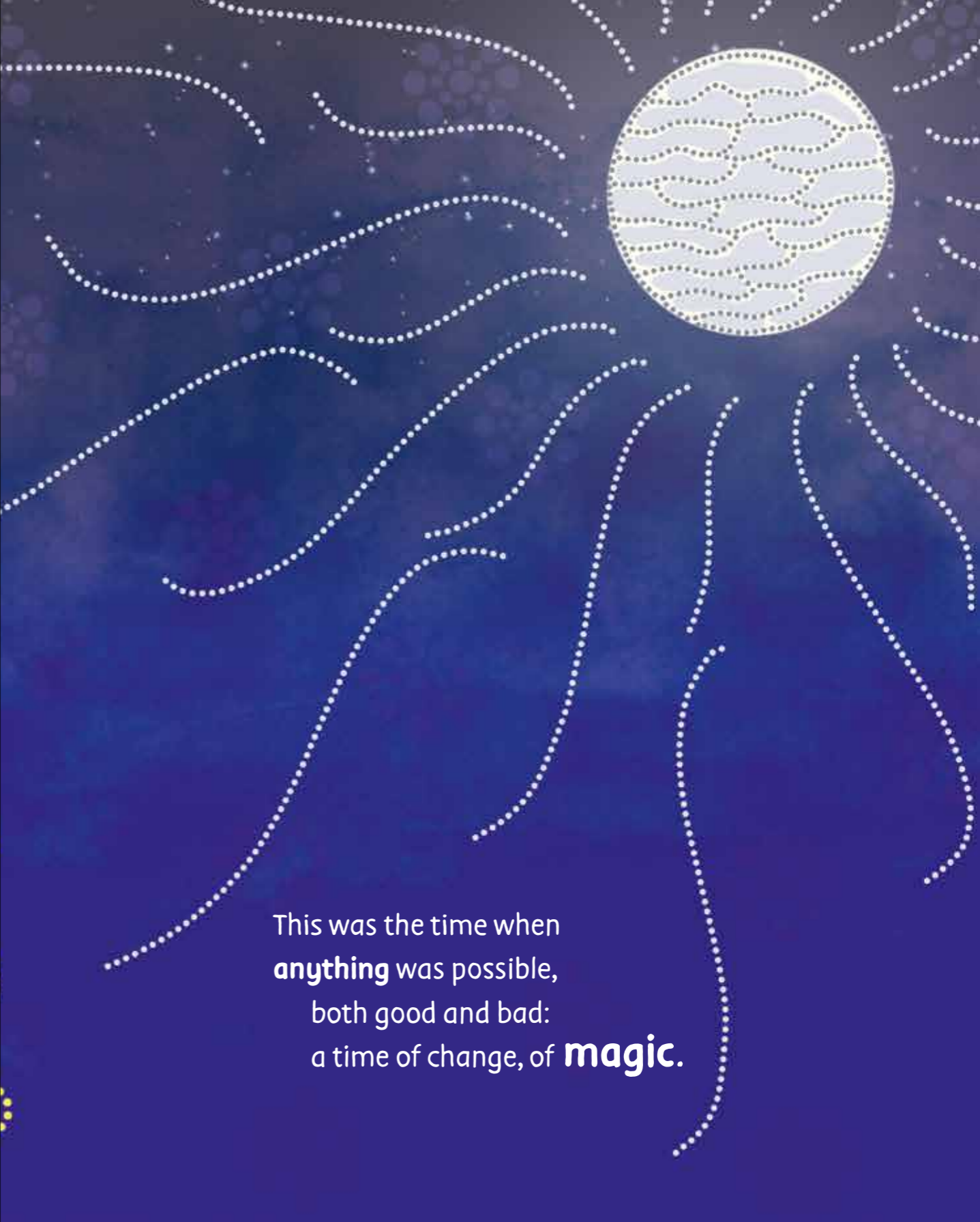
