

A young boy with brown hair and freckles, wearing a grey cap and a light blue hoodie, sits on a wooden ladder leaning against a red-tiled roof. He is looking up at a large, bright yellow moon that dominates the upper left of the image. The background is a soft teal color with delicate blue flowers and branches. The title text is overlaid on the right side of the moon.

Michael Engler  
Martina Matos

# THE DAY, THE MOON DISAPPEARED





Michael Engler geb. 1961 in Niedersachsen, studierte Visuelle Kommunikation, arbeitete als Szenarist und Illustrator und als Artdirector in der Werbung. Heute ist er Bestsellerautor von zahlreichen Bilder- und Kinderbüchern und Theaterstücken.  
[www.michaelengler.com](http://www.michaelengler.com)



Martina Matos zog mit fünf Jahren nach Portugal, wo sie zur Schule ging und 2003 ihr Diplom in Kunstmalerei an der FBAUL - Faculdade de Belas Artes der Universität zu Lissabon machte. Sie lebt seit 2005 als freie Illustratorin wieder in Deutschland und hat u.a. die Bestellerserie »Die kleine Spinne Widerlich« illustriert.  
[www.martinamatos.blogspot.com](http://www.martinamatos.blogspot.com)

# THE DAY THE MOON DISAPPEARED

By Michael Engler



360 Grad Verlag GmbH  
Eichenweg 21a \* D-69198 Schriesheim

[www.360grad-verlag.de](http://www.360grad-verlag.de)

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Text © Michael Engler

Illustrationen © Martina Matos

Satz: Götz Rohloff - Die Buchmacher, Köln

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ISBN 978-3-96185-531-5  
1. Auflage 2020

Printed in Slovakia

With illustrations  
from Martina Matos



**O**n the day when the moon disappeared, Karl wanted to play with the rope.  
But Anna preferred jumping on the trampoline.  
»You can only hop on a trampoline«, said Karl despicably.  
»And a rope is only lying around«, replied Anna in a bored tone.  
With dreamy eyes, she enthused:  
»On a trampoline, you can fly up to the sky.«  
That made Karl laugh out loud.  
»One can definitely not! But you can catch the moon with a rope.«  
Anna became angry and her face turned red.  
»I have never heard anything stupid like that!«  
And then, one word led to another.  
This afternoon, Anna and Karl did not play together.  
For the first time in weeks. It was far more important  
to say something bad to the other.



Karl took a deep breath.  
He looked at Anna, squinting his eyes and hissed:  
»I can play much better without you.  
I'll have more fun anyway.«

**I**t was not true but Karl didn't care.  
He wanted Anna to be angry, as angry as he himself was.  
And indeed, Anna was angry. And how angry she was.  
She was that angry that she clenched her fists,  
turned around and walked away without any other word.  
And she was actually Karl's best friend.  
Any day without her seemed endless and bleak and empty, Karl thought.  
But right now, he didn't care. Defiantly he mumbled:  
»Okay, I will play alone with my new rope then.«



**A**t first, Karl jumped with the rope, but soon that became boring. Then he lashed the rope to a tree and pulled. This was like tug of war. But far better, because no one would lose. But no one could win either. Karl found that boring, too. Later he tied a loop and swung the rope like a lasso above his head. First, he caught a tree stump with it, and then even a stone. But the rope tangled up and Karl caught himself. Then he fell. And that was really not fun.

Slowly the evening came. The sun disappeared behind the trees on the hill and the pale moon appeared in the sky. Now, Karl wanted to do something special. Something Anna would envy him for.

Maybe that would be fun.  
So, he swung the lasso faster and faster.

Then he let go.  
The loop flew up, higher and higher.  
And wrapped around the tip of the moon.

The rope hung tight.  
Karl pulled.  
Karl hung on the rope.  
The rope remained tightly on the moon.



**K**arl started swinging.  
He swung further  
and higher than ever.  
Karl was swinging on the moon!  
He could hardly believe his luck  
and shouted into the evening:  
“I am swinging on the moon!”  
But no one heard it.  
No one was there.  
His voice disappeared  
into the shadows behind the trees.





No one saw how Karl was swinging on the moon.  
This made him very angry. He stamped fiercely with his feet  
and pulled heavily on the rope.  
So heavily that he pulled the moon from the sky. Oh dear, oh dear!  
The moon fell into the grass in front of Karl and was faintly shining.  
»Oh, oh, I didn't want that«, Karl whispered and was scared. »Definitely not.«  
Afraid, he looked around. The windows were brightly lit.  
But no one had noticed what Karl had done.  
Not yet.



Karl knew that the people would notice.  
And then they would chide him. Rightly.  
Because what would the night be without the moon?  
Cold and black like a dark hole.  
He had to fasten the moon in the sky again.  
But how was that possible? The moon had no hanger  
and in the sky, there was no hook....  
Now, of all time, his mum called for dinner!  
The moon must disappear, Karl mumbled. He looked around.  
Maybe he could hide it over there behind the bushes?  
But if someone found it there and took it home?  
Then the moon had disappeared forever.  
Maybe he should hide it in the shed?  
The shed was old and rotten, and surely no one would go in there!  
Laboriously Karl rolled and pushed the moon into the shed,  
he pulled the curtains and closed the door.

