

The Rabbit's Floating Bed



Ebru Mina TOMURCUK

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In a cozy burrow under a big oak tree, a small rabbit named Lily was getting ready for bed. She put on her light blue pajamas with white stars and her matching nightcap with a fluffy pom-pom. The burrow was warm and quiet. Lily yawned and climbed into her soft bed. Soon she was fast asleep, dreaming of carrots and clover.



In the middle of the night, Lily woke with a start. Her bed was not on the floor anymore! It was floating gently in the air, just above the ground. Lily's big round brown eyes opened wide. She held onto her blanket and peeked over the edge. The floor of the burrow was far below. "Oh my!" she whispered.



The floating bed drifted out of the burrow and into the cool night air. Lily's long ears stood up straight with surprise. She could see the dark forest all around her. The bed moved slowly and smoothly, like a boat on a calm river. Lily felt a little scared, but also very excited. She wondered where the bed would take her.



The bed floated past tall trees and over a small stream. Lily saw fireflies glowing like tiny lanterns. Suddenly, a soft voice called out, "Hello there! Are you lost?" Lily looked up and saw a sleepy owl perched on a branch. The owl wore round wire glasses and a cozy mustard-yellow scarf. "My bed is floating!" Lily said.



The owl blinked her golden-amber eyes slowly. "I am Olive," she said with a yawn. "I was just about to take a nap, but I can help you. Floating beds are special. They only float on magical nights." Lily felt better knowing she was not alone. "Can you show me the way home?" she asked. Olive nodded. "Follow me!"



Olive spread her soft grey-brown wings and flew beside the floating bed. They glided through the forest together. The trees around them began to glow with a soft, silvery light. Lily gasped. "The trees are shining!" Olive smiled. "This is the dreamlike forest. It only appears at night, and only for those who are brave enough to explore."



They floated past a quiet stream that sparkled under the moonlight. Lily leaned over and saw her own reflection smiling back at her. "It's so peaceful here," she said. Olive nodded. "Yes, but we must keep moving. The forest changes as the night goes on." They drifted on, and Lily felt more and more at home in this strange, beautiful place.



Soon they came to a clearing where the trees were tall and thin. The leaves shimmered like silver coins. Lily's bed floated gently between them. "I have never seen anything like this," she whispered. Olive chuckled. "Most rabbits never do. You are very lucky." Lily smiled. She was beginning to enjoy this unexpected adventure.



But then the bed began to slow down. It stopped in the middle of the clearing. "Oh no!" Lily cried. "What happened?" Olive landed on the edge of the bed. "The magic is fading," she said. "We need to find the way back before the sun comes up." Lily felt a little worried. "Which way is home?" she asked.



Olive looked around carefully. "I know these woods," she said. "Follow me. I will guide you." She flew up and pointed with her wing. "We need to go past the glowing trees and over the quiet stream. Then we will see your burrow." Lily nodded. She trusted Olive. The bed started to move again, slowly at first, then faster.



As they traveled, the forest around them began to change. The glowing trees dimmed, and the stream grew quieter. "The night is almost over," Olive said. "But we are close now." Lily saw a familiar shape ahead. It was the big oak tree! "There it is!" she shouted. "My home!" The bed floated toward the burrow entrance.



The bed came to a gentle stop right inside the burrow. Lily's feet touched the floor. She jumped off and hugged Olive. "Thank you for helping me!" she said. Olive smiled warmly. "You were very brave, little rabbit. Remember, unexpected changes can lead to wonderful adventures." Lily nodded. She would never forget this night.



Olive yawned. "I must go now. The sun is coming up, and I need my sleep." Lily waved goodbye as Olive flew out of the burrow. "Goodnight, Olive!" she called. "Goodnight, Lily!" Olive hooted softly. Then she was gone. Lily climbed back into her bed, which was now back on the floor.



As Lily snuggled under her blanket, she thought about the glowing trees, the quiet stream, and her new friend. She smiled. Never again would she be afraid of a surprise. Sometimes, a floating bed could lead to the best adventure of all. Soon, she was fast asleep, dreaming of the dreamlike forest.



The next morning, Lily woke up in her cozy burrow. Everything was just as it had been. But when she looked outside, she saw a small feather on the ground. It was grey-brown and soft. Lily picked it up and smiled. It was a reminder of her magical night with Olive. She put the feather on her bedside table.



That evening, Lily put on her pajamas and nightcap again. She climbed into bed and looked out the window. The stars were twinkling. She wondered if her bed would float again. But even if it didn't, she knew that surprises could be magical. And she would always be ready for a new adventure.