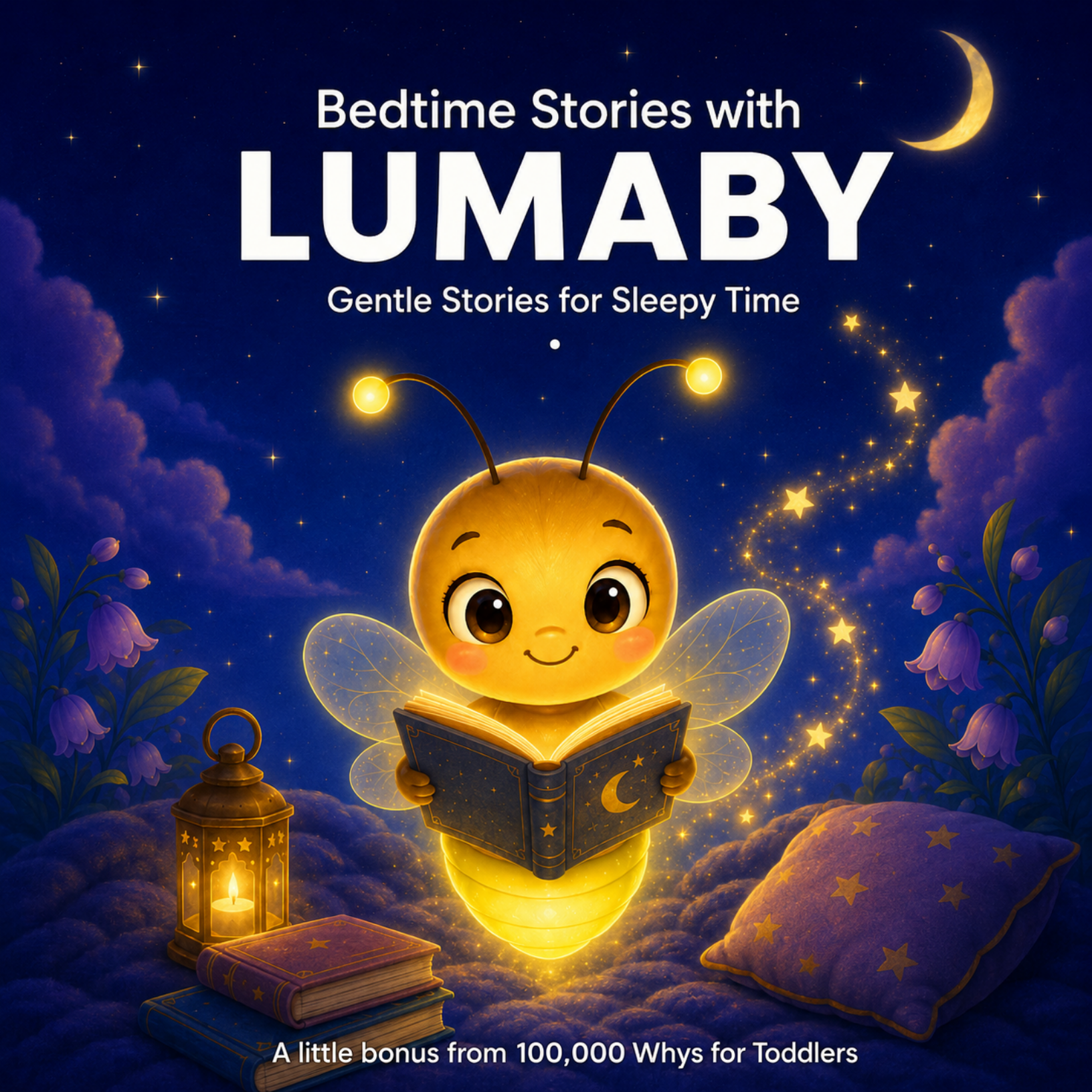
Bedtime Stories with

# LUMABY

Gentle Stories for Sleepy Time



A little bonus from 100,000 Whys for Toddlers

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# Before we begin

These three little stories were made for the
last quiet minutes of the day.

