



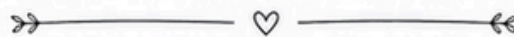
THE
Little Butterfly
AND THE
Sleepy Meadow Sky ♥



— ♥ —
A CALMING BEDTIME STORY
AND PRINTABLE KEEPSAKE PACK



*A gentle story, a special letter,
and little things to notice as
the sky grows sleepy. ♥*



CREATED BY

Penelope Willis ♥

calming stories for little people ♥



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The Little
Butterfly
and the
Sleepy Meadow Sky



A gentle summer bedtime story



By Penelope Willis



It had been a long,
sunny day in the meadow.
Butterflies had fluttered everywhere,
lifting and turning in the warm summer air.

And one little butterfly
had loved every moment.

She had danced
above the flowers,
drifted through
the tall grass,
and followed the sunlight
wherever it went.

She didn't want the day to end.

As the light began to soften,
the other butterflies slowed down and
one by one,
they drifted lower,
resting gently
among the petals.



But not little butterfly.

“I’m not tired,”

She said.

**She lifted her wings again
and fluttered a little higher.**

**“There’s still more day left,”
she thought.**

The sky grew deeper.

The air cooled.

Still, she fluttered on.

“I’m not tired,”

she said again,

even as her wings

began to slow down

**and as the meadow softend
into evening.**



The bright, busy feeling of the day
turning into something quieter.

And then, very gently,
something magical began to happen.

The light didn't disappear.

It settled.

It rested softly on the petals,
along the tips of the grass,
a warm, golden glow,
falling over everything.

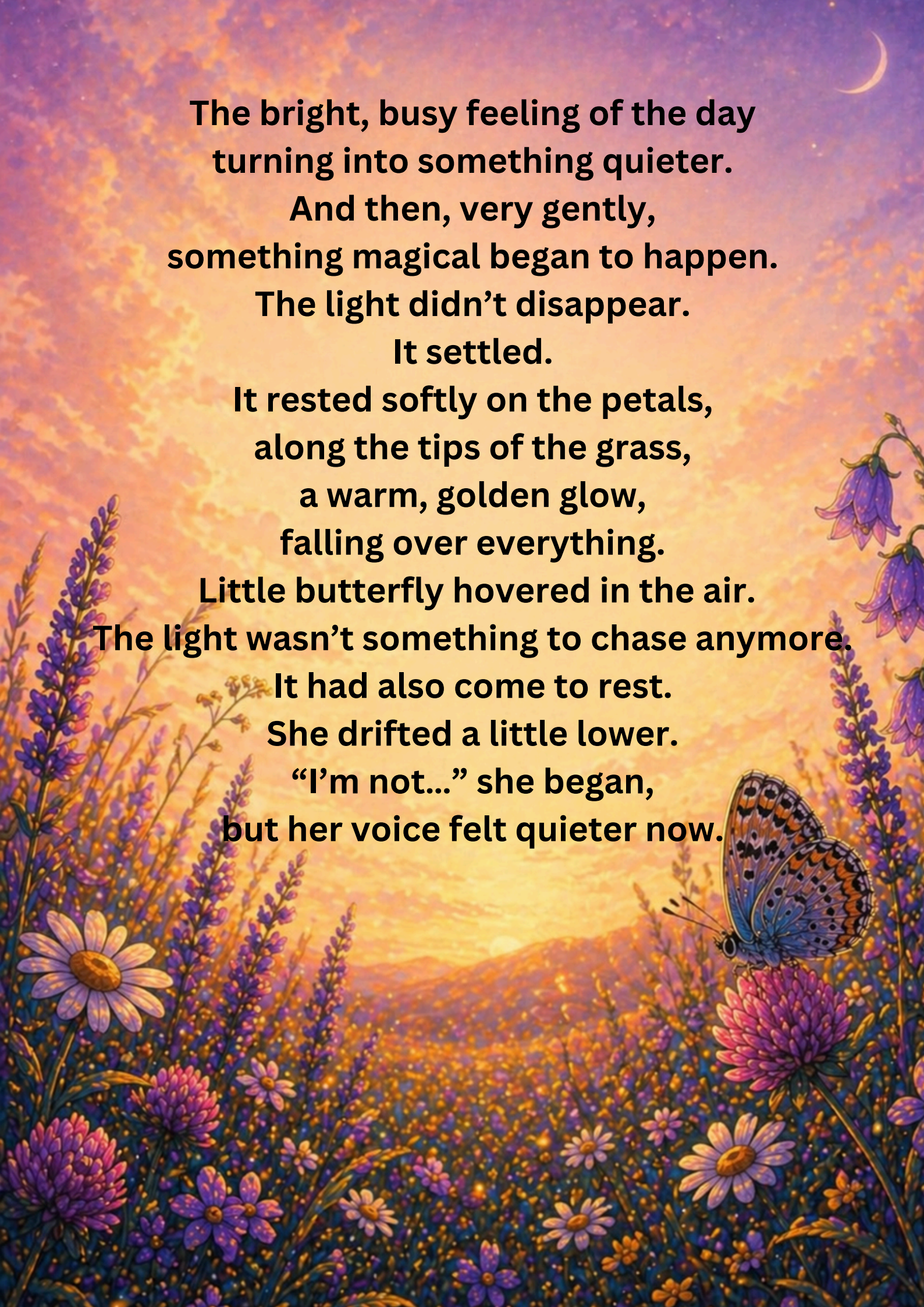
Little butterfly hovered in the air.

