



The Midnight Visitor

Voice Of Islam



Max, a small star-spirit with a glowing cloak, slips from the moonlit windowsill of a tall Victorian house. He tumbles through the cool night air, his tiny lantern flickering as he falls toward the overgrown garden below.



He lands softly in a patch of giant blue hydrangeas, which cushion his fall like fluffy pillows. Shaking the stardust from his coat, Max realizes he has lost his glowing compass in the tumble.



A curious house cat named Luna watches from the shadows, her eyes glowing like emeralds in the dark. Instead of pouncing, she trots over and nudges a shiny, brass object toward Max with her velvet paw.



Max thanks the cat with a sprinkle of shimmering dust that makes her whiskers glow bright pink. Together, they begin a trek through the garden, searching for a way to help Max return to the sky.



They reach an old, gnarled oak tree where a family of owls lives among the silver leaves. The owls offer to help, but explain that the wind tonight is too weak for Max's small wings to carry him high enough.



Max remembers his bag of leaping seeds and plants one in the soft, damp earth near the tree's roots. Within seconds, a massive, glowing beanstalk begins to spiral upward, reaching toward the open window.



As they climb the glowing vine, Max and Luna see the world from a breathtaking height, overlooking the sleeping town. The rooftops are dusted with silver frost, and the stars seem close enough to touch.



They finally reach the windowsill just as the first hint of dawn begins to paint the horizon in shades of violet. Max steps back into the room, his heart full of gratitude for his unexpected earthly friend.



Before the vine withers away, Max hands Luna a small, glowing pebble that hums with the music of the stars. It is a souvenir of their midnight adventure, a light that will never fade in the darkest night.



Max waves goodbye from the window as the sun rises, turning back into a flicker of light among the morning mist. Luna curls up on the rug, purring softly, knowing that magic is real and sometimes it falls right out of the sky.