother, a wise woman with kind eyes, showed Morning Star how to gather berries in the forest. The forest was alive with birdsong and the rustling of leaves. Morning Star carefully filled her basket, learning the names of each plant.



Later, Morning Star helped her mother prepare the day's meal. She learned to grind corn and tend to the fire. Her mother sang ancient songs, sharing stories of their ancestors and the land they loved.



In the afternoon, Morning Star joined the other children in a game of hide-and-seek among the tall trees. Laughter echoed through the forest as they chased each other, their faces bright with happiness. The sun began to set, casting long shadows.



As the stars began to appear, Morning Star sat by the fire with her family. Her father told stories of the brave hunters and the spirits of the land. Morning Star, nestled in her mother's arms, felt safe and loved, ready for another day in her beautiful village.