

## Labubu and Zimomo in the Midnight Toyroom

The clock above the old toyroom ticked slowly, each sound echoing like a tiny heartbeat in the quiet night. Moonlight slipped through the window and rested on shelves filled with figures, dolls, and painted blocks. On the highest shelf sat Labubu, small, curious, and wide-eyed, with a smile that always looked like it was hiding a secret. When the final light in the house turned off, Labubu felt the familiar shiver of nighttime excitement run through his soft body. "It is time again," Labubu whispered, stretching his tiny arms and hopping down onto the wooden floor. From behind a stack of puzzle boxes, Zimomo peeked out. His long ears twitched, and his eyes reflected the moonlight like polished glass. "You woke up early," Zimomo said with a gentle laugh. "The night just began." Labubu bounced in place, unable to stand still. "I heard the clock sigh. That means the room is listening. Something always happens when the room listens." Zimomo stepped closer, lowering his voice. "You feel it too, then. The shelves are humming." Around them, the toyroom seemed alive. Wheels rolled a little on their own, and a tin robot turned its head with a soft click. Labubu placed his hand on the floor, feeling a warm vibration, almost like the room was breathing. "I want to help tonight," Labubu said seriously. "Last night the blocks were sad because no one built anything with them." Zimomo nodded. "I noticed. And the paper plane was upset. It has not flown in days." They walked together across the floor, passing shadows shaped like giants. Labubu stopped near a small red drum that looked dusty and forgotten. "Do you remember when this drum was loud?" Labubu asked. "Yes," Zimomo replied softly. "A child used it to make music before sleep. Now it waits." Labubu climbed onto the drum and tapped it gently. A quiet, warm sound filled the room, not loud, but comforting. One by one, other toys seemed to wake. A wooden train rolled forward. The paper plane lifted slightly, as if remembering how it once moved through the air. "They are listening," Zimomo whispered. Labubu smiled wide. "Then we should speak." He stood tall and cleared his throat. "Dear toyroom," Labubu said kindly, "we are here. You are not forgotten." The shelves creaked softly, and the moonlight brightened. The paper plane glided from the table, circling the room in a slow, graceful loop. The blocks stacked themselves into a small tower, wobbling but proud. Zimomo clapped quietly. "You always know what to say." Labubu jumped down, feeling proud but also thoughtful. "I just listen. When you listen, answers come." Suddenly, a soft sob echoed from the corner. Labubu and Zimomo turned to see a small plush bear sitting alone, its button eye loose and hanging. "Someone is hurting," Labubu said, his voice full of concern. They hurried over. The bear looked up. "I cannot see well anymore," the bear said sadly. "My eye is falling, and I am scared I will be thrown away." Labubu gently touched the bear's paw. "You are not broken. You are changing." Zimomo searched the room and found a small spool of thread near a sewing box. "We can help," Zimomo said with confidence. Working together, slowly and carefully, they fixed the button eye. The bear blinked and smiled. "Thank you," the bear whispered. "I feel whole again." Labubu felt a warm glow in his chest. "Everyone belongs here," he said firmly. As the night moved on, the toyroom grew calmer. Toys returned to their places, comforted and quiet. The clock ticked faster now, warning that morning was near. Zimomo looked toward the window. "The sky is changing. Soon we must be still again." Labubu nodded, feeling a soft tiredness. "But tonight was good." They climbed back onto the shelf, sitting side by side. Below them, the room rested, peaceful and complete. "Zimomo," Labubu said quietly, "do you think they will remember this night?" Zimomo smiled. "Maybe not with their minds. But with their hearts." The first light of morning touched the

toyroom. Labubu lay back, his smile gentle and calm.-"Good night, even when it is morning," he whispered.And as the house woke up, Labubu and Zimomo became still once more, waiting patiently for the next time the clock would sigh and the toyroom would listen again.

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