



The Whispering Star

ENGLISH ST COUNCIL



As the golden sun dips below the horizon and the sky turns a deep, velvety indigo, little Pip the owl fluffs his soft feathers in his cozy treehouse nest. He blinks his big, round eyes and watches the very first star flicker into existence high above the quiet forest.



Pip spreads his tiny wings and glides gently out into the cool night air, leaving the safety of his branch. The ancient trees sway softly in the evening breeze, whispering lullabies to the sleeping woodland creatures below.



He flutters upward to visit his friend the Moon, who glows with a warm, silvery light like a friendly silver lantern in the dark. The Moon smiles down at little Pip and shares a secret twinkle to guide him on his nightly journey.



Floating past a sleepy meadow, Pip watches silver-coated fireflies dance in slow motion above the tall, dewy grass. Their gentle green glow rises and falls like tiny, floating stars guiding the way to dreamland.



Pip perches softly on a mossy branch beside a quiet, glassy pond that mirrors the infinite expanse of the starry cosmos. He gazes down at the water and sees a whole universe sleeping peacefully beneath the rippling surface.



A soft, comforting breeze wraps around Pip like a warm blanket, carrying the sweet scent of pine needles and night-blooming jasmine. He lets out a tiny, contented yawn and feels his eyelids grow wonderfully heavy and warm.



High above, the clouds part to reveal a sparkling river of stardust that flows gently across the magnificent night sky. Pip closes his eyes for a moment, letting the magical glow wash over his feathers and ease away the day's energy.



One by one, the forest animals curl up in their dens and burrows, whispering soft goodnights to the glowing moon and stars. Pip gently hovers above them, watching over the sleeping woods with a heart full of peace.



Returning to his cozy nest, Pip tucks his head beneath his wing and snuggles into the soft moss and downy feathers. The ambient silver light of the stars filters through the leaves, bathing him in a warm, protective glow.



Drifting peacefully into the realm of dreams, Pip floats on a cloud of starlight as the quiet night watches over him. With every gentle breath, he slips deeper into a sweet, restorative sleep until the morning sun returns.