BLACK THORN

BEDTIME TALES

SPECIAL EDITION



MeekDuke Books

EVERY MIND MATTERS
see · hear · read
dyslexic · adhd · neurodivergent friendly
SeeMore™

Black Thorn Bedtime Tales

Special Edition

Ten 5-minute stories

MeekDuke Books

Black Thorn Bedtime Tales — Special Edition

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Set in the SeeMore™ dyslexia-friendly format:

Anchor & Flow type, generous spacing, cream pages.

Ten bedtime stories from

Black Thorn Academy.

THE MEEKDUKE SEEMORE FORMAT

This book was designed for minds that see more.

SeeMore is our own accessibility standard — one format, built in layers, so dyslexic, ADHD, and autistic readers can all read in comfort.

FOR DYSLEXIC READERS

Text alternates between large and medium sizes, so your eyes always have a place to land and a path to follow.

Wide spacing between lines and letters. Words are never split across lines. Lines are kept short for easy tracking.

FOR ADHD READERS

One scene per page — turn the page whenever you need a pause.

Short chapters with cliffhanger endings. Dialogue with room to breathe, never crowded.

FOR AUTISTIC READERS

The same layout rhythm on every page. No surprises.

Header and page number always where you expect them.

THROUGHOUT EVERY BOOK

Cream pages, soft ink — no glare, no harsh black-on-white. Never an image behind the words. No ALL CAPS, no italics.

FOR EVERY SENSE

We don’t stop at the format.

Every MeekDuke book also comes as an audiobook — for blind and low-vision readers — and as a captioned read-aloud — for deaf and hard-of-hearing readers.

Some of us read with our eyes. Some with our ears. Some with both. Nobody misses the story.

MeekDuke Books publishes for every kind of reader — every mind, every sense — so every reader can find their way into every story.

Meet the Children

of Black Thorn Academy

Baby Booger — the littlest monster, and the bravest snuggler of them all.

Booger Girl — drippy, droopy, and proud of it; her goo dries into stars.

Cling — a wibbly-wobbly slime kid learning that stillness is a superpower too.

Goo — a little glow creature who shines brightest when he chooses to rest.

Milo — a mummy boy who unwinds his worries one bandage at a time.

Frankie — stitched with love and patched with kindness, just like her quilt.

Karson — a boy-banshee with the biggest voice and the softest hush.

Victor — a little vampire who discovered the dark is full of friends.

Wally — a werewolf cub with a wild heart and the very best thank-yous.

Principal Jekyl, Teacher Blackthorne, and Miss Itty Bitty — the grown-ups who tuck the whole school in.

At Black Thorn Academy, the school day is done.
Supper is eaten. Teeth are brushed. Pajamas are on.
And one by one, the students are ending their day.
This is how it goes...

Story 1

Baby Booger's Brave Night

Baby Booger is little — the littlest in the school,
But bedtime's coming, and that is the rule.
The bed looks big. The room looks wide.
And the dark looks bigger on every side.

"I'm too little for all this dark," Booger peeps,
Then tiptoes past the stairs that creak and the hall that sleeps.

The mushroom lamp glows in the corner,
brave and small,
And paints soft shadows dancing on the wall.
One long shadow stretches across the floor
—
Booger looks close… it's just the chair by the door.

The blanket lies folded like a mountain of cream.
Buttons the bear sits waiting, sleepy as a dream.
"Hi, Buttons," Booger whispers. "Is the dark too wide?"
Buttons says nothing, but stays by Booger's side.

Booger climbs in — the mattress goes whoomph! —
And pulls the blanket up with a triumphant oomph.
Up to the chin, so only eyes peek out,
A tiny turtle, without a doubt.

Now here is Booger's ritual, the same every night,
Three brave things to make the dark feel right.

"Number one," says Booger, "my blanket, soft and deep."
Booger rubs the corner. "Goodnight, blanket. Time for sleep."

"Number two, my bear." Booger gives a squeeze —
The bravest bear-hug, if you please.
"Goodnight, bear. You snuggle tight,
And keep me safe all through the night."

"Number three, my breath." Booger breathes in slow —
Sniff the flowers, watch them grow —
Then blows it out — go, dandelion, go!
In… and out… so soft, so low.

The blanket rises. The blanket falls.
Booger is braver than the bedroom walls.
The dark is still there — behind the door,
Under the bed, and on the wardrobe floor.

But Booger is still here, and that is true —
And being scared is okay, too.
For brave's not never feeling small —
Brave is snuggling in, in spite of it all.

Booger looks right at the darkest part:
"Goodnight, dark." (So brave, so smart.)
"I see you there. You don't scare me.
We're both just sleepy as can be."

Booger gives the shadows names, to make them friends:
"You're Chair-Bear, sleepy — and you,
Curtain, wave again!
You're just the dresser, and you're just the wall —
You're not scary shadows, not scary at all!"

Then Booger listens to the school at night —
The pipes hum low, the floors sigh light.
"It's just the school, breathing in its sleep,"
Booger whispers. "It's ours to keep."