In each one, a small firefly named Lumaby stays
close and guides your little one gently toward sleep.
She calls your child “little glow.”

Read slowly. When Lumaby dims her glow,
let your voice grow soft and slow, too.

There is no rush tonight.



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One

# One Last Why

*for a busy, wondering mind*



The room was dark and soft, but you were still awake.
The blanket was warm. The pillow was cool. Everything was quiet.
Everything except your head.

Your head was full of whys.

*Why is the moon awake at night? Why do the stars blink? Why is the night so big? Why do I have to sleep?*

So many whys. They buzzed and hummed and would not be still.
They wiggled behind your eyes and bounced around the room.

Then, at the window — a small, warm light.
It floated closer. It glowed soft and gold.
It was Lumaby.

"Hello, little glow," she whispered. "I hear your whys. They are good whys."

She did not tell them to stop.
She did not say *hush*.

She floated down, slow as a falling feather, and listened to every one.

"Why is the moon awake?" you asked.
"A very good why," said Lumaby. "Let's tuck it in."
And she caught the why like a tiny light and slipped it into her dream pocket.
"Goodnight, little why."

"Why do the stars blink?"
"Another good one." She caught it, soft and slow. "Goodnight, little why."

"Why is the night so big?"
"The biggest why of all." She smiled. "Goodnight, little why."

One by one, the whys grew sleepy.
One by one, Lumaby tucked them away.
Her glow drifted slowly through the dark, gathering each little light.

*Goodnight, little why.*
*Goodnight, little why.*
*Goodnight, little why.*

Your breathing grew slow.
In… and out.
Soft… and warm.

"But what about all my other whys?" you murmured. "I have so many."
"I know," said Lumaby. "You have a whole sky full."
"Will they go away?"
"Oh no, little glow. They will be here in the morning. Every single one. Waiting for you."
"Even the tricky ones?"
"Even the tricky ones."
"Even the answers?"
"Even the answers are sleepy now."

Lumaby made her glow a little softer.

The gold grew gentle. The room grew warm.
She floated to the edge of your pillow and rested there, like a tiny star come down to stay.

You had one why left. It was a very small one.
"Why… do my eyes feel so heavy?"
"Ah," whispered Lumaby. "That is the sleepiest why of all.
You don't have to answer that one.
You just have to close them."

And you did.

Behind your eyes it was not dark at all.
It was soft. It was golden.
It was full of quiet, sleepy light.

Lumaby made her glow softer still.

Your arms grew heavy.
Your hands went still.
Your breathing slowed… in… and out… and slow.

She rested her tiny light against your cheek, warm as a sunbeam. "Goodnight, little glow," she whispered. "I'll stay right here. All night long."

And she made her glow softer than soft.

The last of your whys was sleeping now.
So was the garden. So was the moon.

And the moon was sleeping...
so you didn't have to wonder anymore.

You were already there.

*Slow...*
*and warm...*
*and gold...*
*and gone into sleep.*



Two

# The Little Light

*for when the dark feels big*



It was time for sleep, and the light clicked off.

*Click.*

The room went dark.
The dark felt big. It felt wide. It reached into all the corners.
You pulled the blanket up high. Your heart went *thump*, *thump*, *thump*.

The dark was too big, and you were so small.

Then — a tiny spark at the window.
It floated in, soft and gold and warm.
It was Lumaby.

"Hello, little glow," she whispered. "The dark feels big tonight, doesn't it?"

You nodded under the blanket.

She did not say *don't be scared.*
She did not say *there's nothing there.*

She just floated close, and her little light pushed the dark back, gentle and slow.

"Let me show you a secret," said Lumaby. "The dark is not empty. Look."

And you looked.

High up, the moon was glowing, round and kind.
The stars were glowing, tiny and far.
And down beside you, Lumaby was glowing, warm and near.
Little lights, everywhere, all through the dark.

*Little light*, *little light*, hummed Lumaby.