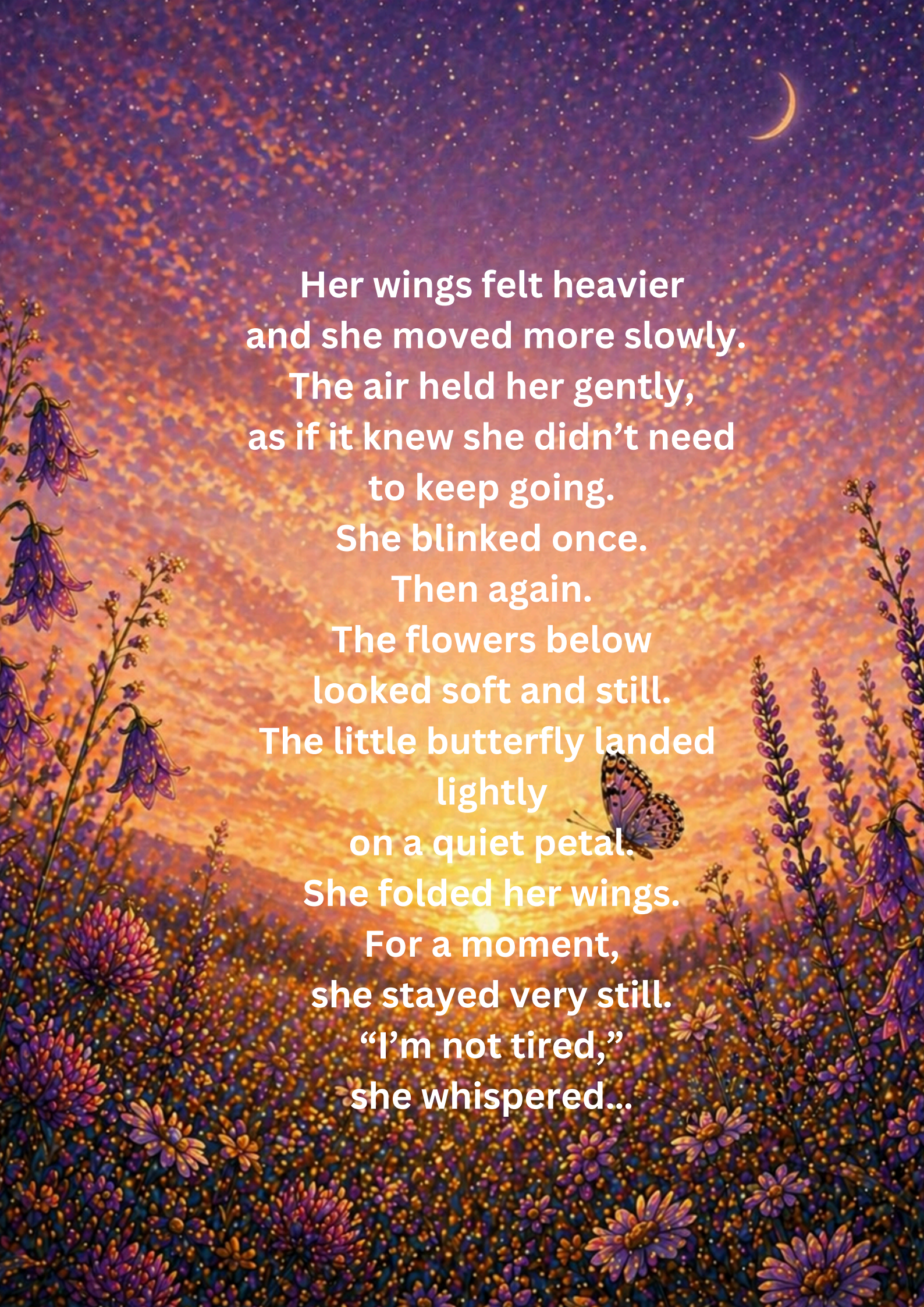
The light wasn't something to chase anymore.

