
The Star That Wanted To Hug The Earth
A bedtime story about belonging and safe, gentle love.

High in the night sky, Twinkle watched bedtime begin.





Far below, parents gave soft bedtime hugs. Twinkle stretched her little arms. “I wish I could hug Earth too.”

“Then I will try!” said Twinkle. She stretched her little arms toward Earth - but it was still far, far away.





Across the quiet sky, Twinkle stretched and stretched - but her light could not reach Earth.

“I need help,” she whispered.

“Can you help me, Northern Lights?”

A shimmering ribbon came dancing through the sky.

“Hold on, Twinkle!” it sang.





Reaching out, Twinkle held the ribbon tight.

It tugged her gently toward Earth.

Whoosh! A Passing Comet gave Twinkle a gentle swoosh.

She held the ribbon tight and moved nearer to Earth.





High above Earth, the Silver Moon blew a soft breeze.

“Easy now,” she whispered, nudging Twinkle closer to the windows below.

Twinkle stretched toward the windows.

Almost there - but not quite.





“Wait,” whispered Twinkle. “I can send my warm light instead.”

Her glow streamed through windows everywhere, reaching sleepy children below.

Inside bedrooms, Twinkle’s warm light curled around sleeping children.





Softly, the sleeping children smiled as Twinkle’s light whispered,
“You are safe.”

How did her hug reach so far?

Twinkle listened to the quiet night. Her warm light was already hugging Earth.





As dawn whispered far away, Twinkle curled into her perfect place.

Her gentle glow hummed, “Sleep well, dear Earth.”

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