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Full Moon

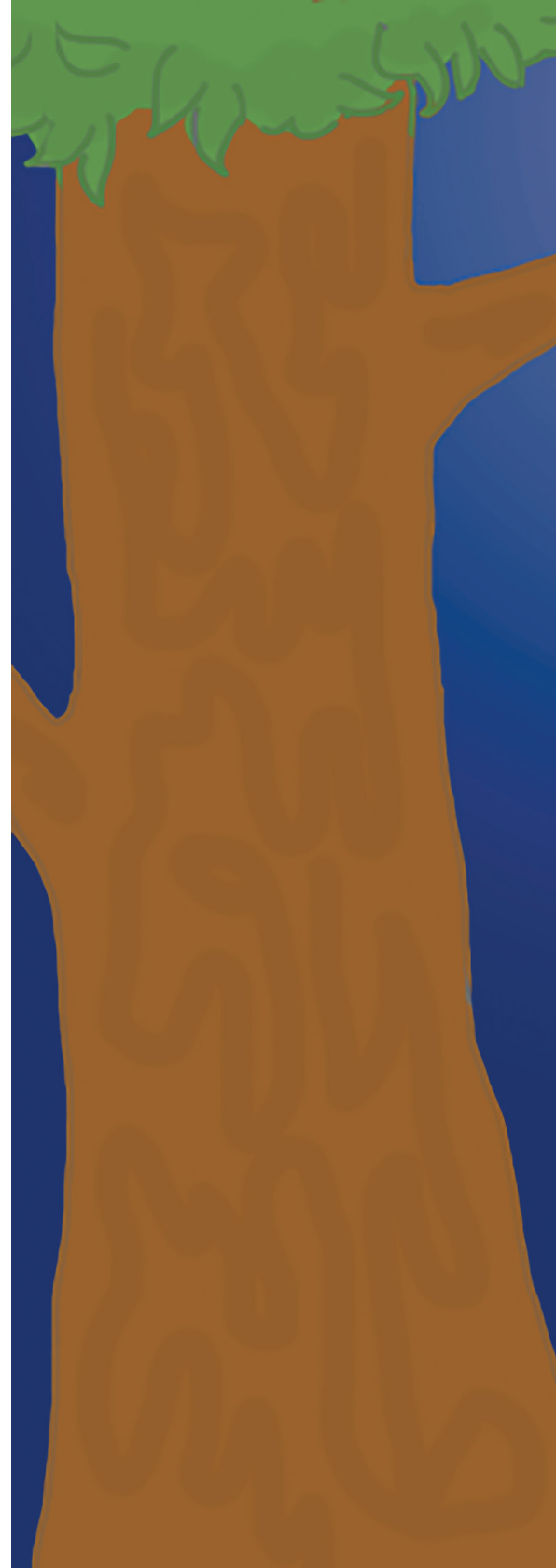
Written by Ellen Weisberg and Ken Yoffe

Illustrated by Kira Gousios

It was Halloween night. Cold night winds blew against the mask that covered my face. I looked up at the huge maple tree in front of my family's home and could see the large, pale October moon behind it.

I heard my older sister, Amy, still inside the house, in the front parlor.

“Okay,” Amy said. “Let's go.”









I grabbed hold of the edge of my sister's sweater with one hand. With the other, I swung a plastic container shaped like a gutted pumpkin. Ghosts and goblins and witches passed us by. Each one stumbled along in big, baggy costumes. I saw one or two reach below their hot masks to scratch their cheeks. I smiled as I danced among them.

“Amy?” I asked.

“Uh-huh?”

“I heard there’s a man who lives on the moon.”


“Did you,” Amy said. She had been only half listening to me. She was also making sure to tightly hold my hand so we could safely cross the street.

“I also heard that the moon is made of cheese,” I said. I tried to keep up with my sister’s quick pace. “Doesn’t the cheese get moldy, being outside for so long?”

“I guess so,” Amy said distantly. She tried to see if the porch light of a neighbor’s house was on or off.







“And wouldn’t the man who lives on the moon get tired of eating moldy cheese all the time?” I asked. As I continued to walk, my smile started to fade. I stared up at the bright round ball in the black sky. If there really was a man living on the moon, then how he could sleep with all that blinding light? Maybe he was being kept awake for days on end, and his tiredness made him clumsy. Maybe he’d occasionally trip and fall into one of the many huge holes I had heard were on the moon.