Booger peeks out the window at the moon so bright:
"Hi, moon! You'll guard the halls tonight?
You'll watch the doors and keep them tight?"
The moon glows warm. That means: all right.

And Buttons — oh, Buttons sits so brave and still,
Like tiny bears do, with iron will.
"If Buttons can be brave," Booger decides with glee,
"Then brave is something I can be!"

The blanket's now a cave, a fort, a land —
And Booger is the king, so small, so grand!
King of the Blanket, ruler of the bed,
With a bear for a knight at the pillow's head.

The moon peeks in: "All safe, all sound —
The bravest little monster's found!
I'll guard the hall, I'll guard the door —
You sleep, small one, and fear no more."

Booger yawns a tiny yawn,
As sleep comes tiptoeing, soft as dawn.
"I'm scared," Booger whispers, "just a bit —
But I'm snuggling in, in spite of it!"

Snuggle down and breathe in slow,
Brave little monsters let dreams grow.

But down the hall — drip-drop, ker-plip!
A gooey girl begins her nightly trip!

Story 2

Booger Girl's Gooey Goodnight

Booger Girl is gooey — green and bright,
A drippy, droopy, sparkly sight!
Her pigtails plip, her elbows drip,
She leaves goo-prints on every trip.

Tonight she's worried, don't you know?
"My drips get EVERYWHERE I go!
They'll spot the sheets! They'll stain the bed!
Oh, what a gooey mess!" she said.

She tiptoes to the bathroom sink —
"Just one more wipe!" — ker-plip! — ker-plink!
She dabs her cheeks, she dabs her chin,
But more drips out from deep within!

Her toothbrush wobbles — squish! — ker-splat!
Goo toothpaste lands upon the mat!
She giggles though she meant to frown —
You can't stay sad when goo falls down!

She pulls her starry PJs on —
Purple, with the moons of dawn —
And does a twirl before the glass:
"Still drippy, droopy — that's my class!"

Then here's her ritual, soft and true,
The sniffle-snuggle — just for goo:
Step one: the hanky honk! ACHOO!
A tissue trumpet — toot toot too!

She blows her nose — HONK! — nice and loud,
Then takes a bow before the crowd
Of sleepy bears upon the bed —
"Encore!" they cheer inside her head.

Step two: the drip patrol, you see —
She checks each drip from one to three:
One on the nose — ker-plip! — hello!
One on the elbow — there you go!

One on the knee — the last, all done!
She doesn't hide them — oh, what fun!
For hiding drips just makes them spread —
She wears them proud upon her head!

Then step three — the best, hooray!
She dabs a drip the special way:
Up on the ceiling, plip! plop! — see? —
It dries into a star for me!

Each drip becomes a twinkling light,
A gooey star for her own night!
She dabs and dabs, from wall to wall —
Her ceiling's now a starry ball!

She counts them as they start to gleam:
"One star, two stars — a gooey dream!
Three stars, four — they're shining bright!
My drips make my own starlight!"

And here's the secret, sweet and true,
That Booger Girl now shares with you:
The things that made her feel so small —
Her drips — are magic, most of all!

For being gooey's not a flaw —
It's wonderful — that's nature's law!
The things that make you different, dear,
Are what make YOU so special here!

She doesn't have to hide or flee —
She's perfect, drippy as can be!
Her goopiness, both far and wide,
Is her own superpower, deep inside!

"Goodnight, drips," she softly sings,
"Goodnight, goo and gooey things!
You're part of me, and that is right —
Goodnight, goo — goodnight, goodnight!"

She climbs in bed — ker-sploosh! — ker-plop!
The mattress giggles — bop bop bop!
She pulls the quilt up to her chin,
And lets the sleepy dreams begin.

Her bears all snuggle, row on row,
Beneath her gooey starlight's glow.
"Goodnight, bears," she whispers low,
"Thanks for loving my gooey glow."

She thinks about tomorrow's play —
More drips, more drops, hip-hip-hooray!
She'll share her stars with friends so dear —
A gooey girl has naught to fear!

The moon peeks in: "All gooed, all bright —
The drippiest girl says goodnight!
I'll guard your stars till morning dew —
Sweet dreams, goo-girl, through and through!"

She yawns a gooey, gloopy yawn,
As sleep comes drifting, soft as dawn.
"I'm drippy," whispers she, "it's true —
And being me is good to do!"

Snuggle down, all gooey, slow,

Let the sleepy star-dreams glow.

But next door, there's a wibble-wobble sound —

A wobble is wobbling all around!

Story 3

Cling Settles Down

Cling is a slime kid, and slime kids wobble —
It's not a problem, it's not trouble.
It's just the way that Cling is made,
A wibble-wobble, wiggle parade!

Three teeth are brushed — that's all there are —
Then Cling drip-drops down the hall, near and far,
Leaving tiny shiny footprints on the floor,
Drip, drip, dripping to the bedroom door.

Then Cling wobbles getting INTO bed — whoop!
Cling wobbles getting UNDER — whoosh! — ker-sploop!
Cling wobbles the pillow. Wibble! Wobble! Whee!
The blanket's doing gymnastics. One, two, three!

