🌙MR. SKUNKY LUKE: NIGHTLIFE

The Moonlit Kitten

The night was peaceful in Whiskerville.

Dragocat sat on the roof of the old library, his wings folded neatly behind him as the moon painted the city silver. For once, his magical compass was completely quiet.

Then he heard a tiny sound.

"Meow?"

Dragocat looked down.

A little kitten was sitting beside a flowerpot in the alley below, looking up at him.

Dragocat flew down and gently approached.

The kitten had wandered away from home and was frightened by the dark streets.

Dragocat lowered one wing around the little kitten and carried him safely across Whiskerville, following the tiny pawprints until they reached a little house at the edge of town.

A worried family opened the door.

The kitten raced inside.

Dragocat watched from the rooftop as the family hugged their little friend.

His compass never glowed.

No danger had appeared.

No villain had been defeated.

Tonight, the Guardian hadn't needed magic.

He had simply helped someone find their way home.

Dragocat smiled, spread his wings, and disappeared beneath the moon.

Sometimes the quietest nights were the ones worth remembering.

