

The Boy and the Moon Rabbit



Ebru Mina TOMURCUK

The Boy and the Moon Rabbit

Ebru Mina TOMURCUK



One clear night, when the stars were blinking and the garden was still, a small boy tiptoed outside. His name was Sam, and he wore blue striped pyjamas with rolled sleeves, a red scarf loose around his neck, and no shoes at all. He had warm light brown skin, short wavy black hair, and large dark brown eyes that sparkled with curiosity. He loved nights like this, when the whole world seemed to whisper secrets.



Sam padded across the cool grass, his bare toes curling with each step. Near the old oak tree, something moved—a soft, silver-white shape. It was small, about knee-high, with long ears tipped in pale blue. Sam froze. The creature turned, and two round amber eyes looked straight at him. Its tiny nose twitched, and a faint glow shimmered on its forehead like a little crescent moon.



Sam crouched down. 'Hello,' he whispered. 'Who are you?' The rabbit clutched a small woven satchel to its chest. A broken, glowing piece of light peeked out—a moonbeam fragment. 'I'm from the moon,' the rabbit said softly. 'My ladder broke, and I can't get home.' Its ears drooped, and Sam's heart gave a little squeeze. He had never seen a moon rabbit before, but he knew one thing: friends help friends.



The rabbit opened its satchel and showed Sam the broken piece. 'This is part of my moonbeam ladder,' it explained. 'It cracked when I slipped. Without it, the ladder won't shine, and I'm stuck here.' Sam looked at the glowing fragment, then at the rabbit's sad amber eyes. 'Don't worry,' he said with a gap-toothed smile. 'We can fix it together. I'm good at fixing things. What do we need?'



'Sticks and vines,' the rabbit said, its ears lifting a little. 'The ladder needs strong branches for rungs and vines to tie them. But we only have until sunrise.' Sam nodded. 'Then let's hurry!' They searched the garden, gathering fallen sticks and long, twisty vines. Sam's red scarf flapped as he worked, and the rabbit's crescent mark glowed brighter with hope. Every time they found something useful, they added it to a growing pile.



The pile grew taller than the rabbit. 'That's a lot of sticks,' Sam said. 'But we need to mend every rung carefully,' the rabbit said. 'If one breaks, I'll fall.' Sam picked up a long stick and held it steady. 'Then we'll check each one twice,' he said. They sat side by side on the grass, the rabbit showing Sam how to weave the vines tight. Sam's fingers fumbled at first, but he didn't give up.



The rabbit tied a knot and passed the vine to Sam. 'You're good at this,' it said. Sam grinned, showing the gap in his teeth. 'My dad taught me knots for my kite,' he said. 'This is like a giant kite string!' The rabbit giggled, a tiny sound like a bell. They worked faster, their hands moving together. The broken moonbeam fragment began to flicker, as if it could feel the ladder getting stronger.



As they worked, the rabbit told Sam about the moon. 'There are craters like giant bowls, and dust that sparkles like sugar,' it said. 'My family lives in a burrow near the biggest crater.' Sam's eyes went wide. 'I'd love to see that someday,' he said. 'Maybe you can visit me again?' The rabbit's nose twitched happily. 'I'd like that,' it said. 'You're a good friend, Sam.'



The sky began to turn from black to deep blue. 'Sunrise is coming,' the rabbit said, its voice shaky. Sam looked at the ladder. They had mended many rungs, but it still looked wobbly. 'We need more vines,' he said. 'Let's check the hedge.' They ran together, bare feet and furry paws racing over the grass. The garden was full of shadows, but Sam wasn't scared. He had his new friend beside him.



Behind the hedge, they found a tangle of strong vines. 'Perfect!' Sam cheered. They pulled and twisted, gathering as much as they could carry. The rabbit's satchel bounced against its side. 'We might just make it,' it said. Back at the ladder, they tied the new vines around the weakest rungs. Sam held the ladder steady while the rabbit climbed up to test it. 'It feels sturdier!' the rabbit called down.



But when the rabbit stepped on the top rung, it wobbled. 'Oh no!' the rabbit gasped. Sam reached up and held the rung with both hands. 'I've got it!' he said. 'Tie it tighter!' The rabbit quickly wrapped a vine around the joint, and the wobble stopped. They both sighed with relief. 'That was close,' Sam said. The rabbit climbed down and hugged Sam's arm. 'Thank you,' it whispered.



The first pink light of dawn peeked over the hills. The ladder began to glow, softly at first, then brighter. 'It's working!' the rabbit cried. The moonbeam fragment in its satchel pulsed with light. Sam stepped back and looked at their work. The ladder shimmered like a ribbon of starlight, every rung repaired. 'You did it,' Sam said. 'We did it,' the rabbit corrected, its amber eyes shining.



The rabbit climbed onto the first rung. 'I have to go now,' it said. 'But I'll never forget you, Sam.' Sam's eyes felt a little wet, but he smiled his gap-toothed smile. 'I'll watch for you,' he said. 'Every night.' The rabbit touched the crescent mark on its forehead, and a tiny spark floated down to Sam. 'A moon kiss,' it said. 'For luck.' Then it began to climb.



Sam watched the rabbit climb higher and higher until it was just a speck of silver against the fading moon. He clutched the tiny spark, which felt warm in his hand. 'Goodbye, friend!' he called. A faint, bell-like voice floated down: 'See you soon!' Sam waved until his arm was tired. Then he tiptoed back inside, his red scarf trailing behind him. He fell asleep smiling, dreaming of moon craters and sparkly dust.



The next morning, Sam told his family about the moon rabbit. They smiled and said he had a wonderful imagination. But Sam knew it was real. On his windowsill, he found a tiny silver-white fluff and a small, glowing pebble. He put them in a jar and placed it by his bed. Every night, he looked at the moon and whispered, 'Hello, friend.' And sometimes, he was sure the moon winked back.



Sam learned that friendship can bridge any distance—even the space between the earth and the moon. He learned that working together makes big problems smaller. And he learned that a kind heart and a helping hand can turn a sad night into a happy one. So if you ever see a silver rabbit in your garden, don't be afraid. Just smile, and say hello. You might just make a friend for life.