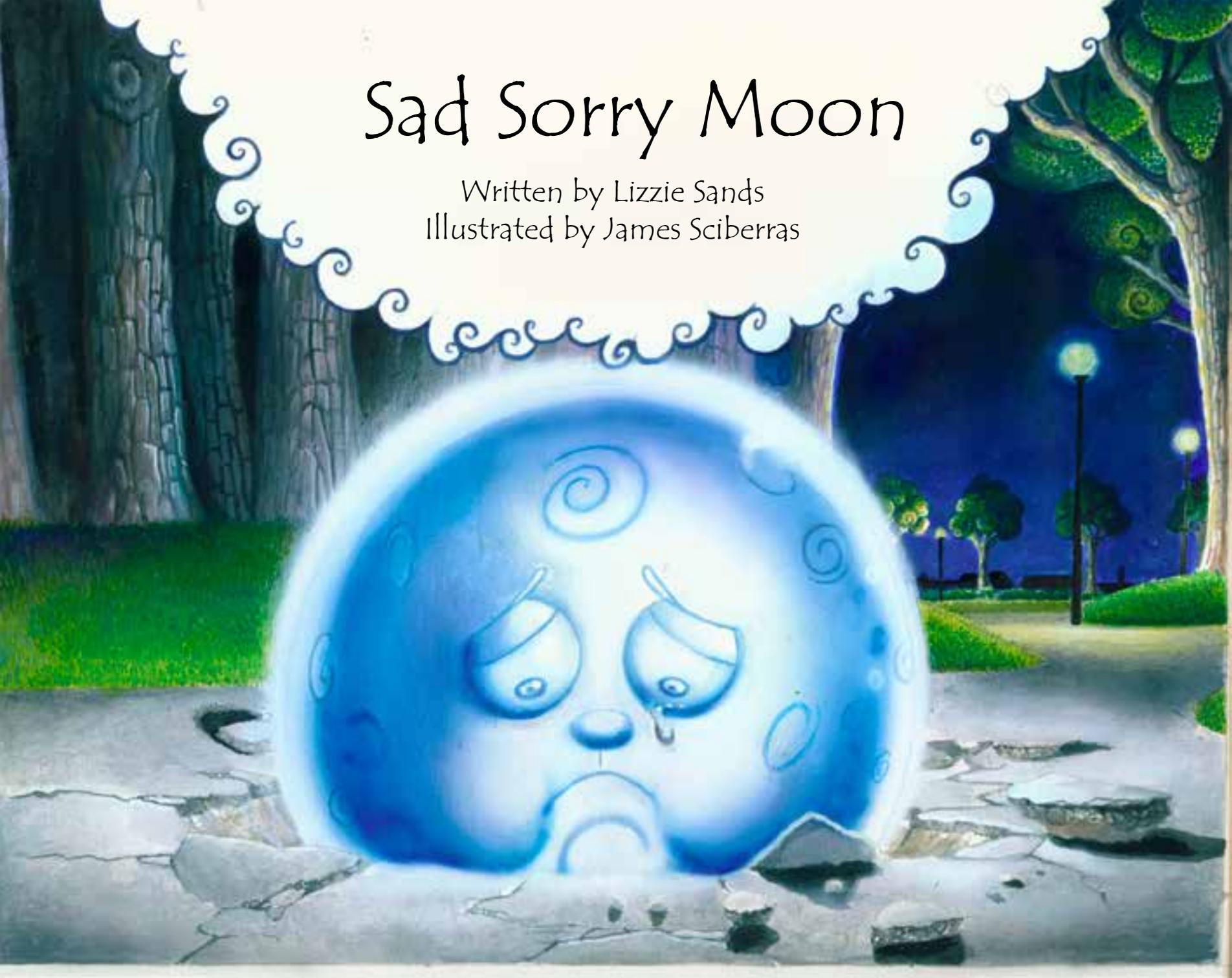


Sad Sorry Moon

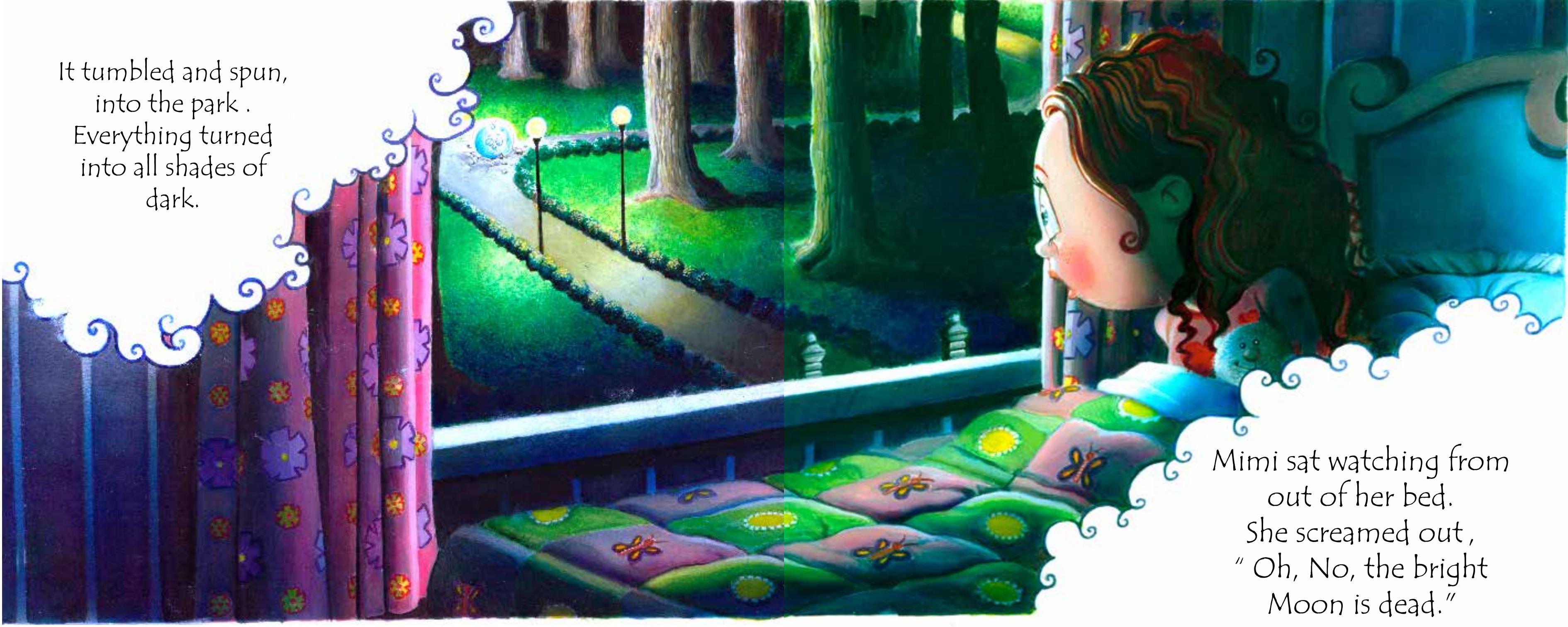
Written by Lizzie Sands
Illustrated by James Sciberras



One bright moonlit night,
from up in the sky,
there came a strange noise—
a loud piercing cry.
All over the place,
the sound could be heard,
and then a very,
strange, *strange* thing occurred.



