

The Sleepy Star's Gentle Glow

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High above the world, just as the sun dipped beneath the hills and
the sky turned a gentle shade of blueberry blue,

a tiny shimmer flickered into view. It was the Sleepy Star—the
smallest, gentlest star in the whole night sky.

She wasn't the brightest or boldest, but every night she glowed
just enough to make bedtime feel calm and safe.

Sleepy Star stretched her twinkles, yawned a little lighty yawn,
and blinked her sleepy eyes.

“I wonder who needs my glow tonight,” she whispered.

And with a sparkle and a sigh, she floated softly toward the quiet
world below.



Tonight, Sleepy Star drifted through clouds as soft as whipped cream, floating past the moon, who gave her a slow, silvery wink.

She twirled once, sending tiny sparkles through the breeze, and glided down to the forest edge, where a cozy den lay hidden under a blanket of leaves and moss.

Inside, Bella Bear was scrubbing her fuzzy paws and yawning a yawn so big it made her ears wiggle. Even with her favorite blanket tucked under her chin, Bella's eyes stayed open.

“Are you still awake, Bella?” Sleepy Star whispered, her glow seeping through the leaves.

Bella blinked and grumbled, “Just for a little bit... could you help me settle down?”



Sleepy Star spun slowly above Bella's head, painting glowing loops and sleepy spirals on the den walls.

Tiny stars shimmered above the bed, and a sprinkle of glittery stardust drifted down, tickling Bella's nose.

She giggled, then wiggled deeper under her covers, her toes curling with warmth.

The walls sparkled like dreams were already dancing across them.

Bella let out the biggest, squeeziest goodnight sigh.

"Thank you, Sleepy Star," she murmured, her voice turning soft and round.

By the time Sleepy Star floated back into the night, Bella was already dreaming of snowberry muffins and cloud hammocks.



Sleepy Star twinkled with joy and followed a trail of hush through the air. She floated above treetops and rooftops, searching for the next sleepy friend who might need her glow.

A warm light flickered from a tiny window at the base of an old tree stump. Inside, Max Mouse was still wide awake, building the biggest, bounciest pillow fort he had ever made.

Cheese-shaped cushions and stripy blankets were stacked in a wobbly tower.

“Almost done!” Max called, balancing a pillow on his tail.

Sleepy Star giggled and brightened just a little, sending her glow drifting into the fort like a bedtime breeze.



Max blinked up at the light and grinned. “Oh, you came!” he whispered.

He placed the final pillow just right and crawled into the very center of his fort.

Sleepy Star's glow wrapped gently around the cushions, turning the inside of the fort golden and still.

Max snuggled into the fluffiest corner and pulled a blanket up to his chin. His whiskers twitched, his ears drooped, and he whispered, “Thank you for the light.”

Soon, a quiet snore puffed from his nose like a baby whistle. Sleepy Star smiled and swirled her way back into the sky.



Further along the hill, she peeked into a little round window glowing soft pink. There sat Lila Lamb on her cozy bed, brushing her wool in slow, sleepy circles.

She was humming a lullaby—sweet and gentle, but the words kept tumbling out of order. She yawned between verses and blinked slowly at her reflection.

“Would a gentle glow help?” Sleepy Star asked, hovering outside the window.

Lila gave a soft nod, too tired to speak.

Sleepy Star shimmered a lullaby of her own, lighting the room with a hush that sounded like bells wrapped in clouds.

Lila’s song quieted to a whisper, then to a hum, and finally to the softest lamb snores.



High above Lake Trickle, where frogs whispered songs and fireflies danced, Sleepy Star sparkled over the ripples. Sammy Squirrel lay on a floating leaf-boat, eyes wide open, tail twitching.

“I want to see where the moon goes,” he squeaked, rubbing one eye and then the other.

He curled and uncurled his toes. He sat up, then lay back down. Sleepy Star knew this kind of tired—too sleepy to stay awake, too curious to sleep.

She glowed brighter, casting light across the water, making the waves shimmer like a million tiny lullabies.

Sammy's tail stopped twitching. He pulled a leaf over his nose and yawned so big he nearly flipped.

With one paw on his pillow, he finally whispered, “Goodnight,” and drifted to sleep with a smile.



All across the sleepy valley, little homes glowed with the calm of
Sleepy Star's passing.

Some animals snored softly. Others whispered final stories or
clutched plush toys in their paws.

A few still wiggled their toes or asked for just one more sip of
water.

But wherever Sleepy Star had gone, she had left behind peace.

Each burrow, den, nest, and nook twinkled with her gentle light.
Even the leaves seemed to hush their rustling, and the stars above
blinked in slow, sleepy patterns.

Sleepy Star twirled once, then twice, and let out a long, lovely
sigh.



Feeling her own twinkles dim just a little, Sleepy Star floated upward again. She climbed through wisps of cloud and crossed the sky to nestle beside the big, friendly moon.

He opened one eye and gave her a proud nod.

“You did well tonight,” he said in a voice made of wind.

Below, the earth was tucked in tight. The lake was still. The animals were dreaming. The whole world was quiet.

Sleepy Star closed her eyes at last and whispered: “Somewhere, someone is still falling asleep. I hope they feel my glow.”

Close your eyes, snuggle tight, and know: Sleepy Star is shining just for you tonight.

Goodnight, sleepy star. Goodnight, sleepy you.

Before You Drift Off...

If the Sleepy Star visited your room tonight, what would you want it to help you with?

What part of your bedtime routine feels the coziest or most relaxing to you?