

Storytime with Dad

The Lollipop Lesson

Welcome to Storytime with Dad! Today we will be reading The Lollipop Lesson.

In a quiet, sparkling valley beyond the Gumdrop Hills and just past the Chocolate Chip Mountains, there lived a unicorn named Sprinkle.

Sprinkle was no ordinary unicorn. His mane shimmered in colors that changed with his mood - sunset orange when he was happy, peppermint green when he was curious, and bubblegum pink when he was deep in thought. His hooves left a trail of glitter with every step, and his horn gave off a soft glow whenever he felt joy.

But what truly made Sprinkle special wasn't his colors or his glow - it was his love for lollipops.

Sprinkle didn't just like lollipops the way someone might like sunny days or bouncy balls. He adored them. Every morning, he woke up and reached for his favorite flavor of the day. Maybe blueberry swirl. Maybe fizzy apple. Maybe tangerine sparkle with popping sugar on the edges.

He didn't eat them for breakfast - Sprinkle still enjoyed oats and strawberries in the morning - but he always had one afterward, like a reward for waking up and brushing his mane.

Sprinkle's collection was legendary. He had cabinets full of rare flavors from all across the land. He knew how to make his own too, using wild berries and sugar crystals and the sweet nectar of hummingblossom flowers.

One afternoon, as he sat under a cotton candy tree licking a watermelon-peach pop, Sprinkle sighed a contented sigh. The breeze was gentle. The sun felt like a warm hug. The world felt... perfect.

And that's when the idea came to him.

"If lollipops make me this happy," he thought, "maybe they'll make everyone happy."

So Sprinkle trotted into the heart of Sparkle Town, a cozy little village nestled between gumdrop gardens and gingerbread lanes. He found an old empty shop with a crooked roof and dusty windows, and with a little unicorn magic and a lot of paint, he turned it into something marvelous.

He built shelves from peppermint bark, polished the counters until they shone like sugar glass, and decorated the walls with murals of lollipop forests and candy clouds. The shop smelled like vanilla and dreams.

He named it Sprinkle's Lickety Pop Shop, and on opening day, he hung a sign outside that read:

"Come One, Come All - Smiles and Sweets Await!"

The town was buzzing with excitement. The mayor came by with her ribbon-cutting scissors. Kids skipped all the way from school to be the first in line. Even the grumpy old goat from the edge of town smiled as he tasted a maple-bacon swirl.

Sprinkle beamed with pride. He had done it. He was sharing his joy with the world.

Weeks went by, and business was better than he had ever imagined. He had to get up extra early just to keep up with the demand. He mixed flavors late into the night, testing and tasting until he found just the right blend.

Sprinkle was happy - but tired.

Then one evening, just after closing, a soft knock came at the door.

Sprinkle opened it and found a tall figure standing in the fading light. He wore a long green coat with golden buttons, a wide-brimmed hat pulled low over his eyes, and a satchel slung across his shoulder that jingled like glass bottles clinking together.

Without a word, the stranger stepped inside and looked around. He sniffed the air once, then gave a quiet nod of approval.

"You make fine lollipops," he said at last, his voice smooth like syrup.

Sprinkle, flattered and curious, nodded. "Thank you. I love them."

The man set his satchel gently on the counter and opened it.

Inside was a velvet-lined box filled with the most dazzling lollipops Sprinkle had ever seen. They shimmered with color, sparkled like starlight, and gave off little jingles when they moved. One lollipop even floated in mid-air.

"These," the man said, "are magic."

Sprinkle didn't ask where they came from or how they worked. He was too amazed. Too excited. He imagined the faces of the townsfolk - how much they'd smile, how much they'd cheer. These weren't just lollipops. These were wonders.

So Sprinkle bought them all.

The next morning, he set them carefully on a special shelf near the front of the store, labeled:

"Try Something Truly Magical!"

People went wild for them.

Children laughed so hard after trying one that they rolled on the floor, hiccupping sparkles. Adults found themselves singing songs they hadn't sung since they were young. A baker claimed his sore back disappeared after one lick. Even the mayor declared it a "lollipop miracle."

Sprinkle could barely keep them in stock.

Each day, he ordered more. Each day, he sold out. Soon, the other flavors were forgotten. People stopped asking for anything except the magic pops.

And the town began to change.

