

Oliver's Starry Night

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Oliver's Moonlit Journey

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Oliver the Little Owl sat on a silver branch, watching the moon rise over the Whispering Woods. While the other owls were ready to hunt, Oliver felt a different kind of quiet magic in the air.



He flapped his soft wings and glided down to the sparkling stream, where the water hummed a low, rhythmic lullaby. The pebbles glowed like fallen stars beneath the gentle current.



Oliver visited the mossy hollow where the rabbit family was snuggled together in a warm, fuzzy pile. Their long ears twitched in rhythm with their peaceful dreams.



High in the ancient oak tree, he found the squirrels tucked into their leafy nests, tails wrapped around them like silken blankets. The wind whistled a soft tune through the branches to keep them company.



He drifted over the meadow where the wildflowers bowed their heads, heavy with evening dew. The fireflies danced in slow circles, acting as tiny nightlights for the sleeping grasshoppers.



Oliver met a friendly moonbeam that guided him toward the Great Pine, the oldest tree in the forest. The air smelled of sweet resin and cool night mist.



At the edge of the pond, the frogs were silent, resting on wide lily pads that floated like green rafts. The reflection of the stars danced on the still surface of the water.



A gentle breeze carried the scent of lavender and pine, making Oliver's large eyes feel heavy and warm. He realized that the whole world was sharing a giant, quiet hug.



He flew back to his own cozy hollow, lined with soft feathers and dried moss. His mother greeted him with a gentle nuzzle and a soft hoot of welcome.



Tucked safely inside, Oliver watched the moon through the leaves until his eyes finally closed. The forest was quiet, the stars were bright, and it was time for beautiful dreams.