

Lunai and the Quiet Moon

Akram Az

Rain had left a tiny puddle beside the lantern path. Lunai paused. A bright circle floated between two leaves. Myro leaned closer, and one last raindrop fell from the branch above. The circle wobbled, then returned. Lunai lifted a paw toward the real moon. There it was, in two places.

What do you notice in the puddle?

You don't have to answer.

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