

—A NAVRITTO STORY—



Ten Little
Yawns.

+ NAVRITTO STORIES · BEDTIME

Ten Little Yawns

Written & illustrated by Navritto.

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The sun has slipped away, and the round moon climbs the quiet sky. In the green wood, ten little ones are still awake.

A big brown bear opens wide in a great, slow yawn. That is ten. He shuffles into his warm den. A wise owl gives one soft hoot — nine — and tucks her head into her feathers.



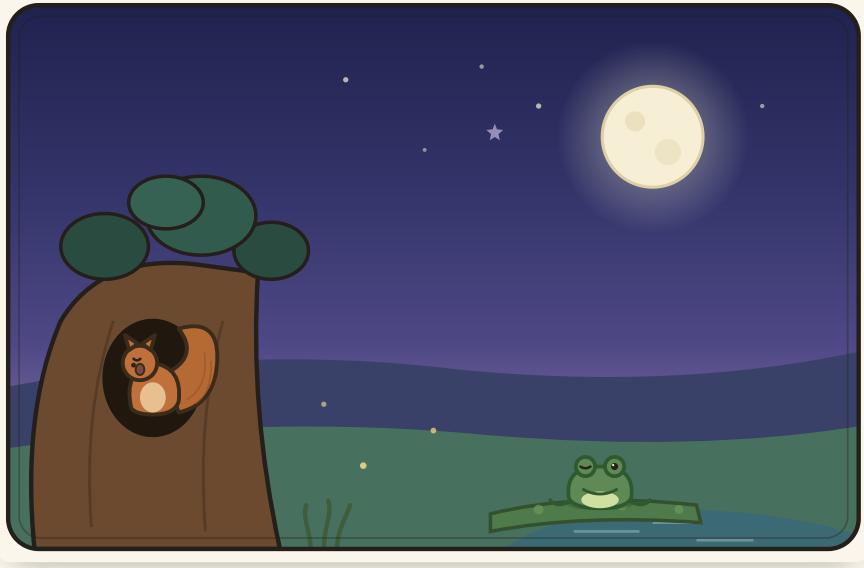
Down in the soft grass, two little rabbits are sleepy too. They yawn together, nose to nose.

Eight. And seven. Then down they burrow into their cosy warren, curled up warm as two round peas.



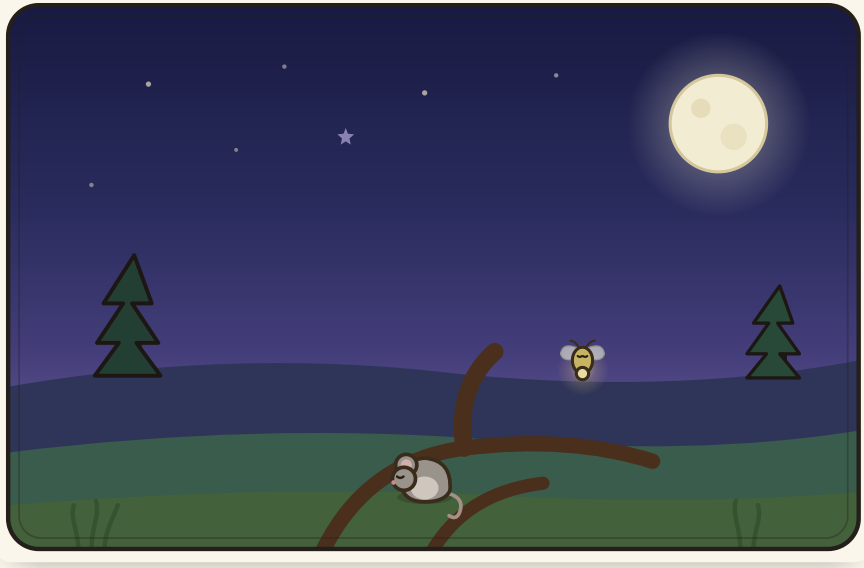
A gentle deer folds her long legs into the ferns and lays down her head. Six.

Beside her, a little hedgehog rolls into a sleepy ball, round and small. Five.
The wood grows softer and more still.



High in the old oak, a red squirrel yawns in her snug little hollow. Four. She wraps her tail around like a blanket.

On the mossy bank, a green frog blinks, and blinks, and holds still. Three. Only the pond hums on, low and slow.



A tiny mouse tucks into the tree roots, small as a thimble. Two. She closes her little eyes.

And the very last firefly dims her tiny light — one — soft as a candle going out. Now the whole wood is dark and warm.



Now there is not one yawn left in all the wood. None. Every little one is dreaming.

Only the moon is awake, keeping watch over the sleeping trees. Goodnight, little wood. Goodnight.

✦ THE END

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