It had also come to rest.

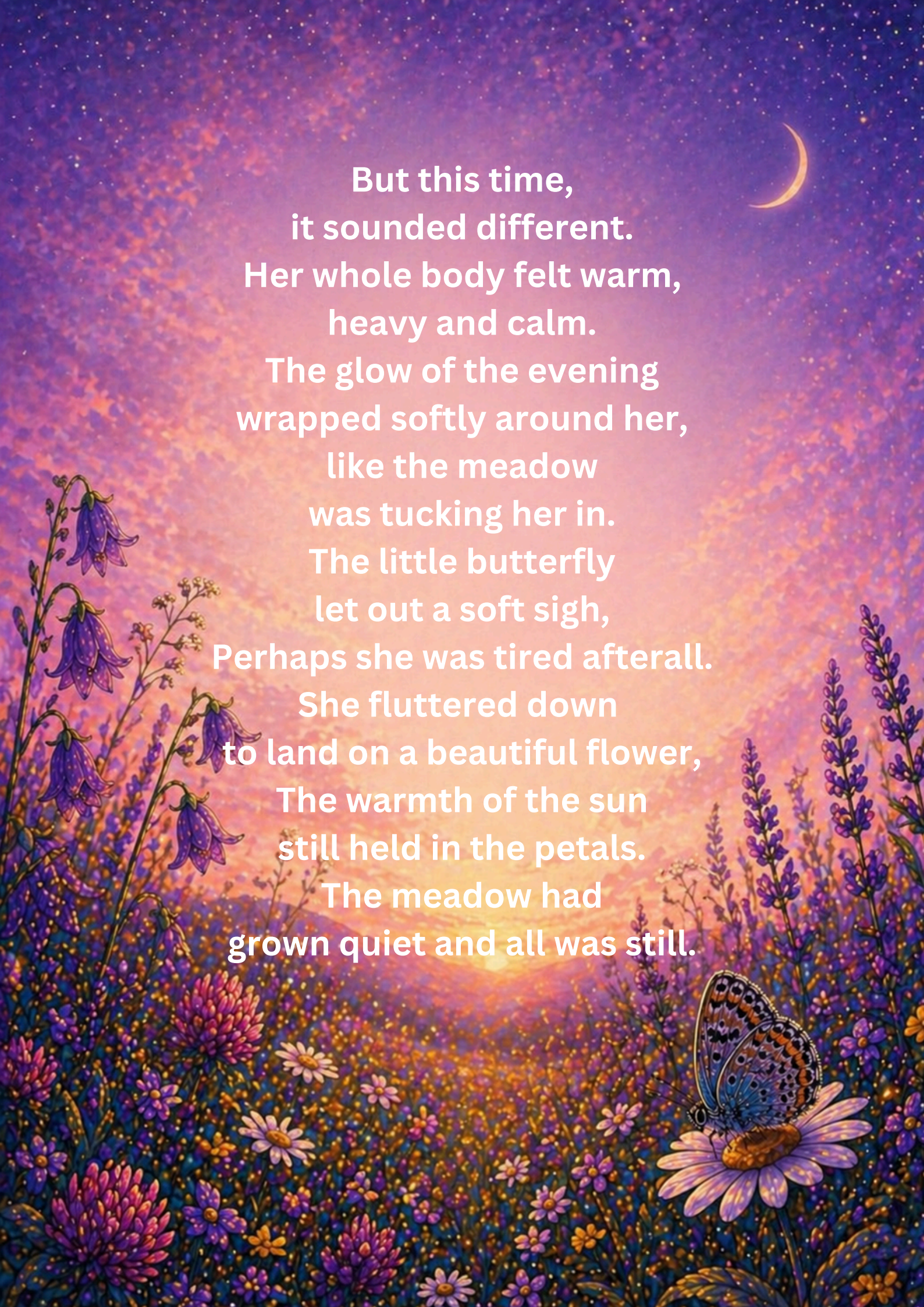
She drifted a little lower.

