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Moon's Misunderstanding

Mary Graham Bonner

The Moon was not himself that night. He shone, but dimly, and there was something withdrawn about his light.

"What's wrong?" asked the Fairy Queen. "You seem sad."

"I heard you say," said the Moon carefully, "that once in a blue moon, you like to hold a banquet. And I've been thinking about it since. I'm not blue — not in colour, anyway. So I thought perhaps you knew of another moon, a blue one, and preferred him for your celebrations."

The Fairy Queen pressed her hand to her mouth so as not to smile, because the Moon was clearly miserable.

"Dear Moon," she said. "There is no other moon. Not anywhere. Only you, always."

"But then — what did you mean?"

"'Once in a blue moon' is an expression. It means 'once in a great while.' I was only saying that I think it's nice, every now and then, to have a proper banquet. That's all."

The Moon considered this. His light brightened.

"I see. Though I confess I wasn't entirely sure there wasn't another moon. Strange things happen all the time now — people fly through the air in machines and behave exactly like birds. So a blue moon didn't seem impossible."

"It would seem impossible to me," said the Fairy Queen, "because there is only one of you, and he is exactly right."

The Moon smiled — a broad, warm smile that spread right across his face and turned all the clouds to silver.

The banquet in Fairyland that night was the finest in years.



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