"Stop wobbling!" Cling cries. "Stop! Stop! Stop!"
But the wobbles won't — they hop, hop, hop.
The elbows wobble and the knees wobble too,
And Cling is sure the ears aren't supposed to!

Cling tries counting wobbles to make them end:
"One wobble, two wobbles..." — that didn't mend.
In fact, the counting made still more —
Now there are wobbles Cling never had before!

Then Cling remembers — oh, what a day! —
Last spring, when rain came down to play.
A great wide puddle in the schoolyard grew,
And Cling lay down right in it too.

That puddle never wobbled. Not one bit.
Puddles don't wiggle, jiggle, or split.
Puddles just lie there, smooth and deep —
And that, thinks Cling, is how to sleep.

So here's the ritual, the puddle plan:
Lie flat and still — yes, Cling can!
Arms out wide. Legs out long.
Head on the pillow. (This feels wrong… but strong.)

Cling pictures wobbles draining away,
Out through the fingers, gone to stay,
Out through the toes, into the bed,
Like rain soaking in, the story said.

The blanket quits its wrestling match
And settles like a sky on a puddle-patch.
Cling feels the stillness start to spread —
From wiggly toes to sleepy head.

And oh — one more thing, before the deep:
Cling whispers to the pillow, "Will you keep
Me close tonight? Just one more squeeze?"
The pillow hugs back in the breeze.

For needing comfort's not a flaw —
It's strong to ask — that's nature's law!
The strongest slimes, the wise ones say,
Are those who ask for help to stay.

"Wibble..." says Cling, soft as a sigh.
"Wobble..." says Cling, with a sleepy sigh.
"Still," says Cling. And still is right —
A smooth, calm puddle in the moonlight.

The hallway's long, so Cling decides to slide —
A slime-kid sled! What a ride!
Wheee! Down the moonlit floor Cling goes,
Leaving a shimmer, a silver glow.

The portraits watch with painted eyes —
Old founders in their frames, so wise.
"Goodnight, founders!" Cling calls out —
They can't reply, but there's no doubt

They're smiling in their frames, you see —
They like a wobble, wild and free!
For even founders, stiff and grand,
Were wobbly kids — now isn't that grand?

Back in bed, Cling asks once more —
A little louder than before:
"Blanket, please, one extra squeeze?
And pillow, stay right here, please, please?"

The blanket wraps around so tight,
A warm and squishy, soft delight.
The pillow whispers, soft as foam:
"I'm here, Cling. You're home, you're home."

A moonbeam lands upon the floor,
A silver path to the bedroom door.
Cling watches it and feels so small —
So loved, so held, through it all.

Snuggle down, stay close and slow,

Let the sleepy dreams start to grow.

But across the hall, a glow shines bright —

A little light is up all night!

Story 4

Goo's Glow Goes Low

Goo glows bright when Goo is glad,
And brighter still when Goo's excited — like mad!
And tonight, oh, tonight's the night before
The Night Sky Picnic — what could Goo want more?

Eleven whole days Goo counted down,
Now shooting stars will paint the town!
The class will lie on blankets in the meadow grass,
And watch the twinkling meteors pass!

So Goo is glowing like a lantern bright —
Like two bright lanterns in the night!
The bedroom's shining like the day!
The toy shelf's shadows dance and sway.

Goo's own hands are little suns!
"Too bright for sleep!" says Goo. "This isn't fun!"

But Goo's bright glow's a gift, you see —
It lights the dark so friends can be
Less scared, more cozy, warm and cheerful —
A glow like Goo's is truly wonderful.

And here's the wisdom Goo has learned:
Even bright gifts need rest, in turn.
Choosing when to dim's no shame —
It's how you keep your brightest flame!

But first — oh! — before the dimming starts,
Goo makes shadow puppets with glowing hands!
Two hands up on the bright-lit wall —
A bunny! A bird! The best of all!

The bunny hops, the bird takes flight,
All in Goo's own golden light.
"What a gift," says Goo with pride,
"To paint with shadows, far and wide!"

A little moth comes tapping at the pane,
Drawn by the glow like gentle rain.
"Come in," says Goo, "the light's for you —
I'll share my brightness, warm and true!"

The moth dances in the golden air,
Then settles, softly, without a care.
Goo's glow's a gift — that's plain to see —
It helps whoever needs to be

A little braver in the night —
A little warmer in the light!
But gifts need rest, as Goo well knows —
That's how the brightest brightness grows!

So now the dimming game's begun —
The ritual for when day is done.
With every number, one breath slow:
In goes the bright, out goes the glow.

"Ten…" says Goo, and dims a touch —
The wall-shadows soften oh-so-much.
"Nine…" — the curtains dim their shine.
"Eight…" — the moth says, "You'll be fine!"