"I'm not..." she began,
but her voice felt quieter now.

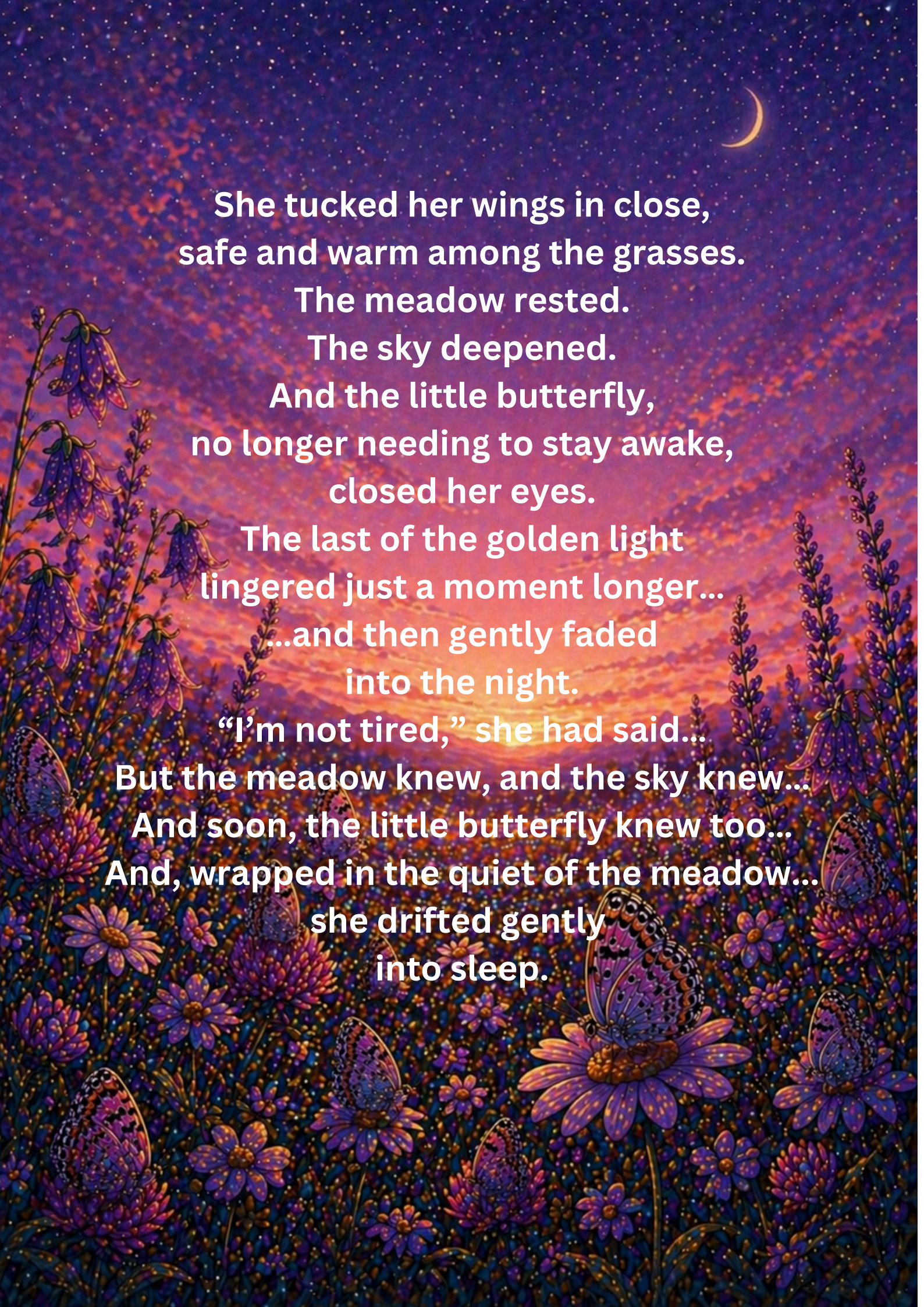




Her wings felt heavier
and she moved more slowly.
The air held her gently,
as if it knew she didn't need
to keep going.
She blinked once.
Then again.
The flowers below
looked soft and still.
The little butterfly landed
lightly
on a quiet petal.
She folded her wings.
For a moment,
she stayed very still.
"I'm not tired,"
she whispered...



But this time,
it sounded different.
Her whole body felt warm,
heavy and calm.
The glow of the evening
wrapped softly around her,
like the meadow
was tucking her in.
The little butterfly
let out a soft sigh,
Perhaps she was tired after all.
She fluttered down
to land on a beautiful flower,
The warmth of the sun
still held in the petals.
The meadow had
grown quiet and all was still.



She tucked her wings in close,
safe and warm among the grasses.

The meadow rested.

The sky deepened.

And the little butterfly,
no longer needing to stay awake,
closed her eyes.

The last of the golden light
lingered just a moment longer...

...and then gently faded
into the night.

“I’m not tired,” she had said...

But the meadow knew, and the sky knew...

And soon, the little butterfly knew too...

And, wrapped in the quiet of the meadow...

she drifted gently
into sleep.



A Tiny Letter

from the Butterfly... ♡



Dear You,

I just wanted to flutter by
and leave you a little note
before you close your eyes tonight.

The meadow is growing sleepy now,
the flowers are folding their petals,
and the sky is painting itself in soft colours.

You have been so very wonderful today.
You tried, you cared, you were you
and that is more than enough.

When you lie down to rest,
take slow, deep breaths
and let your worries float up to the sky.
I will catch them on my wings
and carry them far, far away.

Dream of kind things,
magical things,
beautiful things.

I'll be fluttering above you
as you dream.

