

FINN & FRIENDS

A Light in Every Window



One enormous plan. Many little lights.
A warm ending to Season One.

LITTLE STORY HARBOR

Ages 6–9 • Illustrated read-aloud edition

Original AI-assisted story and illustrations, editorially reviewed. Estimated 8–10 minutes; not timed.

Every autumn, Willowbrook held the Festival of Little Lights.

It was Finn's favorite evening of the year.

Everyone put a small lantern in their window.

By sunset, the whole village glowed.

There were red lanterns.

Blue lanterns.

Yellow lanterns.

And sometimes very strange lanterns shaped like pumpkins or teapots.

Finn liked them all.

Especially the ones shaped like teapots.

This year, Lily had an idea.

"Let's make the biggest lantern in Willowbrook!"

Finn's eyes widened.

"How big?"

"Bigger than Mrs. Crumble's bakery!"

Mabel gasped.

"Bigger than the library?"

"Maybe!"

Pip took out his notebook.

"We'll need a plan."

They spent the whole morning building in the sheltered village craft yard.

Mr. Moss helped with the tall frame. He had brought cool electric lantern lights with securely closed battery compartments.

No flames were needed.

Finn carried wooden sticks.

Lily tied strings.

Mabel painted stars.

Pip measured everything.

Twice.

Then three times.

Just in case.



By afternoon, they had built an enormous paper lantern.

It was not bigger than the bakery after all.

But it was taller than Mr. Moss.
It was wider than Mabel's wings.
And it was shaped like a slightly crooked pear.
"Magnificent!" cried Mabel.
Pip examined it.
"Structurally questionable," he said.
Lily laughed.
Finn smiled proudly.
Then the wind began to blow.
At first, it was a little breeze.
Then a stronger breeze.
Then a very strong breeze.
The giant lantern wobbled.
Pip reached for one side.
"Stand back," called Mr. Moss.
They moved away together.
The lantern was still unlit, but the wind was too strong for its frame.
RIIIIP!
The paper tore.
CRACK!
One wooden stick snapped.
And the great Willowbrook lantern collapsed in a heap.



Everyone stared.

Mabel sat down.

Pip closed his notebook.

Lily looked at the broken sticks.

Finn felt terrible.

"I should have made it stronger."

"It wasn't your fault," said Lily.

"But I could have flown up and caught it."

"Finn, the wind was too strong."

Finn looked at the heap of torn paper.

All their work was ruined.

The festival would begin in one hour.

"What shall we do?" asked Mabel.

Nobody answered.

Mr. Moss checked that everyone was all right and cleared away the snapped sticks.

Then he looked at the torn paper.

"Oh, dear."

"We wanted to make the biggest light in Willowbrook," said Lily.

Mr. Moss nodded.

"That would have been something."

"But now we have nothing," said Pip.

Mr. Moss looked toward the village.

Already, a few windows were beginning to glow.

A red lantern appeared in the bakery.

A little yellow one shone above the post office.

And a blue lantern hung outside Mr. Badger's house.

"Nothing?" said Mr. Moss.

He scratched his chin.

"That's an interesting word."

Then he carried the undamaged supplies to a sheltered table.

Mabel watched him.

"What does that mean?"

"I don't know," said Lily.

Finn looked at the village.

A new light appeared.

Then another.

Then another.

He thought about Mrs. Crumble.

And Rosie Rabbit.

And Mr. Badger.

And Miss Wren at the library.

He thought about all the people who had helped him.

All the people he had helped.

All the funny, embarrassing, wonderful things that had happened since he came to Willowbrook.

Then he smiled.



"I have an idea."

He picked up a piece of the broken lantern.

It was a little square of yellow paper.

"Let's make small ones."

Pip looked at the paper.

"How small?"

"This small."

Mabel blinked.

"But that's tiny!"

Finn nodded.

"Exactly."

They worked quickly.

Pip cut the paper.

Lily folded it.

Mabel painted little stars.

Mr. Moss checked each little electric light before passing it over.

Finn slipped a light inside each lantern and clicked its switch.



A small glow bloomed behind the paper.

They made one.

Then two.

Then five.

Then ten.

Soon they had a whole basket of little lanterns.

"What shall we do with them?" asked Mabel.

Finn smiled.

"Give them away."

So they went through the village.



They gave one to Mrs. Crumble.

One to Mr. Badger.

One to Rosie Rabbit.

One to Miss Wren.

And one to every house without a lantern.

By the time the sun had set, Willowbrook was glowing.

Not with one enormous light.

But with more than a hundred small ones.

With Mr. Moss carrying a walking light, Finn and his friends followed the familiar path to the low hill above the village.



Below them, the windows shone like stars.

Lily sat beside Finn.

"It's beautiful."

Finn nodded.

Pip took out his notebook.

"I counted one hundred and seventeen lanterns."

"One hundred and eighteen," said Mabel.

Pip frowned.

"Are you sure?"

Mabel pointed.

Down below, in the smallest cottage at the edge of the village, a new light had appeared.

A tiny green one.

Finn smiled.

"One hundred and eighteen."

They sat quietly for a while.

Then Lily looked at Finn.

"Do you remember the first time you came to my house?"

Finn groaned.

"When I couldn't knock?"

Lily laughed.

"Yes."

"I was so scared."

"You were."

Finn looked down at the glowing village.

"I'm still scared of lots of things."

Lily leaned against him.

"I know."

Finn thought about that.

Then he smiled.

"But I'm not scared of knocking on your door anymore."

Lily grinned.

"Good."

"Although," Finn added, "I still sometimes knock so softly that I have to do it twice."

Lily laughed.

"Then I shall listen twice as carefully."

And as the stars appeared above Willowbrook, Finn looked at all the little lights.

Every window had a story.

Every house had someone inside.

And somewhere in that warm, glowing village, another small adventure was already waiting to begin.

The End of Season One.