

# The Owl's Midnight Picnic



Çınar BİBER

# **The Owl's Midnight Picnic**

Çınar BİBER



In the heart of the whispering woods, where the trees wore shadows like soft blankets, lived Olive the owl. Her feathers were warm brown and cream, and her pale face was shaped like a heart. Round spectacles sat on her beak, and a moss-green shawl with tiny acorn buttons kept her cozy. Olive loved the nighttime best of all, when the world grew quiet and the stars came out to play.



Every evening, Olive watched her neighbors wake up. Pip the bat swooped and chattered, his yellow scarf fluttering. Fern the fox padded softly, her lantern glowing. Hoot the hedgehog snuffled through leaves, his little mushroom basket bumping his side. Olive noticed that each friend had a special way of enjoying the night. 'I should plan something wonderful for all of them,' she thought, her golden eyes twinkling behind her spectacles.



Olive decided to host a midnight picnic. She wrote tiny invitations on leaves and sent them fluttering to her friends. 'A picnic for everyone!' she hooted happily. She chose a moonlit clearing where the grass was soft and the sky was wide. Then she began to plan activities, one for each guest, so that everyone would feel happy and included.



Pip the bat was the first to arrive, his big round eyes shining. 'I brought berries!' he squeaked, patting his tiny satchel. Olive smiled. 'Perfect! You can help me hang the lanterns,' she said. Pip loved flying games, so Olive tied strings between branches for him to loop and swoop through. He zipped and twirled, hanging little lights that glowed like fireflies.



Fern the fox arrived quietly, her bushy tail swishing. She carried a small lantern on her belt. 'The path was dark, so I lit the way,' she said softly. Olive thanked her and showed her the stargazing spot she had prepared: a soft blanket with a clear view of the sky. Fern's green eyes sparkled. 'It's lovely,' she whispered, and she settled down to watch the stars.



Hoot the hedgehog trundled in last, his checked napkin cape flapping. 'I brought mushrooms!' he announced, setting down his tiny basket. Olive had made a rolling game for him: a gentle slope with soft moss at the bottom. Hoot laughed his warm, jolly laugh and rolled down, landing in a pile of leaves. 'Again!' he cried, and everyone giggled.



When all the guests had arrived, Olive spread out the feast. There were berries, mushrooms, nuts, and sweet honey drops. 'Help yourselves,' she said. But Pip looked at the high branch where the honey drops hung. 'I can't reach,' he said sadly. Olive thought for a moment. Then she tied a vine to the basket and made a pulley so Pip could pull it down himself.



Fern sniffed the air. 'I smell something delicious hidden in the grass,' she said. Olive had tucked little treats around the clearing for Fern to find with her keen nose. Fern's tail wagged as she uncovered each one. 'This is fun!' she said, her shyness melting away. Hoot found a low dish of mushrooms just for him, and he munched happily.



After eating, Olive announced, 'Time for games!' She had planned a flying race for Pip, a star-finding game for Fern, and a rolling contest for Hoot. Each friend got a turn to shine. Pip zoomed through the lantern strings, Fern spotted the brightest star, and Hoot rolled the farthest. Everyone cheered for everyone else, and the clearing filled with laughter.



Then Olive brought out a special surprise: a big moon-shaped cake made of seeds and honey. 'I made it for all of us to share,' she said. But when she tried to cut it, the cake wobbled and nearly fell. Pip caught it with his wings, Fern steadied it with her paw, and Hoot pushed it back to the center. Together, they saved the cake!



Olive beamed. 'You see?' she said. 'When we all help, everything works out.' They sat in a circle under the moon, passing pieces of cake around. Pip told funny stories, Fern pointed out constellations, and Hoot's warm laughter rumbled like a happy drum. The night air was cool, but their hearts were warm and full.



As the sky began to lighten, the friends knew it was time to go. 'Thank you, Olive,' said Pip, wrapping his scarf tighter. 'This was the best picnic ever!' Fern nodded. 'I felt welcome every moment,' she said softly. Hoot gave Olive a prickly hug. 'Same time next month?' he asked. Olive's golden eyes sparkled. 'Absolutely,' she said.



On the way home, each friend carried a little glow from the picnic. Pip looped happily through the trees, already planning his next flying trick. Fern walked with a lighter step, her lantern swinging gently. Hoot hummed a tune, his basket empty but his heart full. They all agreed: it was the kindness that made the night so special.



Olive tidied the clearing, her shawl wrapped snug against the dawn chill. She thought about how each friend had felt happy because she had planned something just for them. Including everyone had made the picnic better for all. 'A little thought for each friend,' she murmured, 'makes a world of difference.'



From that night on, the midnight picnics became a tradition. Olive always made sure there was something for everyone: a game, a treat, a cozy spot. And every time, the animals laughed and talked under the moon, their friendships growing stronger with each shared smile. The woods were full of kindness, one small picnic at a time.



And if you listen closely on a quiet night, you might hear the soft hoot of an owl and the happy chatter of her friends. They are sharing stories and cake, and learning that when everyone is included, the whole night shines brighter. The owl's midnight picnic shows that thinking of others makes friendships stronger and hearts warmer.