# Little Moon Stories

# The Little Fox Who Couldn't Sleep

Deep in a quiet forest, where the trees swayed gently beneath the stars, lived a little fox named Lumi.

Lumi had soft orange fur, a fluffy tail, and the brightest, most curious eyes.

Every evening, when the sun slipped behind the hills, the forest animals curled up in their cosy homes.

But tonight, Lumi couldn't sleep.

He turned to the left. He turned to the right. He tucked his nose beneath his fluffy tail. Still, his eyes stayed wide open.

‘Oh dear,’ whispered Lumi. ‘Why won't sleep come?’

Outside his little den, the moon shone like a silver lantern. Lumi peeked outside.

‘Hello, Moon,’ he whispered. ‘Do you know where I can find some sleep?’

The moon seemed to smile. A soft breeze rustled the leaves. Whoooosh... whoooosh...

‘Listen to the forest,’ the moon seemed to say. ‘It has a lullaby just for you.’

Lumi sat very still. He heard the leaves whispering in the trees. He heard a tiny stream bubbling over smooth stones. He heard the gentle chirping of a sleepy cricket.

And then Lumi took one slow, deep breath. In... and out. He took another. In... and out.

His paws began to relax. His fluffy tail felt heavy and warm.

Lumi padded back into his cosy den and curled up on his soft bed of moss.

‘Thank you, Moon,’ he whispered.

Outside, the stars twinkled quietly. The forest continued its gentle lullaby.

And before Lumi could count three little stars... One... Two... Three...

The little fox was fast asleep. And all through the night, the moon watched over the quiet forest.

The End. Little stories. Big dreams.