

WAGOLL

One tranquil night, whilst the rest of the world was asleep, a boy set out to sea in a little boat, called La Luna. His Papa and Grandpa were taking to work with them for the very first time. When they were far from the shore, they carefully pulled in their oars and dropped the anchor, making sure their boat stood still in the water. Then something strange happened. Grandpa, who doesn't usually surprise his grandson with anything, handed him a gift, which had been wrapped roughly in a cloth. Full of excitement, the little boy tore off the cloth without even untying the string at the top. Inside was a soft, brown hat: the little boy had never owned anything like it. Both Papa and Grandpa quarrelled over how the boy should wear his new hat: tilted to the front, tilted to the back - neither could agree. The men folded their arms and waited. The boy folded his arms and waited, too. Because the boy was eager to learn, he did exactly what his father and grandfather were doing. They simply sat and waited. Then, with only a glimmer's warning, the moon rose from the sea. What started as a soft, yellow hue at the edge of the water, grew and grew, until the whole sky was illuminated. The boy had never seen such a moon!

The boy's Papa passed him another anchor. Strange - as the boat was already safely anchored. Out of nowhere, the boy's papa hastily raised a ladder up to the sky. Unsure of what he was about to entail, step by step the boy bravely climbed until he reached the moon. It was so close, he could almost grab it, but, instead, the moon grabbed him. He landed, looked around and was amazed to see stars - not just one or two, but thousands covering the entire surface of the moon - each one glowing with its own soft light. Hearing his Papa's calls from below, he grabbed the anchor and anchored the boat to the moon. Suddenly, a star dropped from the sky, landing right next to the boy. Carefully he touched it and the star sang. What magnificent things these stars were! So bright, they lit up the whole moon.

Shortly after the boat was anchored, the men slowly made their way up the ladder, taking each step much more carefully than the little boy had. As soon as they arrived, they got to work: their job was to tidy up the moon. Of course, though, just like with the hat, Papa and grandfather each had a different opinion on how the sweeping should be done.

Suddenly, the ground beneath them began to tremble, and the once soft shimmer of the moon, turned into harsh flickering. Something, which shone brighter than any of the other stars, hurtled towards the earth: Papa, Grandfather and the little boy leapt to safety into one of the many craters. A massive star had crashed into the moon. There it stuck! Whilst Grandfather and Papa argued, like they always do, about what they should do to the star, the boy studied the star. Carefully he touched it and a ripple of light spread across the star. It gave the boy an idea. Scampering up to the star, he climbed all the way to the highest point... and with a little hammer, he gave it a tiny tap. Hundreds of stars rained down upon them! The three worked together to sweep up the stars, each in his own way. In no time at all, the work was done.