



The kitten and the moon

One night, when the sky was clear and the full moon shone brightly, a little grey kitten went exploring. His eyes were wide and curious, and everything seemed new and exciting.

The kitten, whose name was Pipo, wandered through the garden, watching the flowers sleep beneath a blanket of moonlight. He sniffed the roses, dodged the dewdrops and jumped over shadows.

But what caught his attention most was the great yellow moon above him. Pipo sat gazing at it, wondering what that shining ball could be.

“Moon, moon, how can you be so high up and so far away?” he mewed.

Seeing how interested he was, the Moon decided to come a little closer, just in Pipo’s imagination, so she could talk to him.

“Hello, little kitten. I am the Moon, and I light the sky night after night,” she said in a gentle voice that seemed to come from dreams.

Delighted to have a new friend, Pipo began to play. He ran round and round, trying to catch her reflection with his tiny paws.



The Moon laughed. With every laugh, she made the stars twinkle a little brighter, putting on a magical show for the kitten.

After a while, Pipó began to feel tired. He yawned and looked up again. The Moon seemed sweeter and calmer than ever.

"It is time to sleep, little kitten," she said tenderly. "I will watch over your dreams from the sky."

Pipó gave a little mew of thanks, curled into a ball and closed his eyes beneath her peaceful light. He dreamt of magical gardens, dancing flowers and laughing stars, all watched over by his kind new friend.

From then on, every night before bed, Pipó looked for the moon, greeted her with a soft mew and prepared to travel to the land of dreams. He knew she would be there, lighting his way.

And the little kitten and the Moon were friends for ever, sharing nights of play and dreams beneath the starry sky.