

The Cradle of the Gentle Breeze

Once upon a time, in a small village hidden among mountains and stars, there lived a little white rabbit named Jofre. Jofre lived in a round house made of moss and flowers, at the foot of a very tall tree that whispered songs with the wind.

Every night, when the sky began to turn violet and the birds returned to their nests, Little Rabbit Jofre put on his cloud pajamas and went outside to say goodnight to the whole forest.

“Goodnight, wildflower!”

“Goodnight, butterfly!”

“Goodnight, frog in the pond!”

And they all answered him with a small movement or a colorful smile.

But that night… Jofre didn’t feel like sleeping.

“Mom,” he said, “what if I’m not sleepy tonight?”

His mother, with a voice as soft as the rustling of leaves, replied:

“When you’re not sleepy, it means your heart still wants to hear a story. Come, I’ll tell you the story of the Gentle Breeze.”

And so, the little rabbit lay down on his bed, his ears perked up.

His mother explained that every night, the Gentle Breeze visited children’s homes to stroke their cheeks and sing them a very old song. This song could only be heard with a half-asleep heart and eyelids about to close.

The Gentle Breeze passed by the window, floated around the ceiling, and left a touch of calm on the pillow. It said:

“Gentle breeze, a loving light,
close your eyes and dream tonight.
A world of sugar, a honey sky,
your dreams are stars that rise up high.”

When his mother finished the song, Jofre had already closed his eyes. His little body breathed peacefully, as if he were flying in a little boat made of feathers.

The Gentle Breeze crept in through the window, floated around the ceiling, and stroked the little bunny’s forehead.

And from that night on, Jofre always looked forward to bedtime. Because he knew that the Gentle Breeze would come to get him, with a new story and a song that could only be heard with closed eyes.

And you, little star… are you ready to hear the Gentle Breeze tonight?

Color the story:



