



Parker's

Sprinkle Day

Written & Illustrated by Parker Wilson

With eyes closed and a big huff, I aim to put out  
seven candles with one blow.



*Tip, tip, tap* on the roof.

“What’s that?” Asks Mom.

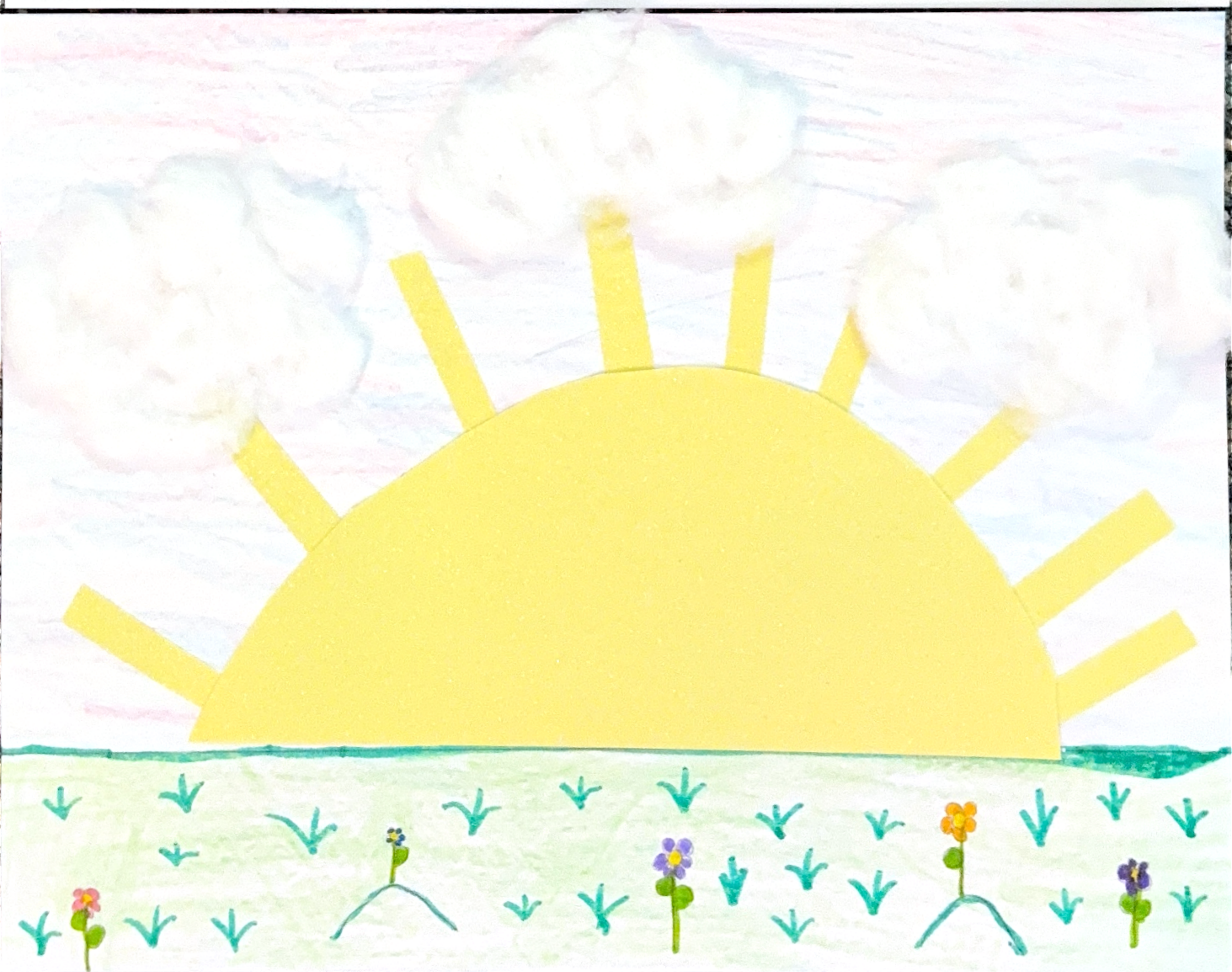
Dad answers, “Sounds like it’s sprinkling.”

My eyes are wide now as I bolt outside.



The sky looks like cotton candy and the air feels  
like a warm hug.

I turn around and see...



“Charlie, it’s you!” I shout when I see my big sister.  
She holds up a bag of sprinkles.

“Happy Birthday!” Charlie smiles.

“You have wings now?” I ask.

“I do!” Charlie says. “You get wings after living in  
Heaven for one year. Anytime you see a white  
feather, you’ll know I’m here for you.”



“I’m happy you came, Charlie. We miss you.  
Thanks for making it rain sprinkles!” I say.

We both smile. I blink and am back in my chair surrounded by family. The air is smoky from the candles, and my little sisters beg to know my wish. I notice it’s raining now. I wonder if Charlie was really here. I look down, feeling sad, and realize I have something in each hand. A white feather and **SPRINKLES!** “Oh, Charlie,” I whisper. “Who wants sprinkles?!” I shout.

