

Name _____



The Brave Journey to the Bright Bridge

In the bustling village of Brightville, there lived a brave boy named Bradley. Bradley was known for his courage and adventurous spirit. One day, he heard a rumor about a magical bridge at the edge of the Bright Forest. This bridge was said to glow brightly at night and grant a single wish to anyone who crossed it.

Determined to see the magical bridge for himself, Bradley decided to embark on a journey. He packed a backpack with bread, a bottle of water, and a blanket. Early the next morning, he set off on his adventure.

As Bradley walked through the village, he passed by Mr. Brown's bakery. The smell of freshly baked bread filled the air, and Mr. Brown wished him good luck on his journey. "Be brave, Bradley!" he called out.

Bradley continued on, crossing a broad, bubbling brook that sparkled in the morning sunlight. He admired the clear water and the fish swimming below. After crossing the brook, he entered the Bright Forest. The trees were tall and lush, their branches creating a beautiful canopy overhead.

Deep in the forest, Bradley met a friendly squirrel named Bristle. "Where are you going, Bradley?" Bristle asked. "I'm looking for the magical bridge that glows at night," Bradley replied. "I know the way," said Bristle. "Follow me, and I'll take you there."

Bradley and Bristle walked together, and soon they reached a steep hill covered in bright green moss. "We need to climb this hill to get to the bridge," Bristle explained. Bradley and Bristle climbed the hill slowly but steadily, helping each other along the way.

At the top of the hill, they saw the magical bridge in the distance. It was glowing with a bright, golden light. Bradley's eyes widened in awe. "It's beautiful!" he exclaimed. As they approached the bridge, Bradley felt a warm breeze and heard a gentle humming sound. The bridge was made of shimmering stones that sparkled in the sunlight. Bradley stepped onto the bridge and felt a tingling sensation in his feet.

"Make a wish, Bradley," Bristle whispered. Bradley closed his eyes and made a wish. When he opened them, the bridge glowed even brighter for a moment before returning to its normal glow. Bradley smiled, knowing his wish had been heard.

After crossing the bridge, Bradley and Bristle sat on a nearby rock and shared the bread and water Bradley had brought. They talked about their adventure and the magical bridge.

As the sun began to set, Bradley knew it was time to head back home. "Thank you for guiding me, Bristle," he said. "You're welcome, Bradley. Come back and visit anytime," Bristle replied.

Bradley made his way back to Brightville, feeling proud of his brave journey and excited to see if his wish would come true. The villagers welcomed him back with cheers and smiles, eager to hear about his adventure.