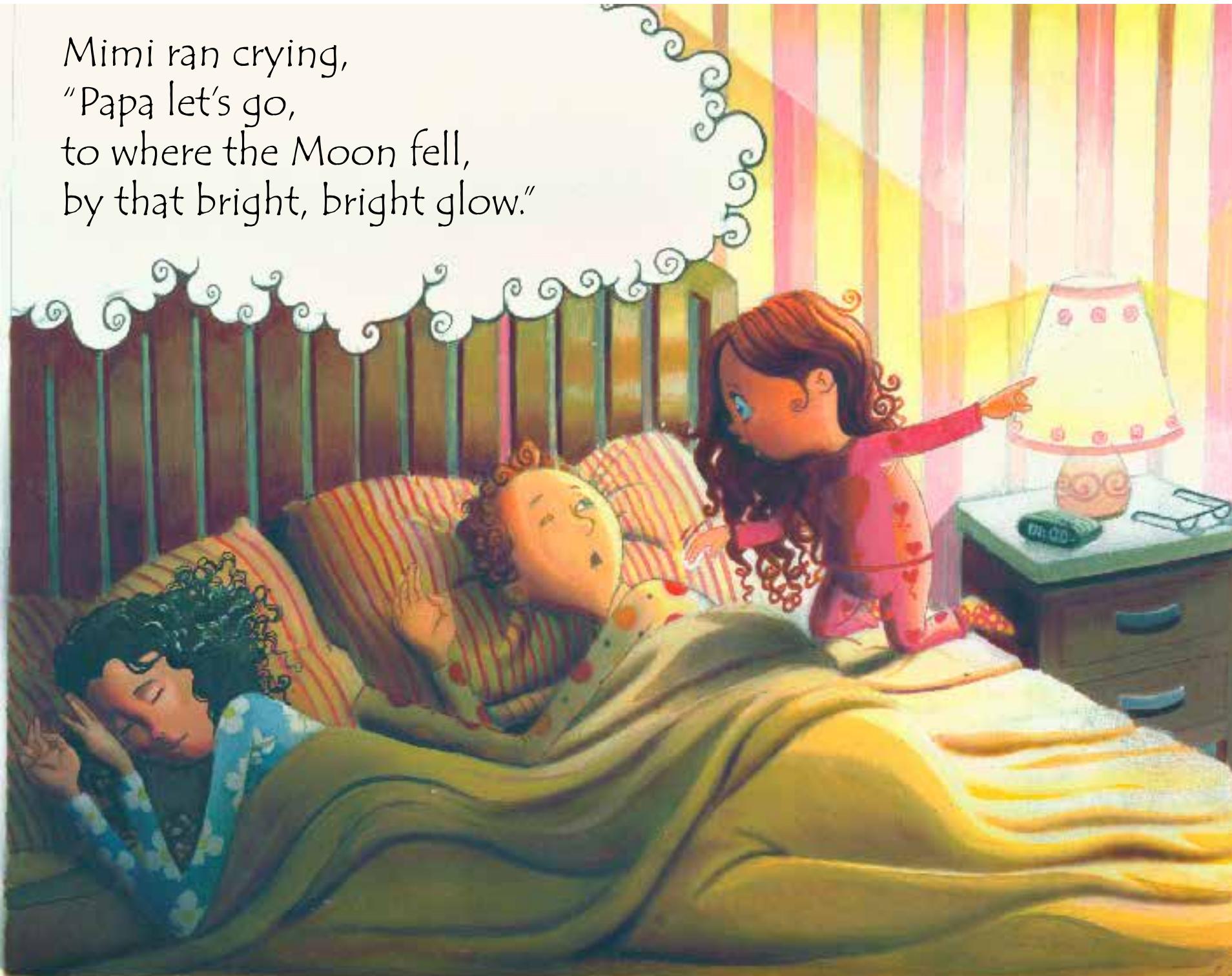
The big glowing Moon
fell down from the sky,
(so that would explain
that very *strange* cry).



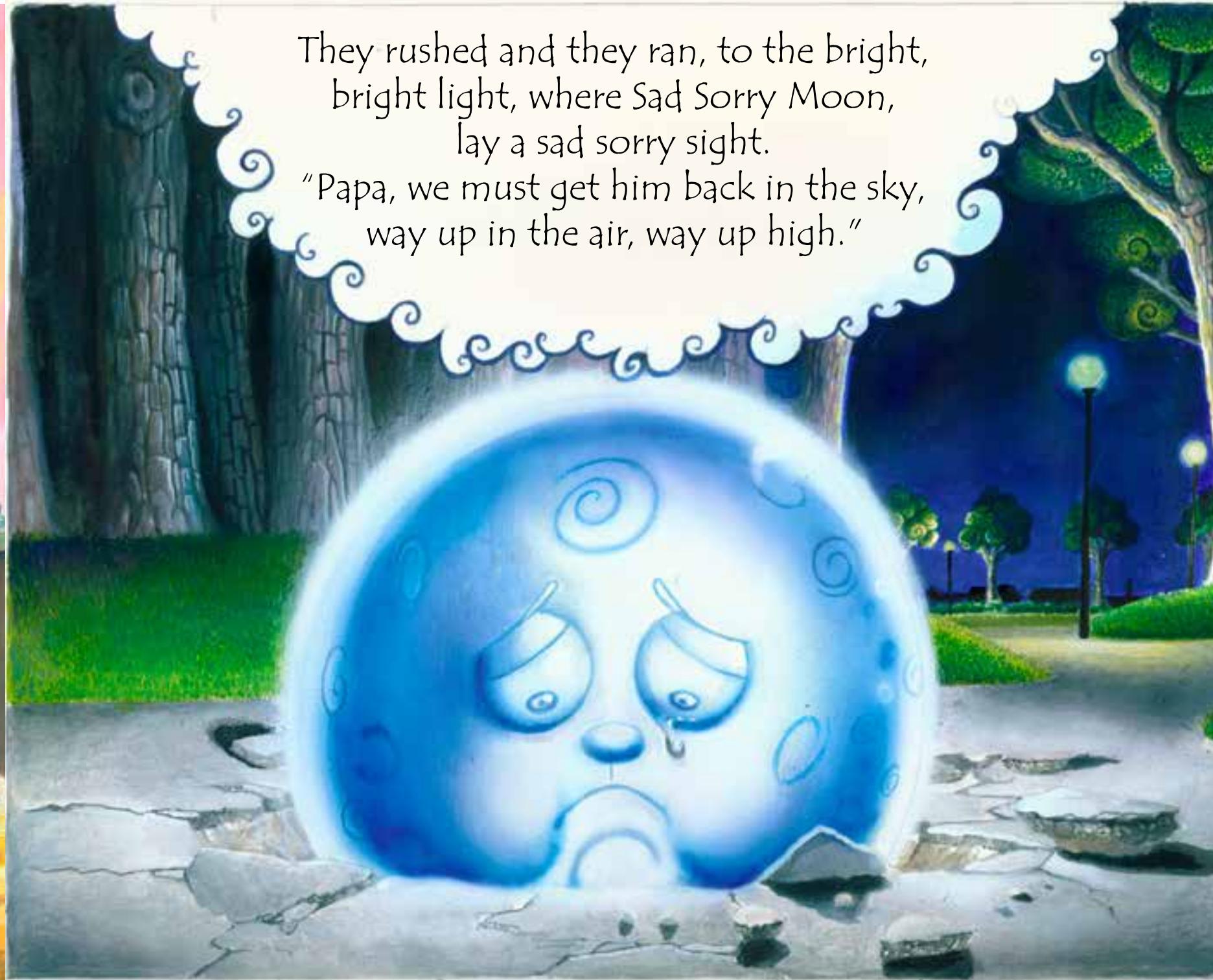
It tumbled and spun,
into the park .
Everything turned
into all shades of
dark.

