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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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The Lost Star

Once upon a time, a little star that had been shining for hundreds of years grew tired of its nightly duty and yearned to descend to Earth and discover what lay below.

"I wonder what lies beneath us, beyond our sight," the star confided one night to a fellow star that had been shining alongside it for centuries.

"I do not know, and I fail to comprehend why you should be interested when we are content up here, shining every night," replied the other star.

"But I am not content," sighed the little star. "I am unhappy because I long to see what lies beneath us, and I cannot observe it from here. I wonder what would happen if I were to descend? Would I continue falling indefinitely, or would I find a place better than this up above?"

"I have never pondered on any place other than this," responded the other star. "If we were intended to inhabit somewhere else, we would have been placed there. I advise you to cease such thoughts and find happiness in our current abode, where we shine alongside our brethren every night."

The old moon had been listening attentively to their conversation. When both stars finished speaking, it chimed in, "You would be wise to remain where you are and refrain from descending to Earth. While it is a

suitable dwelling for people, it is not a favorable environment for little stars like yourselves. If you were to land there, you would quickly become lost, and no one would know where you belong. Stay here with your fellow stars and continue shining."

However, the little star could not shake its fascination with the vast space below. One quiet night, as the wind slumbered, the little star noticed a fluffy cloud drifting toward the old moon.

"Now is my chance," the star thought to itself. "Once that cloud conceals the moon's face, I will drop from the sky. If I find Earth displeasing, I am confident I can return."

Thus, the foolish little star slipped out of its designated spot in the sky and descended, descending toward Earth like a shooting star. "A shooting star!" someone exclaimed as it plummeted. Eventually, the star found itself in a vast field of daisies, resting upon the lush green grass, unable to see anything. A large beetle crawled up and inquired, "Where did you come from?"

"I am a star, visiting your Earth," the little star replied.

"Oh, come here!" the beetle called out to another beetle. "Look, a star has come down to Earth."

"That is not a star," the second beetle argued. "Stars are bright and radiant. This is merely a piece of stone."

"But I am a star," the little star insisted. "I have been shining in the sky for hundreds of years. I came down to explore Earth because I wanted to see what it was like."

"You will have to convince someone who knows less than we do," the beetles retorted dismissively, leaving

the poor little star to question the worthiness of its Earthly visit.

After a while, the daisies heard sobbing from deep within the grass and leaned their heads closer to listen.

"It seems to come from beneath the grass," remarked one daisy. "We must investigate and find the source of this sorrow."

"Oh, please tell me how to return home!" the little star cried when it spotted the daisies searching for it.

"Where did you come from?" they inquired.



"I am a star, and my home is high above this Earth," the little star explained. "I have been shining up there for hundreds of years, and I descended to see Earth. But now, I cannot find my way back."

"You are a star?" the daisies wondered. "You don't resemble one, but I suppose you are a shooting star who has lost its radiance."

"I am afraid we cannot assist you in returning home; none of us know the way," the daisies admitted.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" lamented the little star.

"Everything is dark here, and I cannot see. Will anyone show me the way back home?"

"Perhaps the moon knows the lost star's way home," one daisy suggested.

"Where is he? Where is he?" the little star eagerly inquired. "Surely, Mr. Moon can guide me home."

"He is not present at the moment," the daisies informed. "But once the cloud passes, we will consult him on your behalf."

After a few minutes, the moon emerged from behind the clouds, casting its radiant beams upon the field of daisies. It reached the spot where the little star had found refuge.

"Mr. Moon!" all the daisies called out simultaneously. "A lost star resides here. Can you direct it home?"

Before the daisies could finish their question, the little star caught sight of the moon's beam. Filled with joy, it lifted its face and exclaimed, "I can see! I can see! This is the path that will lead me home."

"If the daisies truly wish for me to assist you in finding your way home, I will do so," replied the moon. "But you deserve to be lost, for you abandoned your brethren and the home where you resided contentedly for so long, without a single regret."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Moon, please help the little star return home and shine once more," the daisies pleaded. "We are certain it will never stray from its place again."

"I promise you, Mr. Moon, that I will never leave my designated spot beside my fellow stars, no matter how many more hundreds of years I have to shine," vowed the little star.

"Very well," acknowledged the moon. "I shall guide you back home. However, it will take a considerable amount of time for you to regain your former radiance.

Furthermore, you will be placed far away from your brethren, where you resided for so long."

By the moon's luminous rays, the little star ascended back to the sky. As it passed its fellow stars, it hung its head in shame, for they wept, grieving its departure and the fact that it would never shine alongside them again.

The little star had departed without a second thought, solely focused on the allure of Earth. Far away from its brethren, it discovered a place where it must shine for a hundred years to regain its former brilliance. During this time, its fellow stars would also grow in brightness, forever distancing themselves from the little lost star. Oh, poor little star!