

A Compendium of Bedtime Stories

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Introduction

Shhh! Is it almost bedtime? Are your pajamas on? Is your favorite blanket tucked around you? Good! Because this book is just for YOU, right before you drift off to dreamland.

Guess what? Inside these pages are TONS of stories! Twenty-five of them! Some are about sleepy moons and brave mice. Others have talking animals, magical pajamas,

and even a whole kingdom made of blanket forts! This book is like a treasure chest, and every time you open it, a new adventure pops out!

Bedtime stories are like warm hugs for your brain. They chase away the wiggles and fill your head with happy thoughts, funny friends, and exciting journeys. They help you get all cozy and ready for amazing dreams.

And guess what else? This book is extra special because it has FIVE brand-new bonus stories that weren't in the old one! That means more giggles, more adventures, and more friends to meet before you close your eyes.

So, snuggle down, get comfy, and let's turn the page. A whole world of wonderful tales is waiting.

Ready? Let the sleepy adventures begin!

CHAPTER ONE: The Sleepy Moon and the Starry Blanket

Once upon a time, nestled high above the fields and forests, hung the Sleepy Moon. Some said the Moon ruled the night, but, if you asked her, she'd just yawn and wink and say, "All I really do is watch over dreamers and drape them in my starry blanket." The Moon, round and gentle, had watched over Earth for as long as anyone could remember, and she took her job seriously—well, seriously for someone who loved to nap.

Each night, when the last traces of sunlight slipped away and the sky dipped into twilight, the Sleepy Moon would begin her nightly rounds. She poked her head out from behind a wispy cloud, brushed the lingering golden paint of sunset from her cheeks, and peered down at all the children of the world as they prepared for bed. In every house and cottage, every cozy den and burrow, someone was getting ready to sleep. The Moon's favorite time was when the world grew quiet—just the softest wind, a distant owl's call, and the shimmer of stars curtsying across her great velvet sky.

But the Sleepy Moon had a secret: her Starry Blanket. At first glance, the blanket wasn't much to see—just a scarf of night slung over her arm. But when she shook it out, millions of tiny, sparkling stars tumbled loose, popping into the sky like fireflies set free. Each star had its own twinkle, some bright and bold, others hesitant and shy. Together, they formed constellations—animals, heroes, objects, myths—that children and dreamers could spot if only they peered outside after bedtime.

On particularly sleepy nights, the Moon liked to float quietly over villages to watch the stories unfolding below. She spied a little boy brushing his teeth while humming a song he'd made up that day; a girl quietly arranging her stuffed animals in a straight line on her bed before climbing in; a mother reading a story by the window, her voice softer than the night itself. These became the Moon's favorite kinds of evenings, when hints of laughter and love drifted up with the gentle breeze, fluttering her blanket and making the stars glimmer just so.

One evening, as the Moon unfurled her Starry Blanket, she noticed something unusual. Down in a tiny town near the edge of a dark forest, there was a house ablaze with light—even though everyone should have been asleep. The Moon tilted her head and drifted closer, batting away a passing wisp of cloud. In the open window, she could see a young boy named Milo. Milo wasn't sleeping; he was bouncing on his bed, wide awake, his mind as busy as a beehive.

Milo had always been afraid of the dark. He liked the daytime, when everything was bright and nothing could hide. But nighttime? Nighttime made shadows stretch and creak, and even the gentlest wind sounded, to him, like the sigh of a monster. Each night, Milo found a hundred reasons not to sleep; he'd left the light on, the curtains open, a tower of books by his pillow, and even a stack of cookies in case he needed a midnight snack.

The Moon watched Milo and, feeling a soft spot for the restless, drifted a little lower, her face shining through Milo's window. "Why aren't you sleeping, little dreamer?" she whispered, her voice barely more than a twinkle.

Milo sat up, blinking. He had heard stories of the Moon talking to children before, usually in fairy tales told by grandparents. But never in his wildest dreams did he expect the Moon to notice *him*.

He scrambled to the window and, nervously, whispered back, "The dark makes me nervous. Shadows look like giant bugs. I like the light better. Why do you have to take the sun away? Can't you both stay?"