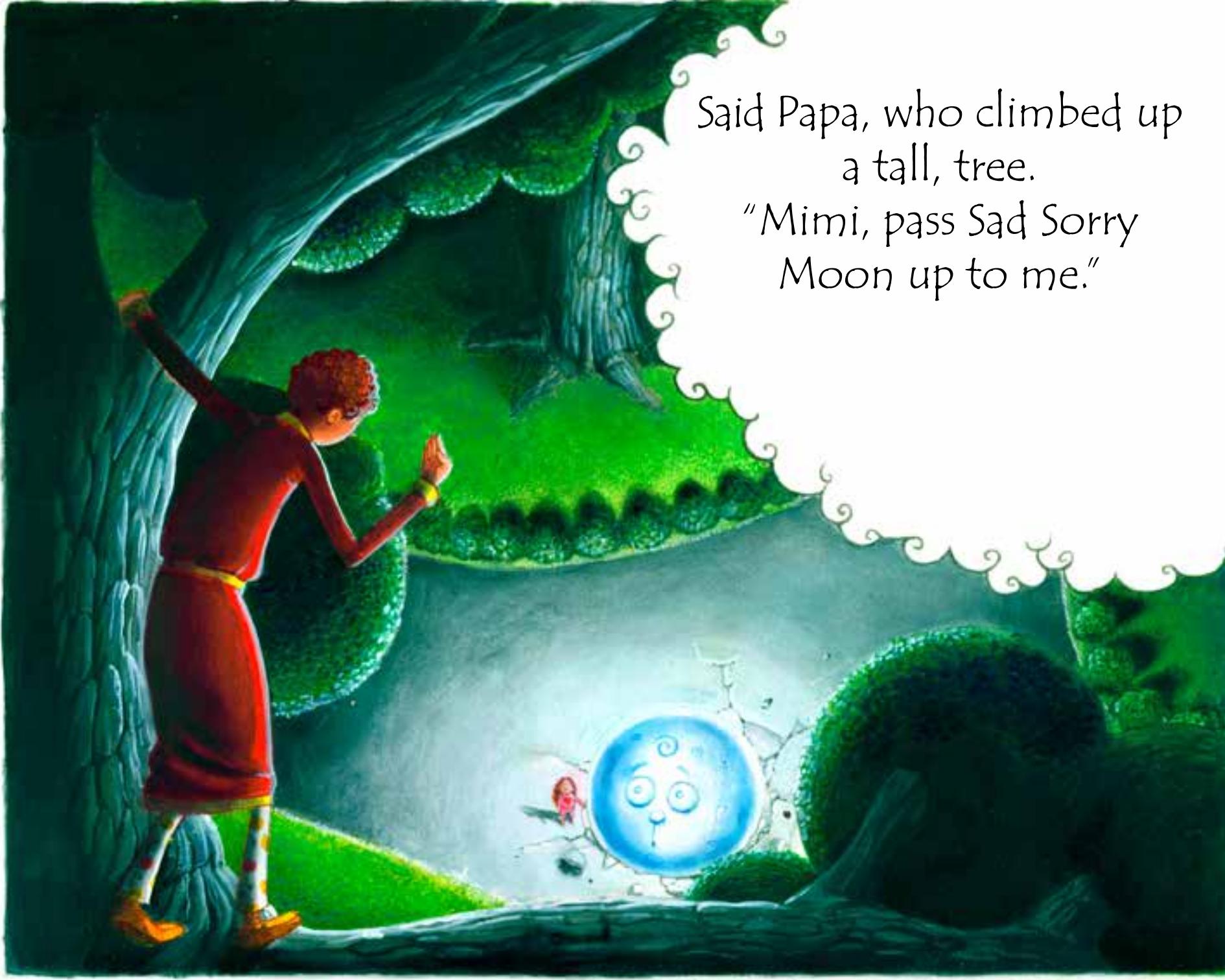
Mimi sat watching from
out of her bed.
She screamed out,
" Oh, No, the bright
Moon is dead."

Mimi ran crying,
"Papa let's go,
to where the Moon fell,
by that bright, bright glow."



They rushed and they ran, to the bright,
bright light, where Sad Sorry Moon,
lay a sad sorry sight.
"Papa, we must get him back in the sky,
way up in the air, way up high."

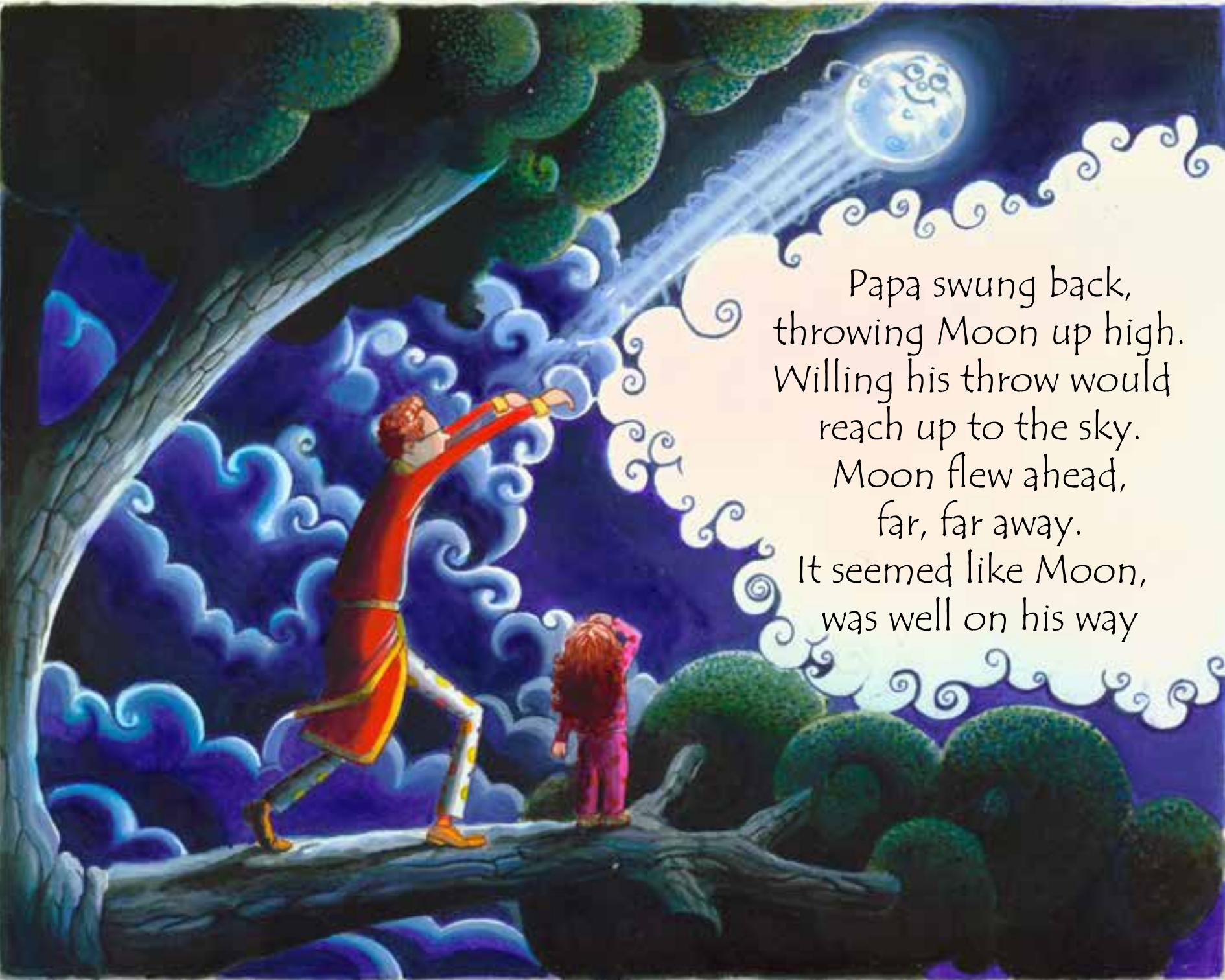




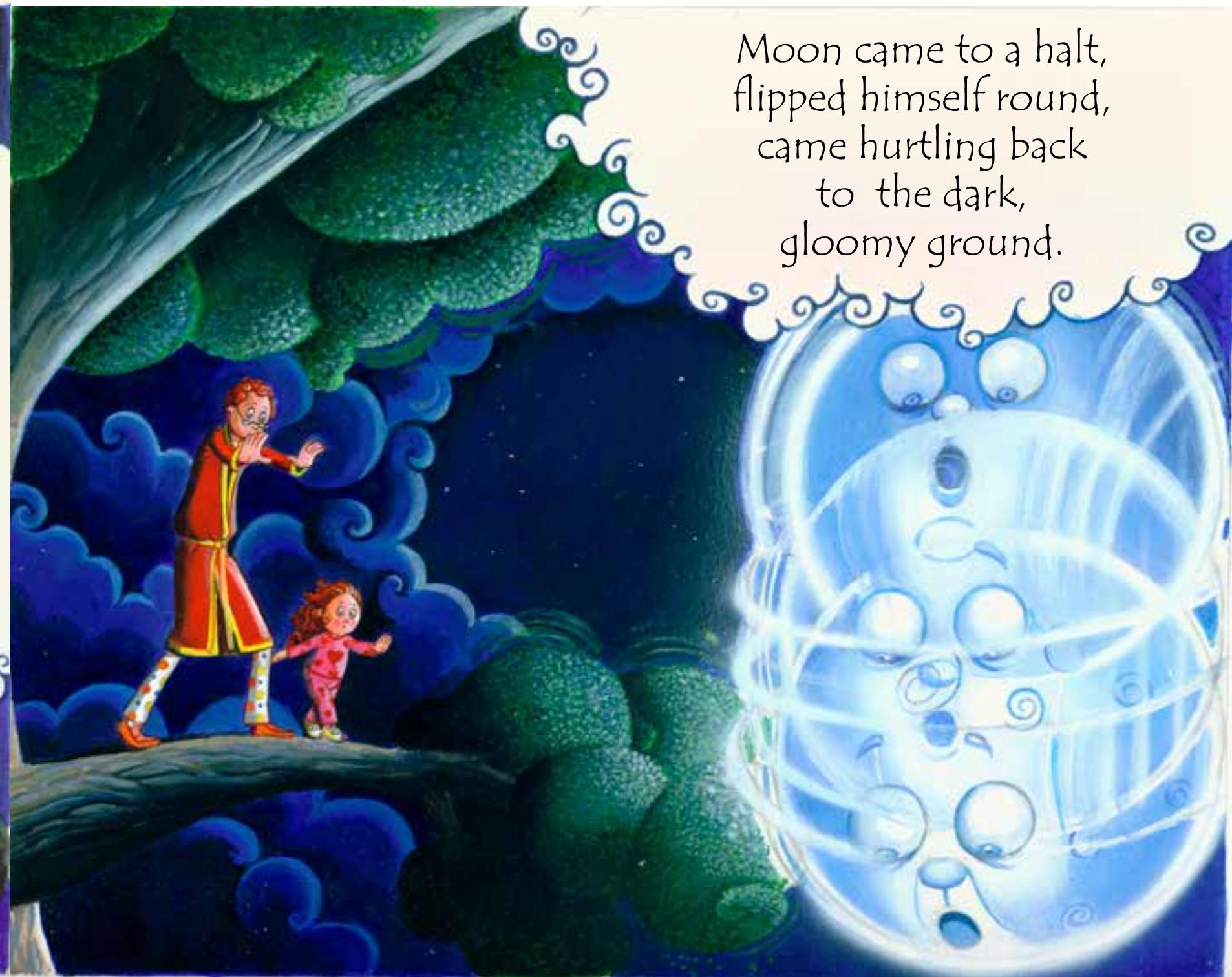
Said Papa, who climbed up
a tall, tree.
"Mimi, pass Sad Sorry
Moon up to me."



