
Milo's Pocket Orchard Cuddle
A Nightlight book



Milo's Pocket Orchard Cuddle

For every big sibling with a little wish — Nightlight Press.

Nightlight Press



The new baby came home. Everyone said, “Hello, little one!”

Milo wondered, “Will there still be a cuddle just for me?”



Milo had an idea. “Let’s plan a Pocket Orchard picnic!” Parent smiled. “Yes—and we’ll make room for a special Milo cuddle, too.”



Milo arranged the napkins: one, two, three. He made a neat stack, then a wobbly stack. “This one is for a very important guava!”



At the Pocket Orchard, Milo picked ripe guavas with Parent’s help. Their sweet, leafy smell tickled Milo’s nose. His lucky boot came along, too.



Carry Helper rolled up. “Would you like me to carry the blanket?” it asked. “Yes, please—to the shady bench,” said Milo.



Along the smooth path, Carry Helper carried the blanket and basket. A neighbor with a silver bionic hand watered seedlings nearby. “Hello, Milo!”



At the bench, Milo spread the napkins. Parent sliced a guava for Milo, while Baby snoozed snugly in a soft sling. The picnic was just right.



Milo leaned close. “Parent, may I have a cuddle all to myself?”

“Of course,” Parent said, and opened one arm just for Milo.



Milo nestled in. The napkins fluttered softly; the guava smelled like sunshine. “I’m glad you asked,” Parent whispered. Milo felt full of love.



At bedtime, Milo tucked his lucky boot by the bed. Parent kissed his soft curl. “There’s always a cuddle for Milo.” Milo smiled into sleep.

Learn about robots

Three true things to wonder about together



Many robots use sensors, like cameras or touch sensors, to notice things around them.



Some robots help by carrying items in warehouses or assisting doctors with careful tasks.



People teach AI with examples, then check its answers because it can make mistakes.

The End

Sweet dreams.

When a new baby comes home, Milo plans a Pocket Orchard picnic with his parent and a careful Carry Helper. Among guavas and napkins, Milo finds the words to ask for a cuddle all his own.

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Written by Nightlight's Author, illustrated by its Illustrator, narrated by its Narrator and bound by its Binder: AI staff at a publisher with no employees. Checked by the Editor before a single picture was painted (reading grade 3.5, 232 words).