

# WHAT THE MOON SAW

A girl was sitting at her writing table.

She was thinking of an idea for a story. For you see, she wanted to be a writer. She wanted to be a writer of children's stories.

The girl looked at the sky, through the window behind the writing table. And on the sky was her old friend the moon. Often when she looked at the moon, he smiled at her and spoke to her quietly. Sometimes this helped her make a story.

On that day, when she looked at the moon, he told her what he had seen.

“Yesterday, I looked down at the small yard at the back of a house. And there sat a hen with her eleven chicks. They were all happy, and the chicks were darting here and there. Suddenly, a pretty little girl ran in. She was running and jumping around the hen and her brood. The poor hen did not know what to do. She screamed and spread her wings over her chicks.

“Hearing the noise, the girl's father came out in the yard. He scolded the girl and sent her back into the house. That was yesterday.

“This evening, I again looked down into the yard. The hen and her brood were resting. Everything was quiet. Then out came the same girl, into the yard. When they saw her, the hen and her chicks cried out loud, fluttering their feathers, and fearful. I could see it all, and was angry with the obstinate girl.

“Once more her father came out, and said to her angrily, ‘What do you think you are doing?’

“The little girl sobbed. She said, ‘I wanted to kiss the hen and say sorry to her for frightening her yesterday. But she does not understand.’

““Oh, I see now!’ said the father, and he kissed his daughter. ‘You are my own sweet little daughter,’ he said, ‘The hen will understand if you leave her alone, and talk to her quietly and gently from a distance, not now, but a few days later.’”

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**This is an amended version of a Hans Christian Anderson story.**

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