

The Little Moon Rabbit



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High above the world, far away in the quiet sky, the moon shone like a round silver lamp. On the moon lived a little moon rabbit. It was small enough to sit in a child's hand, with soft silver-white fur that glowed gently. Its long ears stood up tall, with pale pink tips. Its round dark blue eyes sparkled like tiny stars.



The little rabbit loved to hop across the moon's soft craters and peek down at the big blue Earth. It carried a tiny woven star-basket everywhere, ready for messages. One clear night, it saw a small child far below. The child stood at a window, holding a little silver hand mirror. The mirror caught a moonbeam and flashed it up at the sky.



The child's name was Mira. She was six years old, with warm light-brown skin and short curly black hair tied in two puffs. She wore yellow pyjamas with white stars and fluffy blue slippers. Every night, she waved at the moon before bed. "Hello, Moon," she whispered. "Is anyone up there?" The little rabbit's ears twitched. It waved back with a tiny paw.



The rabbit wanted to say hello. It hopped to the edge of a moonbeam and gave it a gentle tap. A little sparkle slid down the beam, all the way to Mira's window. Mira gasped. "A twinkle!" she cried. She lifted her silver mirror and sent a flash of light back up. The rabbit caught it in its star-basket and did a happy hop. Its fur sparkled with joy.



That was the start of their friendship. Every night, the little moon rabbit sent a twinkling message down the moonbeam. Mira sent a flash of light back up. They could not visit each other, because the moon is far, far away. But the moonbeams carried their messages just fine. "Hello, Rabbit," Mira would flash. "Hello, Mira," the rabbit would twinkle.



They shared news in their own special way. Mira told the rabbit about her day: a wobbly tooth, a ladybug on the windowsill, a new song from school. The rabbit told Mira about the moon: a shooting star that zipped by, a sleepy cloud that drifted past, a crater that looked like a smile. Each message made the other smile.



One night, Mira had a problem. She had lost her favorite hair ribbon, the one with the tiny red hearts. She looked under her bed and behind the door, but it was gone. She flashed a sad message up the moonbeam. The rabbit saw the slow, dim twinkle and knew its friend was unhappy.



The little rabbit thought and thought. Then it had an idea. It hopped into its star-basket and gathered the brightest moon-dust it could find. It sprinkled the dust onto a moonbeam, making it shimmer and dance. Down on Earth, Mira saw the sparkly beam and laughed. "It's like a treasure hunt!" she said.



Mira followed the sparkly beam around her room. It led her to her toy box, where the ribbon was hiding under a teddy bear. "Found it!" she cheered. She flashed a happy message up to the rabbit. The rabbit's fur sparkled so bright that it looked like a tiny star. It was glad its friend was smiling again.



Another night, the rabbit felt a little lonely. The moon was very quiet, and the stars were too far away to talk to. It sent Mira a soft, slow twinkle. Mira saw it and understood. She held up her mirror and sent a big, warm flash. "You are not alone," her message seemed to say. "I am here." The rabbit's heart felt full.



The rabbit wanted to send something special back. It hopped to the highest hill on the moon and caught a falling star in its basket. Then it sent the star's glow down the moonbeam, all the way to Mira's window. Mira saw a shower of tiny sparkles and clapped her hands. "A star for you," the rabbit twinkled. "For our friendship," Mira flashed back.



From that night on, they never felt far apart. They shared news and smiles every night. Mira told the rabbit about her friends at school, and the rabbit told Mira about the moon's changing shape. They laughed at silly jokes and sent each other goodnight wishes. Even though they were far away, their friendship stayed strong and warm.



One evening, Mira's teacher asked the class to draw a picture of a friend. Mira smiled and drew a little rabbit with long ears and a star-basket. "This is my friend who lives on the moon," she told the class. Some children giggled, but Mira didn't mind. She knew the rabbit was real, and that their friendship was as real as the moon.



The little moon rabbit watched from above. It saw Mira's drawing and felt proud. It sent down a beam of extra-bright sparkles that landed right on Mira's picture. The whole class gasped. "Maybe there really is a moon rabbit!" they said. Mira just smiled and waved at the sky. "Goodnight, Rabbit," she whispered.



Every night, the moon rabbit and Mira sent their messages down and up the moonbeams. They could not visit each other, but they didn't need to. Their friendship crossed the great big sky and shone as bright as the moon. They knew that no matter how far apart they were, they were always close in their hearts.



So if you ever look up at the moon and see a tiny twinkle, it might be the little moon rabbit sending a message to a friend. And if you wave, maybe it will twinkle back. Because friendship can cross any distance and shine as bright as the moon. Goodnight, little rabbit. Goodnight, Mira. Goodnight, moon.