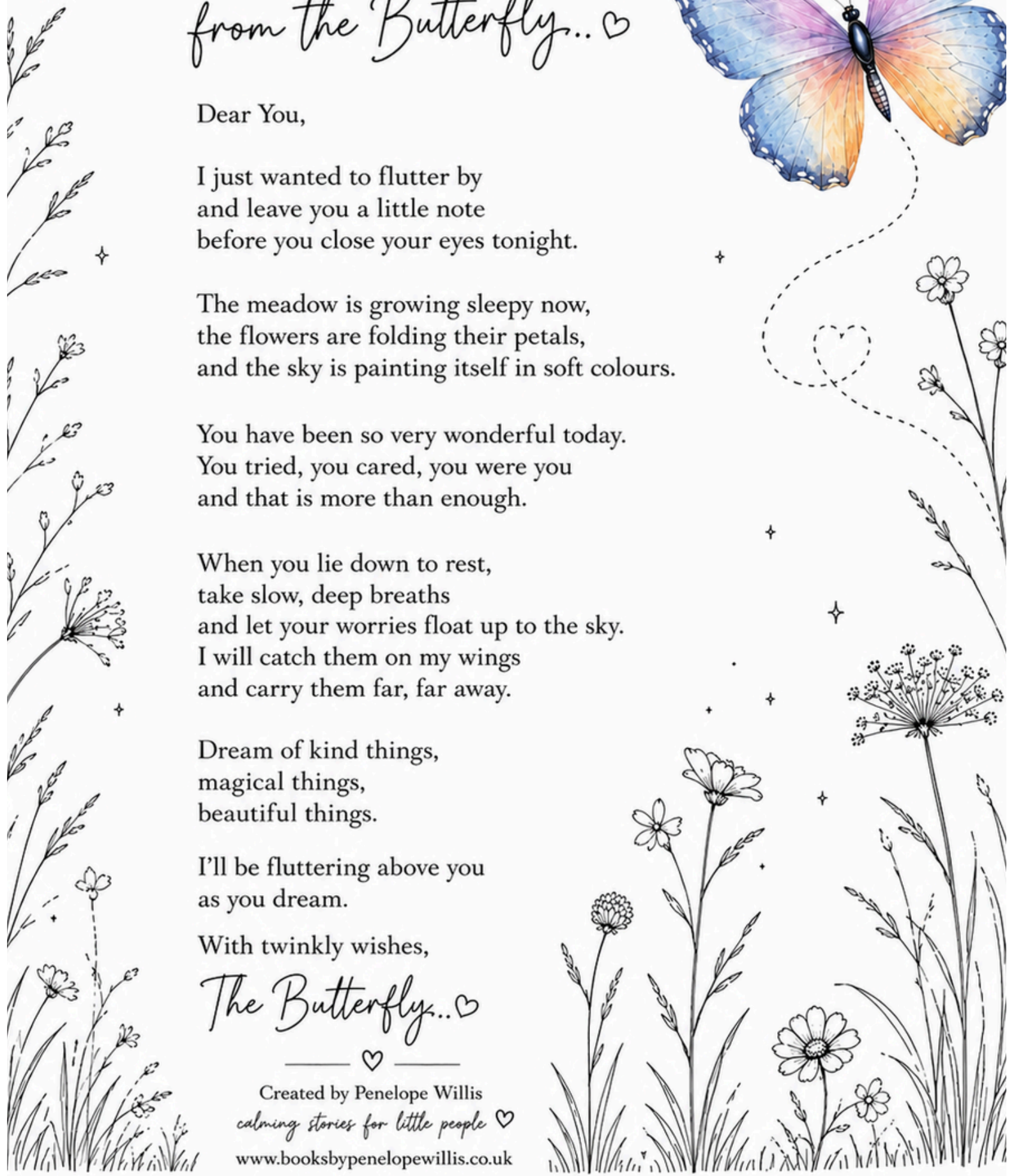
With twinkly wishes,

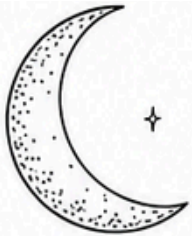
The Butterfly... ♡




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Little Things to Notice as the Sky Grows Sleepy ♡



-  The sky slowly getting darker
-  The first star beginning to twinkle
-  Clouds turning soft evening colours
-  Birds flying home for the night
-  The moon appearing quietly above the rooftops
-  Lights glowing warmly in windows
-  Shadows growing longer
-  Leaves dancing gently in the breeze
-  The world becoming quieter and calmer
-  A butterfly or bee settling down to rest

