

Éanna the Owl and the Magic of the Night

In a busy city nestled between rolling hills and sea, there lived a wise owl named **Éanna**.

With feathers as soft as moonlight and eyes that sparkled like stars, Éanna had a very special job: Éanna helped children who were afraid of the dark.

Every evening, just as the sun dipped below the horizon and the sky turned a deep velvet blue, Éanna would glide silently from the tree hollow and perch on rooftops, windowsills, and garden fences.

Éanna listened for the soft sighs and worried whispers of children who didn't like bedtime because the dark felt too big, too quiet, and too unknown.

One night, Éanna heard a little voice from a room at the edge of an estate. "I don't like the dark," whispered a girl named Lily, hugging her blanket tightly. "It hides everything."

With a gentle flutter, Éanna landed on her windowsill. "Hello, Lily," Éanna hooted softly. "May I show you the magic that lives in the dark?"

Lily blinked. "Magic?"

Éanna nodded. "The night isn't empty—it's full of life. Come with me."

With a shimmer of stardust, Éanna lifted Lily into the air, and together they soared above the city. Below them, the world glowed in silver moonlight. They saw:

- **Bats** fluttering through the trees, catching midges that would otherwise bite.
- **Hedgehogs** snuffling through gardens, cleaning up fallen fruit and insects.
- **Moths** dancing from flower to flower, helping plants grow by spreading pollen.
- **Foxes** padding silently through the grass, keeping nature in balance.

"The dark is when many creatures wake up," Éanna explained. "They need the quiet and the cool to live and thrive. Without the night, they would disappear."

Lily's eyes widened. "So the dark helps nature?"

"Yes," Éanna said. "And it helps you too. Darkness tells your body it's time to rest and grow. It gives your dreams a place to bloom."

When they returned to her window, Lily smiled. The dark didn't feel so scary anymore. It felt alive, peaceful, and important.

From that night on, whenever Lily felt unsure, she would look out at the stars and whisper "Goodnight, Éanna," knowing Éanna was out there, watching over the night and all its wonder.

