The Moon in the Bucket

Fox finds a bright surprise in the garden.



A short story for reading aloud

AGES 4-7 • Take your time. Enjoy the sounds.

The Moon in the Bucket

Fox went into the garden to fetch his blue ball.

Beside the shed stood a bucket of rainwater. Inside the bucket was the moon.

"Oh!" whispered Fox. "You've fallen down."

He looked up. A cloud covered the sky.

He looked down. There was the moon, round and bright.

Fox fetched a spoon. He dipped it carefully into the water.

The moon broke into silver pieces.

"I'm sorry!" he cried.

Hedgehog hurried over. "What's happened?"

"The moon is in the bucket. And now I've broken it."

Hedgehog peered inside.

The water grew still. The silver pieces joined together.

"It seems to have mended itself," she said.

The Moon in the Bucket

Fox tried lifting the bucket. The moon slid away from him.

"Perhaps it wants to stay," said Hedgehog.

Then the cloud moved. Moonlight shone on their noses.

Both friends looked up.

"There it is!" said Fox. "But there's one down here too."

Hedgehog leaned over the water. A small, spiky face looked back.

"Hello, other Hedgehog," she said.

Fox leaned beside her. Another fox appeared.

They tilted their heads. The watery animals tilted theirs.

"It's a picture!" Fox cried. "The water is showing us the sky."

He put the spoon away.

They sat beside the bucket without touching it. The moon floated quietly between their reflections.

At last Fox found his blue ball behind the shed.

"Shall we play?" asked Hedgehog.

"In a minute," said Fox. "I'm watching the moon take a bath."

Hedgehog giggled so hard that both watery friends began to wobble.

THE END

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