The Moon smiled a sleepy, understanding smile. "Oh, but the nighttime is just a different kind of cozy. Sometimes, when the sun rests, the stars throw a party. The shadows tell sleepy secrets, not scary stories. Would you like to see what I see?"

With a graceful sweep, the Moon shook out her Starry Blanket. Instantly, her light glittered through Milo's window, dancing across his room. Shadows shrank, then swirled, transforming into twinkling silhouettes of dolphins, ships, and rockets. The books on Milo's pillow appeared to glow; his stuffed animals cast playful, capering shapes across the walls. Overhead, the Moon's light painted patterns only visible at

this magic hour—a secret map for those brave enough to look.

Encouraged, Milo pressed his nose to the glass, staring up at the sky. “But what if I still feel scared when it’s dark?”

The Moon nodded, her craters soft with sympathy. “That’s why I watch over you—not just you, but all the children who find the night a little bit too big. Whenever it’s dark, remember: you are under my Starry Blanket. Each of those stars is a tiny, sparkling promise that you’re not alone.”

Through the window, Milo looked at the constellations and wondered. “Do you know all the stars’ names?”

The Moon gave a slow, sleepy nod. “Of course. Each one has a story of its own. There’s Ursula the Bear, prancing in the north; Leo the Lion, forever leaping in spring; Cassiopeia, sitting in her windy throne. There’s a sailing ship, a great hunter, and even a sleepy rabbit. Some you can see, and some are just for me, twinkling in the corners of the sky where humans haven’t looked yet. And sometimes, when a new child is born, a brand new star appears—tiny at first, then growing brighter each night.”

Milo tried to count the stars but lost track after fifteen. “How do you remember them all?”

“It’s easy,” the Moon replied, “because every star is linked to a dreamer who needs a little extra light. They’re my reminders, so I never forget to check on sleepyheads far and wide.”

Outside, the wind picked up, shaking the trees and sending Milo’s curtains dancing. Shadows skipped along the walls, but Milo didn’t mind. They looked more like curious friends than frightening monsters. He climbed back into bed and, for the first time in weeks, turned off his lamp. The Moon’s light spilled softly across his bedspread, gentle and just bright enough.

As Milo yawned, the Moon continued to drift slowly across the sky, pulling her Starry Blanket with her. Down below, the world began to settle. In houses scattered across the countryside, children whispered their last secrets of the day, tired feet stilled, and tiny chests rose and fell as heads met pillows. The Moon, never quite wide awake, watched over all of it, her lullaby woven from twinkling light.

Each star, Milo noticed, had its own way of shining. Some sparkled wildly, eager and fast, while others shimmered only after a long pause—as though gathering their nerve. Still others seemed to wink at Milo, sharing in a private joke only they knew. Tracing imaginary lines between them, Milo saw shapes taking form: a horse galloping, a fish leaping, a loaf of bread rising in the oven.

Just as he was drifting off, Milo remembered a question he'd meant to ask. He sat up quickly, peeking out the window once more. "Moon?" he whispered. She shimmered through the clouds, listening. "If I can't sleep, can I talk to you again?"

The Moon's smile glowed a little wider. "Anytime, little dreamer. I'm always here—even when you close your eyes. If you feel lonely or scared, just look up—or imagine my Starry Blanket tucked around you. And if you find a brand new star that you've never noticed before, make a wish. The best wishes like to hide on the quietest nights."

Inside, Milo felt a warmth that wasn't just from the Moon's light. He nestled deeper under his own blanket, imagining it shot through with starlight. His eyes grew heavy; the dark no longer seemed to stretch so far or feel quite so empty.

Somewhere far in the distance, down by the riverbank, a mother fox nosed her kits into the den, soft fur glowing in the silver moonlight. In a farmhouse, a girl whispered goodnight to a row of teddies, lining them up along her bed like ships in a harbor of dreams. The Moon watched them too. She never missed a sleepyhead, and her Starry Blanket was wide enough for all.

