



Puff's Peaceful Night
Filsan Nur



Puff, a small, bouncy cloud, happily floated high above the green world. His fluffy white body zipped and zoomed, watching tiny cars and colourful flowers below. He loved seeing everything!



As the sun dipped low, painting the sky in strokes of orange and purple, Puff started to feel a peculiar heaviness. His edges softened, and a big yawn tickled his fluffy core. Night was coming.



“Oh no!” Puff sighed, stretching himself thin. “I don’t want to sleep! What if I miss the first twinkling star? Or a shooting star? Or a sleepy owl hooting?” He worried he’d miss all the night’s magic.



Suddenly, a friendly, glowing face appeared beside him. It was the big, round Moon, smiling gently. "Hello, little Puff," she whispered. "Sleep isn't missing out; it helps you grow soft and strong."



Puff looked at the kind Moon, and another enormous yawn stretched him wide. His tiny cloud eyes were getting heavier and heavier. The Moon's words felt like a soft lullaby.



He watched the quiet, shimmering stars slowly pop out, one by one. The calm night air swirled around him, a gentle, cool breeze. Everything felt so peaceful and still.



Slowly, ever so slowly, Puff's fluffy eyes drifted shut. He curled into a soft, round ball, nestled amongst the other clouds, and drifted into a deep, peaceful sleep.



As he slept, Puff dreamed the most wonderful dreams. He soared through skies of gentle, whispering winds and felt the warm, golden sunshine wrap around him like a cozy blanket.



When the first rays of morning kissed the horizon, Puff stirred. He stretched, opened his eyes, and gasped! He was bigger, brighter, and felt so wonderfully light and happy!



Puff giggled, bouncing with renewed energy. Sleep had truly given him a beautiful new day, full of boundless joy and the promise of endless adventures. He zoomed off, a magnificent, happy cloud.