Mimi grabbed on
to the big shiny
globe, climbed up
the tall tree,
with him
in a firm hold.



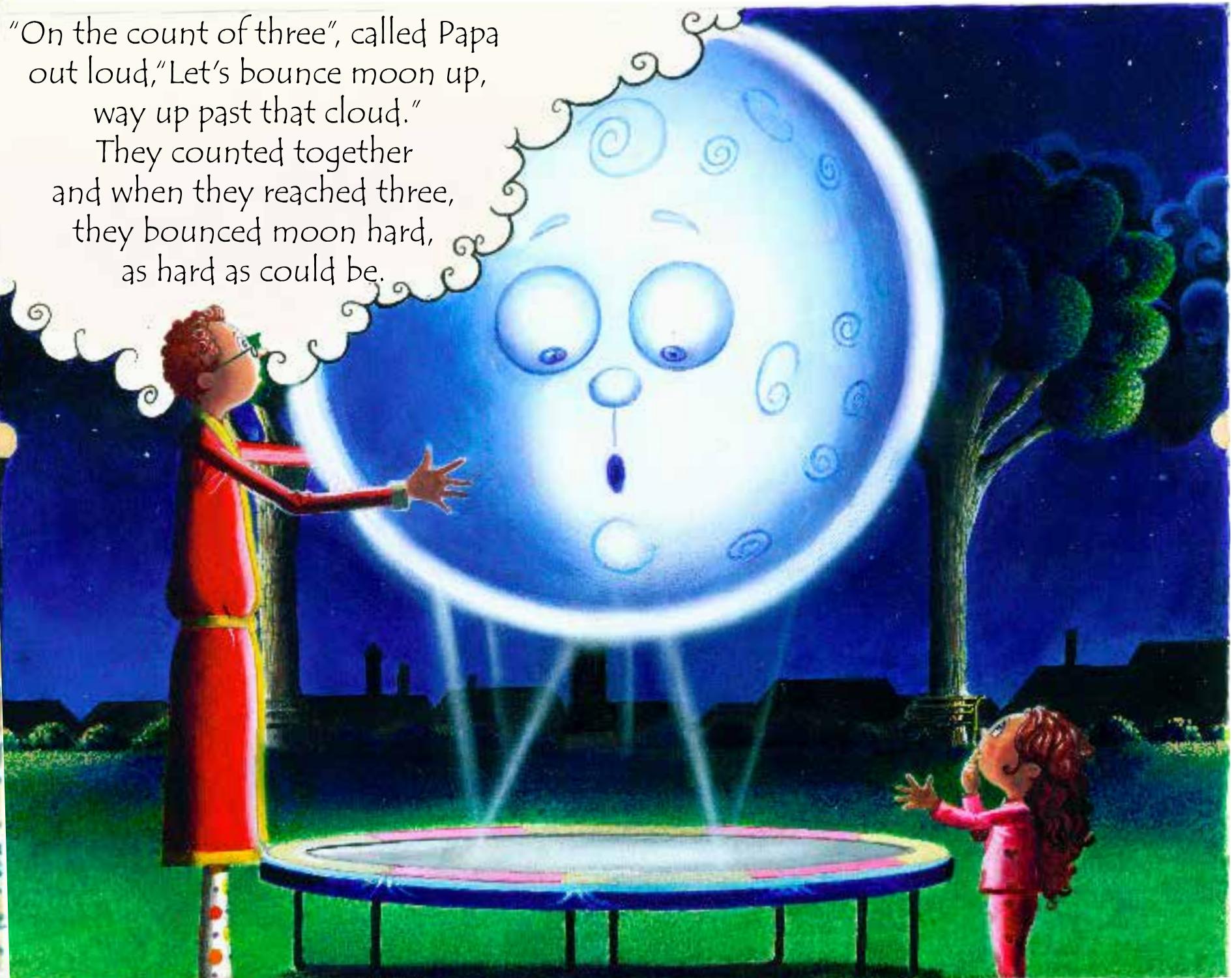
Papa swung back,
throwing Moon up high.
Willing his throw would
reach up to the sky.
Moon flew ahead,
far, far away.
It seemed like Moon,
was well on his way



Moon came to a halt,
flipped himself round,
came hurtling back
to the dark,
gloomy ground.

