



Petal and the sprite party

A Flora Fluffhorn Bedtime Story



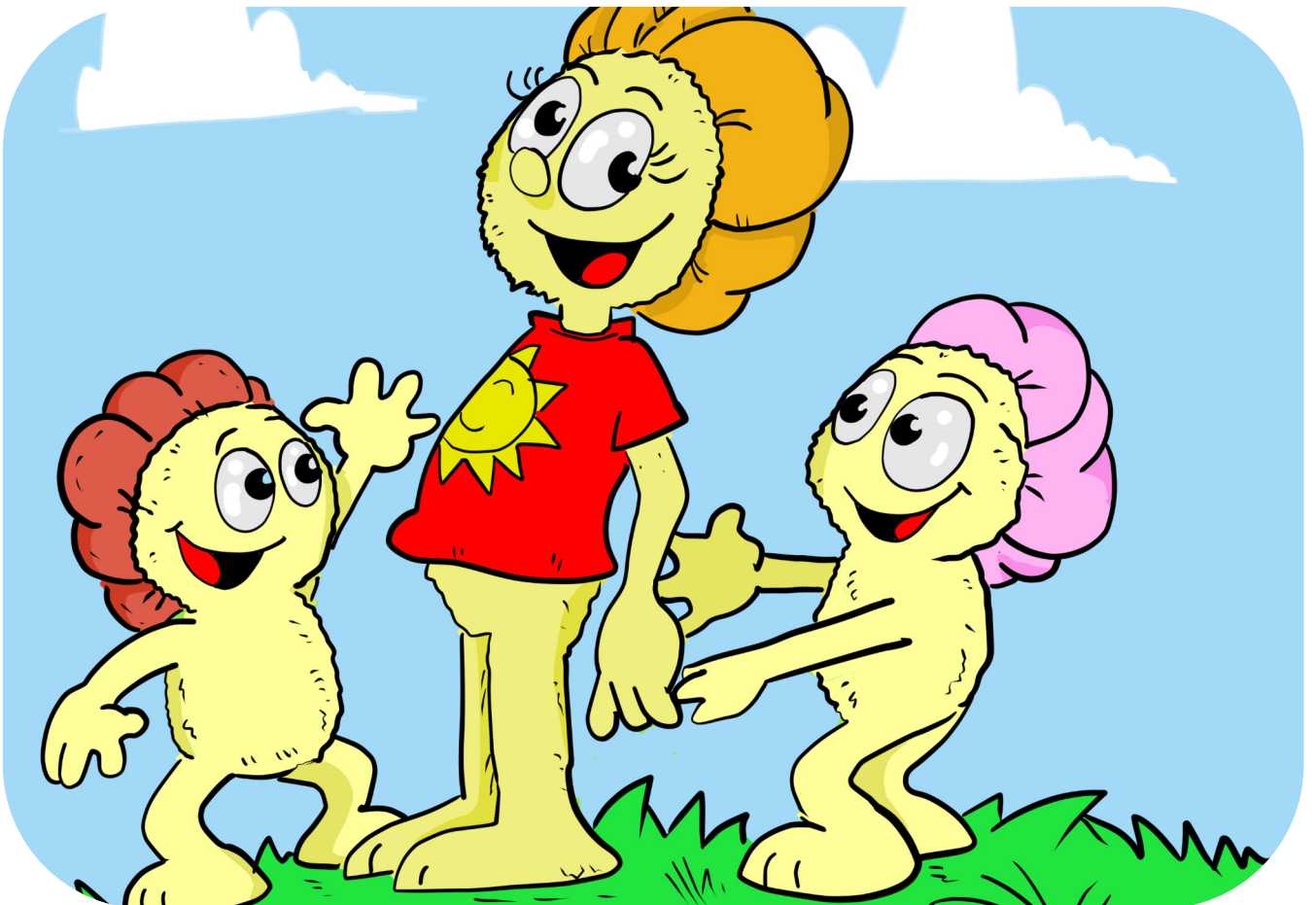
Petal was sweeping her mushroom house floor
When there came a loud knock from her mushroom house door.
“Hold on, I’m coming,” she called out with care.
As she opened the door, and saw.... nobody there.

She looked to the trees and she looked to the sky

But all she could see was a fly flying by.

She looked to both sides and she looked all around,

When she saw a small note that had been left on the ground.





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Part 2

“Dear Petal,” it said, “We’re very excited,
To hold a big party, to which you are invited!
The party is Sunday, we hope you can come
For games and sweet treats – made specially for some!”

Petal was puzzled; who’d sent her the letter?

Someone who wanted to know her a bit better?

Well one thing was sure, she knew without doubt

She would go to the party and soon she’d find out.

It was hard the not knowing, Petal just couldn’t sleep

She tried to relax and she tried counting sheep.

She made some hot chocolate, and tried eating some cake

Though all it achieved was a bad tummy ache.

She tossed and she turned and she covered her head,

She rolled to the side and fell out of bed!

And just when she thought she’d be up through the night,

She finally slept - she was out like a light.

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Part 3

The day of the party was finally here

Though Petal was nervous, she swallowed her fear.

She brushed her teeth clean and she wore her best shirt,

With her prettiest shoes and a rose-coloured skirt.

She arrived very early and she waited around

But no one appeared — there was not any sound.

Was all this just some kind of terrible trick?

Her eyes filled with tears and she felt a bit sick.

Then there, right beside her, a bush started shaking

It then stretched and it yawned as if only just waking.

It looked towards Petal with its two blinking eyes

Then let out a laugh as it gaped in surprise.

“Petal! You came!” the bush called out with glee.

He looked very happy, though he looked like a tree.

Petal was dazed, she asked “Who are you?”

The bush said, “I’m Rustle, a forest sprite like you!”



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Part 4

Petal felt hazy, and her face went quite red.

“I’ve never met anyone else like me,” she said.

Rustle said, “In that case, you’re in for a show”

As out jumped some flower sprites who shouted “Hello!”



Petal just stared, not believing her eyes

There were so many sprites of each colour and size.

She saw fruit sprites and leaf sprites and sprite flowers in bloom

There were even some sprites that looked like mushrooms.



Then Rustle yelled: “Welcome! Welcome to all!

I’m thrilled you all came to our sprite festival.

Each year we all gather — old sprites and new.

And this year a new sprite has made her debut.”



All eyes turned to Petal — she froze in surprise,

Then the sprites started clapping with cheers and with cries.

Petal felt happy, she was feeling quite proud,

As she shouted “thank you!” in a voice clear and loud.



There were games and sweet treats, just as the letter had said,

And laughter and music rang out overhead.

They giggled and danced well into the night,

And played happy games in the silver moonlight.

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Part 5

At last Petal went home with the biggest of smiles,

She’d laughed and she’d danced and played games for a while.

She knew she had found special friendships to keep,

As she snuggled in bed and drifted to sleep.