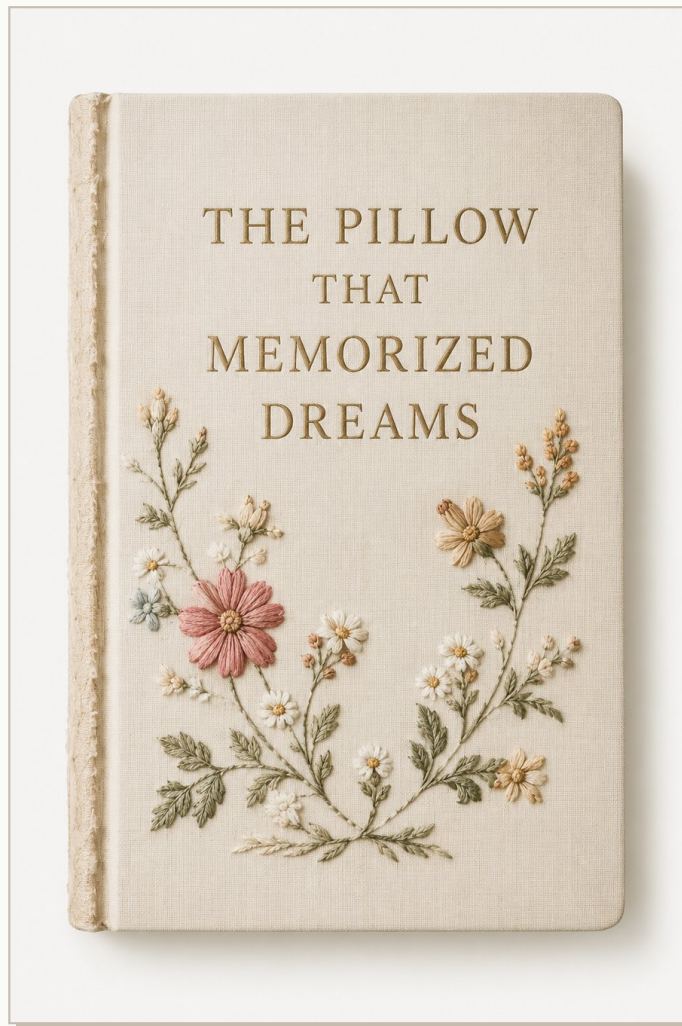


YOUR *Collected* ROOM

AN ORIGINAL SHORT STORY



The Pillow That Memorized Dreams

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A story for the cozy bedroom

yourcollectedroom.com

Mara knew the pillow was strange on the first morning.

She woke with sunlight on her nose, one foot outside the blankets, and the unmistakable feeling that someone had whispered her name.

“Mara.”

She sat up.

Her room was empty.

The curtains stirred beside the window. Her books were stacked crookedly on the nightstand. Her sweater was still hanging from the bedpost where she had left it.

Nothing unusual.

Except for the pillow.

Across its cream-colored fabric, where there had always been three tiny embroidered flowers, there was now a fourth.

A silver one.

Mara leaned closer.

She was certain it hadn't been there yesterday.



The next morning, there were five flowers.

And beside them, a tiny embroidered moon.

Mara stared at it.

She remembered the moon.

She had dreamed she was walking through a forest at midnight, following a trail of floating lanterns. At the end of the trail, the moon had been waiting for her on a little wooden swing.

She hadn't told anyone.

Not even Juniper, her cat, who generally knew everything.

Mara touched the silver moon.

The pillow gave the tiniest sigh.

Then it whispered:

“Don't forget.”

Mara jumped backward.

Juniper jumped too, although mostly because Mara had landed on her tail.

“You heard that, right?”

Juniper blinked.

This was not helpful.



Every morning after that, something new appeared.

A golden key.

A blue feather.

A tiny green boat.

A staircase that seemed to lead nowhere.

Each one belonged to a dream Mara had almost forgotten.

And when she touched them, pieces of the dreams came rushing back.

The smell of rain.

The sound of a hundred clocks ticking backward.

A city built inside the branches of an enormous tree.

A fox wearing yellow boots who had told her something terribly important.

Mara just couldn't remember what.

Soon the pillow was covered in memories.

But then, one Tuesday morning, Mara woke to find something different.

A blank space.

Right in the middle of all the embroidery.

And underneath it were two small words.

FIND ME.

That night, Mara went to bed early.
She arranged the pillow carefully.
 “I’m ready,” she whispered.
Nothing happened.
She closed her eyes.
Still nothing.
Then she remembered the lantern forest.
The moon on the swing.
The fox in yellow boots.
And suddenly—
Mara was dreaming.
She stood in a room that looked almost like hers.
Almost.
The walls stretched higher.
The curtains floated without wind.
Books fluttered overhead like birds.
And every dream the pillow had saved was there.
The green boat sailed across the rug.
The golden key hovered near the window.
The blue feather spun slowly above her bed.

At the far end of the room sat the fox.

Yellow boots and all.

“You forgot something,” he said.

“I know,” Mara answered. “What was it?”

The fox smiled.

“Dreams aren’t only for remembering.”

He pointed toward the blank space on the pillow.

“They’re for making.”

Mara looked down.

In her hand was a needle threaded with golden light.

“So what goes there?”

“That,” said the fox, “is entirely up to you.”



Mara thought.

Then she began to stitch.

She stitched a little house with enormous windows.

She stitched books piled everywhere.

She stitched flowers growing over a doorway and a table long enough for everyone she loved.

She stitched Juniper sleeping in a patch of sun.

And in the middle of it all, she stitched herself.

Not dreaming.

Making.



The next morning, Mara opened her eyes.

Sunlight filled the room.

Juniper was asleep on her feet.

And the pillow looked exactly as it had the night before.

Almost.

In the blank space was one new picture.

A tiny golden house.

Mara smiled.

She didn't know whether she would live there someday.

Maybe she would.

Maybe she wouldn't.

But now she understood what the pillow had been trying to tell her.

Some dreams are meant to be remembered.

Some are meant to disappear.

And some—

some are waiting for you to wake up and begin.

The End

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