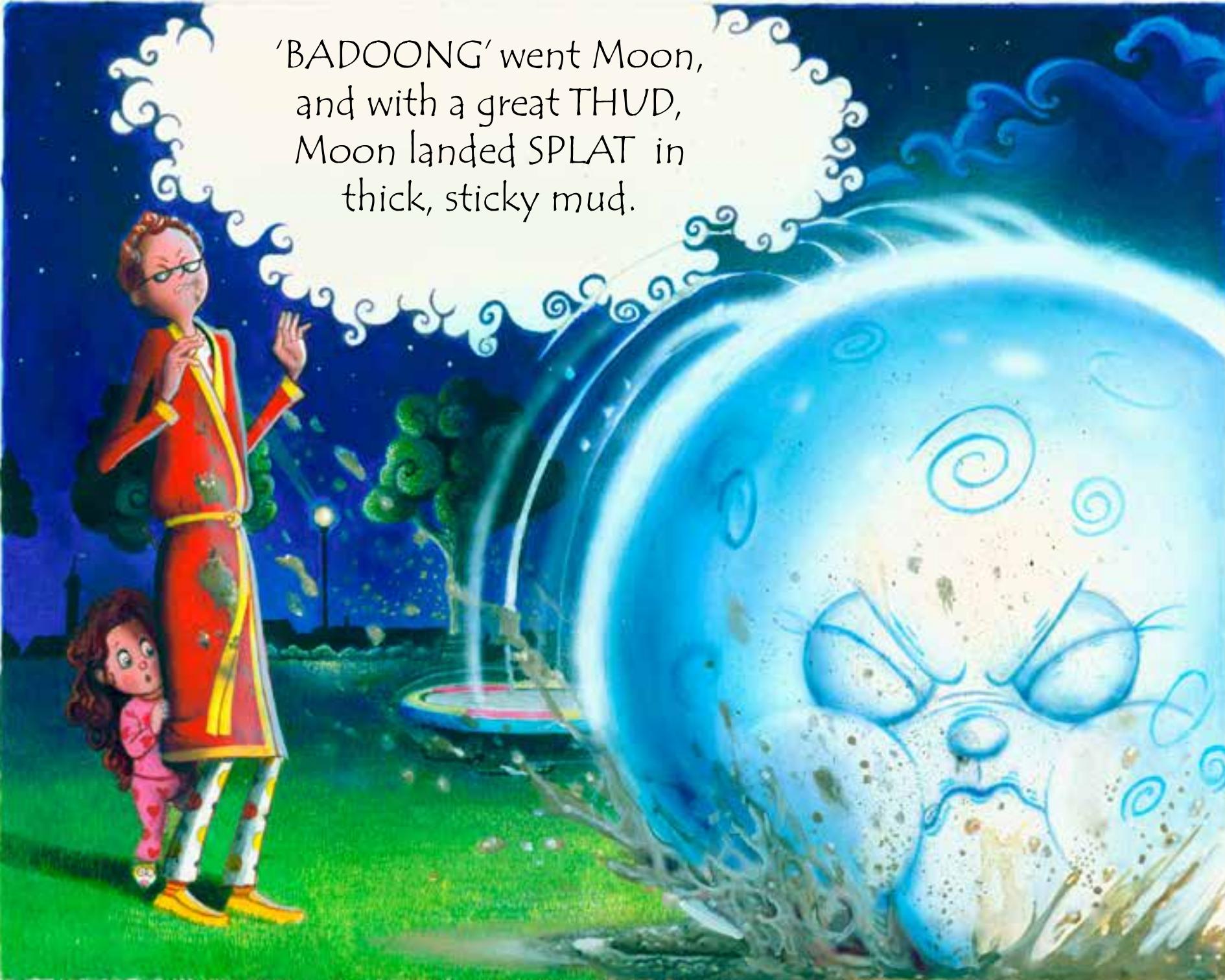


Mimi ran fast to the garden shed, where she rummaged through bikes and bits of old bed. Finding a box, wiping it clean, reading the words- 'Family Size Trampoline.'

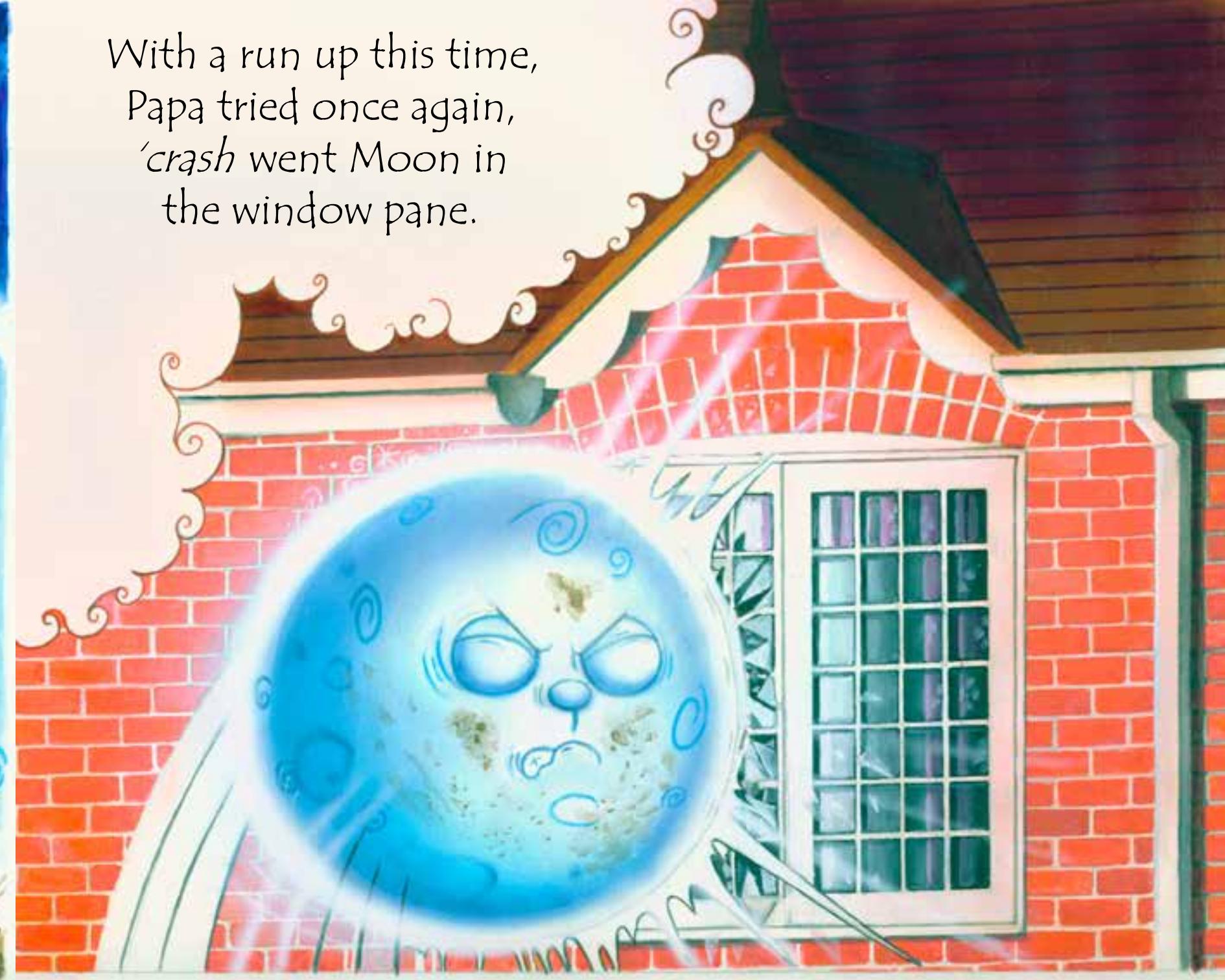


"On the count of three", called Papa out loud, "Let's bounce moon up, way up past that cloud." They counted together and when they reached three, they bounced moon hard, as hard as could be.

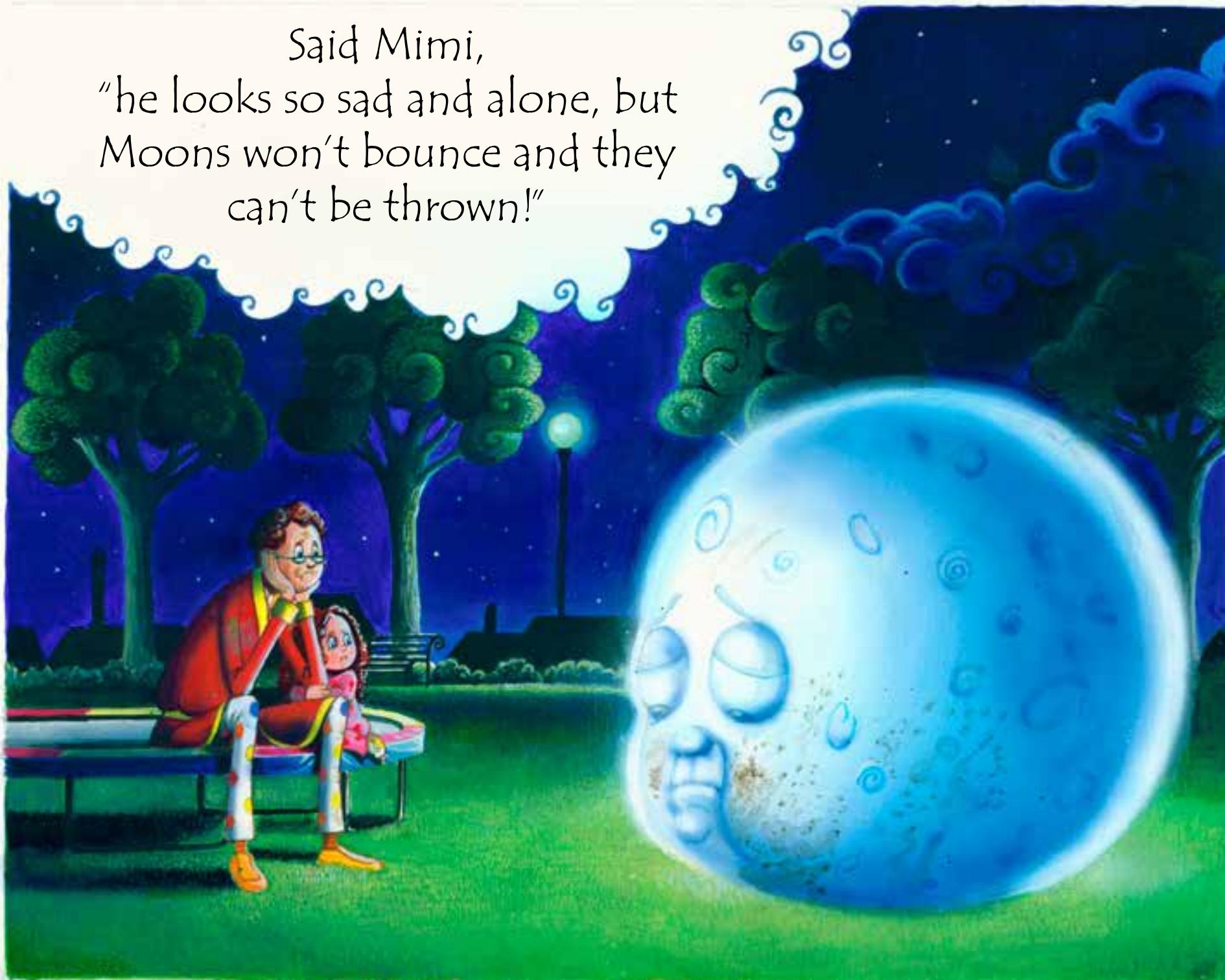
'BADOONG' went Moon,
and with a great THUD,
Moon landed SPLAT in
thick, sticky mud.



