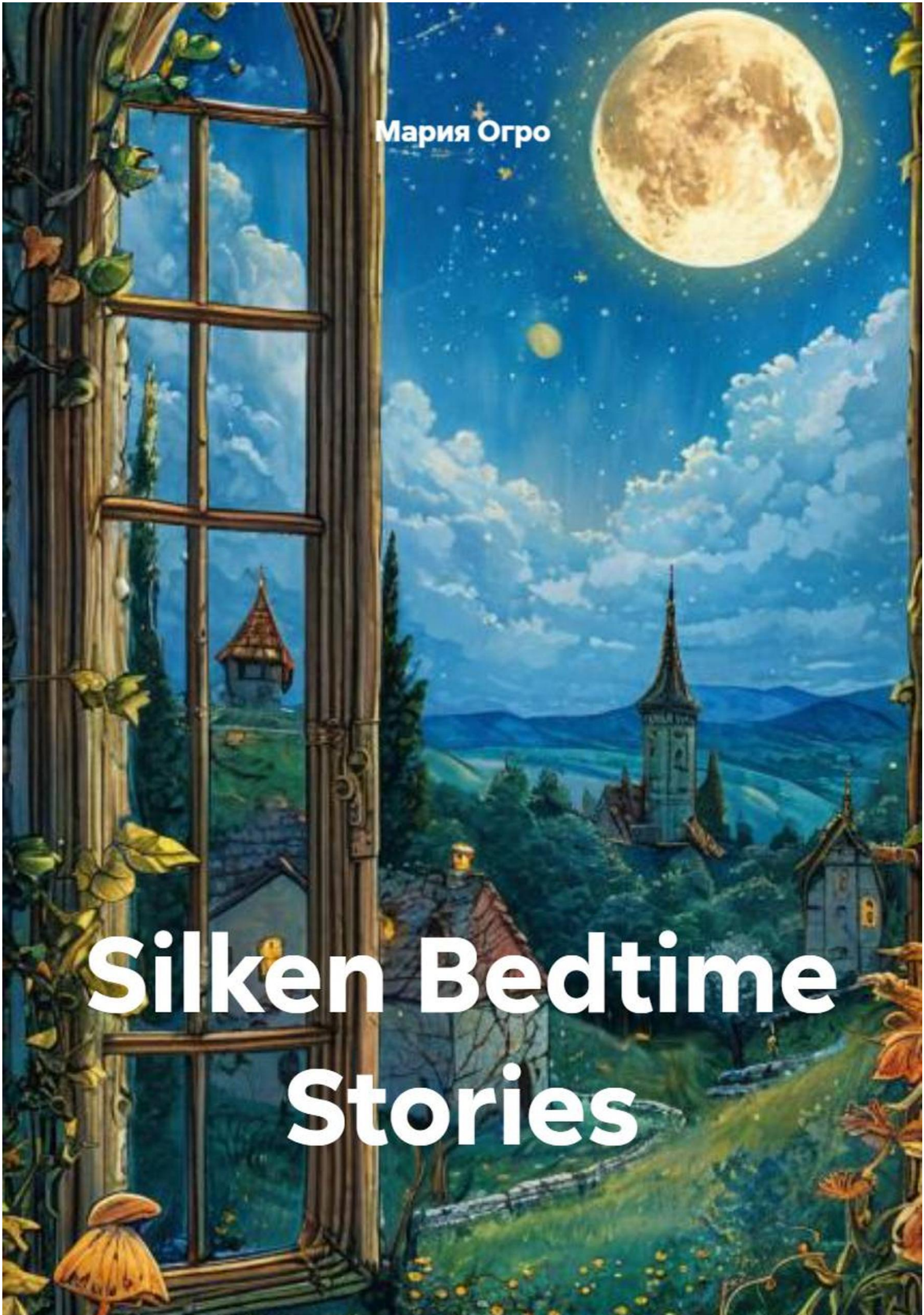

Мария Огро
Silken Bedtime Stories

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«Автор»
2026

Огро М.

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A light breath of wind... A moon outside the window...The fairy tale begins!

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Мария Огро
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The Journey of a Moonbean

Once upon a time, it rained all day. By evening, the rain had subsided. But the sky was still covered with clouds. The clouds were dark and heavy. It got dark earlier than usual. On that day, children stayed at home, and adults hurried home from work. The evening had just begun, and the streets were empty and quiet. Even the cars had stopped driving down the small street. Only their distant noise from the main street made it clear that they had not stopped driving altogether. Suddenly, in the darkness, a thin ray of moonlight broke through the thick clouds. It slid first onto a neighbouring cloud. Then it jumped onto a cloud below. And it began to descend to the ground faster and faster. It seemed not like a ray of light, but like a mischievous boy who had been kept from playing outside for a long time, had run away and was hurrying to his friends. But, jumping down to the ground, the ray suddenly stopped and froze. For a few seconds, it lay completely still. Then, hesitantly and slowly, it crawled forward. Now it looked like a kitten trying to sneak up on a bird. The ray of light moved forward cautiously and froze, then came to life again briefly and slowly moved forward. Suddenly, a wall appeared in front of the ray! It was a doghouse. Sliding up and running across the roof of the doghouse, the ray jumped down onto something soft and warm. The dog Jack, as if sensing this, twitched his ear and barked discontentedly through his sleep. The frightened ray hurriedly jumped off the ear and ran forward. After crossing the courtyard, a small clearing and some bushes, the ray suddenly fell from the cliff onto something completely unusual for him! Everything around him was swaying and sparkling! How he loved it! The ray did not even realise that it was he himself who was making the river waves sparkle. Just as suddenly, high above the river, another, dissatisfied ray peered out from behind a cloud. This one was much thicker and slower. He looked down at the earth angrily. And heavily, with great reluctance, he began to descend, from cloud to cloud, towards the river itself. Noticing it, the little ray darted from side to side. And the big ray headed straight for it and stopped nearby. It seemed as if the older brother was scolding his little, disobedient brother who had run away. The waves around the big ray slowly swayed from side to side. And the little brother justified himself, begging not to tell his parents about his mischief. The trembling ripples around the little ray betrayed his excitement. A minute later, the big, thick ray reached the first low-hanging cloud. It froze. The mischievous little ray jumped in after it and immediately ran ahead. The big ray caught up with it and pulled it back. Now they were moving together. But from time to time, the little ray still ran a couple of steps ahead. So the rays reached a small opening in the dark cloud. The little ray jumped in first, cheerfully. The big ray climbed in heavily behind it. And the clouds closed. It became dark again... dark...

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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