Above, clouds wandered by, sometimes veiling the stars for a moment, other times making room for whole new constellations to appear. The Moon liked clouds; they made her sparkles look soft and mysterious. Sometimes, she played hide-and-seek behind them, leaving just a sliver of herself to peek through—a wink for anyone looking up from their window. The world, in these moments, felt hushed and close, as though all of nighttime was one great, shared slumber party.

Night after night, the Sleepy Moon listened. She heard owls hooting softly, the tap-tap-tap of rain on rooftops, and the whisper of a lullaby sung to a newborn. She swallowed up the worries and worries that sometimes kept dreamers awake, trading them for a spoonful of starlight and a gentle touch of her Starry Blanket. The Moon understood better than anyone that not all dreams come easy—and that sometimes, a silent promise of company is more comforting than the brightest light.

On especially important nights, the Moon's blanket seemed to shine extra brightly. Sometimes that happened when someone, somewhere, was in need of courage—a first sleepover, a new bedroom, the first night without a favorite nightlight. The Moon noticed these things, and she willed her starlight a little brighter, painting courage across the ceiling in patterns old as time.

The Moon's magic wasn't just that she watched; it was that she *noticed*. Friendships being formed, whispered apologies shared, hands held tight under covers when thunder rolled far away. And, sometimes, she sent dreams—whispered ideas that

drifted softly into sleeping minds. One night, Milo dreamed he could leap from star to star, each as bouncy as a trampoline. In another dream, he shared a teacup ride with a patchwork bunny, swirling round the rings of Saturn.

Sometimes, people wondered what happened to the stars when the sun returned. Did the Moon collect them and fold them neatly away in her blanket until evening? Or did the stars simply become invisible, shyly blinking out in the daylight? The truth was a little bit of both. When the world woke, the Moon quietly tucked most of her stars back in—except for the most adventurous, who liked to dawdle and be the last to leave. Sunbeams and starlight shared stories as they passed, a secret handshake in the sky.

On rare, magical nights, the Moon let her blanket dip low enough that a particularly brave child could reach up, if only in a dream, and pull down a bit of starlight to keep. Sometimes, this ended up as a sparkling speck on a pillow in the morning—a piece of dust, perhaps, or just a dream. But, for those who believed, it was a sign the Moon hadn't forgotten them.

Milo became less afraid of bedtime as the nights passed. He looked forward to meeting the Moon, sharing his thoughts, and spotting new shapes among the stars. Sometimes, when he had a happy day, he'd announce it to the Moon out his window; on tougher days, he'd whisper worries into the dark, certain that the stars would carry them away. The shadows in his room lost their edge, turning into soft, familiar patterns.

Children all over the world learned to see the Moon in their own ways. Some made wishes on the first sighting, others counted the days from crescent to full, drawing pictures in the air. Grandparents told stories of the Man in the Moon; parents spun tales of rabbits and rivers winding across her surface. When clouds blotted out the Moon entirely, children would draw their own on paper, taping it next to their beds—just a little borrowed light for a moonless night.

Seasons changed, but the Moon never missed a night's work. She watched as snow blanketed rooftops, then as grass blades poked through in spring. The stars in her blanket rearranged themselves as the world tilted and turned. New constellations appeared with every season—some only briefly, others as constant as the North Star. Children peered out from under blankets of all kinds, comforted by the sameness above.

Sometimes, the Moon played games with nightbirds—hiding behind one cloud, then popping out from another, making nightingales and whip-poor-wills blink in surprise. The Moon loved animals almost as much as children, and she made sure every nest and burrow enjoyed a sprinkle of starshine before dawn.

On nights when storms rolled in and lightning flashed, the Moon retreated behind her

thickest clouds, letting her Starry Blanket peek through in short bursts—enough to remind everyone she was still there. Thunder might rumble, but just above it all, starlight continued to flicker reassuringly. Even the noisiest nights were better under the Moon's gentle gaze.

Some children liked to imagine the Moon as a sleepy traveler, floating along on a slow-moving current in the sky. Others pictured her as the world's best bedtime storyteller, spinning yarns in a voice as gentle as moth wings. Some even believed the Moon grew tired from her nightly rounds and that her gentle yawn was the breeze that set the trees sighing before sleep.

