MADE WITH LITTLE STORYBOOK

The Midnight Mend Shop

A soft little adventure for toys who are loved just as they are.



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CHAPTER 1

The Clock Opens

At midnight, the hallway clock gave one soft click. Thimble woke beneath a velvet spool. “It’s time,” he whispered. Behind the clock, a round door swung open. Honey light spilled out. Thimble stepped onto the ribbon lift. It rose slowly, like a shoelace climbing toward a pocket.

Clover Comes Up

Clover came up on the ribbon lift. Her floppy ear trailed beside her. One stitch had popped free. “Oh, my ear feels droopy,” Clover said. Thimble held out his needle staff. “We can tuck it back,” he said. Bramble held the ribbon steady with both paws.



IN THIS PICTURE
Clover’s loose ear needs a gentle tuck.



IN THIS PICTURE
Zoom’s sleepy spring waits in the lantern light.

Zoom’s Quiet Spring

Zoom arrived without his usual whoosh. Bramble opened his tiny hatch. Inside was a spring, a curled metal piece that helps toys move. It lay loose and still. Thimble lifted a lantern close. No starlight shone. Even the busy shop became quiet. “We’ll help it wake,” said Thimble.

> **WOW FACTS**
> Really true: A wound spring stores energy, ready to move when it unwinds.

More Friends to Mend

Then Tinkle rolled in with Barnaby. Tinkle’s flower paint was rubbed thin. Barnaby’s front wheel gave a wibble-wobble. His side had a scratch, like a mark from a grand slide. Thimble looked at the waiting friends. So many tired places. Bramble poured warm tea. “We have until dawn,” he said.



IN THIS PICTURE
The worktable fills with beloved, tired friends.



2

CHAPTER 2

The Button Tumble

Inside the clock, snip, stitch, snip. Thimble fixed Clover’s floppy ear. His paws went slow. He wanted each thread straight. Bramble sorted golden thread nearby. The lanterns hummed warmly. Outside, the hallway slept. Before dawn, so much waited.

Silver Buttons Roll

Then—plunk! A glass jar tipped. Silver buttons bounced from its mouth. They rolled like tiny moons. One sailed beneath a teacup ladder. Another spun past Barnaby’s wheels. Thimble chased two at once. Bramble caught one in his apron. Everybody giggled.

IN THIS PICTURE
Buttons bounce, roll, and race across the floor.



IN THIS PICTURE
Thimble wonders if every old mark should vanish.



Too Patched?

When the last button stopped, Thimble grew quiet. He held up a patch. “Should we hide every scuff?” he asked. “A scuff is a little rubbed place.” “Could we make everyone look brand-new?” Clover’s floppy ear drooped. Zoom’s spring gave a worried ping.

Clover’s Hug Mark

Clover touched a pale spot on her belly. “That came from bedtime hugs,” she said. “My child squeezed me close, night after night.” Thimble leaned near. The spot was soft, not sad. It held a cozy memory. His needle staff twinkled. What else could these marks remember?

IN THIS PICTURE
Clover’s worn spot holds warm bedtime memories.





CHAPTER 3

Every Scuff Has Love

Zoom tipped up his blue nose. A tiny ding shone there. “I got that on a blanket space trip!” he said. “The blanket was my moon hill.” Thimble’s eyes grew wide. That little mark was not ugly. It held Zoom’s grand, swishy adventure.

Tinkle’s Sleepy Note

Bramble turned Tinkle’s little key, slowly.

A lullaby, a soft sleep song, floated out. Then one place went quiet.

“I played it every night,” whispered Tinkle. “Until my child slept.”

Thimble cupped an ear. The missing sound made him think of warm beds and heavy eyelids.

> **WOW FACTS**
> Really true: turning a music-box key winds a spring inside.

IN THIS PICTURE
Tinkle’s quiet place remembers many sleepy nights.



IN THIS PICTURE
Barnaby's wobbly wheel has been everywhere important.