My head was still turned up toward the sky when Amy and I approached a lit doorway. A woman greeted us, holding a large dish loaded with gold- and silver-wrapped chocolates. I grabbed a handful and smiled quickly up at her. I dropped my treats into my plastic pumpkin. I then turned again toward the cold, autumn night sky.





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Later that night, I dumped colorful lollipops onto the center of my bed. Bite-sized bars of milk and dark chocolate followed, and so did liquid-filled wax sticks and packets of watermelon- and strawberry-flavored bubble gum. I stared down at my Halloween collection. My mouth began to water.

Then I started to think about the man on the moon.

The poor little man on the moon.

I stood up and walked over to my sister's desk. I picked up a pad of paper and tried to spell words out on it with a sharpened pencil.

*Dear men who go to the moon,
Here is candy for the man
who lives there.
I don't want him to eat anymore
moldy cheese. Also please give
him my witch's mask.
It will keep the light out when
he goes to sleep.
Thank you.
Jessica*

I opened the top drawer of Amy's desk. I pulled out a large, tan envelope. I flipped it over and started to write as neatly and carefully as I could.

From: Jessica

At Jessica's home

To: Men Who Go To The Moon

At The Place Where There Are Rockets





Dear men who go
to the Moon



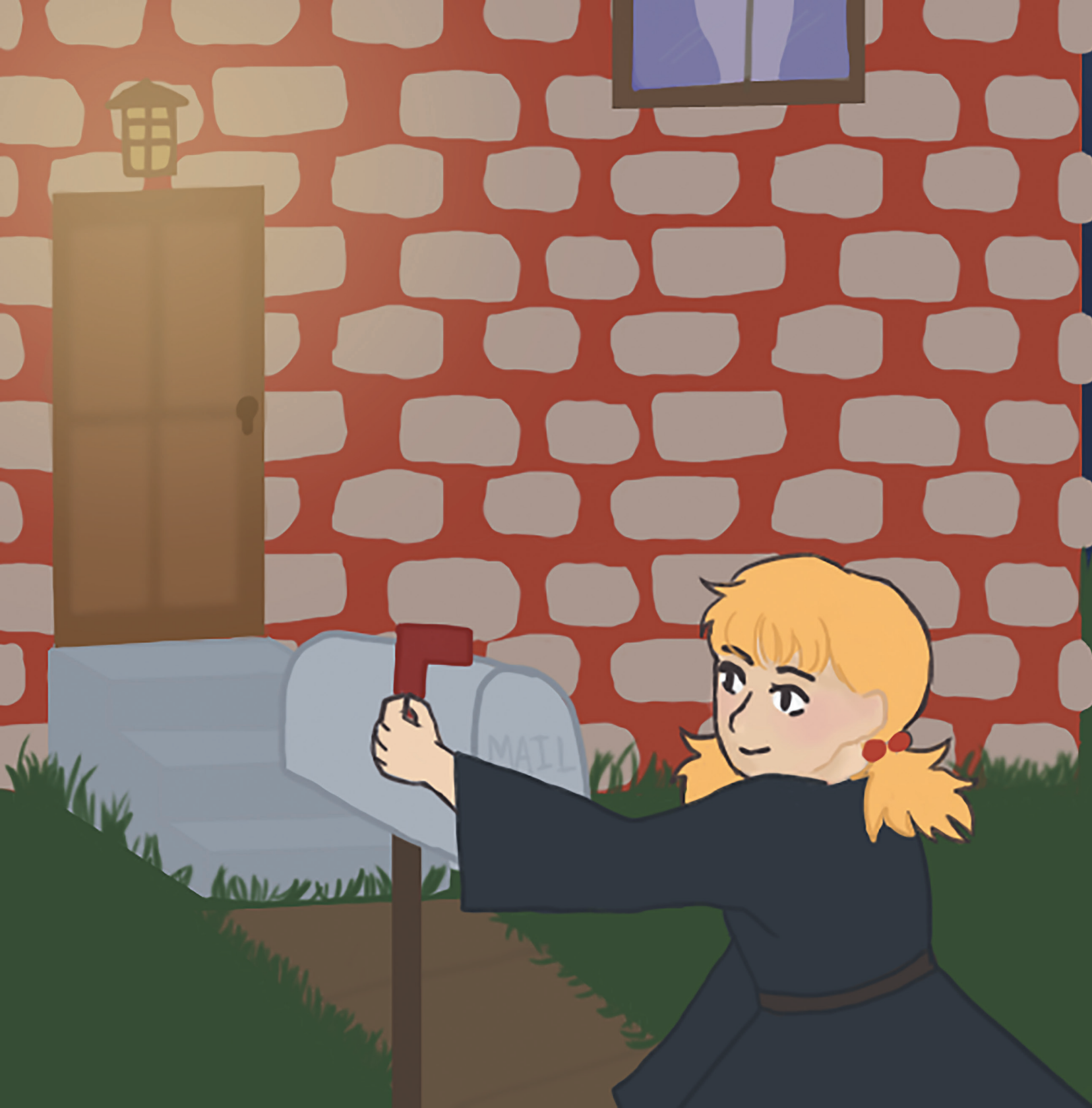



I stared down at the envelope. Would the postman understand where I wanted my letter to go? I scratched the side of my head. Of *course* he'd know where to bring my letter. *Everybody* knew where rockets were launched. I lifted the envelope up and blew some eraser shavings off of it.

I carried it over to my bed and started to shove as many candies as would fit inside of it. I then took my witch's mask and also placed it inside, just barely getting it to fit.



From: Jessica
To: the men who
go to the Moon
At the place
the





My care package was ready to go. I carried it out to the mailbox. I shoved the envelope inside and closed the mailbox lid. I raised a rusty red, metal flag up. I'd seen my mother do this to tell the postman that there was something there for him to take away. I turned on one heel and walked back toward the house.

