The Rabbit Who Counted Stars
Ebru Mina TOMURCUK

The Rabbit Who Counted Stars

Ebru Mina TOMURCUK

In a cozy burrow at the edge of a meadow lived a little rabbit named Luna. She had soft cream-white fur and long ears with pale pink insides. Every night, she hopped outside to gaze at the sky. The stars sparkled like tiny diamonds scattered across a dark blue blanket. Luna wore a little blue scarf with yellow stars embroidered on it, a gift from her grandmother.

Luna loved the night sky more than anything. She would sit on a smooth stone and try to count the stars. 'One, two, three...' she whispered. But soon she lost track. The stars twinkled and danced, making her giggle. 'There are just too many!' she sighed. Still, she tried again the next night, and the next.

One clear night, Luna made a wish. 'I wish I could count every single star,' she said. She started counting on her paws. 'One, two, three, four...' But a cloud drifted by and hid some stars. 'Oh no!' she cried. 'Now I have to start over!' She stamped her little foot. Counting stars was harder than she thought.

Luna tried a different way. She counted the brightest stars first. 'One, two, three...' But then she noticed fainter stars between them. 'Do those count too?' she wondered. Her round dark brown eyes grew wide. There were stars everywhere she looked. 'Maybe I need a bigger piece of paper,' she said, but she had no paper at all.

Just then, a soft whooshing sound came from above. A wise old owl glided down and landed on a branch near Luna. The owl had soft brown and grey feathers, large amber eyes, and tiny gold-rimmed spectacles on her beak. 'Hello, little one,' said the owl. 'I am Olive. Why are you frowning at the sky?'

Luna looked up at the owl. 'I'm trying to count all the stars,' she said, 'but there are too many! I can never finish.' Olive chuckled softly. 'Counting every star is impossible,' she said. 'Even for an owl. But there is another way to enjoy the night sky.' Luna's ears perked up. 'What way?' she asked.

Olive spread her broad calm wings. 'Let me show you,' she said. She pointed a wingtip at a group of stars. 'Do you see those stars that look like a big scoop?' Luna tilted her head. 'Yes! They look like a ladle!' Olive nodded. 'That is the Big Dipper. It is part of a constellation called the Great Bear.'

Luna's eyes sparkled. 'A bear made of stars?' she whispered. Olive smiled. 'Yes. Long ago, people saw pictures in the stars. They connected the dots to tell stories.' Luna hopped closer. 'Can we find more pictures?' she asked. 'Of course,' said Olive. 'The sky is full of them. Let's look for a swan.'

Olive flew to a different spot and pointed again. 'See those stars shaped like a cross? That is the Swan, flying across the sky.' Luna imagined a graceful swan with wide wings. 'It's beautiful!' she breathed. 'And over there,' Olive said, 'are the Twins. Two bright stars side by side.' Luna giggled. 'They look like they're holding hands!'

The two friends spent the night finding constellations. They found a lion, a crab, and a flying horse. Luna forgot all about counting. 'This is so much fun!' she said. Olive's spectacles glinted in the starlight. 'The stars are like a storybook,' she said. 'Each picture is a tale waiting to be discovered.' Luna nodded, her whiskers twitching with delight.

'But Olive,' Luna asked, 'how many constellations are there?' Olive thought for a moment. 'No one knows for sure,' she said. 'People have found eighty-eight, and there may be more.' Luna's mouth opened in surprise. 'Eighty-eight pictures in the sky!' she exclaimed. 'That's a lot of stories.' Olive nodded. 'And each one is special.'

Luna looked at the stars with new eyes. She no longer felt worried about counting them. Instead, she felt a warm glow inside. 'I don't need to count every star to love them,' she said softly. Olive smiled. 'That's right, little one. Some wonders are meant to be appreciated, not counted.' Luna snuggled into her scarf, feeling happy and peaceful.

Olive gently placed a wing around Luna. 'Would you like to learn more tomorrow night?' she asked. Luna's eyes shone. 'Yes, please!' she said. 'I want to find all eighty-eight constellations!' Olive laughed. 'That might take a while, but we can start with a few.' They looked up at the sky together, two friends sharing the magic of the night.

As the moon rose higher, Luna yawned. 'I should go home,' she said. 'But I don't want to miss anything.' Olive smiled. 'The stars will be here tomorrow,' she said. 'And the next night, and the next. The sky is always waiting for you.' Luna hugged the owl's wing. 'Thank you, Olive,' she whispered. 'Goodnight.'

Luna hopped back to her burrow, but she didn't go inside right away. She sat on her smooth stone and looked up one more time. The stars twinkled as if they were winking at her. She found the Big Dipper and the Swan all by herself. 'I see you,' she said softly. 'I see all of you.' Then she went inside, warm and happy.

From that night on, Luna never tried to count the stars again. Instead, she looked for pictures and stories in the sky. She learned that some wonders are too big to measure, and that's okay. The night sky was full of magic and delight, and Luna was glad she could share it with her friend Olive. Every night was a new adventure among the stars.