Barnaby's Busy Wheel

Barnaby click-clacked around the table. His front wheel gave a cheerful wobble.

"See?" he puffed. "That wheel crossed a whole bedroom. Under chairs! Past slippers!"

Thimble watched it bob. It was tired, but brave. He would help it roll safely, without taking away its travel story.

A Mend, Not a Mask

Thimble held up warm golden thread. “I know now,” he said.

“A mend can make things strong. It does not need to hide their stories.”

Together, he and Bramble stitched around Clover’s old patch. The patch stayed right where it belonged: safe, soft, and full of hugs.

IN THIS PICTURE
Golden thread hugs Clover’s beloved old patch.





4

CHAPTER 4

Home Before Dawn

Golden thread slid through every careful stitch. Clover’s floppy ear sat snug again. Zoom’s spring gave a tiny, brave blink. Tinkle’s key no longer stuck. Barnaby’s wobbly wheel rolled straight. Bramble held each toy close. “Safe, strong, and still yours,” said Thimble. The little mends glowed like warm crumbs of sun.

The Lullaby Returns

Tinkle’s little key turned. One soft note floated out. Then another came after it. “A lullaby is a gentle song for sleep,” whispered Bramble. Tinkle played her sleepiest tune. Thimble rested his needle staff beside her. Even Zoom stopped wiggling. Barnaby’s wheels grew still. The whole shop breathed slow and warm.

IN THIS PICTURE
Tinkle’s soft song makes the shop sleepy.



IN THIS PICTURE
The mended toys float home on ribbons.



Ribbon Ride Down

Morning peeked at the curtain in pink light. “Time!” Bramble whispered. The ribbon lift dipped through the clock doorway. Clover, Zoom, Tinkle, and Barnaby climbed aboard. Down they floated, gentle as feathers. Thimble waved his needle staff from above. “Home before eyes open!” he called. The toys sailed toward their sleeping children.

Tea and Yawns

Soon, Clover tucked under a child’s chin. Zoom rested beside another pillow. Tinkle waited by small sleepy hands. Barnaby stood by a blanket fort. Back in the attic, Bramble poured tea. Thimble leaned against the warm teapot. They yawned together. Below, every child hugged something loved. Above, the mend shop glowed quietly.

IN THIS PICTURE
Safe at home, the toys and menders rest.



Check your wonder

1 **Why did Clover have a worn belly spot?**

- **A.** It came from bedtime hugs.
- **B.** It came from falling downstairs.
- **C.** It came from the button spill.

2 **What did Thimble and Bramble do for the toys?**

- **A.** They hid the toys in the attic.
- **B.** They mended the toys with care.
- **C.** They gave the toys new names.

3 **What did the menders leave visible?**

- **A.** The love marks from happy memories.
- **B.** The loose threads and broken parts.
- **C.** The children’s bedroom lights.

4 **How did the story end before morning?**

- **A.** The toys had a party in town.
- **B.** The toys went safely back to their children.
- **C.** The shop stayed busy all day.

ANSWERS 1-A 2-B 3-A 4-B

1. Clover’s soft belly was worn from many loving bedtime hugs. 2. Thimble and Bramble fixed each toy gently and safely. 3. They knew the worn spots held special, happy memories. 4. Before dawn, the toys returned to their sleeping children.

New words

attic
An attic is a room at the top of a house.

spool
A spool is a little tube that holds thread.

mend
To mend is to fix something gently.

scuff
A scuff is a small rubbed mark.

lantern
A lantern is a lamp you can carry.

lullaby
A lullaby is a soft song that helps someone sleep.

dawn
Dawn is when morning light first starts.

ding
A ding is a small bump or dent.

Where we looked

This story came straight from imagination, made just for you.

Goodbye, Thimble, Bramble, and all the sleepy toys. Perhaps tonight, kind hands are mending somewhere nearby. What loving marks might your own favorite toy carry?

THE END

What happy story might be hiding in your favorite toy's smallest scuff?

Make this book about your child

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