"Seven… six…" — the numbers creep,
"Five…" — a candle's glow, so deep.
"Four…" — a firefly's tiny beam,
"Three…" — the edge of a dream…

Goo dreams already of the picnic night —
The blankets spread in soft moonlight,
The shooting stars that streak and gleam —
"Two…" — Goo's smiling in the dream…

Goo tucks the glow in, pats it light:
"Thank you, brightness. Rest tonight.
You shone so well, you gave your best —
Now even brightness needs its rest."

Goo thinks about the picnic planned —
The blankets spread on moonlit land,
The cocoa warm, the friends all near,
The shooting stars they'll cheer and cheer!

"Tomorrow's glow will be so bright —
I'll save my shine for that delight!
Tonight I rest, tonight I dim —
A sleepy glow, all soft and slim."

The moth curls up upon the shade,
In the cozy dark that Goo has made.
"Goodnight, moth," Goo whispers low —
"Thanks for dancing in my glow."

And Goo's so proud, so wise, so bright —
To choose the rest, to choose the night!
For wisdom's knowing when to shine —
And when to let the stars do fine!

Snuggle down, dim soft and slow,

Let the sleepy dreams start to glow.

But downstairs, in the soft lamplight,

Someone's unwrapping the day tonight.

Story 5

Milo Unwinds

Milo's a mummy, wrapped up neat —
Cream bandages from head to feet,
A blue scarf crossed in a jaunty X
To hold the wrapping — what comes next?

Tonight his worries, wound up tight,
Lie wrapped like bandages at night —
Round and round his middle they go,
But Milo knows the way to let them flow.

Here's the ritual, tried and true:
Find the loose end — yes, you do!
Give it a pull, both slow and kind,
And unwind the worries from your mind.

The first worry: the paint at lunch!
Red paint splashed — a whole big bunch —
All over the table, all over his sleeve.
"Oh no," thought Milo. "I can't believe…"

Unwind… unwind… pull it free…
"It's okay," says Milo. "Paint washes, you see.
The table got cleaned, nobody's sore —
It's just a spill, and nothing more."

Loose! Away it floats, light as air,
A red ribbon dancing without a care.

The second worry's end sticks out —

Milo gives it a tug, without a doubt.

The loud bell at quiet reading time

That made him jump — oh, what a surprise!

Unwind… unwind… let it go…

"It's quiet now," says Milo, soft and low.

"The bell was just doing what bells do, you know.

My ears are safe — I'm calm at heart."

Loose! It flutters off, a gray streamer,

Fading fast — sweet dreams, dreamer!

The third worry's stickier, tight and small.

Milo pulls and pulls — the hardest of all.

"I forgot to say goodnight!" he cries.

"My friend's asleep — oh, my, oh, my!"

But "too late" is just a worry too,
And worries are for unwinding through.
So Milo pads down the moonlit hall,
In bandage PJs, soft and small.

The hallway stretches, long and wide,
With moonlight squares from side to side.
Milo hops them, one, two, three —
A bandage bunny, wild and free!

The portraits whisper, "Shhh, dear boy —
The school's asleep, don't wake it, oy!"
Milo giggles, soft and light,
And tiptoes onward through the night.

His bandage PJs swish-swish-swish,
As quiet as a granted wish.
The blue scarf X sits snug and neat —
The best-dressed mummy on the street!

He finds her door, he leans in tight,
And whispers, "Goodnight! Goodnight, goodnight!"
A sleepy voice comes through the seam:
"Goodnight, Milo..." — half a dream.

"Sleep tight!" he whispers, "Dream of cake!"
(The quiet kind — for goodness' sake!)
He hears her giggle, soft and small,
Then silence settles over all.

The walk back feels much lighter now —
His steps have lost their worried frown.
Each worry's gone, each one's unwound —
There's not a single one around!

He passes moonbeams, square by square,
And does a twirl — without a care!
A mummy twirl! A loopy spin!
The night is grinning, cheek to chin!

With laughter, that is — soft and bright —
The school is smiling at the sight!
"Come undone!" the moonbeams say,
"You'll wrap up fresh another day!"

He thinks about the morning light,
When he'll wrap up fresh and tight!
New bandages, so clean, so neat —
From head to toe, from top to feet!

The blue scarf X will cross with care,
He'll wrap each worry then and there —
But morning worries, crisp and new,
Are easier than nighttime's few!

For nighttime makes the worries grow —
They're bigger in the dark, you know!
But morning sun will shrink them small —
Milo can handle one and all!

Snuggle down, unwound and slow,
Let tomorrow's dreams start to grow.

But next door, a quilt is spread,
And waiting on a sleepy bed.

Story 6

Frankie's Patchwork Quilt

Frankie's stitched from odds and ends —
A square jaw here — the pattern bends! —
A round cheek there, two pigtails that spike,
Two neck bolts — just what she likes!

And so's her quilt — her pride, her treasure —
A patchwork made of love past measure.
Each patch came from someone dear,
And Frankie knows them all, right here.

Here's the ritual, soft and deep:
The patch tour, before she sleeps.
She smooths each square, she says each name,
And every patch recalls its claim.

"This blue patch is from Wally," Frankie coos,
And pats it twice — the way friends do.
"He is so brave, so this patch is brave —
It holds me strong like a mighty wave."