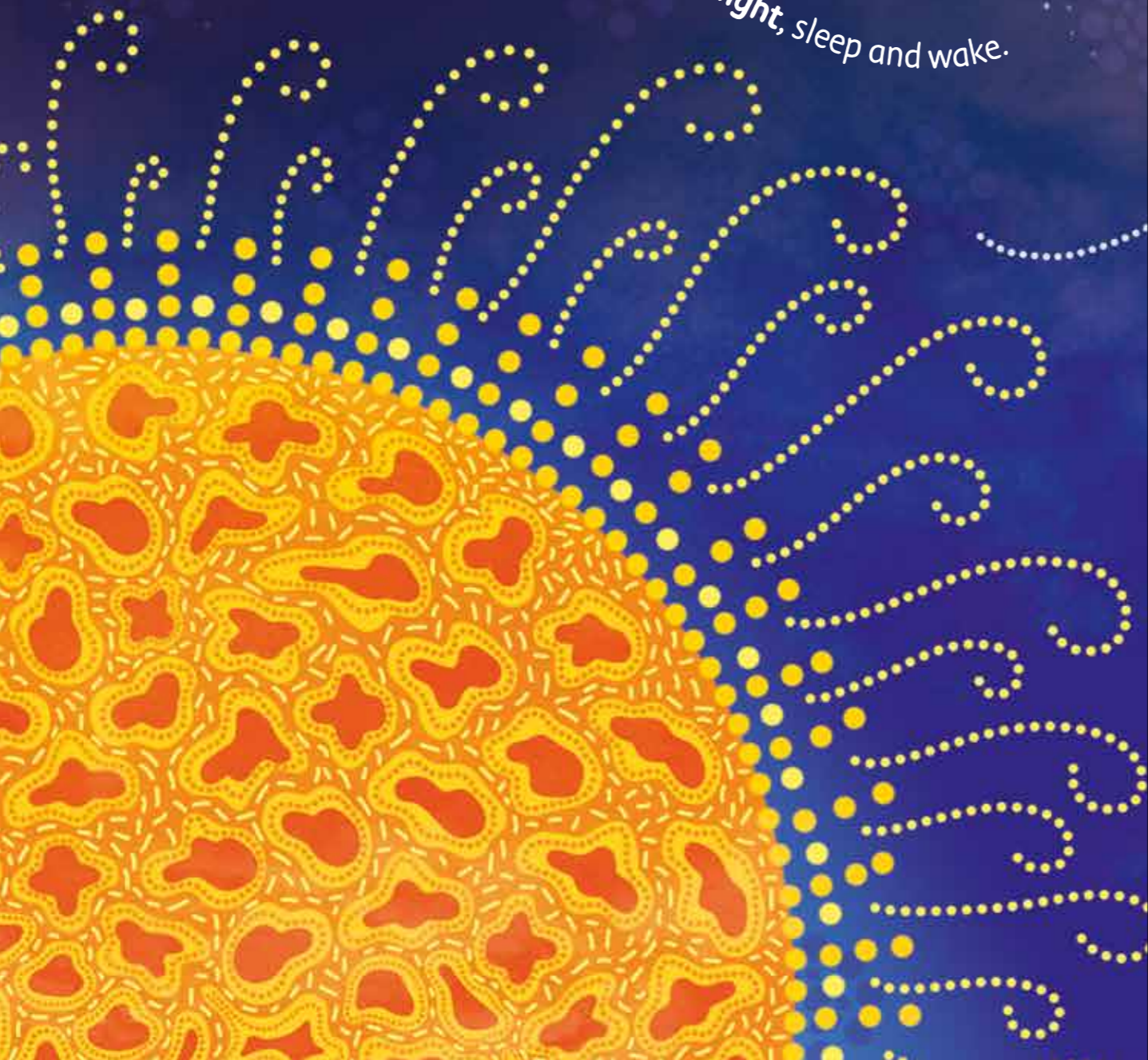
