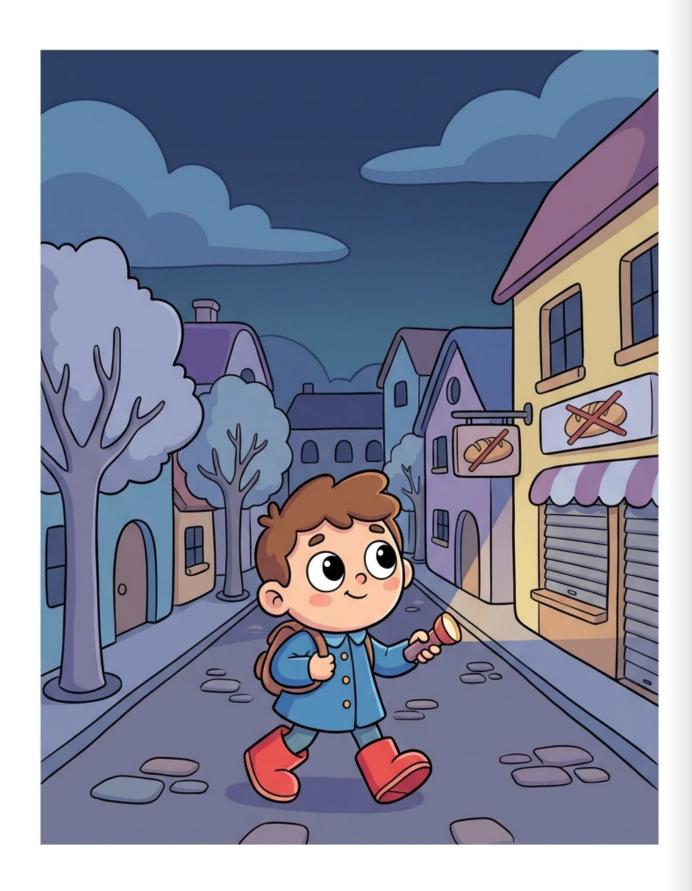# The Day the Sun Slept In

Anthony Scott

In the friendly village of Dundee, mornings were always the same. Warm rays peeked through the white clouds, birds sang, and the smell of fresh baked bread and pastries lingered through the streets.

However, one morning, something unusual happened. The village was gloomy. The sky stayed dark. No golden glow bursting through the clouds. No gentle warmth. Just quiet, sleepy shadows.

As windows creaked open, faces peeked out. Little Pip, a boy known for his bright spirit, rubbed his eyes in confusion. 'Why is it still night?' he wondered aloud.

Pip decided to investigate. He put on his boots and ventured out into the unusually dark village. The birds were silent, and the bakery was closed.

He walked towards the highest hill, hoping to get a better view. As he climbed, he noticed a faint, snoring sound coming from above.

Reaching the top, Pip gasped. There, nestled amongst the clouds, was the Sun, fast asleep and snoring loudly! Its golden rays were dimmed.
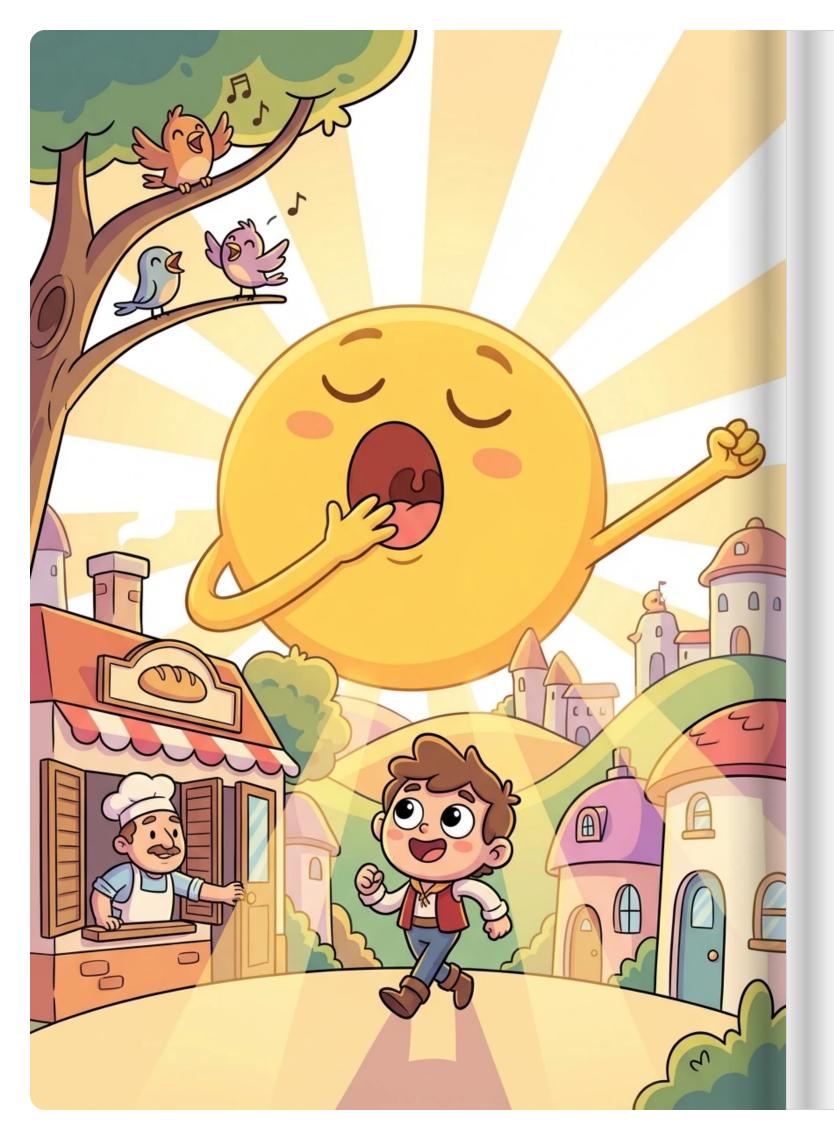
Pip tried shouting, but the Sun didn't stir. He remembered his grandmother's advice: 'A gentle song can wake even the deepest sleeper.'

Pip began to sing a sweet lullaby, the same one his mother sang to him. Slowly, the Sun's snoring softened, and its rays began to brighten.

The Sun opened one eye, then the other. 'Oh dear!' it exclaimed. 'I've overslept! Thank you, little one, for waking me.'

The Sun stretched and yawned, sending golden light streaming across Dundee. The birds began to sing, the baker opened his shop, and Pip returned home, a hero in his own right, knowing even small acts can make a big difference.