

—A NAVRITTO STORY—



The Sleepy *Moon.*

+ NAVRITTO STORIES · BEDTIME

The Sleepy Moon

Written & illustrated by Navritto.

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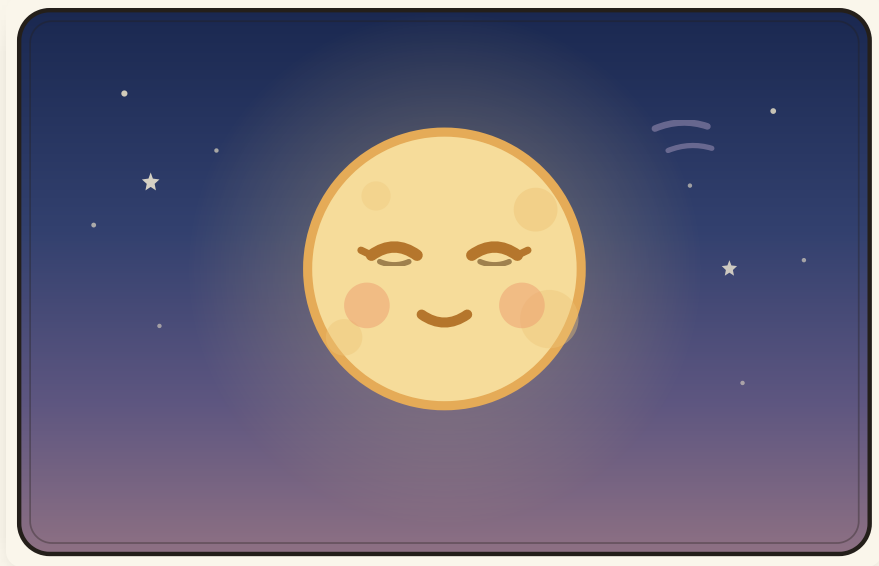
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The Moon has a job. Every night, she climbs up high and lights the whole wide world. She has done it for a long, long time.

Tonight, the Moon opens her mouth and yawns a big, round yawn. She is very, very sleepy.



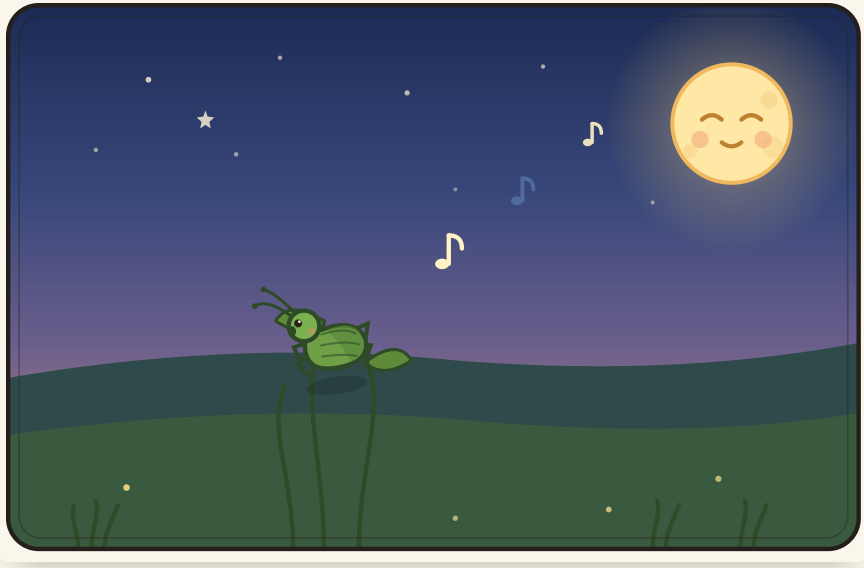
“I am so tired,” says the Moon, and her light goes soft and low.

“But if I close my eyes,” she says, “who will keep the dark warm?”



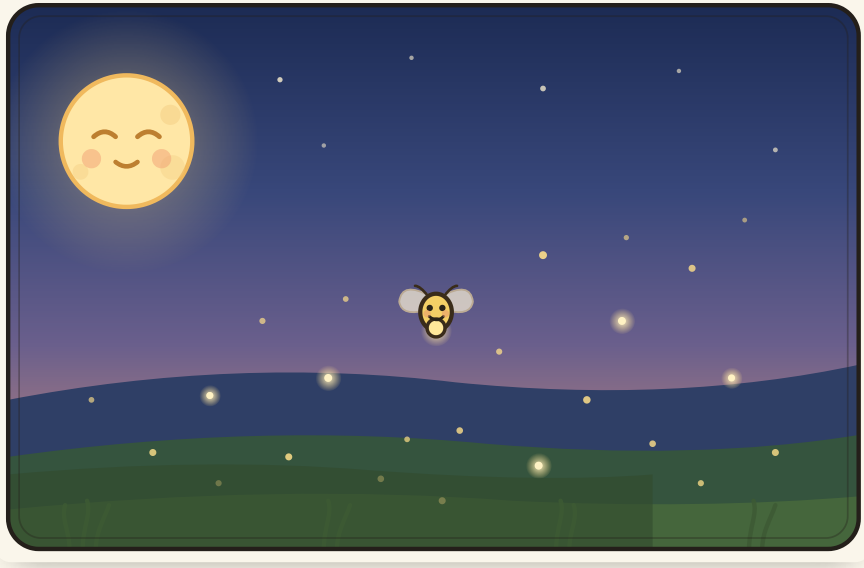
The Owl hears her from his tree. “Rest, dear Moon,” he hoots softly. “I will watch over the woods tonight.”

“Hush now, Moon. The night is ours. We will keep the dark warm.”



The Cricket sings in the long grass. “Rest, dear Moon,” she chirps. “I will keep the song going all night.”

“Hush now, Moon. The night is ours. We will keep the dark warm.”



The fireflies float up, one by one, like tiny warm lamps. “Rest, dear Moon,” they say. “We will keep a little light.”

“Hush now, Moon. The night is ours. We will keep the dark warm.”



The Moon smiles. Slowly, softly, she slips behind a cloud — like a head sinking into a cozy pillow.

The sky goes quiet and warm. The owl watches, the cricket sings, and the fireflies glow. Goodnight, Moon. Goodnight, you.

✦ THE END

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