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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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The White Moon

Once upon a time, when the moon was round and full like a great white flower blooming in the sky, the land was bathed in a magical glow. The moon's enchanting light was so potent, it brought out a certain charm to all it touched. Old trees, like the gnarled yew, suddenly looked like an ancient, friendly monster stretching its limbs in the quiet night.

Under this white moon's magic, the peaceful pond



where the cattle quenched their thirst by day transformed into a dazzling mirror, reflecting the celestial light as though it were molten silver. And the well-trodden road that the Squire journeyed down every day, whether to market, church, or town, was no longer the usual path. Under the

moon's ethereal light, it became a path of mystery and dreams, the shadows on the edge shimmering as though little witches, who were nothing more than the hawthorn hedge by daylight, crouched there, playfully casting spells of wonder.

It was a time when the moon breathed life into stories, and romance was hidden in each shadow. The villagers, young and old, gathered in the grand hall of their

home, mesmerized by the moon's radiant glow that filled the room, making the armor hung on the walls gleam as if newly polished.

The room fell into a hush, the air full with anticipation and a collective yearning for tales of home, high deeds, friends, love, and thrilling adventures. Even the children paused their play, the younger ones snuggling in their mothers' arms, their eyes wide with wonder, barely suppressing their giggles.

They all waited, silent, the rhythmic tick-tock of the clock on the stairs the only sound echoing through the hall, until Aunt Mildred, known for her sweet, timid nature, let slip a few words, "Such moon there was, and such white mystic radiance the night when Lady Elinore stole softly to the dungeon door."

These words, dropped like seeds in the ground, sparked an excitement in the air. "Oh, 'tis a tale!" the children cried, huddling closer to Aunt Mildred. The adults too, curious and eager, joined the clamour. "Yes, 'tis a tale," Aunt Mildred admitted, a twinkle in her eye.

"Then tell! Tell it!" they all pleaded, the hushed whispers breaking the heavy silence that had once filled the room. And so, with all eyes upon her, Aunt Mildred, bathed in the soft, mystical moonlight, began to weave the touching tale of Lady Elinore.