It was a cold, early November night. I sat upright in my bed and grabbed the edges of my blanket. I brought it to my chin. I tried to catch a glimpse of the moon outside my window, but a thick mist had drifted across the sky. It hid each and every sparkling and glittering thing that was behind it. I sighed loudly and placed my head in my hands. I found myself thinking again about the man on the moon.


The poor man on the moon.







To: Jessica

A stylized illustration on the left side of the page shows a person's head and shoulder. The person is wearing a dark grey or black garment. They are tucked under a thick, purple blanket that covers most of their body. The background behind the person is a light purple gradient. The text is positioned to the right of this illustration.

I reached behind my head to fluff my pillow. I pressed its sides close together and made its center thick and full. Then I noticed a tiny envelope peeking out from underneath it. I picked it up and read the words “To Jessica” on the outside.

It couldn't have been money from the tooth fairy because I hadn't lost any new teeth. It couldn't have been a gift from Santa Claus because Christmas wasn't for another month. I excitedly opened the envelope's seal and pulled out a piece of stationery.

“Dear Jessica,” the note read. “Thank you for your kindness. Your friend, The Man on the Moon.”

My heart was pounding.
I stared at the note. The man on the moon dotted his “i’s” just like my sister Amy did. He drew his “y’s” and his “e’s” the same as she did, too!

I flung my covers off. I leapt out of bed and raced toward the window. There was a small clearing in the sky, where I could just barely see a fuzzy glow of pale, yellow light. I smiled a wide smile.

To me, the moon had never looked friendlier, or fuller.



KIRKUS

REVIEWS

TITLE INFORMATION

FULL MOON

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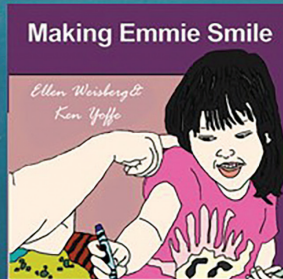
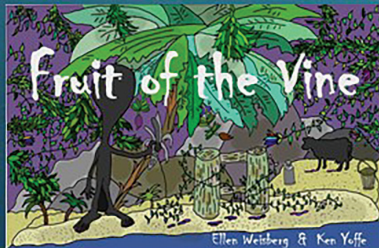
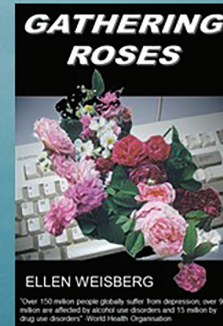
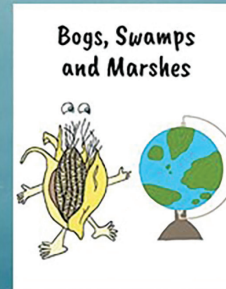
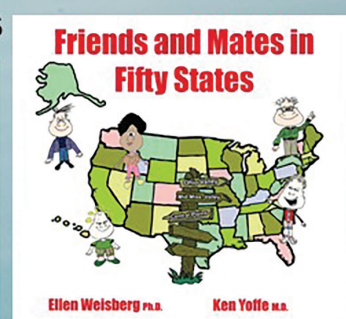
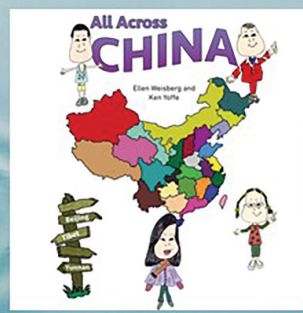
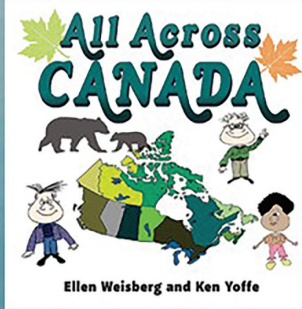
BOOK REVIEW

