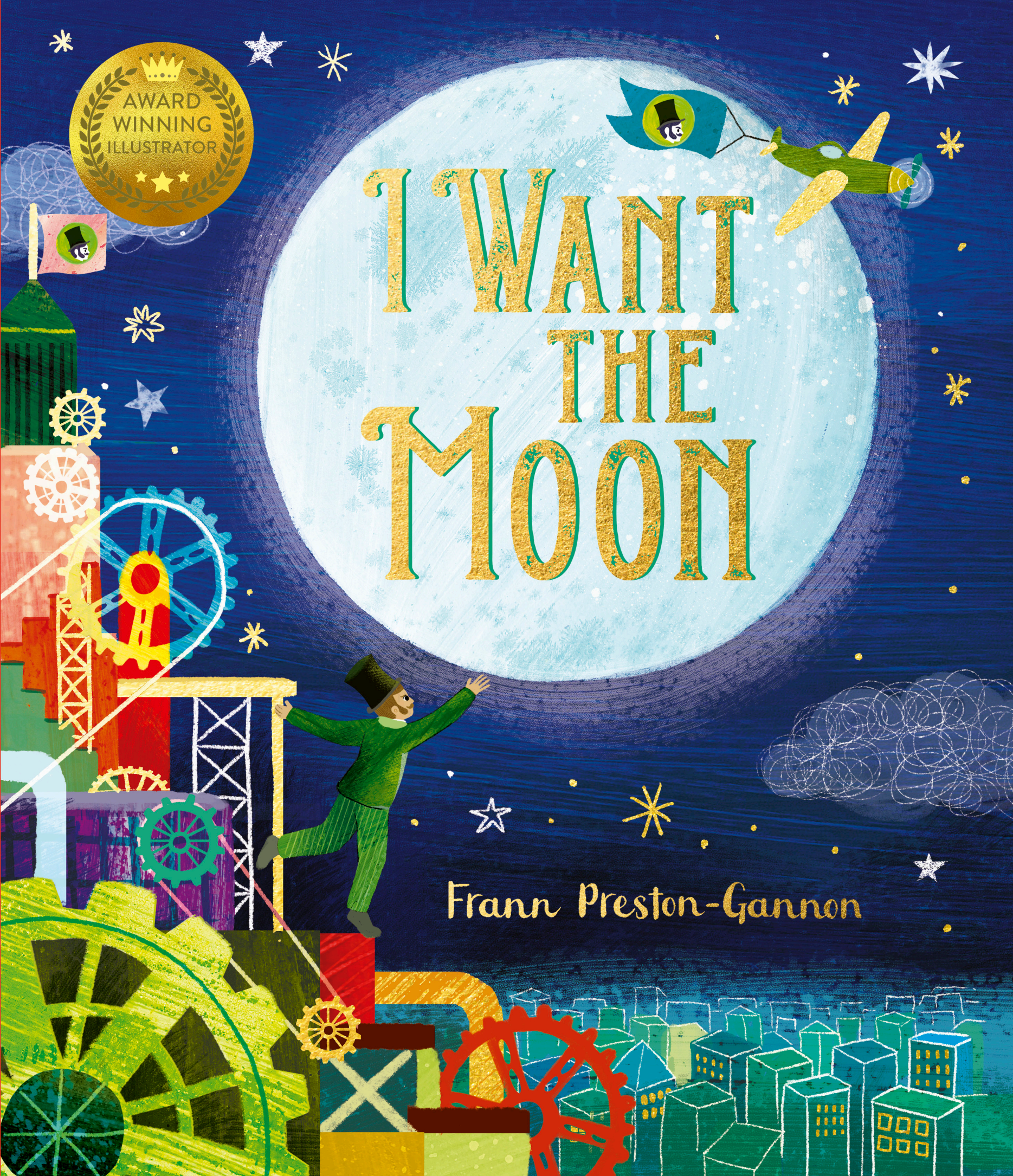




# I WANT THE MOON

Frann Preston-Gannon





Like most little children, the boy often cried.  
His parents were not fond of noise so they tried  
ALL that they could to stop the boy's riot,  
giving toys, gifts and treats to keep the child quiet.



More and more things . . .  
The toys mounted high.  
But whatever they did,  
he continued to cry.

They gave train sets  
and chocolates  
and numerous screens.  
But the unhappy child  
just kept up the screams.

They thought a new friend might help and therefore they scheduled a play date with the boy from next door.



But things did not go according to plan. "THAT TOY IS MINE!" Then the fighting began.



They yanked and they wrenched and they pulled and they grabbed.  
They snatched and they slapped and they jibbed and they jabbed.

And then . . .



"ENOUGH!" cried the grown-ups. It was time now to go.  
Instead of a friend, the boy gained a foe.



One furious night,  
his rage reached a peak.  
He tore and he broke  
and he stamped with his feet.

Clamping their hands  
firmly over their ears,  
his parents called out  
over all of the tears.  
"WHATEVER YOU WANT  
WE WILL BUY IT!"  
they cried.



"I want the moon . . ." the small boy replied.

"We can't give you the moon," they nervously laughed.  
"The moon's not for owning, so let's not be daft."

But the boy was distraught and try as they might,  
they couldn't subdue him and his howls filled the night.

**M**any moons later  
that small boy was grown.  
He was now a tall man  
and was very well known.

He was rich and important,  
he lived like a king.



He had all that he wanted  
except for one thing . . .

