



Oliver and the Moonlit Journey

Murali krishna



Oliver sat on the edge of his bed, watching the silver moon hang like a heavy coin in the velvet sky. The house was quiet, and the only sound was the rhythmic ticking of the grandfather clock in the hallway.



Suddenly, a ribbon of shimmering stardust spilled across his bedroom floor, glowing with a soft, blue light. Oliver stepped onto the sparkling path and felt a gentle warmth beneath his feet as it pulsed with magic.



The path led him right through his open window and onto a bridge made of fluffy, white clouds. High above the sleeping world, Oliver walked among the rooftops, feeling as light as a feather in the cool night air.



In the branches of a giant silver oak tree that grew from a cloud, he met a wise owl named Barnaby who wore a tiny, striped nightcap. Barnaby blinked his large, golden eyes and greeted Oliver with a friendly, low hoot.



Barnaby handed Oliver a small, glowing lantern filled with shimmering fireflies to guide his way through the deeper parts of the sky. Together, they drifted further into the stars, passing by constellations that seemed to wink at them.



They arrived at the Meadow of Whispers, where the flowers were shaped like silver bells and hummed a soft, rhythmic lullaby. The air smelled of lavender and sweet dreams, making Oliver's eyes feel pleasantly heavy.



A tiny star had fallen from its place and sat shivering on a giant dandelion puff. Oliver carefully picked up the little light and, with Barnaby's help, placed it back into its home among the Big Dipper.



THE SLEEP WALKER & THE MOON QUEEN

The Moon Queen appeared from behind a curtain of aurora lights, draped in a gown made of pure starlight. She thanked Oliver for his kindness and wrapped a soft, velvet blanket around his shoulders that felt like a warm hug.



A gentle, swirling breeze began to blow, carrying Oliver slowly back toward the glowing window of his own bedroom. He waved a sleepy goodbye to Barnaby and the Moon Queen as he floated down through the peaceful night.



THE END... FOR NOW!

Back in his cozy bed, Oliver pulled his real covers up to his chin and closed his eyes with a smile. The moon watched over him through the glass, whispering a final goodnight to the boy who had visited the stars.