

Birthday Moon

Oliver always liked the moon. It would shine in his bedroom at night and sometimes he would see it when he woke early in the morning while it was still dark. Soon it would be his birthday. He wanted the moon to come to his party.

So he asked his father if the moon could come. His father laughed and told Oliver to go outside and play.

Oliver talked with his mother and asked her if the moon could come to his party. She smiled, listened and said she would try and help, but she said – the moon may not be able to come.

Oliver was so unhappy. A birthday was a time when all your friends came and gave you hugs and presents. He wanted the moon to come to his party. The moon was his friend.

When his mother closed the door to his bedroom Oliver climbed out of bed, went to the window and looked outside. It was so dark. At first he could not see much, but then he began to see the stars as they became brighter and brighter.

He watched the moon climb up the hill and go to the sky to talk to the stars. He wondered what they were going to say to each other. A cloud drifted towards the moon. It looked as if the cloud was going to talk to the stars and the moon? Oliver tried to listen. But he could hear nothing.

Oliver called to the moon and asked it to come to his party, but the moon said nothing. Oliver called to the stars and they said nothing too. He shouted to the big cloud to help him but it just moved away higher into the sky.

So he went back to his bed and fell asleep.

Later that night the moon heard a small voice calling. So did the stars and so did the cloud.

“Oh”, said the moon.” “It’s the little boy, Oliver. His voice has taken a long time to reach us.”

“I know,” murmured the stars “it’s because we are so high in the sky and so far away from his house.”

The cloud just nodded and shook her fluffy hair. She knew voices took a long time to come from the earth to the sky.

“What can we do?” said the moon

“Perhaps” said one of the largest stars, “we can help him”.

“How” said the sad cloud. “How can we help?”

“I have a bright idea,” said a brilliant star. “Tonight we all go to the little boy’s home.”

Later that night, the moon and one of brightest little stars dropped down through the sky until they came to Oliver’s house. The moon shone her light on the mothers face while she slept. Then the star and the moon made Oliver’s mother have a dream. As she dreamed she listened as they told her how they wanted to come to Oliver’s birthday party.

“Promise to do as we ask”, said the star to Oliver’s mother.

“I promise,” she said.

The moon and the star went back high into the sky and mother slept until morning. When she woke up, she remembered her dream.

She put on her best clothes and went to the birthday party shop that sold beautiful balloons, crackers, ribbons, coloured hats and whistles. She talked to the shopkeeper and he carefully wrapped up a parcel for her.

All that day Oliver thought about his birthday party, which was to be on the next day. He helped his mother sort out the party decorations and he helped her make his birthday cake and he checked that all his friends knew what time to come. He asked his mother if the moon could come too.

“Maybe the moon will come, maybe.” said his mother.

That night when Oliver went to bed he quickly fell asleep. His mother came into his bedroom with the little parcel the shopkeeper had wrapped up for her.

She went to the window and called out.

“Moon. Stars. Where are you?”

For a long time there was no sound. But, then the mother felt the wind tickle her ear. She looked up in the sky. The moon and a bright little star were floating down towards her. The moon shone on her face and so did the star. The wind began to blow gently. It blew the little parcel open and there inside was a yellow golden balloon. The wind blew into the balloon and it began to get bigger. It grew bigger and bigger until it was a huge bright shining yellow gold balloon dancing in the wind.

The mother took the balloon and tied it to the end of Oliver’s bed. She waved to the moon and star as they went back high into the sky.

In the morning Oliver woke up. The first thing he saw was the huge yellow gold balloon dancing on a string at the end of his bed. He looked at it and then rushed down to tell his mother what he had seen. She came back with him to his bedroom and looked at the balloon.

“It is the moon, it is your friend”, she murmured. “It has come to your birthday party. You are so lucky”

Oliver gave his mother a big smile and a hug, and then he helped her put all the plates and the coloured hats on the table for the birthday party

Just before his friends arrived for the birthday party, his mother went into his bedroom and took the big yellow gold balloon. She tied it high above a door so it could see everything that was happening. Oliver could see it too. During the party he smiled at the balloon many times. Every time the door was opened and one of his friends came into the room, the balloon shook on the string and danced. At last the birthday party was over and it started to become dark. It was time for Oliver to go to bed. His mother took down the golden balloon and went with Oliver to his bedroom. She gave him a big hug and said, “Your birthday party is over now. We must let the moon go back to the sky.”

Oliver and his mother went to the window and Oliver held onto the string with the golden balloon. For a long time he stood there and then the wind came. It blew softly and then gradually a little more strongly. The balloon danced on the end of the string.

Oliver knew it was time for the moon to go home. He let go of the string and the golden balloon began to rise high in the sky. He watched it and watched it until it started to vanish into the darkness.

Just before it disappeared, Oliver said in his loudest voice,
“Thank you Moon, for coming to my birthday party”

