



Bedtime on Pirate Island

Blake West





As the golden sun dips below the horizon of Pirate Island, Jake calls out to his crew that it is time to wrap up their adventures for the day. The sky turns a soft shade of purple and orange, signaling that the busy day of treasure hunting is coming to an end.



The crew walks back toward their secret hideout, their boots crunching on the soft white sand of the beach. Skully the parrot flies circles above them, chirping a gentle evening song as the first stars begin to twinkle in the vast Neverland sky.



Inside the hideout, Jake carefully hangs his wooden sword on its special hook and sets his boots aside. Izzy takes off her small pouch of pixie dust, placing it safely on the shelf where it glows faintly in the dimming light.



Cubby finds the treasure chest where they keep their pajamas and pulls out three sets of soft, colorful nightclothes. The friends help each other gather their things, moving a little slower now as the day's excitement fades into a peaceful calm.



Before heading to bed, they gather around the small wooden table for a light snack of tropical fruit and cool coconut milk. They talk quietly about their favorite parts of the day, laughing softly at the memory of their latest victory over Captain Hook.



It is time to wash up, and the crew uses fresh water from the spring to scrub away the salt and sand from their hands and faces. They take turns at the basin, making sure they are clean and refreshed after their long day under the sun.



Jake, Izzy, and Cubby brush their teeth together, making bubbly white foam and checking their bright smiles in the mirror. Skully watches from his high perch, tucking his head under his wing as he starts to feel sleepy too.



One by one, the young pirates climb into their cozy hammocks, which sway gently with the evening breeze entering the hideout. Jake pulls his blanket up to his chin, feeling the soft fabric against his skin as he settles into a comfortable position.



Izzy whispers a quiet goodnight to her friends, and Cubby hugs his favorite stuffed animal tight before closing his eyes. The hideout is filled with the rhythmic sound of the ocean waves crashing against the shore in the distance.



The moon rises high over Pirate Island, casting a silvery glow over the sleeping crew and their secret home. With dreams of new adventures waiting for them tomorrow, Jake and his friends drift off into a deep, peaceful sleep.