

The Little Sun



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High up in the velvet sky, where the night is wide and deep, there lived a very small sun named Sunny. He was round and golden-yellow, about the size of a small ball, with a soft glowing edge around his body. His warm orange cheeks glowed, and his two big amber eyes were always kind. He wore a little sky-blue scarf wrapped snugly around his lower edge, and tiny star-shaped freckles danced across his face.



Every night, the big stars came out to shine. They were ancient and huge, tall radiant shapes with sharp bright points of brilliant white and pale silver light. They wore shimmering silver sashes and tiny twinkling crowns, and their confident faces glowed with narrow bright eyes. They sparkled far and cool and grand, and they never once looked down at little Sunny.



Sunny floated quietly at the edge of the sky and watched them shine. "They are so big and bright," he whispered to himself. "Nobody even sees my small glow." His light flickered a little dimmer than before, and he pulled his sky-blue scarf up close to his chin. He felt as tiny as a pebble beside a mountain, and his gentle smile faded away.



One quiet night, while the big stars were busy shining at each other, Sunny noticed something far below. A tiny round planet drifted alone in the cold dark space, small and blue-green with icy white patches. It looked like a little marble lost in the sky, wrapped in a thin sparkling blanket of frost and snow. "Hello down there?" Sunny called softly. No one answered.



Sunny floated closer to take a look. Frost covered the hills like a cold white blanket, and a river stood perfectly still and frozen. Little trees huddled together with drooping branches, and frozen flowers bent their heads toward the icy ground. The whole little planet seemed quiet and sleepy and very, very cold. "Oh," Sunny whispered. "You must be so chilly."



Then something moved in the snow. It was a small round creature, fluffy and pale blue and white, about the size of a football. It had tiny stubby wings, a small orange beak, and big dark worried eyes. It wore a tiny knitted brown hat and a thin red scarf, and its little feet were shivering in the frost.



"Hello," said Sunny gently. "I am Sunny. Who are you?" The fluffy creature blinked up at him. "I am Pip," it said in a small shaky voice. "Everything here is frozen, and all my friends are cold and scared. The flowers will not open, and the river will not flow. We have been waiting for warmth for so long."



Sunny looked at shivering Pip and the frozen hills and the sleepy trees. His heart felt a warm little tug. "I am not a big star," he said softly. "But I do have some gentle warmth. Maybe it is enough to help." Pip's big dark eyes grew bright with hope. "Please try," Pip whispered. "Even a little warmth would mean so much to us."



So Sunny moved closer to the little frozen planet. He did not blaze like the giant stars, and he did not sparkle with cold silver light. Instead, he glowed softly, warm and golden, and let his gentle warmth drift down like a cozy blanket. The frost on the nearest hill began to shimmer, and a tiny drip of water slid down a frozen leaf.



Pip hopped beside him, cheering softly. "It is working! I can feel it!" Sunny glowed a little brighter, and a little warmer, and he kept on shining with all his heart. Around them, the air grew soft and mild. The huddled trees lifted their branches just a bit, as if they were waking up from a long, long nap.



Slowly, slowly, the frozen river began to crack and grumble. A thin stream of water peeked out and then rushed along, laughing over the pebbles. "The river is flowing!" Pip squeaked, flapping his tiny wings. Green patches spread across the hills like spilled paint, and small buds pushed up through the melting snow, curious and brave.



Then the flowers opened. First one, then ten, then a hundred, stretching their petals toward Sunny's gentle glow. Bees hummed in from nowhere, and birds sang from the waking trees. Animals peeked out of cozy holes and burrows, blinking in the warm light. The little planet was no longer grey and frozen. It was green and blooming and alive.



Sunny floated above it all, glowing with happiness. "Look, Pip!" he laughed. "Life returns!" Pip danced in a circle, his brown hat bouncing. "You did it, Sunny! Your warmth woke up our whole world!" The plants swayed, the river sang, and the little planet spun happily, wearing its new green coat like a special gift.



That night, Sunny floated back up to the wide velvet sky. The big stars were still shining, tall and grand in their silver sashes. But now Sunny knew something he had not known before. He did not need to be the biggest star to be important. His gentle warmth had made a frozen world bloom.



He wrapped his sky-blue scarf a little tighter and smiled his small, gentle smile. "Everyone has value," he whispered to the twinkling dark. "Even a little sun can make a big difference." Far below, on the green little planet, Pip waved up at him, and the flowers waved too, warm and bright and full of life.



And if you ever look up at the night sky, you might see a small golden glow among the giant stars. That is Sunny, still shining softly, still keeping his little planet warm. He is not the biggest light up there, but to Pip and the blooming flowers and the singing river, he is the most special sun of all.