A Very Small Night

A quiet woodland story for the end of the day.



A short story for reading aloud

AGES 4-7 • Take your time. Enjoy the sounds.

A Very Small Night

Otto the owl loved big things.

Big trees. Big skies. Big wingbeats.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

One evening, a field mouse called from below.

“Could you show me the night?”

“Of course!” said Otto. “There are mountains beyond the forest and a river as wide as a hundred wings.”

Mouse looked at her small paws.

“That sounds rather far.”

Otto folded his wings. He landed beside her.

“Then we shall start here.”

They looked under a fern. A snail was sliding over a leaf.

They looked between two roots. A beetle was polishing its feelers.

Mouse smiled. This night was just her size.

A Very Small Night

A drop landed on Otto's head.

Tip.

Another landed beside Mouse.

Tap.

Otto picked up a broad fallen leaf and held it over them.

Tip-tap. Tip-tap.

They listened to the rain make tiny sounds on their roof. Mouse leaned against Otto's warm feathers.

When the rain stopped, they stepped into the clearing.

In a shallow pool, one star was shining.

Mouse looked up. The same star sparkled high above the trees.

“The sky fits down here too,” she whispered.

Otto had never thought of that.

He walked Mouse home, slowly enough for her little paws.

Then he flew to his branch.

Whoosh. Whoosh.

Below him were a fern, two roots and a little pool.

Otto loved big things.

Now he had a few small favourites too.

THE END

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