The line outside his shop grew longer, stretching past the muffin mill and all the way to the gumdrop fountain. People got pushy. They argued over who was first. Some tried to sneak in before opening. One person even offered to trade their house for a whole box.

Sprinkle started to worry, but he didn't want to disappoint anyone. So he kept selling.

And selling.

And selling.

Until one day, it happened.

The moment the doors opened, the crowd surged in like a stampede. Shelves crashed. Counters cracked. Candy flew through the air like confetti in a storm. Someone knocked over the jellybean display and slipped into the cookie tower. The floating lollipop burst with a POP! and covered everyone in sticky mist.

When the chaos stopped, the store was wrecked.

Sprinkle stood in the middle, surrounded by broken jars, melting candy, and trampled sweets. The townsfolk stood silently, their faces sticky and confused. One by one, they turned and walked away.

The lollipop shop was silent.

Sprinkle sat down, his mane dull and drooping. He didn't feel sparkly. He didn't feel proud. He just felt... sad.

Later that night, the mysterious salesman returned. He stepped over a cracked jawbreaker and looked around.

"I warned you," he said quietly.

Sprinkle shook his head. "You didn't."

The man didn't argue. He simply picked up one of the broken lollipop sticks, turned it over in his hands, and said, "Too much of a good thing can ruin the very joy it brings."

Then he left, his coat fluttering in the wind.

Sprinkle stayed up all night cleaning his shop. He didn't understand what the salesman was talking about, how could that man blame a poor unicorn? How was this his fault? He thought he was just bringing happiness to the town, but it was worrying how the people had changed. They were selfish, they were mean, this was not at all what he wanted.

Days passed and the shop was eventually all cleaned up. Sprinkle restocked the shelves, and little by little the townsfolk decided to return. Sprinkle didn't save any of the broken magic pops, though. He swept them away and the shelves only had the regular flavors. The same ones he had always loved.

And something amazing happened. Perhaps, Sprinkle thought, there was truth to what the salesman had said. Maybe, instead of sharing his love for lollipops with people, he had gotten greedy. He liked their love, their affection, and all the attention. Instead of sharing his love for lollipops with them, it had become about how much of their attention he could get!

"Oh, wow." Sprinkle said.

The people did come back - not to rush or fight - but to say hello. To smile. To try an old favorite. A boy thanked him for his blueberry pops. A grandmother asked if he still made lavender swirl. Even the grumpy goat bought two but said only one was for him.

Sprinkle still loved lollipops. That never changed. And the town eventually, a little embarrassed, came back to Sprinkle's shop.

But now, instead of trying to win their love, he shared what he loved. Slowly, sweetly, and with the hope that he was making their lives a little better with each treat.

The End.



Whoa! That was an amazing story! I'd like to send my congratulations to Sprinkle! Running a lollipop store would be fun, but a lot of work. It's good that lollipops were his passion - inventing new flavors and sharing them with the world is a really cool thing to enjoy.

Speaking of cool things, this story was based on an idea that one of my listeners sent in! Maya, thank you for the amazing idea! This story is for you, your sister and brother: Haven and Nox. I really enjoyed the story you sent me, and I hope you like the version I made out of it. For everyone else listening, if you want to hear Maya read her own version, you can listen to it at the end of this episode as a fun bonus!

So, what did you think of Sparkle's story? I'm honestly impressed with what Sparkle learned. It would have been really easy to say he didn't cause any problem for the townspeople because, honestly, the salesman is the one who made the magic lollipops! But, it's really neat that Sparkle realized he was the one who decided to sell them to the townspeople. I guess there are a few good lessons here, huh?

Perhaps, too much of a good thing can be a bad thing! The townspeople went crazy with the lollipops and I think they all regretted it later. But also, Sparkle really, really wanted attention. Much more than he should have. It's a good lesson for all of us - being loved is great, but we don't need to go out of our way to make people chase us all the time. For my older listeners, this is the danger with social media. Be careful, and don't forget the lesson Sparkle had to learn!

On that note, Maya, here's the story you sent me in your own words.

<Maya's story plays>

Absolutely amazing. You are a great storyteller, keep up the good work!

To all my listeners, if you have your own ideas please share them with me at:
hello@storytimewithdad.com.

I look forward to hearing from you!

Thank you for listening and I'll see you again next time.

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