

## Raven and the Moon

There was once a miser who lived with his daughter in a house full of treasures. The girl was as much a miser as her father and they guarded their treasure jealously. Their house shone with the glint of bright, shiny things. They had even stolen the moon, and they kept it locked away in box where no-one but they could find it or see it.

Now, Raven overheard the miser and the girl whispering about the moon- how bright it was, how it shone, the greatest treasure of them all- and Raven wanted it. Oh, how he wanted it! For Raven too loved shiny things and he must have the shiniest of all for his own collection. But the miser and the girl never left the house so their treasures were never unguarded. Raven knew that he must use cunning. So he turned himself into a green leaf hanging on a tree at the side of the path, and when the girl passed he fluttered gently into her mouth. She swallowed the leaf and thought no more of it.

Nine months later however she had a child. And what a child! His nose was huge and beak-like and he would not stop crying, a shrill, raucous, never-ending cry. The miser and his daughter could not stand it.

They tried everything they could. They fed him, but still he cried. They changed his nappy, but he bawled still louder. They gave him toys to play with, but still he cried. They walked him and rocked him but he cried and he cried. The miser could bear it no longer. The cries were so loud and they never stopped! 'Perhaps,' the miser said, 'we could show him the moon.' They unlocked the chest and the baby watched as the girl lifted out the moon, a glowing ball shining brightly in the dark room. The baby lifted his arms to touch it but the girl threw it into the air like a ball, and like a ball she caught it. Higher and higher she threw it and the baby watched- until suddenly the baby had gone, and Raven flew through the air and deftly caught the moon in his beak! Round the room he flew, while the miser and his daughter cried out and stretched their arms to try to stop him. Raven flew to the ceiling and out through the smoke-hole, and out into the dark night sky which was at once flooded with the light of the moon.

The moon lit up the sky above Raven and the earth below him. Everywhere were shiny silver treasures, and Raven wanted them all! He opened his beak to catch them and let go of the moon, which floated higher and higher until not even Raven could reach it and bring it back to earth. And there it stays.