

Justicia, magia y la valentía que lo
cambia todo.

Kidz Kourt Room

El tribunal de los sueños



FREE PREVIEW · FIRST 6 CHAPTERS

Ten days. One false accusation.
And five kids who refuse to stay quiet.

An ordinary morning turns into the start of the wildest adventure of their lives: Mia, Julian, Samuel, Ana, and Rebecca find an injured pigeon on the sidewalk — and seconds later, the drone that was chasing it crashes at their feet, destroyed. Before they can explain a thing, the powerful Apex corporation has already pointed the finger at them. The principal gives them ten days to prove their innocence.

You're about to read the first six full chapters of KidzKourtRoom: The Court of Dreams — the English-language adaptation of the original Spanish middle-grade adventure and mystery novel, for readers ages 8 to 14.

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The complete novel is currently available in Spanish on Amazon (KidzKourtRoom: El tribunal de los sueños). This English sample is shared for preview purposes.

1

The Crash That Changed Everything

If you ever see a fallen bird next to broken glass, don't just keep walking — that might be exactly where your story begins.

That morning started like any other — sunlight bouncing off windows, dry leaves skittering down the sidewalk.

Mia, Julian, Samuel, Ana, and Rebecca were walking to school early, like they did every day. They talked about homework, internet memes, and whatever random stuff popped into their heads.

Mia hugged her favorite notebook to her chest — the one full of lion and African-animal sketches — while Julian showed everyone the latest meme before the bell could ruin it.

Samuel, eyes glued to his watch, called out:

“Come on, hustle up, we’re gonna be late.”

Ana was busy hunting for shapes in the handful of clouds still hanging around at that hour, while Rebecca — as usual — was the one keeping everybody calm.

“Relax, we’re almost there.”

Right then, a beat-up truck with the Apex logo rumbled past, and the conversation turned to the company. They repeated the rumors going around the neighborhood — that it was best not to get too close, that they were hiding something.

Suddenly, a crash cut through the chatter — the unmistakable sound of shattering glass.

The group froze. Then they crept toward where the sound had come from.

“Look at that...” Mia whispered, pointing at a white pigeon lying on the sidewalk.

She couldn't finish the sentence. She hugged her notebook tighter, crouched down, and gently scooped the bird into her hands. She blew softly on its beak.

An image flashed through her mind — Finn, her beloved goldfish, and his empty bowl. Maybe it was the colors in the feathers. She held the pigeon carefully, but its eyes stayed half-closed.

Julian already had his phone up, recording.

“This is going straight online. I'd bet anything this is an Apex thing. We can't just let it slide.”

Samuel checked his watch again. Ana and Rebecca moved closer to help.

“Come on, little guy, move. Or we'll have to carry you, okay?” Rebecca said, eyes on the pigeon.

The pigeon didn't respond to anything they tried, so they stopped pushing. Mia and Ana set it back down exactly where they'd found it.

Julian kept staring at the windows the bird had slammed into.

“Something's off about these panels — they look like the mirrors you'd see at a carnival.”

That's when a frantic flapping made them all jump. Another pigeon — this one covered in bright colors — was zigzagging through the

branches of a nearby tree.

It was fleeing a silver drone with a blue triangle painted on the side. The drone chased it at full speed, rotors roaring.

The bird managed to dodge between the branches, but the drone clipped one clumsily, spun out, and smashed to pieces just a few feet from the kids.

A small plastic tag fell right at Mia's feet — a blue triangle, faded lettering, and the inscription "ApexD." It was still warm, but she picked it up anyway and slid it into her pocket.

The colorful pigeon dropped, exhausted, its feathers catching the morning sun. Without thinking, Mia scooped it up.

"You're alive... thank goodness. I already lost one — I'm not losing another," Mia murmured.

They gathered around the injured bird. Rebecca let out a breath when she saw its chest rise and fall.

Its wings trembled, quick and delicate, like the dry leaves still skittering down the street.

Mia couldn't look away, and — like the pigeon could actually understand her — she spoke to it:

"You're safe with us now. We'll protect you... and we're calling you Pippin."

Pippin barely breathed. And in Mia's pocket, something buzzed.



2

The Feather Lady

When an old woman shouts “At the count of ten!” — you’d better listen up.

That’s when they noticed an old woman watching them from across the street. Around here, running into unfamiliar faces wasn’t unusual, so at first, nobody paid her any attention.

The woman crossed the street toward them, walking unsteadily, leaning on a cane. She wore a scarf in colors that had long since faded.

She planted herself in front of the group. Her trembling finger pointed at the motionless pigeon, then — still talking — toward the house where the crash had happened.

“At the count of ten, they’ll save a man!” she suddenly shouted, then let out a cackle that gave them all goosebumps.

Then her voice dropped to almost a whisper. She looked them over like she was sizing them up.

“Not everyone at Apex is bad, no matter what people say,” she said slowly, “but some of them stopped listening a long time ago.”

She pulled a handful of colorful feathers from her pocket.