"This red patch is from my teacher, kind and true.
She is so kind, so this patch is too.
It's the softest patch — go on, feel! —
Her kindness makes the whole quilt real."

"This yellow patch — my best friend's square!
She is so funny, beyond compare!
It makes me giggle, just to touch —
Remembering the pickle joke and such!"

"This green patch is from Milo, gentle, mild.
He is so gentle — a tender child.
It's a quiet patch, for quiet rest,
And quiet patches are the best."

"This purple patch — my grandma's own!
She is so warm, right to the bone.
It smells like her kitchen, sweet and faint —
I breathe it in — it's simply divine!"

"This brown patch is from Old Bramble,
steady and strong.
He is so steady, all day long!
He tends the gardens, rain or shine —
This patch smells faintly of pine!"

"This starry patch — the night sky's own!
The dark stitched stars when I was prone
To fearing night — but now I see,
The night sewed starlight just for me!"
Now here's the secret, soft and true,
That Frankie wants to share with you:
No two patches are the same, you see —
And that's what makes them family!

The blue's not red, the green's not gold —
Each patch is different, brave and bold.
But stitched together, side by side,
They make the warmest quilt worldwide!



"And this middle patch?" Frankie pats the core —
An F she stitched herself — what more?
"This one is me! I'm the middle square,
The patch that holds them all with care!"

For without the middle, don't you know,
The other patches would let go —
They'd be a pile, they'd fall apart!
The middle patch is the quilt's own heart.

And every stitch's a hug, you know —
Each thread's a love that helps you grow!
The needle dips, the thread pulls through —
A hug from someone who loves you!

Grandma sewed the border wide,
With tiny stars on every side.
"For dreams," she said, "to catch and keep —
Now close your eyes and go to sleep."

And you're somebody's middle too —
The heart of someone who loves you!
The patch that holds their quilt together —
Through every kind of stormy weather!

Frankie wraps up like a burrito of love,
As cozy as a hand in glove.
Her toes find purple, warm and deep —
And Frankie drifts… to… sleep.

The quilt grows warmer, stitch by stitch,
Without a single itch or twitch!
Each patch hums soft, each patch glows —
A lullaby that ebbs and flows!

The blue hums brave, the red hums kind,
The yellow's funny, as designed!
The green hums gentle, soft and true —
And all of them are humming you…

To sleep! To sleep! The patches sing,
A patchwork lullaby, with swing!
Frankie's eyelids start to droop —
She's in the warmest, coziest group!

Snuggle down in patches, slow,
Let the sleepy dreams start to grow.

But outside, the night hums low —
A sleepy song, so soft and slow.

Story 7

Karson Hushes the Night

Karson's a banshee — hear him call!
The biggest voice of one and all!
This morning, "BREAKFAST TIME!" he cried,
And the whole dining hall replied!

The owls heard. The rafters rang.
What a voice! How he sang!
Big voices have their time and place —
Like calling friends to breakfast's grace.

But tonight, Karson wants something small —
The tiniest voice, no voice at all… well, nearly.
The night is humming, soft and low,
A lullaby, all sweet and slow.

And Karson wants to hum along —
To join the night's own sleepy song.
But humming needs a voice that's slight —
So here's the ritual for tonight.

Karson searches, deep inside,
Where the tiny voice likes to hide —
Folded small within the big,
Like a secret, like a twig.

He unfolds it, soft and true:
"Hmmmmm…" — just for you.
A thread of sound, thin as light,
As delicate as moths at night.

Then quieter: "hmmmm..." — can you hear?

Then just breath, so warm, so near.

Now Karson listens — really hears —
With his little banshee ears.
The night hums back its soft reply —
A lullaby from earth and sky.

The crickets hum their scratchy tune,

An orchestra beneath the moon.

The wind hums through the oak leaves' choir

—

Shhh-shhh — like whispers by the fire.

Far away, a train hums low,
Going where the sleepy rivers flow.
And the school itself — creak, creak, creak —
Hums like a giant, fast asleep.

Karson conducts with one small hand,
Slow and swirly, soft and grand.
His tiny voice weaves in between
The cricket notes, the moonlit sheen.

And oh! It fits! It fits just right —
Like the last star on a perfect night.
For quiet is a kindness, deep and true —
The world needs hushers, just like you.

Not every song must loudly ring —
Sometimes the softest voices sing
The sweetest songs the night has known —
And make the dark feel less alone.

And Karson has a brand-new plan,
As only a thoughtful husher can:
He'll hum a hush for every friend,
A sleepy song that has no end!

For Booger, brave, a hum so small —
The bravest hum, no fear at all!
For Booger Girl, a gooey cheer —
A drippy hum for one so dear!
For Cling, so still, a puddle-song —
Smooth and calm and twice as long!

For Goo, a hum that dims like light —
A firefly hum, so soft, so bright!
For Milo, loose, a floating tune —
That drifts like ribbons to the moon!

