

The Curious Cat and the Moon Once upon a quiet evening, a small grey cat named Miso sat on the windowsill, gazing at the glowing full moon. Every night, she watched it rise, but tonight, it looked brighter—almost as if it were calling her. Miso stretched her paws and made a bold decision: she would follow the moon. She jumped down from the windowsill, tiptoed past her sleeping humans, and slipped out through the slightly open door. The night was calm, the air cool, and the moon hung proudly like a lantern in the sky. Miso wandered through gardens, climbed fences, and chased fireflies along the way. Each time she stopped, the moon seemed to wait for her, shimmering playfully. Finally, she reached the top of a small hill. She sat, tail curled neatly around her, and looked up. The moon felt closer than ever. “Meow,” she whispered. The moonlight glowed softly on her fur, as if answering her tiny greeting. Miso purred, satisfied. She didn’t need to reach the moon—just being under it made her feel like the bravest explorer in the world. And so, under the watchful glow of her luminous friend, the little cat curled up and fell asleep, dreaming of starry adventures yet to come.