

*For JP – JM
For Anh Vy – Q&L*

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THE FAWN

who chased


THE SUN

Illustrated by
Quang & Lien






There was once a fawn,
who thought that the sun
was the most beautiful thing
he had ever seen.



It warmed his back and lit up the buttercups.
It opened the roses and made the bees hum.

But when the sun set,
the little fawn
was sad.



He did not like the dark.
He did not like the shadows.

The birds were
silent on their nests.

The roses
seemed to droop.

"Mother," said the little fawn,
"where does the sun go at night?"
"To visit its friends on the other side of the world,"
his mother replied.



At this, the little fawn felt jealous.
He wanted the sun to stay with him always.

He made a decision:
he would find the place where the sun set.
He would make friends with the sun,
and it would never leave him.



On the first sun-dappled
morning of spring, the little
fawn bid farewell to his family.

With never a glance back, he set off down
the long, winding road towards the sun.



He travelled through meadows...

...over streams...

...and under canopies.

All the while, the sun shone brightly, guiding him forwards.



But in the evening, the sun's rays
shone red as if in warning.

Then the sun dipped behind a hill,
and all was dark.

"Tomorrow I will find you, Sun," sighed the fawn.
But he did not know where to look.

Glancing up, he spotted a row of great,
green frogs, peering down at him
from along the water's edge.

"Excuse me," said the fawn. "Do you know?
After the sun sets – where does it go?"

"The sun lives over that hill," croaked the frogs.
Then they hopped into the cool, dark pool,
and the little fawn was alone.




Soon, the night was alive with the
sounds of strange creatures.

The little fawn curled up,
turning his back
against the dark.

There was a rustling
and a howling, and the little
fawn was very afraid.






At morning's first light, the fawn hurried onwards.
He had survived the night, and the sun
had come to greet him.

Full of joy, he soon reached
the top of the hill to meet the sun!

He looked around...
...but the sun was still far away.

"You tricked me, Sun!" laughed
the fawn. "Come back!"

On he went, over the next hill, and the next,
but the sun never came any closer.




At the end of the day, the little fawn
reached a buzzing meadow

The golden flowers there reminded
him of his friend the sun.

“Oh, flowers,”
said the fawn.
“Do you know?
After the sun sets –
where does it go?”


To his great surprise,
the nearest flower turned
and answered in a whisper
“I turn my head to follow the sun.
But I am rooted to the ground.”



On the third day, the sun was still far off.
There were no flowers in this place – only jagged stones.

The little fawn could see a great mountain ahead
of him. Yet he would not give up.

“When I reach that mountain top, I will be able
to see all the world around me,” the fawn said.
“Then I will see where my friend the sun goes.”



As darkness crept in, the fawn
noticed a flicker of orange. Could it be
the sun, hiding here amongst the trees?

But no, it was a fox!

The little fawn said,
“Excuse me, fox. But do you know?
After the sun sets – where does it go?”

The fox grinned.
“Why, if I saw the sun at night,
then it wouldn't be night at all!”

And with a swish of his tail
he was gone.

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The next day, dark clouds covered the sky.
Maybe the sun didn't want to be friends,
after all, thought the fawn.

His weary legs carried him to the top of the mountain. There, he blinked and stared into the distance. But thick white snow had begun to fall and he did not know which way was east, or which was west.


The sun was nowhere to be seen.





The little fawn forced himself onwards.
On through the snow and the frost.
On into the gathering dusk.

The sun felt like a distant memory.
Perhaps his friend the sun had forgotten him.
Maybe he had come all this way for nothing.



"Where are you, Sun?" the little fawn
cried into the darkness. But the snow
blanketed his words.
He stared into the dark and saw two
bright eyes staring back.

"Great white owl," pleaded the fawn.
"Do you know? After the sun sets –
where does it go?"

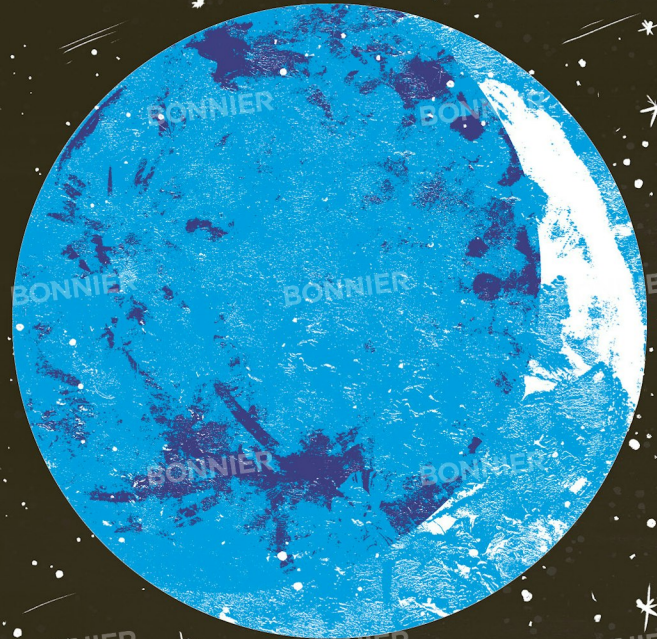
"I do not need the sun," the owl said.
"The moon is our friend in the darkness.
It will watch over you."


"The moon?"

The little fawn peered upwards. And there,
hanging high above him, was the moon.

He had never seen the moon before —
he had been too afraid to look into the darkness.

It was very beautiful — as beautiful as the sun.
And it was surrounded by millions of twinkling
friends, all smiling back at him.




A detailed illustration of a winter night. In the foreground, a spotted fawn stands on a snowy slope, looking towards the right. In the sky, a snowy owl with white and grey feathers is in flight, looking down. A large, bright full moon hangs in the dark blue night sky, surrounded by small white stars. The landscape is covered in snow, with rolling hills and scattered evergreen trees. Some trees are bare with red berries, while others are evergreens. The overall scene is peaceful and magical.

“Return home, friend,” the owl continued.

“Let the moon guide you by night and the sun
guide you by day. They are both your friends.”


So the fawn began his journey home,
beneath the gentle gaze of the moon.
He noticed that its light was soft and cool,
and everything was pretty where it looked down.

A vibrant illustration of a night forest. In the upper left, a white snow owl with dark spots sits on a tree branch. In the center, a brown fawn with white spots stands in a field of green ferns. In the lower left, a brown hedgehog is visible. In the upper right, a bat is perched on a tree branch. The background is dark with glowing yellow and blue fireflies. The scene is framed by the silhouettes of trees and foliage.

For the first time, he saw the bats,
and the owls and the hedgehogs.

He saw the glow of
fireflies as they danced
around him.

Instead of howls and screeches, he heard the
night-time song. Entranced by the beauty of the
night, the fawn barely noticed when the sun spread
its golden fingers the next morning.

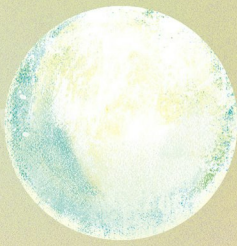


Pausing to drink, he glanced
at his reflection in the water.

He was surprised to see, not a little fawn staring back,
but a strong, powerful stag, with antlers like tree branches.

The little fawn looked behind him,
expecting to see someone else,
but he saw no one.

Again he peered back at the water,
only to realise the reflection
was of himself.



All this time he had chased the sun,
he had not noticed how much he had grown.
Nor had he noticed what was around him.



From now on, the great stag promised to
enjoy the world in both the day and the night.

He set forth with the sun ahead of him,
as the moon slipped into the shadows.



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And all was calm and bathed in light.

Both by day and by night.