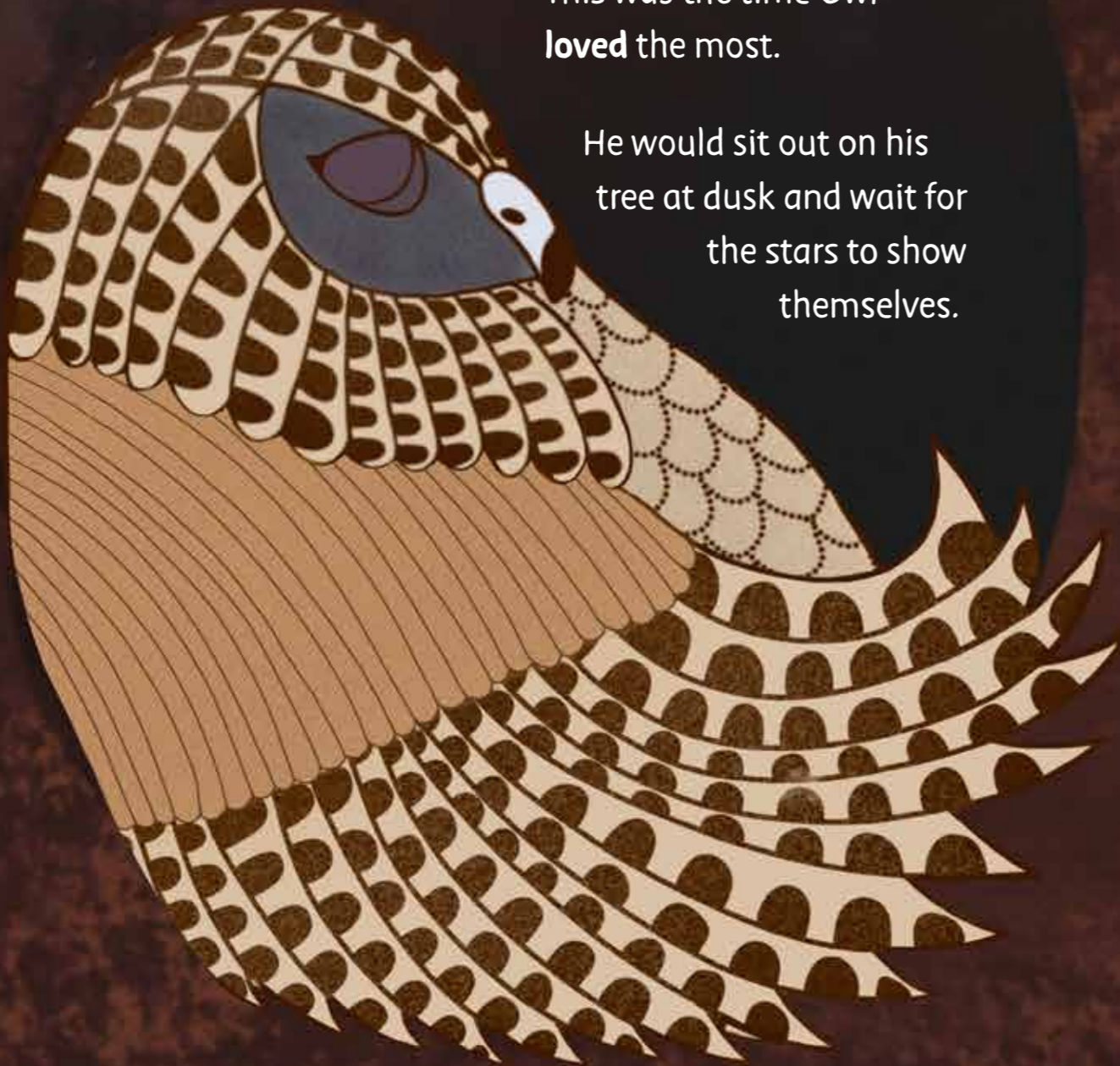