For Frankie, warm, a quilted rhyme —
Each patch a note, each note in time!
For Victor, kind, a midnight croon —
Beneath the watchful, winking moon!

For Wally, wild, a lullaby —
That teaches shooting stars to fly… to sleep!
(Okay, that rhyme was steep —
But hushers' rhymes don't have to be deep!)

Eight hushes, soft and sweet,
For eight friends, now fast asleep!
The world needs hushers, this is true —
And the best of hushers? That is you!

Karson hums the world to rest,
One tiny hum — his very best.

An owl calls out — "Who? Who's there?"
"It's me!" hums Karson, "Take some care
To keep it soft, to keep it low —
The night is sleeping, soft and slow!"

The owl agrees — "Who… who…" — so light,
A whispered who in the soft night.
The leaves join in — shhh-shhh-shhh —
The world's a hush, a sleepy wish!

The old clock ticks its lullaby —
Tick… tock… as hours drift by.
Each tick's a hush, each tock's a song —
The night is humming soft and long!

Snuggle down, hum soft and slow,
Let the sleepy dreams start to grow.

But in the dorm, in the dark so deep,
Two eyes blink open from their sleep.

Story 8

Victor's Friendly Dark

Victor's a vampire — fangs and all!
The dark's his friend — he loves the fall
Of night, the moon, the starry dome —
The dark's his favorite place — his home.

Well — ninety-nine percent, it's true.
But tonight, the dark feels… different. New.
Too big. Too quiet. Too much space.
A lonely feeling fills the place.

It sits upon his chest, this gloom,
And fills the corners of his room.
But Victor's wise — he knows the trick:
Don't judge a book — look close, be quick!

So here's the ritual, brave and smart:
Look closer with your vampire heart.
For feelings sometimes get it wrong —
The dark's been friendly all along!

He looks... and look! It's not empty at all!
There's the moon — the night-light on the wall —
Big and round, with a sleepy face,
Smiling down from outer space.

There are the stars — a hundred gleams!
Tiny lamps for midnight dreams,
Pinned up high so none shall fear
To wander in the dark, my dear.

Victor counts them: one… two… three…
He loses count at twenty-three!
(He starts again — it's not a race —
Counting stars is done with grace.)

There's Teddy's shadow on the wall,
Doing a dance — both big and small —
Whenever the curtain starts to sway,
The shadow dances, hip-hooray!

The plant's leaf-shadows wave hello,
Hello! Hello! — they steal the show.
And Victor's night-eyes, strong and keen,
See everything there is to be seen!

He picks one star — the twinkliest-bright —
And makes a wish with all his might:
"Sweet dreams for everyone I know,
Wherever little dreamers go."

"Goodnight, moon," says Victor, with a grin.
"Goodnight, stars — let dreams begin!
Goodnight, dark — you're not empty, it's true
—
You're full of wonders, through and through!"

He wishes Milo ribbons bright,
That float like dreams in soft moonlight!
He wishes Frankie quilts of cheer,
To keep her cozy, year to year!

He wishes Karson songs so small,
The softest songs that hush them all!
He wishes Booger courage true,
And Cling the stillness, through and through!
He wishes Booger Girl gooey glee,
And happy drips, all wild and free!

He wishes Goo a gentle gleam,
To light the way to every dream!
He wishes Wally, wild and free,
The sweetest race there'll ever be!

The wardrobe's just a wooden friend,
Whose coat-hung arms will never end
Their patient waiting through the night —
It doesn't mind the lack of light!

The rug's a map of swirls and twirls —
A purple sea with emerald whirls!
Victor sails it with his toes,
Where midnight's gentle river flows.

And here's the best part of the dark, you see —
It's where the dreams grow wild and free!
No sun to tell them what to be —
Just moonlight, stars, and mystery!

Victor wraps his cape up tight —
Once around — oh, what a sight!
Twice around — a vampire burrito!
(That's a wrap — neat-o, burrito!)

He smiles wide, his fangs agleam,
Then pulls his cape up — soft as cream.
His cape-blanket, his dark, his friend —
A hammock-hug that has no end.

For scary's just a word we say
'Bout things we haven't met that way.
Get to know them, look real close —
You'll find a friend — that's Victor's boast!

Snuggle down in dark, soft, slow,
Let the sleepy dreams start to grow.

But one small window's glowing bright —
It's Wally's window, full of light!

Story 9

Wally the Werewolf Says Goodnight



The moon is up! The stars are out!

The night is quiet all about.

But Wally the werewolf's wide awake —

Not sleepy! Not at all! No break!

And who could sleep on such a day?
The meadow run! The blocks at play!
The pudding! (PUDDING!) At supper, yum!
And Field Day's coming — here it comes!

The Big Relay Race — Wally's the anchor leg!
(He's been practicing — don't beg!)
How's a werewolf meant to sleep
When tomorrow's promises run so deep?

"I don't want to go to bed!" Wally cries,
And tells his tail — oh, so wise!
His tail goes thump, thump, thumpity-thump —
It doesn't want sleep, that furry lump!

