

## ***Starry's Winter Warmth* — The True Beginning of Shooting Stars Treats**

Shooting Stars Treats began on a winter morning when the world felt cold enough to crack. Frost glazed the windows, the air was sharp, and the house was quiet except for the soft rustle of Starry shifting in her sleep.

Starry was impossible to miss — a sweep of midnight fur, thick and plush like a winter cloak, warm as a fire when she curled against you. When she ran, that tiny flash of white beneath her tail appeared like a comet streaking across the night sky. She was all softness and gravity, a presence that pulled you back to yourself.

That morning, Emily was baking simple oat biscuits — nothing fancy, just something gentle for Starry's sensitive stomach. As the biscuits cooled, Starry rose from her blanket, shook out her black fluff, and padded over with that quiet confidence she carried everywhere. She didn't beg. She didn't whine. She simply *arrived*, as if she knew the moment mattered.

Emily offered her a warm biscuit. Starry took it delicately, then nudged her nose into Emily's hand — a gesture she only used when she sensed someone needed grounding. And in that tiny moment, something clicked.

It wasn't about treats.

It wasn't about recipes.

It was about **comfort** — the kind Starry gave so effortlessly.

That was the spark.

Shooting Stars Treats wasn't created to be a business.

It was created to honour a dog who radiated warmth in the coldest seasons, who carried a hidden star beneath her tail, and who taught her human that the smallest gestures can change the shape of a day.

Every biscuit, every batch, every recipe since then carries a little of Starry's fire-in-winter magic.