“One for each of you.” She placed them in their hands, unhurried. “Don’t expect them to tell you what to do. They only pulse when someone’s telling the truth. The rest... you’ll figure out.”

She closed Mia’s fingers around hers — the only multicolored one.

“Or maybe you won’t.”

The moment Mia touched it, she felt a faint pulse, like the feather was breathing against her palm.

Without another word, the old woman turned and walked away, just as suddenly as she’d appeared.

Before turning the corner, she glanced back at them one last time. She didn’t smile. Then she was gone.



3

Feathered Heartbeats

A signal that pulses in your hand doesn't take orders — it answers when it feels like it.

Nobody said anything for a moment. They stood there, breathing hard, still holding their feathers, trying to process what had just happened.

Mia looked down at the one in her hand, then around at the group, and — a little nervous — blurted out the first thing that came to mind:

“Okay, let’s just go with it. These feathers are like... I don’t know, signals? Guides to something?”

Ana gripped hers tightly.

“Guess we’ll have to figure them out,” she said, still unsure.

She held hers up to the sun to peer through it. Nothing happened... until she felt the faintest current run through her fingers, like it was breathing against her skin.

“I don’t get it,” Ana pushed. “It just... answers when it feels like it? Do we have to program it or something? Who’s supposed to explain how these work?”

Julian scoffed, but tried anyway:

“Okay... Feather, do something dumb right now!”

He waited a few seconds, then burst out laughing.

“Nothing. Ha! Fail — see, this is exactly why I don’t buy it.”

Mia tucked hers away and shot back:

“Maybe because you didn’t ask for anything useful, genius.”

Once the shock wore off a little, the questions started.

“If these things actually did anything, they’d at least come with snacks, right?” Julian grumbled.

Samuel, lost in thought, couldn’t stop staring at the house across the street: number ten.

A man? House number ten? What if these feathers are like... good-luck charms? This is so weird. We need to find out what’s going on in that house, he thought.

He scribbled it all down in his notebook, fast, along with something he’d just remembered: last week, someone had spray-painted the outline of a tiny drone on a wall at school. The janitor scrubbed it off almost immediately, but Samuel had caught a glimpse.

Rebecca — always the one to connect the dots — spoke up:

“Okay, let’s do this. Let’s figure out how it works. We’ll run it like a secret club,” she proposed, raising her fist. “We’ve got way too many questions not to.”

She rested a hand on Mia’s shoulder.

“Let’s follow the clues. Watch the windows, talk to the neighbors, and take care of Pippin.”

When Samuel glanced back at the house, he noticed something none of them wanted to say out loud: the window of the mysterious house didn't look so empty anymore. A light had just switched on.

4

The Vanishing Bird

It was right there... and then, poof. Gone.

They started walking again, slower now, still glancing back at the corner where the old woman had disappeared. They made it just in time to line up and head into class with everyone else.

At recess, the playground filled with the usual running and shouting, same as any other day. Nobody so much as glanced at the wall where the drone outline had shown up the week before. The bell rang, and everyone filed back inside.

By the long lunch recess, egged on by their classmates, the kids headed back to where they'd left the bird.

They scanned the sidewalk up and down, stopping at every little pile of leaves.

But they got a shock. There was nothing there — no pigeon, not a single white feather. It was like someone had carefully taken it away.

Mia stared down at the empty patch of sidewalk where she was sure it had been. It took her a few seconds to find her voice.

“What happened?” she asked, eyes scanning the area.

“Maybe the company took it...” Julian raised his phone out of habit, then lowered it without filming anything. “Or someone did, out of pity. I don’t know.”

“Are you sure there was even a bird?” a classmate called out from behind them.

Samuel didn’t answer. He just stared at the ground — no feather, no stain, nothing. Too clean. He made a note of it.

They walked back to school in silence.

Samuel trailed behind the others. Before heading inside, he glanced back at the sidewalk one more time.

That’s when he spotted something stuck to the edge of the glass — a tiny blue dot, almost invisible, shaped like a triangle.

“A cat didn’t do that,” he murmured.



5

The Secret Map

A scribble on a piece of paper can hide what an entire house is trying to bury.

Julian already had his phone out, and wasted no time filling the group in on what he'd found:

"There's a ton of posts online about Apex. Some neighbors are saying their colored glass attracts birds — and that they're using it to run tests on them."

"So that means more trouble?" Samuel asked.

"Or better — more mysteries to solve," Ana challenged. "Let's use what we've already got," she went on. "We could start with the mystery house — number ten, the same number the old woman kept saying."

It wasn't the first time they'd teamed up for something, but this time felt different — bigger, somehow.

"Okay, team: we've got each other's backs on this," Mia said, folding a sheet of paper with determination.

Julian took the chance to scroll through his phone again.

"Hey, people online are saying Apex is seriously powerful... What if we post something with #PippinLives and see how people react?"

Samuel, flipping through photos on his phone, found one he'd stumbled across at the library while looking for puzzle magazines. It

showed an old woman with a cane, standing in front of house number ten, while a couple of men dragged her away from it.

