



## THE MOON AND HIS MOTHER

Each night the Moon appears in the sky. He floats around proudly, showing off his beauty and enjoying the people staring at him in admiration. First, he shows off just a tiny slice, which we call a crescent, and then he shows half of his face, looking like the letter D, and then he comes out whole, which is when he gets the most attention. That's what we call the full moon. After that, he slowly covers himself again, he's waning, and he looks like the letter C. He never looks the same two days in a row.

Every night, when the crickets are chirping, and everyone is fast asleep he thinks about how to look even better.

He asked his mom to make him a pretty costume he could show off in front of everyone one night. He imagined a long cloak trailing across the sky or perhaps a nice hat that would make him shine even brighter.

His mom only sighs sadly every time and shakes her head thinking about her son's vanity.

She had tried to talk him out of his costume idea: "I can't do that for you, it just wouldn't work."

"Why not? Why can't you give me a new look? I'm already fed up with this. I have had this style for ages and I'm pretty sure nobody cares anymore," whined the Moon and he kept asking for some new robes.

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He considered his new outfit the most important thing in the world and could not think about anything else. All day, he imagined himself coming out onto the sky in the evening and taking everyone's breath away with his new look. He was so exasperated he even smashed a mirror on the ground into little pieces.

"Just think for a bit, and you will understand why I can't make you new clothes that would fit you," explained his mother when she saw that the moon wouldn't give up on his dream.

But the moon just couldn't think of any reasons and kept asking her why.

"Because you keep changing. First, you're very slender, just a crescent waxing little thing, then your belly comes in and, in the end, you look like a round loaf of bread. How can I make any clothes for you when you never look the same two days in a row? Nobody could do that," explained the mother patiently.

The moon felt a bit disappointed, but in the evening, he came back onto the sky to show off his brand-new shape. He understood now that only yesterday he was a bit different than now and that the next day, he will change again. And even though he has no cloak and no hat, people have loved looking at him for centuries.