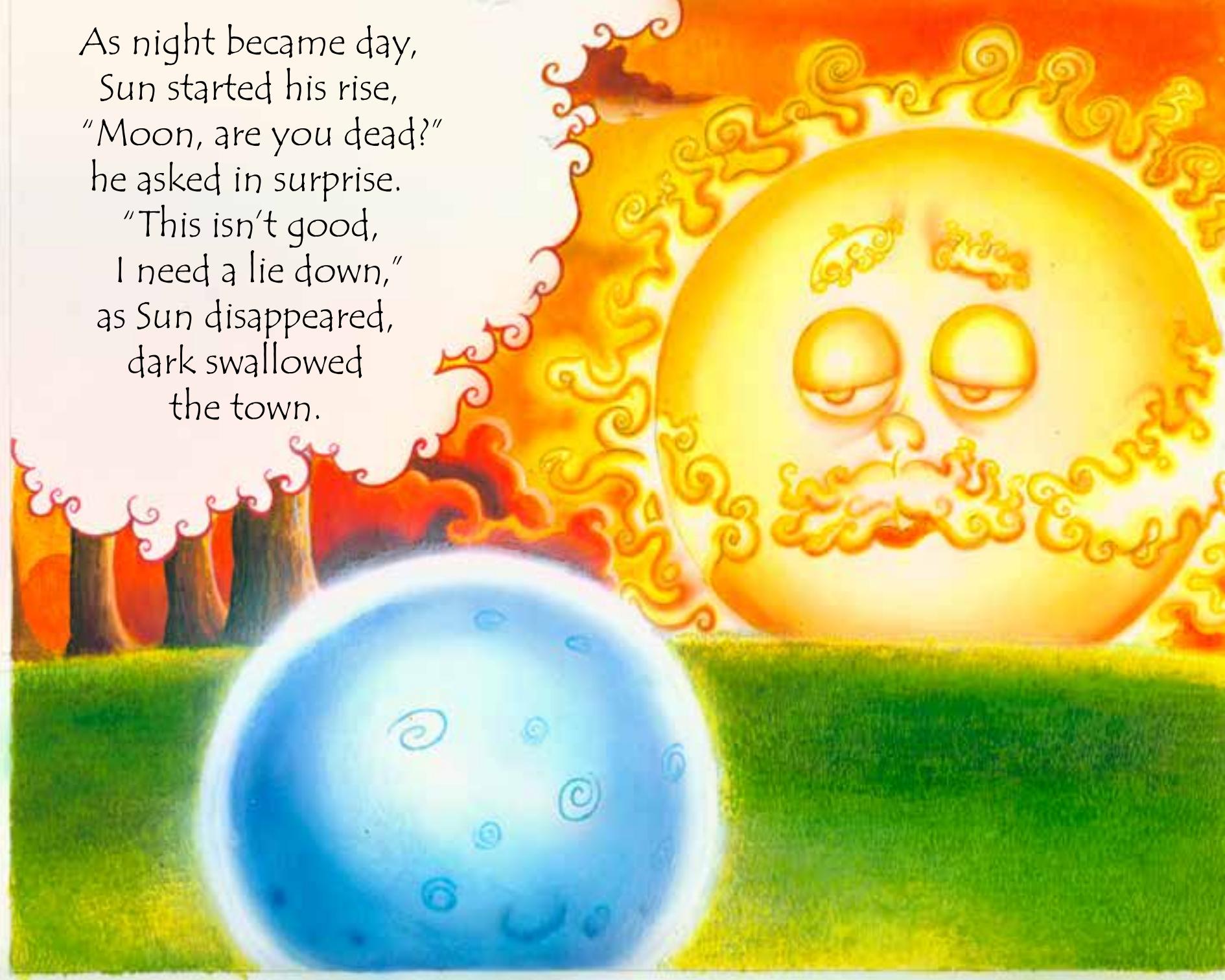
With a run up this time,
Papa tried once again,
'crash went Moon in
the window pane.



Said Mimi,
"he looks so sad and alone, but
Moons won't bounce and they
can't be thrown!"



As night became day,
Sun started his rise,
"Moon, are you dead?"
he asked in surprise.
"This isn't good,
I need a lie down,"
as Sun disappeared,
dark swallowed
the town.