For as long as the universe could remember,
there was a special time between **day** and **night**, sleep and wake.



This was the time when
anything was possible,
both good and bad:
a time of change, of **magic**.

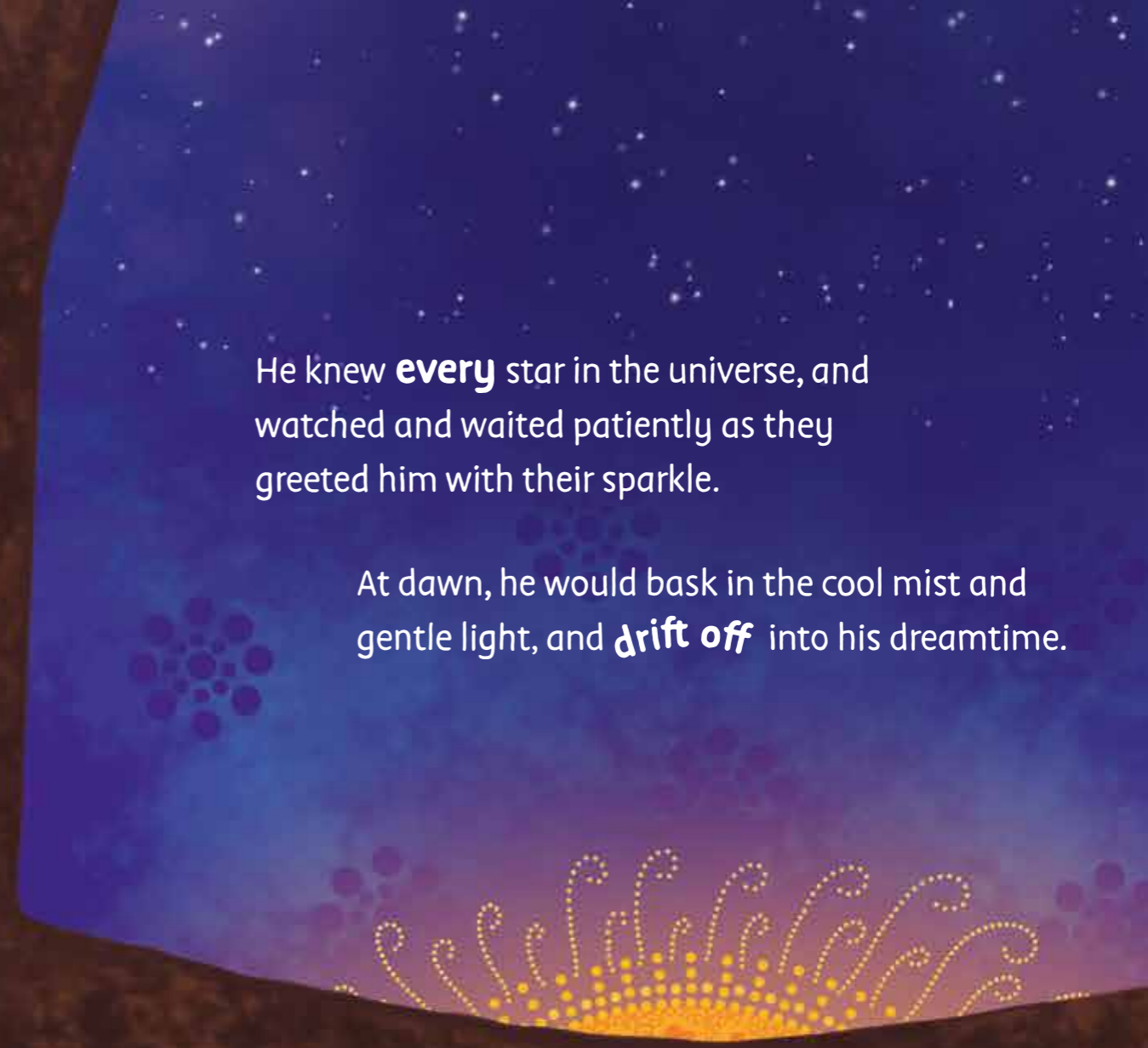


This was the time Owl
loved the most.

He would sit out on his
tree at dusk and wait for
the stars to show
themselves.

He knew **every** star in the universe, and
watched and waited patiently as they
greeted him with their sparkle.

At dawn, he would bask in the cool mist and
gentle light, and **drift off** into his dreamtime.



The image depicts a night sky with a vertical line down the center. The sky is a gradient of dark blue at the top to a lighter blue at the bottom. Numerous white stars of various shapes and sizes are scattered across the sky. In the lower half, there are several large, irregular, light blue shapes with dotted borders, resembling water ripples or reflections. The text is overlaid on the sky.

Every morning, as Moon went to her slumber,

all the stars would **descend from the heavens** like a fine dew
to cover the earth with renewed hope for a new day.

The stars especially loved to
dance on the waters as Sun
kissed the earth at first light.