*Shining soft into the night.*

"But those lights are far away," you whispered.
"One is not," said Lumaby.
"Which one?"
"The closest one of all. Closer than the moon. Closer than me."

And she floated down, soft as a feather, and rested her glow right over your heart.

"There," she whispered. "Right there. Do you feel it?"

And you went very still.
Under your hand, under the warm, something was glowing.
A little *thump… thump… thump.*
Soft. And slow. And warm.

"That is your light," said Lumaby. "It has been shining all along.
And do you know the best thing about your light, little glow?"

You shook your head.

"It stays.
When the lamp clicks off — it stays.
When the room goes dark — it stays.
Even when you close your eyes and float far, far away…
it glows, and it glows, and it stays."

You laid your hand on your chest and felt it there —
warm, and soft, and yours.

*Little light*, *little light*, whispered Lumaby.

*Shining soft into the night.*

Your heart was not going *thump-thump-thump* anymore.
It was going slow.
It was going soft.
In… and out. Warm… and low.

Lumaby made her glow gentle and dim.
The dark drew close — but it was not too big now.
It was soft as a blanket, wrapped all around you,
full of little lights.

"I'll stay right here," she whispered, "my light beside yours.
Two little glows in the great, soft dark."

She made her glow dimmer still.

Your eyes grew heavy.
Your hand rose and fell, slow, upon your chest.
And under it, warm and steady, your own little light
glowed on…
and on…
and on.

*Little light…*
*little light…*



Three

# Follow the Glow

*for a body that won't be still*



You were tired. But your body would not lie still.
Your legs wanted to kick. Your arms wanted to wiggle.
You rolled this way. You rolled that way.
Sleep felt very far away.

Then, at the window, a soft gold light.
"Hello, little glow," whispered Lumaby. "Your body is busy tonight.
That's alright.
Let's take a slow, sleepy journey. You don't have to walk. You don't have to try.
Just follow my glow."

And she floated up, slow and low,
and you floated with her — light as a feather, out into the warm night.

*Follow the glow*, she hummed. *Slow… and low.*

Below you, the whole garden was going to sleep.
The flowers had folded their petals for the night.

The grass lay soft. The little pond lay still.
Not a leaf was moving.
"Sleep well, little garden," Lumaby whispered.

You drifted on.

*Slower now.*

There was the puppy, curled in a warm round ball,
his nose tucked under his tail, his paws twitching in a happy dream.
"Rest now, little puppy," Lumaby whispered.

You drifted on.

*Slower now.*

There was the cat, on a soft cushion, purring low.
Her eyes were shut. Her tail was still.
"Goodnight, little cat," Lumaby whispered.

You could barely keep your eyes open.

*Slower now.*

There was the snail, deep in his cozy shell,
safe and warm and slow.
"Sleep, little snail," said Lumaby, softer than before.

The night grew quiet.
The stars leaned close.

Up… and up… and slowly up…
until you reached the moon —
a soft gold crescent, curved like a cradle.

Lumaby settled onto it and let her glow grow warm and low.

"This is the top of the sleepy world," she whispered.
"There is nowhere else to go.
Nothing left to do.
Nowhere left to be.
Just here. Just soft. Just slow."

And your busy body… stopped being busy.
Your legs went still. Your arms went heavy.

Your breathing went in… and out… and slow.

Then — soft as a feather coming down —
you were back in your bed.
The blanket was warm around you.
The pillow was deep beneath your head.
You had floated so very far…
and you were home.

Lumaby glowed dim and gold beside your pillow.

"You don't have to go anywhere else, little glow," she whispered.
"You're already here.
You're already home.
You're already safe."

Her light grew soft.

"Follow my glow," she whispered, "down… and down… into sleep.
I'll be right here when you wake."

And softer.

Your eyes were closed.
Your body was warm.
The whole sleepy world was quiet.

And soft.

And you followed the glow, slow and low,
all the way down...
down...
into the warm gold quiet of sleep.





# Goodnight, little glow.

*Sleep soft. Sleep warm.*
*Lumaby will be right here when you wake.*

from Lumaby · 100,000 Whys for Toddlers