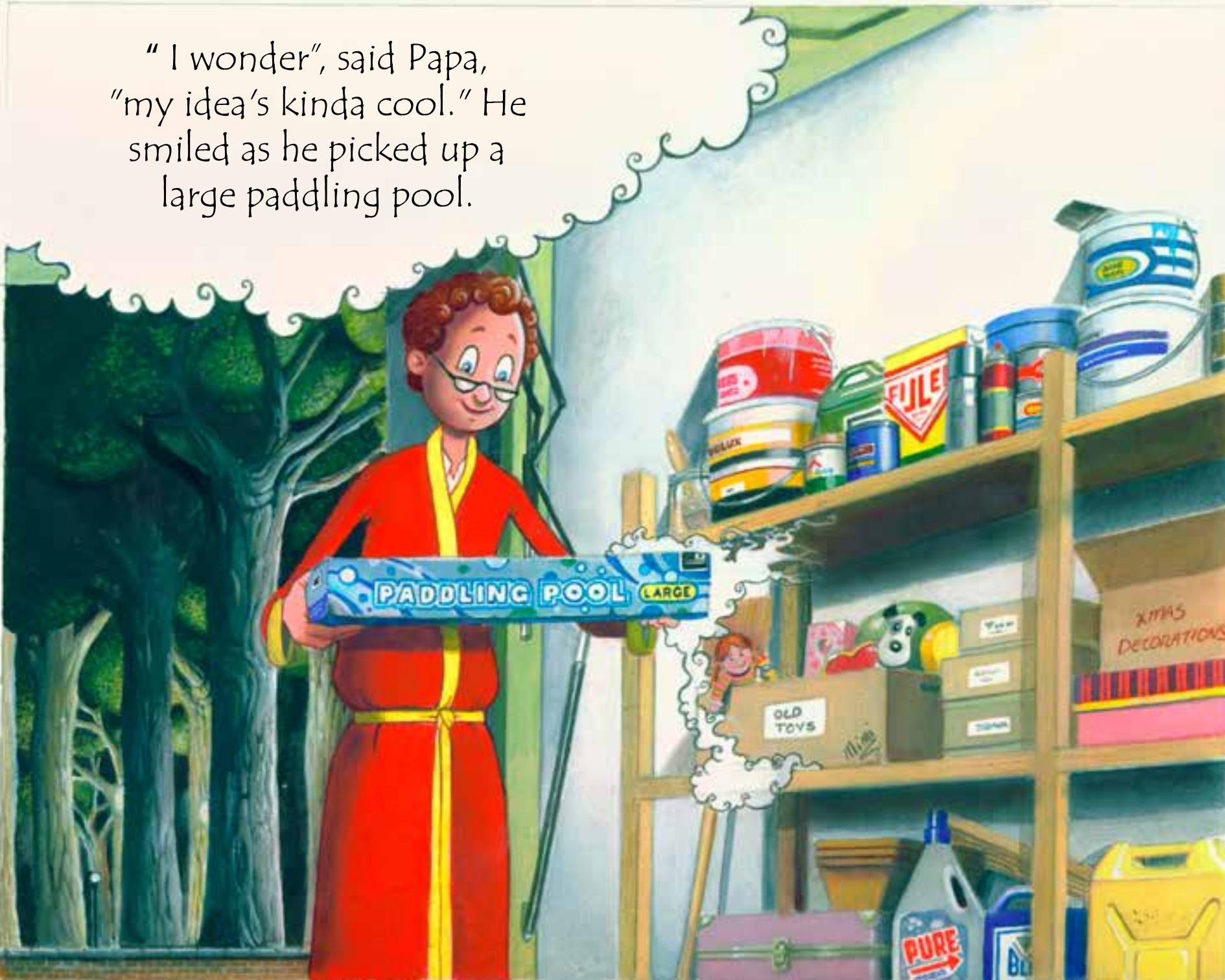




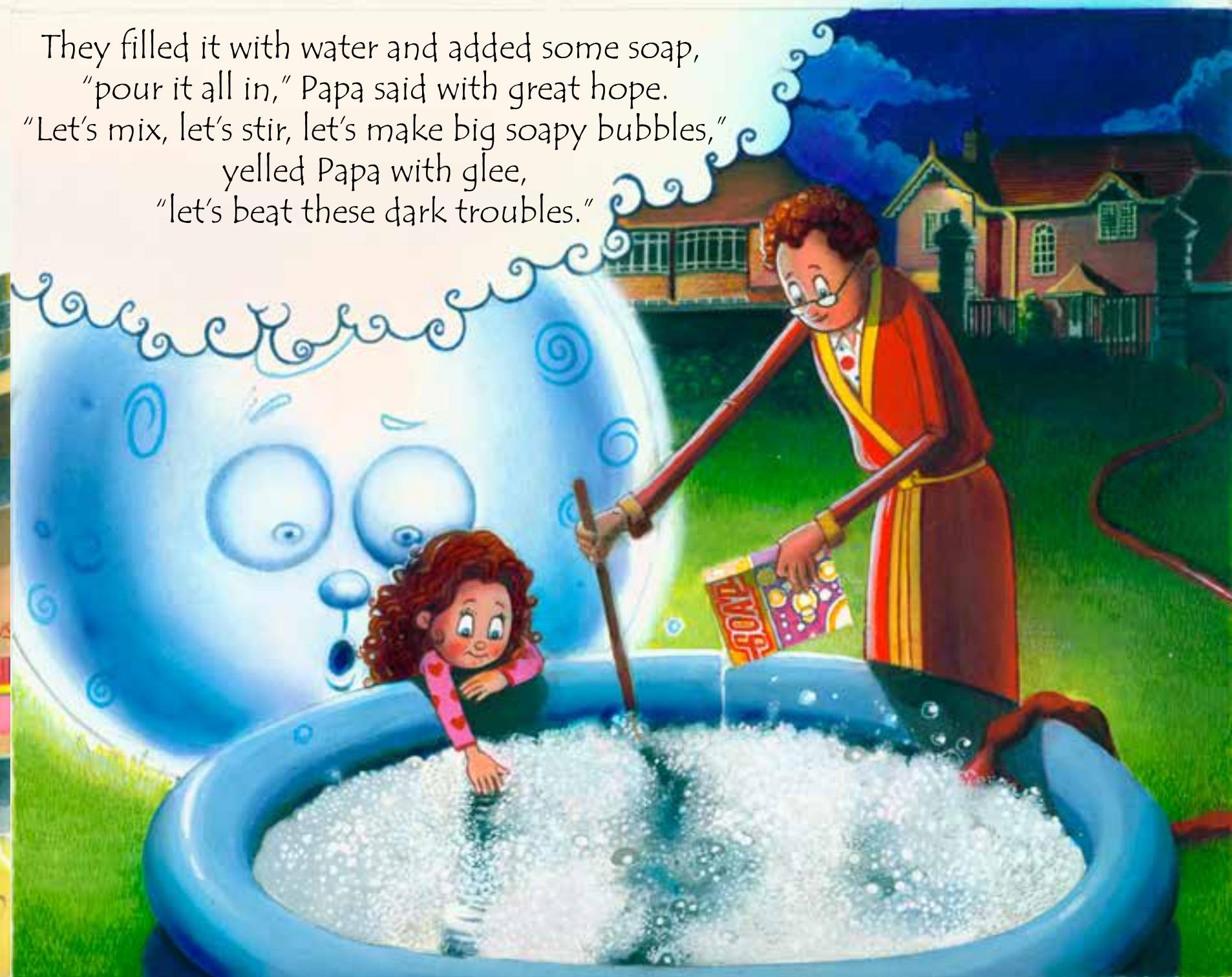
The whole town slept,
as night carried on,
unaware that Moon and
Sun had gone.

"We must get Moon
back up in the sky,
or it's darkness forever,"
Papa said with a sigh.

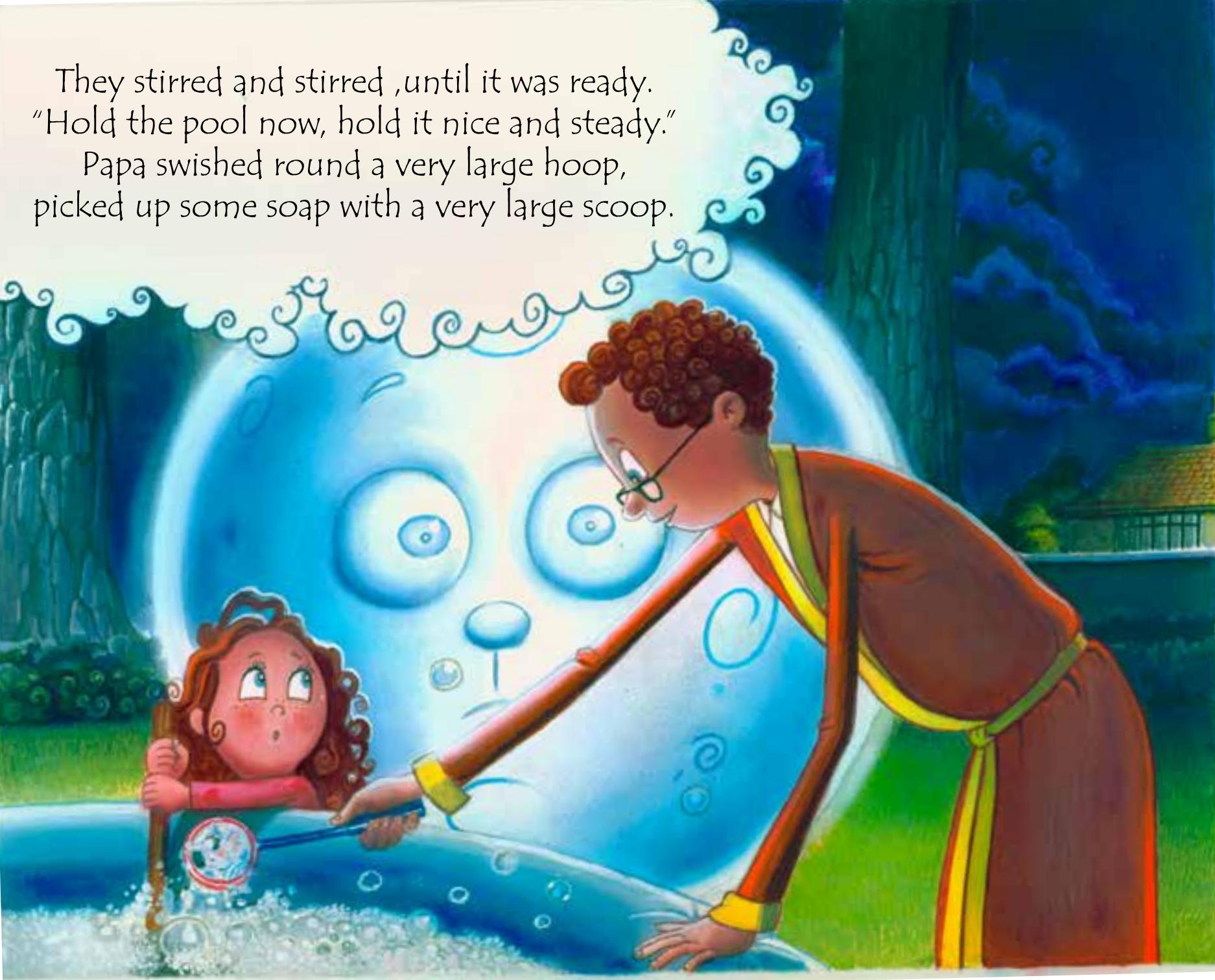
"I wonder", said Papa,
"my idea's kinda cool." He
smiled as he picked up a
large paddling pool.



