



*To Annabelle,
every tear you shed is precious.
Each one holds light, truth, and a little piece
of the sky.
Beverley*



At the edge of the world, where the sky touched the mountains and dreams whispered on the wind, lived a girl named Lumi.

She wore a cloak stitched with silver threads and carried a glass vial that shimmered with the light of a thousand emotions.

By day, she slept in the quiet folds of clouds.

But at night — when the world wept quietly and no one was watching — Lumi went walking.

Because Lumi had a gift: She could catch falling tears... and turn them into stars.



She didn't knock on doors or speak aloud. She simply appeared — in the corner of a quiet room, beside a trembling bed, or near a lonely window fogged by sighs.

She held out her vial, and the tears — whether of sadness or joy — floated gently toward her, shimmering like raindrops made of memory.

Some were silver. Some were blue. Some sparkled golden with laughter. Each one, a story waiting to be set free.



When her vial was full, Lumi climbed the spiral stairs of starlight that led to her sky-forge — a little round room tucked between the clouds, where the moon kept her company and the wind held its breath.

There, she lit her forge with a spark of comet flame and stirred the tears gently in a crystal bowl, whispering to each one:

“Thank you for being brave.”

“Thank you for being real.”

“Thank you for letting go.”

Then, one by one, she shaped them into stars.



Each star was different. Some glowed warm like candlelight. Some twinkled sharp and blue, like frost. Some pulsed softly, like a heartbeat just before sleep.

Lumi placed them gently into her satchel made of midnight thread.

Then she stepped out onto the sky-bridge, where the wind curled around her like a song, and tossed the stars into the night.

One by one, they soared upward — dancing, spinning, shining — until they found their place among the constellations.



Down below, children who cried themselves to sleep sometimes woke to find a new star twinkling through their window.

They didn't know where it came from. But something about it made their hearts feel lighter — as if their sadness had floated away while they dreamed.

Lumi never stayed to be thanked. She simply watched from above, her eyes full of light...

...and something else.

Something she had never named. A soft ache that grew quietly inside her chest.

Because Lumi had collected every kind of tear — except her own.



One night, the stars were especially quiet.
Even the moon blinked slower than usual.

Lumi stood at the edge of her forge, her
satchel empty, her vial still and waiting.

No tears came.

Not from windows.

Not from pillows.

Not even from the sky.

And for the first time, Lumi felt something stir
behind her ribs — a heaviness, warm and
sharp all at once.

She clutched her cloak close and whispered
into the wind, "I don't know how."



The wind quieted. The stars held their breath.

And in the hush of her own silence, Lumi felt it — a single tear, rising slowly from the place where she kept all her unspoken things.

Not a tear from watching others. Not a tear she collected. But hers.

It slipped down her cheek, shimmering violet and gold, and fell into her open hand.

She looked at it, eyes wide. It sparkled with sadness, yes — but also with softness. With truth.

She smiled.

Then whispered, "Thank you."



Lumi carried the tear to her forge, lit the flame with trembling fingers, and gently placed her own sorrow in the crystal bowl.

The colours danced — lavender, rose, and silver — like a memory that had been waiting to breathe.

She shaped the star carefully, slowly, smoothing its edges, polishing its glow. It was the smallest she had ever made — and somehow, the brightest.

When it was ready, she walked to the sky-bridge once more... but this time, before she let it go, she placed it over her heart.

"You are part of me," she whispered. "But you don't have to stay heavy."



With a deep breath, Lumi stepped to the edge of the sky.

The stars above shimmered gently, as if they, too, had been waiting.

She opened her hand — and released her tear-turned-star into the wind.

It rose slowly at first, then caught a current of light, spiralling higher and higher until it burst into brilliance... and hung in the sky like a beacon — soft, bold, free.

For a moment, everything stilled.

Then — one by one — dozens of new stars bloomed across the heavens, as if the sky had exhaled.



That night, children all over the world looked up and saw a new star shining brighter than the rest.

They didn't know where it came from — but somehow, they felt seen. Felt lighter. Felt... understood.

And high above them, in her forge among the clouds, Lumi curled beneath her starlight cloak, her vial resting by her side — empty, for now.

She smiled, because she finally knew:

Even her own tears could make something beautiful.

And sometimes, the brightest stars come from the quietest cries.



A Note to the Reader

If you have ever cried — because you were sad, scared, overwhelmed, or even filled with joy — know this:

Your tears are not weakness. They are water and wonder. They are your heart making room for something new.

Like Lumi, you carry light inside you. And every time you let your feelings fall gently out, you help the stars shine a little brighter.

Keep feeling.

Keep shining.

Beverley Lilliann Alice Joubert

A magical, emotional tale
about a girl who transforms
sorrow into starlight, then
discovers the brightest stars
may come from her own tears.

Beverley Lilliann Alice Joubert
believes in stories with heart and
a little bit of magic.

The Girl Who Turned Tears into Stars
is her debut picture book.

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