In the evening, as Sun settled into his sleep time,
the warmth would leave the earth

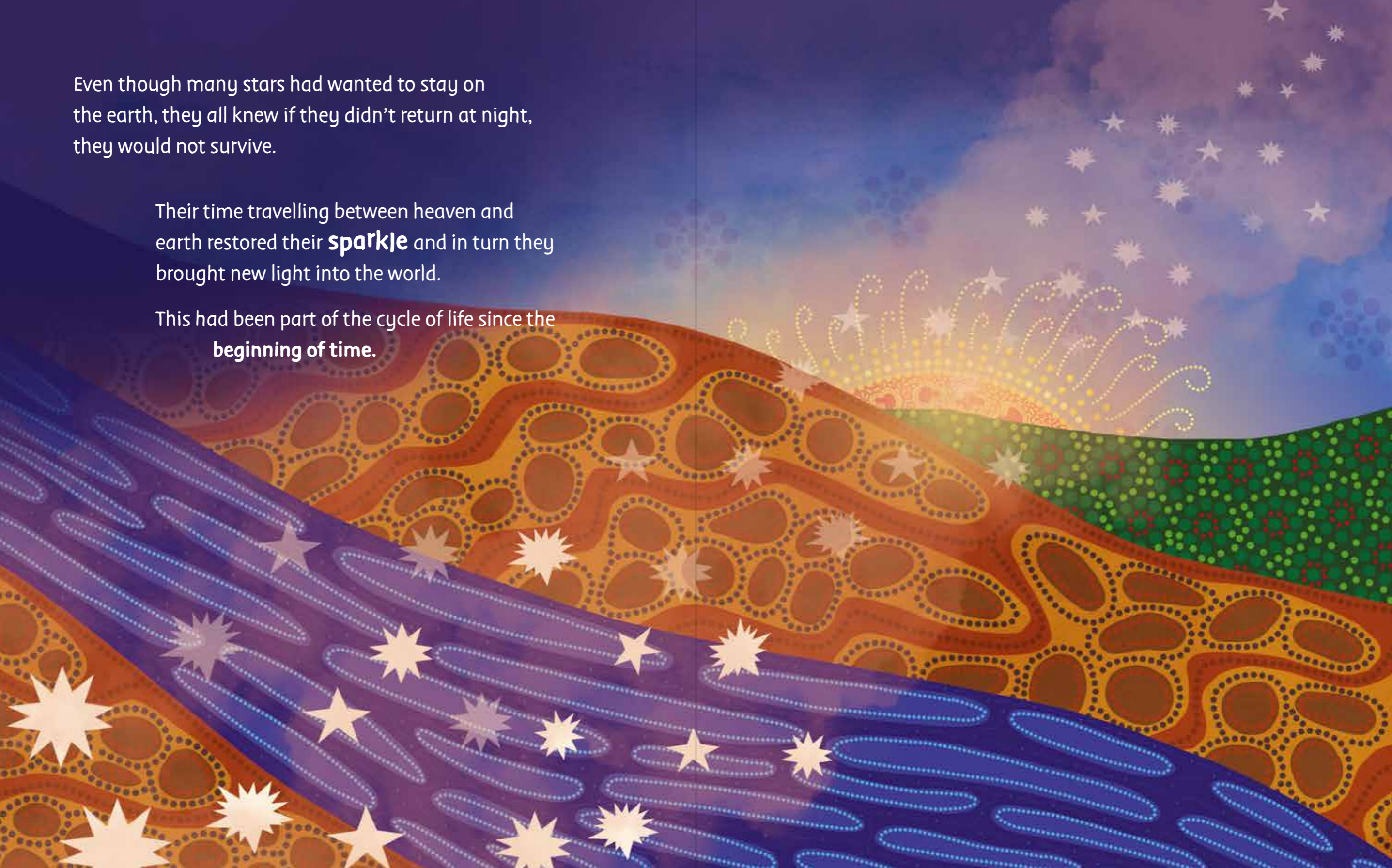
like a **gentle breeze**, lifting the stars back into the heavens
to take their place in the night sky.



Even though many stars had wanted to stay on the earth, they all knew if they didn't return at night, they would not survive.

Their time travelling between heaven and earth restored their **sparkle** and in turn they brought new light into the world.

This had been part of the cycle of life since the **beginning of time.**



One evening, Owl woke up, excited as always
to greet the stars.



As he sat watching and waiting he became worried.

His **favourite** little star had not shown herself.

