



Milo the Mosquito at the Park

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Milo the mosquito lived near a dark, still pond, surrounded by tall reeds and lily pads. Every night, as the moon began to glow, Milo felt a thrill of excitement. He loved to spread his tiny wings and fly to the brightly lit park in the distance.



Soaring through the cool night air, Milo reached the park. He looked up and saw a twinkling star high in the sky. "It is very far," he said to himself, "but it is bright and beautiful!"



Suddenly, as Milo flew near a parked car, he heard a loud, booming bark. A large, fluffy dog was standing in a nearby yard, its eyes fixed on the tiny mosquito. Milo was smart, so he quickly flew away, dodging branches and leaves.



Feeling a little tired, Milo landed on the rough bark of a tall oak tree to rest. The warm air carried the faint scent of people from far away. He knew that girl mosquitoes sometimes bite people, but he preferred the sweet nectar of flowers.



Unlike the girl mosquitoes, Milo was a boy mosquito. He didn't like to bite people. Instead, he loved to drink from the colorful flowers in the park's garden. The sweet nectar was his favorite treat.



Milo's sleeping park is just dawn.

As the first hint of dawn appeared on the horizon, Milo knew it was time to go home. He took one last look at the twinkling stars and the sleeping park, filled with happy memories of his nighttime adventure.

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Milo flew back to his dark pond, landing gently on a lily pad. He felt happy and safe in his quiet home, dreaming of his next exciting trip to the park under the stars.