Bat's Breakfast at Sunset



Two friends greet the same evening differently.

A short story to enjoy together

Bat's Breakfast at Sunset

The sky turned pink. The first evening breeze stirred the leaves. Little Bat opened his eyes and stretched his wings.

"Good morning," he said.

Outside his window, Squirrel yawned.

"Good evening," she replied.

Bat looked at the sky. "It is breakfast time for me."

"And nearly bedtime for me."

They both laughed. The same sunset had found them at opposite ends of their day.

Bat set pieces of mango and banana on a small plate. He liked fruit, especially when the mango was soft and sweet.

Squirrel sat on the branch outside with her warm bedtime drink. She wore a blue cap that slipped over one ear.

"What did you do today?" Bat asked.

Squirrel told him about the windy path and the acorn she had carried home. Bat listened while he ate.

"What will you do tonight?" Squirrel asked.

"Visit the orchard with my family. Perhaps we will see the moon rise."

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Squirrel's eyes began to close.

"Tell me about it tomorrow," she murmured.

"Tomorrow morning?"

"Your bedtime. My breakfast."

Bat nodded. They had found a good meeting time.

Squirrel climbed into her cosy tree room. Bat washed his plate and looked out at the deepening sky. A star shone above the orchard.

He spread his wings, ready for the night.

Before he left, he called softly towards Squirrel's window.

"Sleep well."

A sleepy voice floated back.

"Have a lovely day."

Bat grinned. His day had begun beneath the stars, with a friend's good wish to carry along.

THE END

LET'S TALK

How were Bat's and Squirrel's routines different? When did they choose to meet again?

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