
The Moon's Fading Glow
A gentle bedtime story about nighttime light.

At night, Mina watched the moon shine softly through the window, then noticed its glow grow dim.





“Please keep shining, Moon,” Mina whispered. Her wish floated into the quiet room, soft and bright, but the moon still looked dim.

Morning light spilled across the porch. Mina looked up and found the moon still there, pale and quiet in the blue sky.

“What happened to your glow?” she asked. Her heart felt worried. She reached for a way to help.





Clouds drifted across the porch awning, hiding the faint moon’s glow.
Mina waited, but still could not tell what was wrong.



Through the garden path, Mina searched for a long stick. “I can reach the moon,” she said, and found one beneath the leaves.

Night settled over the porch. Mina lifted the long stick toward the dim moon.

“Come down, moonlight,” she whispered.

The stick reached and reached, but the moon stayed far away. Its faint glow did not brighten.





Tap! A tiny shine caught on the stick. The moon stayed faint, but Mina smiled. “I’ll try again.”

Whipping across the porch, the wind scattered the tiny shine. Mina reached, but the clue was gone.





Rushing inside, Mina brought out a bucket of warm water. She tipped it toward the moon, hoping the water would catch its last soft light. “Try again,” she whispered, and lifted the bucket higher.



Night rested on the porch basin as Mina tipped in the warm water. Ripples ran round and round, carrying the moon’s soft reflection to the edge.

“Shine, little moon,” she whispered.

For one sweet moment, the water seemed to glow. Mina held her breath. But above her, the moon stayed faint.

The ripples slowed. The lovely light trembled - and stopped.

Could the tired moon need quiet? Mina listened to the soft night, then whispered, “Rest, little moon.”





“Moon, I will be calm and kind,” Mina promised. “I will wait, listen, and never rush you.” The night stayed quiet, but Mina’s heart grew steady. She had one more try to make.

Whoosh! A soft wind moved across the porch. Mina waited, listening.

Then a warm shimmer slipped through the quiet sky.

The moon’s glow grew brighter - slowly, gently, surely.

Mina’s breath caught. “You’re shining again,” she whispered.

Light spilled over the night, and joy lit Mina’s face. The moon had found its glow. Together, they rested beneath the peaceful sky.



At bedtime, Mina listened to the quiet night and snuggled down.
“Goodnight, shiny moon.”



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