Hoot and the Sleepy Stars



A read-aloud story with 5 colouring pages

Hoot yawns at sunset

The sun was sinking low behind the clouds of Cloudy Isle. The sky turned peach, then pink, then soft purple. The birds flew home to their nests, one by one.

On a big branch by the treehouse sat Hoot, the owl with round golden glasses. Hoot stretched his wings, *stretch, stretch*, and gave the biggest yawn of the day. "Hoo-hooo," he said. "What a lovely, busy day. Now it is time for everyone to rest."

The little star who could not sleep

One by one, the stars came out to twinkle. But one little star was not twinkling at all. It was peeking out from behind a fluffy cloud, with its eyes wide open.

"Hello, little star," said Hoot softly. "Why are you still awake?"

"I can't fall asleep," whispered the little star. "My light keeps wiggling, and my thoughts keep jumping like bunnies."

Hoot nodded slowly. "I know a trick," he said. "Shall we try it together?"

Goodnight from the treehouse

From the round treehouse window, two friends in cosy pyjamas leaned out to wave. It was Bun the bunny and Miso the cat.

"Goodnight, Hoot! Goodnight, little star!" they called, very quietly, because night-time voices are soft voices.

"Goodnight, Bun. Goodnight, Miso," said Hoot. "Sleep tight."

Then Hoot turned to the little star. "Here is the trick. Breathe in slowly, like smelling a flower... and breathe out slowly, like blowing on a dandelion." *Smell the flower... blow the dandelion.* They did it three times. *One... two... three.*

The little star's light stopped wiggling. It glowed, warm and steady.

A story on the moon

"Now," said Hoot, "every sleepy star needs a story." He flew up, up, up to the smiling crescent moon and opened his favourite book. The little star floated beside him and listened.

Hoot read about a quiet sea, where the waves rocked gently, back and forth, back and forth. He read about a soft green hill, where the grass whispered *shhh, shhh*. His voice grew slower, and slower, and slower.

The little star's eyes began to close. "Hoot," it murmured, "will you be here tomorrow?"

"Every night," said Hoot. "Right here, with a story."

Everyone is asleep

Hoot tucked the little star under a fluffy cloud, like a soft white blanket. Then he flew back to his branch by the treehouse, folded his wings and closed his eyes.

The treehouse was quiet. Bun was asleep. Miso was asleep. The little star was fast asleep, glowing softly, warm and steady.

And Hoot, the wise old owl, was asleep too.

Goodnight, Cloudy Isle. Goodnight, little star. Goodnight, you.



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