Wally pulls on his mustard sweater — the cozy one,
With the paw patch sewn for extra fun.
He pads to the window, soft and slow:
"Goodnight, moon!" — all aglow.

The moon winks back, round and wide,
Like it has secrets, safe inside.

Down the hall, the snores float sweet —
His friends are dreaming, oh, so deep!
So Wally whispers, soft and light,
Eight goodnights into the night:



"Goodnight, Baby Booger — brave and small!"

"Goodnight, Booger Girl — drips and all!"

"Goodnight, Cling — no wobbles at all!"

"Goodnight, Goo — you dimmed just right!"

"Goodnight, Milo — unwound tonight!"

"Goodnight, Frankie — quilt pulled tight!"

"Goodnight, Karson — humming light!"

"Goodnight, Victor — dark's your friend tonight!"

Eight goodnights, soft as seeds,

Drifting down to plant their dreams.

Wally climbs in bed. Eyes shut. One… two… three…

Pop! They open! "Sleep's too slow for me!"

"I want it NOW!" he huffs and puffs.

His tail agrees — enough's enough!

But then Wally thinks of what he learned in school:

Patience, friends, is super cool.

And patience isn't just for day —

It's for the night-time, too, I'd say!

Here's the ritual, calm and deep:

The breathing game that brings the sleep.

For rest is how tomorrow's fun will grow —

Like seeds in dirt, all dark and low.

You can't see seeds grow in the ground,

You can't hear rest without a sound —

But growing's happening, sure and true,

And rest is growing inside of you!

So Wally breathes in slow… and out…

(Can you do it too? Breathe in… breathe out…)


GAUNT

In through the nose, so soft, so deep…
Out through the mouth… toward sleep.

"Goodnight, backpack. Goodnight, shoes.
Goodnight, wiggly tail — no more blues!
You did so good today, my friend —
The wiggles now must find their end."

One last thump — happy and light —
Then tail goes still. Goodnight, goodnight.

Now here's the last thing Wally does,
Before he sleeps, just because:
He says thank you for the day that's done —
For the run, the blocks, the pudding fun!

For even the wildest hearts, it's true,
Say thank you for the day they knew.
Gratitude's the softest bed —
So thank the day, then rest your head.

"Thank you, legs, for all that running!
Thank you, blocks — that tower was stunning!
Thank you, pudding, sweet and fine —
Thank you, stars, for your shine!"

His tail gives one more sleepy wag —
The happiest, droopiest wag… what a wag!
"Thank YOU, tail," Wally sighs with glee,
"For always wagging just for me!"

Snuggle down, breathe deep and slow,
Thank the day, and let dreams grow.

Wally's toes feel heavy. Legs feel heavy too.
Eyelids heaviest — ooh, it's true!
Heavy, heavy, heavy — like blankets of sleep,
Piled up high, so soft, so deep.



He dreams of running, fast and free,

The relay race for all to see!

The cheering crowd, the wind, the fun —

Tomorrow's race, already won!

The moon keeps watch. The stars still gleam.

And Wally drifts into his dream…

Goodnight, Wally. Goodnight.

Now all the kids are tucked in tight —

The grown-ups get their own goodnight!

Story 10

The Grown-Ups' Goodnight

The students are sleeping, one by one —

The bedtime tales are nearly done.

But in the school, when lights go low,

Three grown-ups have their own hello...

To bedtime! For grown-ups need it too —

Yes, even principals! Who knew?

So tiptoe soft, come take a peek

At the cutest goodnight of the week!

Principal Jekyl locks the door —
Click! — the school sleeps, as before.
He straightens pictures, dims each light,
And whispers, "School, goodnight,
goodnight!"

Beside him walks his loving wife —
Teacher Blackthorne, green as life!
Her witch's cloak, her gentle grin,
She takes his hand — let sleep begin!

And trotting between them, proud and small,
Miss Itty Bitty leads them all!
A tuxedo cat, black-and-white,
The counselor — who ends each night

With purrs that calm the stormiest day —
Her grandpa-purrs that chase clouds away!
For Jekyl's mornings sometimes brew
With thunderstorms — but she purrs them through.

(Sweet, not creepy — just so you know —
Her purrs make stormy mornings glow!)

They walk beneath the moon's soft beam,
Three shadows in a silver dream.
Their cottage waits, with windows bright,
A beacon in the velvet night.

Here's their ritual, tried and true —
The same, yet special, just for… three, not two!
(For family rituals, you see,
Are better shared — like cups of tea!)

First, the kettle's put to boil —
It whistles tunes to end their toil.
Teacher Blackthorne pours with care
The chamomile that scents the air.

Jekyl sinks in his favorite chair,
And Itty Bitty's already there!
She curls up on his cozy lap
And starts her purr — the perfect nap...

Well, almost nap — not quite yet!
There's one more ritual to get:
Jekyl takes his breathing stone —
Smooth and gray, his very own.

"Breathe in... one, two, three," he sighs.
"Breathe out..." — beneath the sleepy skies.
Itty Bitty breathes along —
In... out... a purring song.

