

The Cocoa Ring

Tale & Teddy

For the family of Noor

For Noor, on Christmas Eve.

Written and illustrated with the help of AI, and checked by us.

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Christmas lights blinked at the window. Noor touched her bedside table. Clunk. The lamp rocked beside her cocoa mug. Miso stared. “One more look, Noor. Then the lamp.”



“Could a biscuit fix it?” asked Noor. She slid a biscuit under the lamp base. Crack. Crumbs skipped across the wood. The lamp still wobbled.



Miso had a question too. Could sitting help? Miso sat on the trouble. The lamp gave a tiny shake. Miso stayed very sure.



“What if I dry it with my sleeve?” said Noor. She rubbed the damp ring with her pajama cuff. The table turned sticky. Her cuff smelled of cocoa. Clunk went the lamp again.



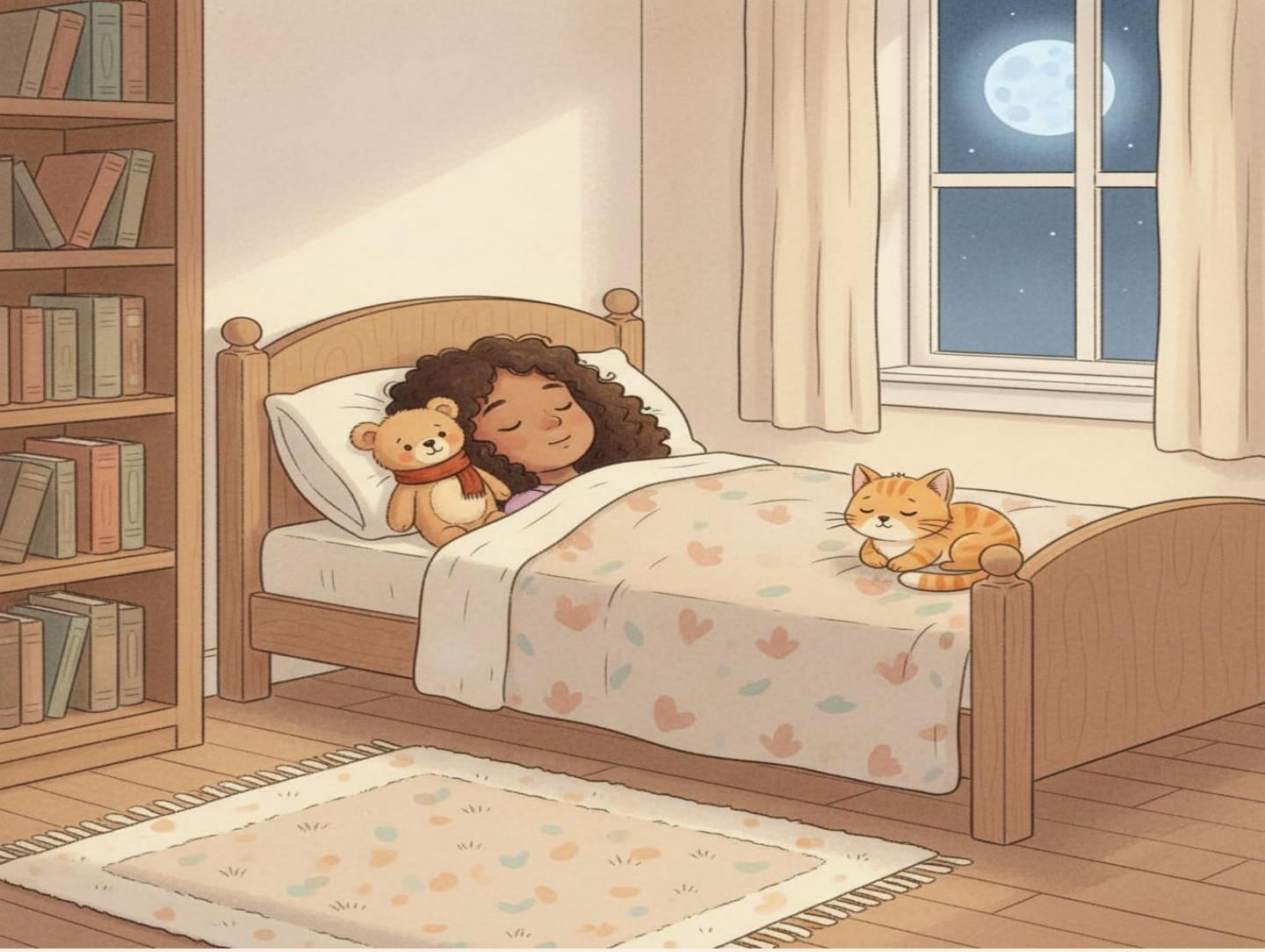
Noor looked at the ring. She looked at the lamp. “What would make this table feel right again?” she asked. “One more look, Noor. Then the lamp.” Snow stayed at the window, where it belonged.



She fetched a baking tray from the kitchen. She laid it on the table. She put the lamp on the smooth metal, and the cocoa mug beside it. Was it flat now? It was. Not a wobble.



Noor set the last biscuit on the tray, away from the lamp. A robin bobbed at the window, as if crumbs were its business. Miso blinked at the still light. The room felt right.



Noor is in bed, and night sits softly round the room. Bramble is tucked under her arm, and Miso curls at her feet. Her eyes are closing.

The end

Sleep tight, Noor.