He jotted down a few theories in his notebook, scribbling nonstop. He muttered:

“As for the pigeon... maybe it got its strength back. Or a cat got it.”

Ana looked around and sighed.

“That old woman definitely knows what happened.”

By the end of the day, everyone headed home. That night, each of them couldn't stop turning something over in their head.

Samuel couldn't let go of the number: why ten, and not some other number? He wrote it down before bed.

Ana kept thinking about the old woman. What if she really had said a prophecy?

Mia barely thought about any of that. She just sat watching Pippin sleep in his box, quietly asking him what had happened.

The rumor caught fire fast, and it looked like it was about to become the talk of the whole school hallway.

The next morning, they met up early under the tree that was quickly becoming their unofficial headquarters. They were taking this seriously now.

“Tomorrow I'll check if any of the neighboring houses have security footage,” Mia offered.

Sitting in a circle, almost like they were trading playing cards, they passed around notes and scraps of paper they'd scribbled the night before. They planned to check the windows together, talk to the neighbors, and compare notes afterward.

The group chat kept buzzing late into the night — photos of windows, half-baked theories, and Julian's memes doing their best to hide how nervous he actually was.

6

Ten Days to Save Ourselves

Two hundred forty hours, and one accusation they had to stop.

Barely a day had passed since the incident. Mid-morning, right before first recess, a secretary's sharp voice cut through the classroom over the intercom:

“Mia, Julian, Samuel, Ana, and Rebecca, sixth grade — please report to the principal's office right now.”

The announcement caught them off guard, just like it did everyone else in the room. None of them had ever heard someone get called down like that — let alone to the principal's office.

Under their breath, they whispered to each other, wondering if this had something to do with Apex.

Julian was already sure of it. He shoved his hands in his pockets and grumbled, frustrated:

“Apex, again! When my dog Bruce ran off into the woods because one of their drones spooked him, they didn't even bother taking responsibility.”

Mia touched her backpack, like she was comforting Pippin inside, and tried to keep everyone calm:

“Whatever it is, we'll explain. I'm sure they'll actually listen to what we have to say.”

Ana, feather still in hand, twirled it near her nose, trying to steady her nerves.

With no other option, they made their way to the office.

Julian, nervous, kept swiping through his phone without stopping.

“Look, this is blowing up,” he said. “Apex is everywhere. So many headlines. They say the company buys up houses and tears them down to build new developments. There’s old news stories too — angry neighbors, birds falling out of the sky. Their ads keep repeating the same line: ‘Progress at no cost.’ Yeah, right.”

“So it’s not just the weird glass...” Samuel murmured, still staring at his phone.

When they reached Principal Thompson’s office, he was reviewing paperwork, brow furrowed. Standing beside him was Vice Principal Kent, arms crossed, dressed in a sharp suit. An Apex pin gleamed on his lapel.

On the desk, a small black feather let out a faint hum, like the echo of a bee.

Kent glanced at it sideways. The Apex pin on his lapel gave the faintest shiver. He didn’t say anything, but he straightened his back like someone had just given him an order.

Once the kids settled into their seats across from the two men, the principal adjusted his glasses and let a long pause stretch out.

“I want to let you know that Apex, along with a few neighbors, have filed a complaint against you. You’re being accused of mistreating a bird and destroying a valuable piece of equipment,” he said, slamming a hand on the desk. “In twenty years as principal — and this close to retirement — I’ve never felt this embarrassed. You have ten days, starting tomorrow, to

prove otherwise.”

“If you don’t,” he added, “there will be a formal report filed for animal cruelty, and most likely legal action against your parents for property damage. In the meantime, as a temporary punishment, recess privileges are suspended.”

Kent nodded, though his eyes kept drifting toward the feather, like he was waiting for some kind of signal. He clenched his jaw, straightened his tie, and, in a forced voice, declared:

“Nothing personal, kids. Those are just the rules.”

In the silence that followed, Mia adjusted the backpack where Pippin was riding. She stepped forward, and — her voice shaking only on the first word — said:

“That’s not true! The white pigeon was already lying there. And Apex was the one chasing the other bird — a colorful one. We’re the ones protecting it. We named him Pippin.”

Julian, true to his sarcastic self, cut in:

“We broke that super-drone? Come on, Principal, you can’t be serious.”

Samuel, the note-taker, who up until then had just been watching quietly, kept his pencil pressed to the paper. Sweat ran down his forehead as he wrote: I have to write this down so people believe us. His mouth went dry. He thought about the look his dad was going to give him.

“That’s all. There’s nothing more to discuss,” the principal concluded, not looking at them.

Mr. Kent turned toward the door and, with a gesture, pointed them toward the exit. He waited until they’d filed out, then shut it behind them in one sharp motion.



Ten days to save themselves. Will they make it?

The full story is available now in Spanish — KidzKourtRoom: El tribunal de los sueños — in paperback and on Kindle.

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Thank you for reading.