A thoughtful child aims to share candy with a lonely man on the moon in Weisberg and Yoffe's Halloween-themed illustrated book for young readers.

Jessica is excited for trick or treating, especially on a night with a full moon. She and her older sister, Amy—dressed as a witch and a cat, respectively—walk among the other costumed children until Jessica asks about whether a man lives on the moon and whether that location is made of cheese. "Wouldn't the man who lives on the moon get tired of eating moldy cheese all the time?" Jessica asks. However, Amy is focused on getting candy. When Jessica gets home, she's still thinking about the man on the moon; she writes a letter to "men who go to the moon," asking them to share her sweets with the man up there and also to give him her enclosed witch mask, so he can block out the moon's brightness and get better sleep. After a few days, Jessica discovers a thank-you note under her pillow and notices that the man on the moon's penmanship is a lot like Amy's; older readers are sure to realize that her sibling was paying a lot more attention to Jessica and her questions than the younger sister realized. Weisberg and Yoffe tell the story with enough delicacy that younger readers who believe in such figures as the tooth fairy and Santa Claus may accept the magic of the man in the moon, while older one will realize the real focus of the story is the relationship between two caring siblings. The author varies the amount of text on each page; occasional tricky vocabulary words (*parlor*, *glimpse*) may challenge newly independent readers to stretch their skills. Gousios' full-color illustrations feature strong outlines with softer shades and lines filling in details. Close-up illustrations of Jessica and Amy are especially well executed, but others, such as those set in Jessica's bare-walled room, feel unfinished.

A sweet children's story about doing kind things for others.

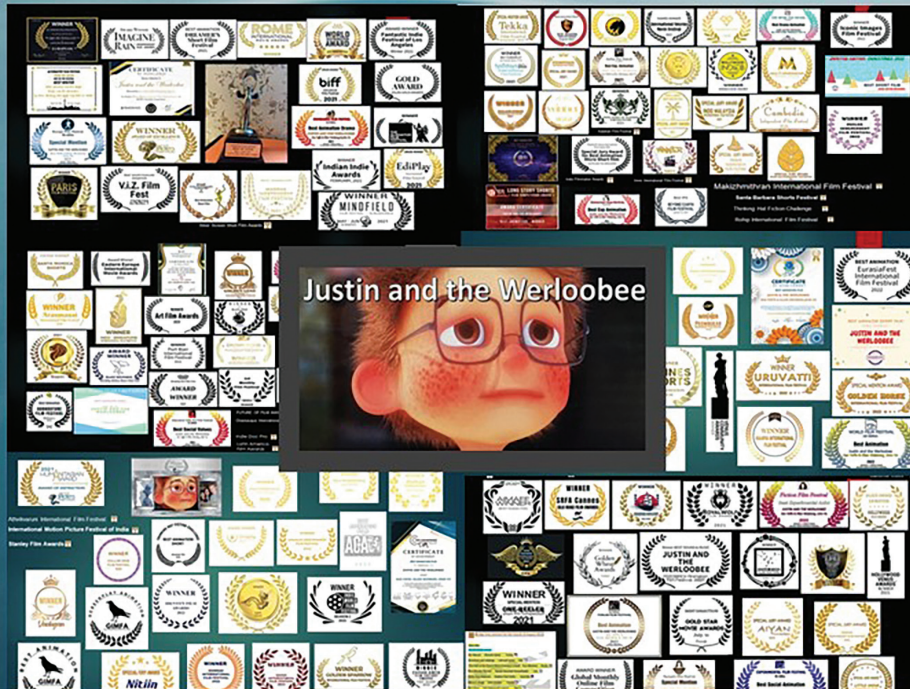
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