

Cinnamoroll and the Gentle Promise of the Cloud Caf  

High above the quiet city, where rooftops looked like soft tiles and the sky felt close enough to touch, Cinnamoroll floated gently with his long ears spread wide. The clouds were calm that evening, moving slowly as if they were listening. Cinnamoroll loved this hour, when the air grew sleepy and the world below softened its noise. He carried a small bell tied with a blue ribbon, a gift from Milk, and it chimed lightly whenever he drifted. Tonight felt special, though he could not explain why. At the Cloud Caf  , warm lights glowed like tiny stars. Inside, Cappuccino carefully arranged cups, Mocha checked the oven, Chiffon hummed a cheerful tune, Espresso read notes with serious focus, and Milk watched everything with bright eyes. The caf   was more than a place to serve sweets. It was where feelings rested after long days. Cinnamoroll landed softly at the door, smiling. "I brought the evening breeze with me," he said, shaking his ears so the bell rang. "Perfect timing," Mocha replied. "The last batch needs calm air to rise just right." Milk hopped closer. "Do you think stories taste better at night?" Milk asked. Cinnamoroll knelt to Milk's height. "Yes," he said gently. "They do. Especially when shared." As customers arrived, something unusual happened. A small cloud near the window dimmed, losing its glow. Then another cloud outside faded, drifting lower than it should. Espresso noticed first. "This is not normal," Espresso said. "Clouds do not lose light unless they are tired." Chiffon stopped humming. "Can clouds be tired like us?" Cinnamoroll felt the bell go quiet. He looked outside and sensed a heaviness in the air, like a long sigh. "Maybe they need comfort," he said. "Just like anyone else." The friends gathered around a table. They decided to listen to the clouds rather than fix them quickly. Cinnamoroll closed his eyes and focused on the soft sounds outside. He heard whispers of long days holding up the sky, of carrying dreams, of being stepped on by worries that floated upward. "They are holding too much," Cinnamoroll said softly. "They need a promise that they can rest." Mocha tilted her head. "A promise?" "Yes," Cinnamoroll replied. "A simple one. That they are not alone." Cappuccino brought out warm cocoa and set cups near the window, not for drinking, but for sharing warmth. Chiffon folded napkins into tiny hearts. Espresso wrote a short message on a card, careful with each word. Milk tugged Cinnamoroll's ear. "What can I do?" "Be honest," Cinnamoroll answered. "Tell them how you feel." Milk stood by the open window and spoke with a clear voice. "I feel safe when you are bright," Milk said. "But I also want you to rest. We will wait." The clouds seemed to pause. One by one, their glow returned, not brighter than before, but steadier. The air lightened, and the bell on Cinnamoroll's ribbon chimed again. Customers smiled without knowing why. The caf   felt cozier, as if the night had tucked itself in. Later, when the caf   quieted, the friends sat together. Cinnamoroll shared a story, not loud, not grand, but warm. He spoke about listening before acting, about kindness that does not rush. "Bedtime is not the end of the day," he said. "It is the beginning of rest." Milk leaned against him, sleepy. "Will the clouds remember?" "They will," Cinnamoroll replied. "Promises that come from care always stay." Outside, the sky held steady. The city slept. And in the Cloud Caf  , a gentle promise floated on, soft as a lullaby, ready to be shared again tomorrow.