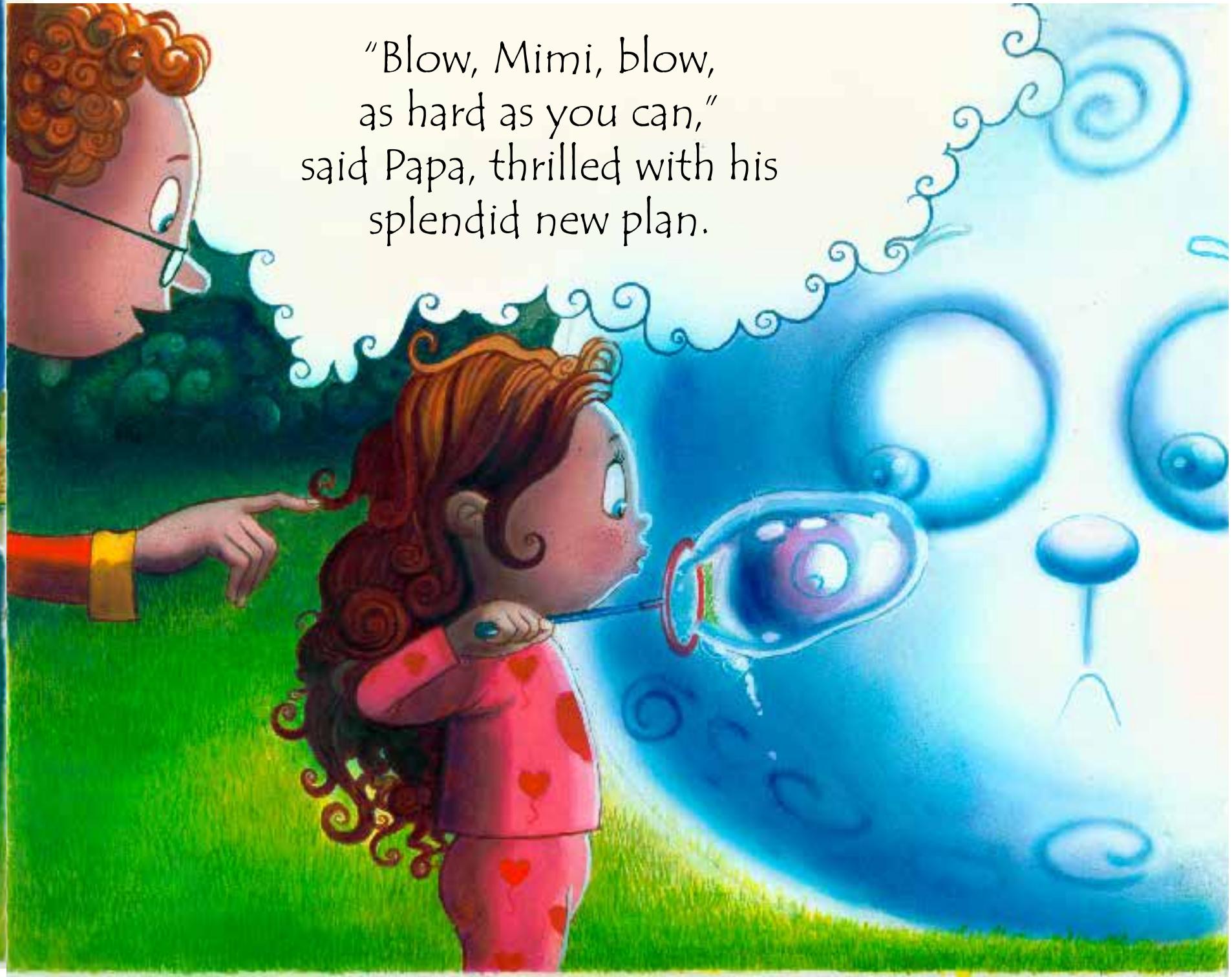
They filled it with water and added some soap,
"pour it all in," Papa said with great hope.
"Let's mix, let's stir, let's make big soapy bubbles,"
yelled Papa with glee,
"let's beat these dark troubles."



They stirred and stirred ,until it was ready.
"Hold the pool now, hold it nice and steady."
Papa swished round a very large hoop,
picked up some soap with a very large scoop.



"Blow, Mimi, blow,
as hard as you can,"
said Papa, thrilled with his
splendid new plan.





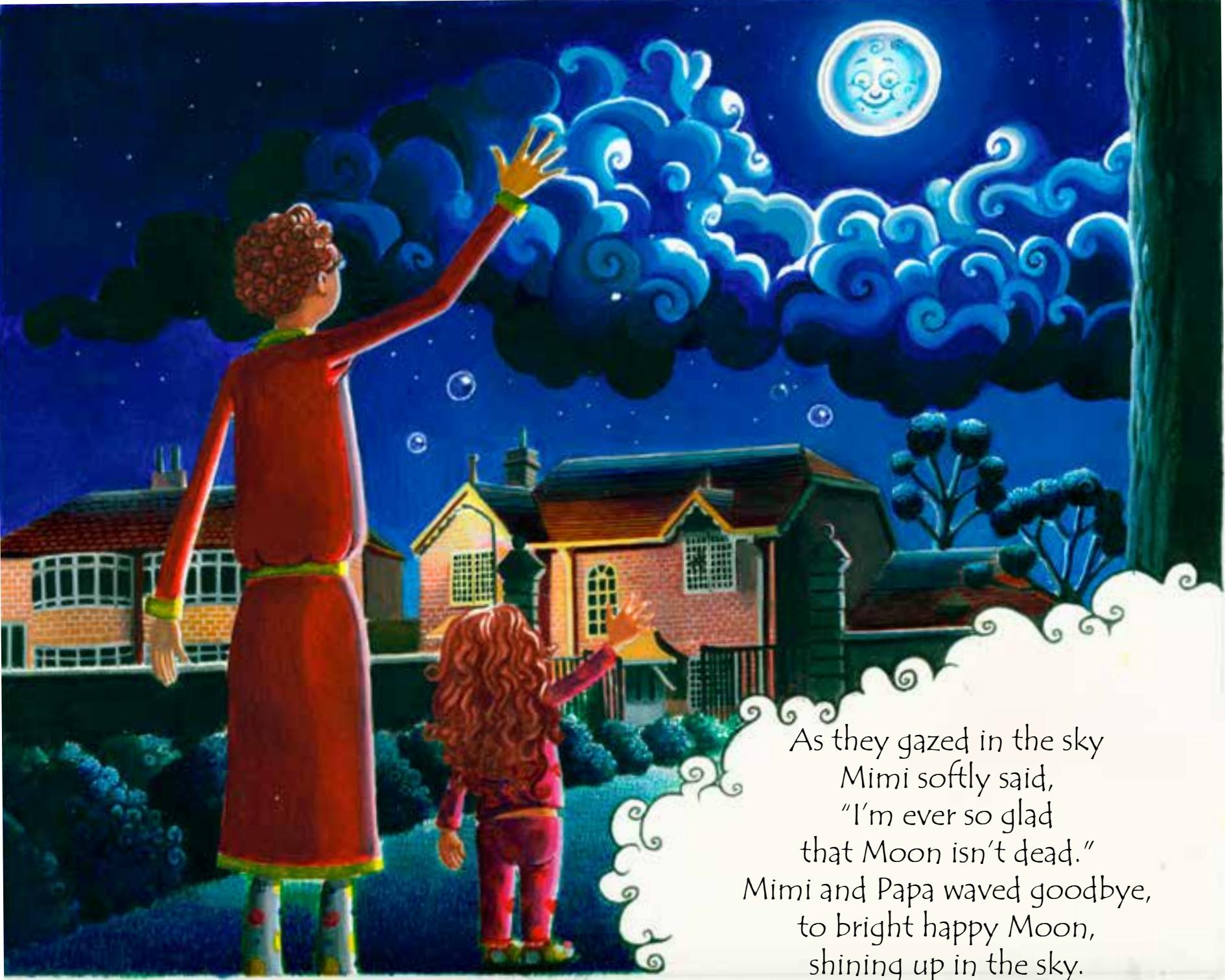
A huge soapy bubble
rose up in the sky,
wrapped around Moon
on its' way up high.

Up, up and up a bit more,
(I know we've been here
a few times before !)
This time no hitches,
the bubble sailed on, with Moon
tucked inside it, until it was gone.



Far, far away,
a huge 'POP' was heard.
Then *another* strange,
strange thing occurred.

A shower of bubbles,
fell down from the sky.
Big soapy raindrops, from way up high.
Said Papa to Mimi,
"Well that's a strange sight,
not something you see every night."



As they gazed in the sky
Mimi softly said,
"I'm ever so glad
that Moon isn't dead."
Mimi and Papa waved goodbye,
to happy Moon,
shining up in the sky.



The End