Once, on a night when the stars danced especially brightly, Milo dreamed he was sailing in a boat woven from moonbeams. The boat floated above rooftops, skimming over gardens, chasing after dozing cats and sleepy dogs. All the while, the Starry Blanket fluttered overhead, leading the way toward adventure. In his dream, Milo met other night-sailors: a red-haired girl with a ukulele, a boy clutching his favorite book, an owl wearing tiny spectacles. They all sailed together, laughing quietly so as not to wake the world below.

The Moon's Starry Blanket made a wonderful map for nighttime journeys. Some dreamers found secret shortcuts—dipping past familiar stars, hopping from constellation to constellation. In the farthest reaches, there were lands made entirely of midnight blue, where dreams took wild, impossible shapes. But, no matter how far dreamers wandered, the Moon's light showed the way home again.

As Milo awoke each morning, he found himself a little more rested, a little less wary of the nighttime. The shadows in his room now seemed friendly, and on nights when sleep came slowly, he found stars to count or stories to imagine with the Moon's soft encouragement. He started telling his own bedtime tales, borrowing bits and pieces from things he'd seen in the Moon's Starry Blanket—rabbits leaping over comets, pirates sailing crescent moons, friendly dragons sharing lullabies.

One evening, as the world swirled into dusk, Milo noticed a new sparkle between two old familiar stars. It was tiny—just barely there—but it flickered with determination. Milo made a wish, closing his eyes tightly. He wished for courage, for gentle dreams, and for every child who feared the dark to one day find comfort in the quiet, twinkling sky.

Later that night, somewhere else—a girl named Sara, across many cities and rivers—sat at her window, searching for her favorite star. She too noticed the new twinkle and made a wish. The Moon, floating above, smiled her slow, twinkling smile. Wishes had a way of winding together like ribbons, weaving a stronger and cozier Starry Blanket for everyone underneath.

Night after night, generation after generation, the Moon drifted on, tending to her shimmering fabric and checking on dreamers everywhere. The Starry Blanket might look different—sometimes crowded, sometimes sparse—but its promise always held. For every child peeking nervously at the night, there was a patch of starlight just for them.

One evening, as a meteor shower streaked across the heavens, children from every continent marveled at the sudden show. Parents called to one another; friends huddled together under blankets, counting each streak as a wish made visible. The Moon watched, proud and sleepy, as her Starry Blanket briefly blazed with new fire. For some children, this was the first time the sky felt alive; for others, an old and comforting ritual, like cocoa before bed.

The Moon's stories never truly ended—they simply paused at sunrise, waiting to be picked up again come nightfall. All across the world, as people turned away from the window and into their own beds, the final glimmer of starlight tucked them in. Fear of the dark faded, replaced by curiosity—what dreams would the next night bring? Which stars would wink down from the Moon's gentle face?

As Milo grew, he left behind some of his toys and tucked away his earliest nightlights. But he always remembered the Moon's promise—the sense that he was never alone in the dark, that the night was more friend than foe. Sometimes, on special nights, he'd peek out to search for old friends among the stars, whispering a goodnight to the Moon before drifting into new adventures.

Some say the Moon still tells stories to this day—sometimes in riddles that drift into dreams, other times as silent encouragement in the shape of a shining crescent. For every seeker of comfort or courage, for every child just learning to let go of daylight, the Moon's Starry Blanket remains above—a promise, a map, a lullaby stitched in light.

When the world grew especially quiet, the Moon would sometimes close her own eyes for a moment. She dreamt of all the places she'd seen, all the dreams she'd kept safe, and all the dreamers learning, night by night, that there's nothing to fear in the hush of darkness, so long as there is a little light, a little wonder, and the warmth of a Starry Blanket.

And so, beneath the Sleepy Moon and her glittering Starry Blanket, the children of the world—one by one—slipped into sleep, their dreams snug and sparkling, safe in the gentle glow that never quite faded, even after the first bright rays of sun appeared on the horizon. And, perhaps, if you look up tonight, you might find your own star shining back—a soft reminder that night is not only the time for rest, but for magic.

Sweet dreams, little dreamer. The Sleepy Moon is watching, her Starry Blanket wrapped safe around you, until the dawn calls her gently home.

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