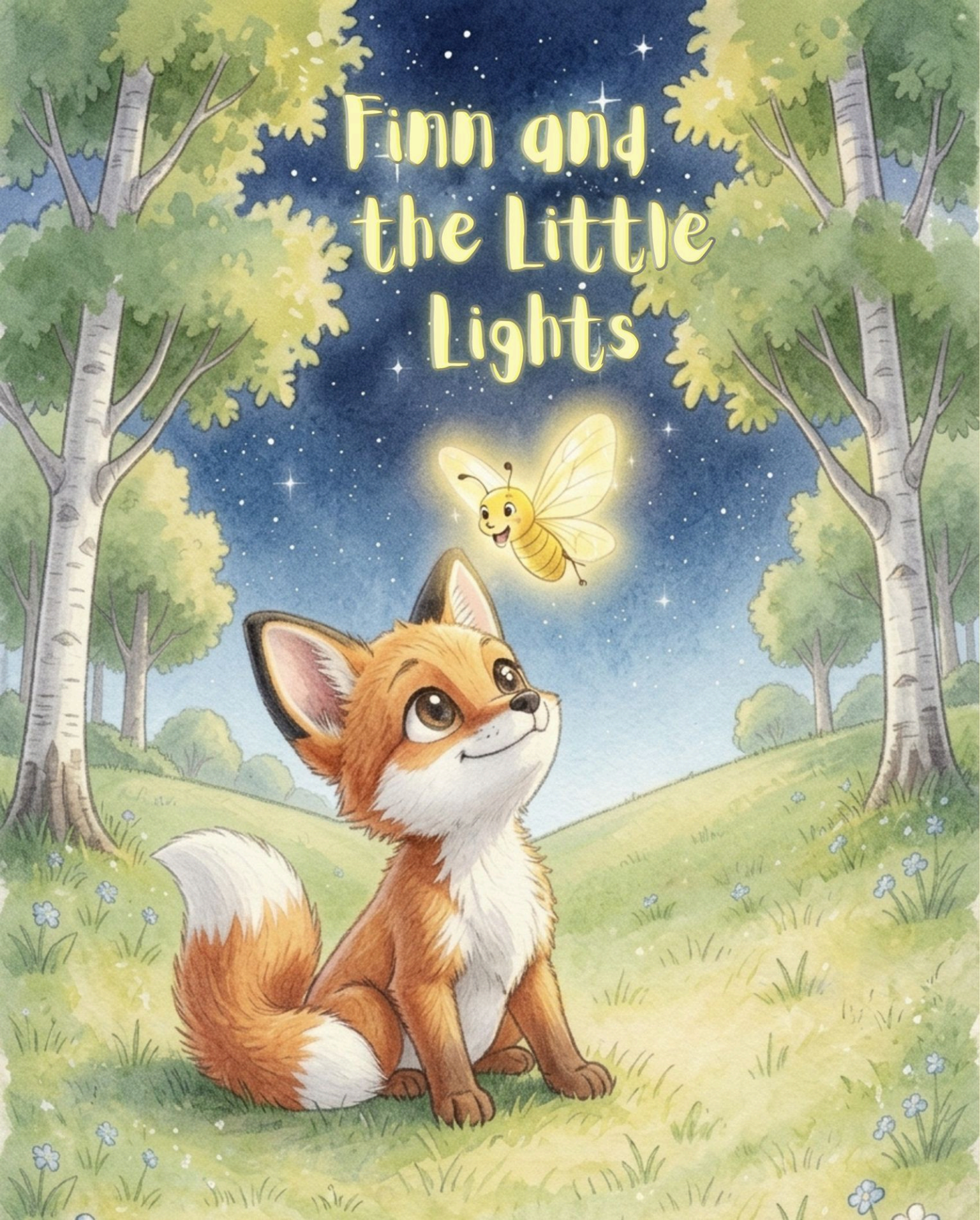
Finn and the Little Lights

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The sun went to sleep, and the dark came into the woods. Finn the little fox pulled his blanket up high. 'The night is too big,' he whispered.



'Don't worry, Finn!' buzzed a tiny voice. A warm yellow light danced into the room. It was Glow, the little firefly.



'Come outside,' said Glow. 'The night is full of friendly little lights.' Finn took a slow step into the cool grass.



Up above, a golden moon smiled down. 'Look!' said Finn. 'The sky has its very own nightlight.'



Blink! Blink! Blink! Dozens of tiny lights appeared in the bushes. 'They are my brothers and sisters,' chirped Glow happily.



'Hoo-hoo,' sang a soft voice from the tall tree. It was Barnaby the owl, giving a gentle nighttime lullaby.



Finn let out a big, cozy yawn. The night did not feel big or scary anymore. It felt gentle and warm.



Finn curled up in his bed. 'Goodnight lights, goodnight night,' he whispered softly, and drifted off to sweet dreams.

The End