Teacher Blackthorne sips her tea
And smiles at her small family.
"Even grown-ups have their weather,"
She says, "and face it all together."

For grown-ups need their bedtime too —
The day is long, the nights are few
Where rest can find them, soft and deep —
So grown-ups also need their sleep!

Then up the stairs, so soft, so slow,
The three of them, all aglow.
Jekyl carries, in his arms,
The sleepy cat with all her charms.

Teacher blows the candle out —
A curl of smoke goes round about.
The quilts are pulled, the pillows fluffed,
The moonlight's more than soft enough.

And here's the sweetest part, my dear:
They tuck each other, year to year!
She tucks him in, he tucks the cat,
The cat purrs loud — imagine that!

A family tuck, a triple treat —
Three heartbeats in a rhythm sweet.
For family tucks each other in —
That's where the sweetest dreams begin!

The fire crackles, low and deep,
A lullaby that sings to sleep.
The clock ticks softly on the wall —
Tick... tock... the gentlest call of all.

Itty Bitty's purr grows slow and sweet —
A tiny motor, a warm heartbeat.
It says, "I'm here, I'm close, I'm near —
There's nothing in the dark to fear."

Jekyl smiles, his eyes half-closed,
In the coziest chair that ever dozed.
"Best purr in the school," he sighs with cheer —
Then whispers, "Best purr… far and near…"

Teacher Blackthorne takes his hand —
The two of them, so sweet, so grand.
Married magic, tried and true —
A love that's old, yet ever new.

Snuggle down, all three, soft and slow,
Family dreams begin to grow.

And so ends the day at Black Thorn Academy.

Nine students. Nine goodnights.

Three grown-ups, tucked in tight.

Goodnight, everyone.

The moon is high, the stars are deep,
The whole school's fallen fast asleep.
Ten tales told, ten dreams begun —
Goodnight, goodnight, to everyone.

Snuggle down, the night is sweet,
With slippers off and cozy feet.
Dream of meadows, dream of gleam —
Drift away on a moonbeam dream.

For every monster, big and small,
The night's the softest hug of all.
Different, drippy, brave, or bright —
You're perfect, just as you are tonight.

Goodnight, Black Thorn. Goodnight, moon.
We'll see the sun again so soon.
But now it's time to close your eyes —
Goodnight, goodnight, beneath the skies.

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For Grown-Up Minds

They Thought Differently

You Promised

Color the Night Sky

The moon is sleepy. Give the whole sky your brightest colors.



Draw Your Dream

Close your eyes and remember a dream you loved.

It can be silly, or strange, or soft and quiet.

Now draw it in the big box below.

Use every color you have — dreams love color.

Connect the Star Dots

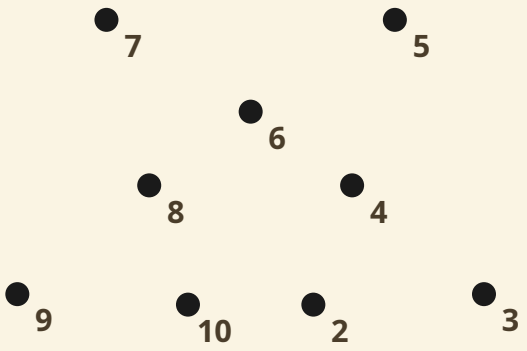
Find the numbers, then connect them in order.

Start at 1, then 2, then 3 — go slow and steady.

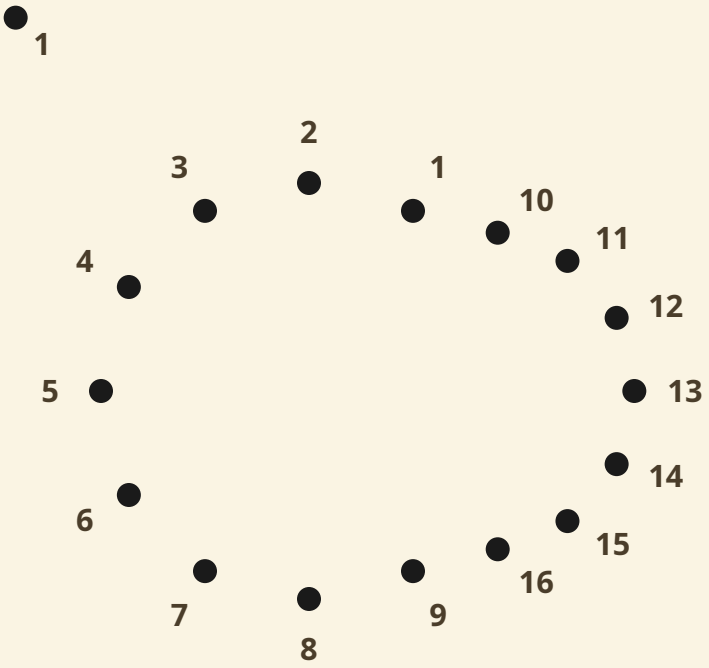
When you reach the last dot, the picture wakes up.

Then color it in. Night pictures love bright colors.

1. The Star



2. The Moon



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