

# Goodnight Farm

"Pig," said the old rooster. "Sing us a song."

The other barn animals nodded and cheered they hooted and hollered until finally the pig agreed. He climbed up the ramp that led to the grain elevator and turned to inspect his audience. Night had fallen on the farm, and most of the animals had been tucked away. The horses in their stalls perked up their ears. The chickens settled in their roost with not even a cluck among them. The goats and sheep stopped their bickering and tilted their heads in his direction. Even a duck and two swans had waddled in for the night.

Pig cleared his throat and began to sing, his voice sweet, clear, and bold.

"The stars glimmer in the night sky.

Weaving their magic bye and bye.

Will you close your eyes and slumber

And let your dreams invite you to wonder?

Do not fret for he is watching you

Keeping safe all you need him to.

Good night, my friends. Sleep well

We will see each other after a spell."

When Pig was finished, the barn was still. Snores and snuffles from door to door. He made his way to his own bed, wondering on his own dreams and wishing well to all the others.