

FRANE MILČINSKI-JEŽEK

Twinkle Sleepystar

ILLUSTRATED BY GORAZD VAHEN

When the evening falls and it is time for little children to go to bed, the little stars in the sky start waking up. They mince their eyes, pour some dew from the white mists and wash their shiny faces. Then they comb their silver hair and go to their appointed place in the sky, from where they will shine the whole night through. They shine from the sky, large and small, young and old, they shine for the people's delight.

And every night, sooner or later, Uncle Moon joins them in the sky. He sails the sky and counts the billions of stars. He counts them every night just to make sure that not a single one is missing.

At times their messenger whizzes across the sky, the postman Comet Wagtail. He storms across the sky as a bright line and delivers mail from one star to another.

The stars shine, sing lullabies to children, show the sailors the way through the high seas and shine on the hearts of poets, so they can find the rhyme to the word bend.

And now, if you are not afraid and if you promise not to have a dizzy spell, join me in the sky, come and take a closer look at what the starts are up to.

Here we are in the sky. Some stars are already in their places, they are mincing their eyes, combing their silver hair and chatting to each other. The others are only arriving from somewhere out of space, from their resting. And when they all gather they sing the song of the silver stars, and the entire sky lights up:

We shine, we shine, silver stars.
We help the children fall asleep.
We shine, we shine, a choir of stars.
We help the sailors their route keep.

We shine, we shine, stars up in the sky.
We help the poets write beautiful rhymes,
So their songs will be cheerful and not ask why.
We shine, we shine, silver stars.