He ran back to the house.  
When he turned around again, he saw  
a pale light shimmering from the shed.  
Hopefully, no one will see it,  
he thought. Hopefully no one would  
discover the moon in the shed!





**A**fter dinner, Karl poured some flour in a bag and put it in the pocket of his pants, together with matchsticks and a candle. Then he grabbed the moon rocket from his room and sneaked out into the dark. He mixed the propellant from the flour, the candle and the tips of the matches. Then he pulled the moon out of the shed and tied it to the rocket. Karl looked around again. All was quiet, no one to see. He quickly lit the propellant.

The rocket shook and rumbled; there was whizzing and smoke. Then it took off. But it only flew a short distance and then dropped into the garden again. The moon was too heavy. And Karl was angry. He grumbled and grumbled, with the rocket, with the moon. And with Anna; as all this had only happened because of her.



**T**here must be a different solution, Karl thought,  
because there is always a solution. But which?  
He found a huge ladder behind the shed. That was it!  
He quickly placed the ladder at the shed.  
The moon was heavy, very heavy. But Karl didn't mind.  
»The moon must go back to the sky«, he murmured. »He has to be back  
before the people look up to the sky and ask themselves where the moon has gone.«  
Karl heaved the moon onto his shoulder and climbed the ladder.  
Step by step he slowly climbed upwards.  
The moon on his shoulder became heavier and heavier.  
Soon, his shoulder hurt, then his legs.  
But Karl didn't give up. He reached the last step of the ladder.  
There he took the moon in both hands,  
held it high above him, as high as he could.  
And was scared.  
The ladder was far too short!  
This would never bring the moon back to the sky.  
He grumbled angrily with the moon,  
with the ladder, the shed and Anna.  
Particularly with Anna.





**A**nd now? What should Karl tell his parents when they asked?  
What about the other people?  
»Where is our moon gone?« they would ask.  
»Why did you do that?« they would ask.  
»How shall we get through the night without the moon?« they would ask.  
"Because I wanted to make Anna angry«, Karl whispered.  
He sat down on the damp ground.  
Tears ran from his eyes, sobbing came from his mouth.



**H**e sat there for a while, in the grass, when he heard a voice behind him.  
»Do you want me to help you?« It was Anna.  
Karl turned around, hoping that she would not see the moon.  
»But you didn't want to play with me anymore«, grumbled Karl.  
»You didn't want to play with me anymore«, Anna said.  
Karl had an answer ready, he wanted to say something.  
But then he thought that it is sometimes better to keep silent.  
He closed his mouth and said nothing.  
Anna also didn't say anything.

She took Karl's hand in hers and they both looked at the moon  
and then at the sky. Anna's eyes lit up.  
»We have to carry it onto the hill«, she said.  
Karl looked to the hill and knew she was right.

**T**hey put the moon in a handcart and pulled it up the hill. Behind the illuminated windows, people were watching flickering screens, talking, eating or playing together. No one was looking up into the sky. How fortunate!

So, nobody saw how Karl and Anna were lifting the moon on top of the hill. They lifted it as high as they could. But it was not enough. They even stood on their tiptoes. But it just wasn't enough. »They will all be mad with me«, Karl said disappointed. »No one will chide with you«, said Anna. »We have not tried everything yet.« Karl didn't quite understand what Anna meant.



**A**nna climbed onto the trampoline. Karl followed and looked at her questioningly.

»Hold it tight«, she said. They both held the moon tight on the edge. They moved the moon so that it started swinging.

Slowly at first, but then faster and higher and faster and higher. Soon Anna and Karl started to jump with it.

»What now?« Karl asked.

»Close your eyes«, Anna said, »and continue jumping.« Karl closed his eyes.



**T**hey continued to jump. Higher and higher. When they got very high and the wind was whistling In their ears, Anna shouted: "Now!"

There, Karl and Anna let the moon go and took their hands back.

When they landed on the trampoline again, they opened their eyes and looked up.

The moon was in the sky, shining bright and clear. It was actually shining brighter than before, Karl thought.



**F**rom the houses further below, the parents were calling Anna and Karl. But the two didn't care; they didn't want to be disturbed. »It is great that you are back again«, said Karl. »Friends are never really gone«, Anna said and put her hand in his. Karl pointed at the rope and mumbled: »I was right, one can catch the moon with it.« »I was also right«, Anna said and smiled. »One can fly up to the sky.« »Yes«, Karl nodded and reflected on the day. The day when the moon disappeared. Then he said: »But all is nothing without a friend.« And Anna clasped Karl's hand even tighter.

THE END

... AND A NEW BEGINNING



**O**n the day when the moon disappeared, Karl wanted to play with the rope. But Anna preferred jumping on the trampoline  
»You can only hop on a trampoline«, said Karl despicably.



»And a rope is only lying around«, replied Anna harshly, »with a trampoline, you can fly up to the sky.« That made Karl laugh out loud. So, Karl and Anna got into an argument. One bad word led to another. Karl soon did not remember what the argument was about, he could much better play without his Anna.....

A marvelously illustrated book about friendship and dispute and getting along with each other again. From the bestseller authors Michael Engler and Martina Matos.

€ 14,00 (D) / € 14,40 (A)

SBN 978-3-96185-531-5



783961855315

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