

The Man in the Moon

By J.J. Kuspira

Once upon a time, not so long ago the man in the moon felt very sad. It was now November and the days were shorter and so it meant he got to spend more time with the people down below, who lived on the earth. This fact made the man in the moon very happy because he loved being around people. He loved to watch his reflection ripple in the lakes and oceans of the world. He would give a slight smirk if he caught his reflection in a pool or puddle after a night rainfall. The part though that he loved is when he would hear the whispers of the people telling each other how beautiful and magical the moon made the night time. It boosted him up knowing that he made a positive impression on the people. It made him happy to think he brought them some happiness and a smile to their faces.

So you ask, why was the man in the moon sad? It was because it was November, The thought of spending all that extra time with the people made him happy, but November is not like warm summer nights where people walk along the waters edge leaving footprints in the sand. Looking up to the sky and smiling and thanking the moon for such a beautiful night. November is much colder, and the people stay inside. So you see, the man in the moon was very lonely and on those rare moments when he would find someone to watch over, all he would hear the people say were things like, how awful the weather is, how cold it is and how they could hardly wait to get home and inside where it is nice and warm. He felt unloved and unwanted. He still hung in the sky and would do his job, but he felt sad.

About halfway through November, the man in the moon heard a small voice, It was calling out, "hey there moon I see you." It was a little girl. She was sitting at the edge of her bedroom window, in her flannel pajamas and she was balancing a large book on her window pane.

"Please moon be sure to shoo those clouds away. I am almost done with my book. My mom says I have to go to bed. Time for lights out. I just can't wait to finish this story. Your moonbeams tonight are so bright and beautiful...please stay with me so I can see the words on my pages, as I finish my story. It will be our secret ok? Mom does not need to know that I am still awake. Will you stay with me moon? Just for a little while."

The man in the moon suddenly filled with such excitement, joy and happiness that he did all he could to keep those pesky night clouds away from him. He called out to his friend the north wind and asked for help. As the wind pushed the clouds aside and rustled the bare branches of the trees on this cold November night, the moon could not stop smiling and feeling all warm and fuzzy. He watched as the little girl in the red brick bungalow closed the book, smiled and waved to the moon as she whispered, " thank you moon, I love you, good night"

The man in the moon pondered the magic he felt from the time spent looking over this little girl. It seems that perhaps he might have been mistaken. The magic of the night does not rest only within him, but in fact, the magic is in the exchange and time he spends with people. It is knowing that just being himself is enough to brighten someone's life, even if it is a cold November night.