



For Found and Lost, with all my love.
Thank you both for deafening wheeks,
contented chirrups, woody flutings, quiver-whiskers,
bright almond eyes and the gift of your days.

BLOOMSBURY CHILDREN'S BOOKS
Bloomsbury Publishing Plc
50 Bedford Square, London, WC1B 3DP, UK
29 Earlsfort Terrace, Dublin 2, Ireland

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First published in Great Britain in 2021 by Bloomsbury Publishing Plc

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A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

978 1 4088 9291 6 (HB)
978 1 4088 9289 3 (eBook)

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Printed and bound in China by Leo Paper Products, Heshan, Guangdong

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Debi Gliori

The Boy and the Moonimal



BLOOMSBURY
CHILDREN'S BOOKS

LONDON OXFORD NEW YORK NEW DELHI SYDNEY

I am Moonimal.
This is my story.



Once upon a time,
a boy found me.





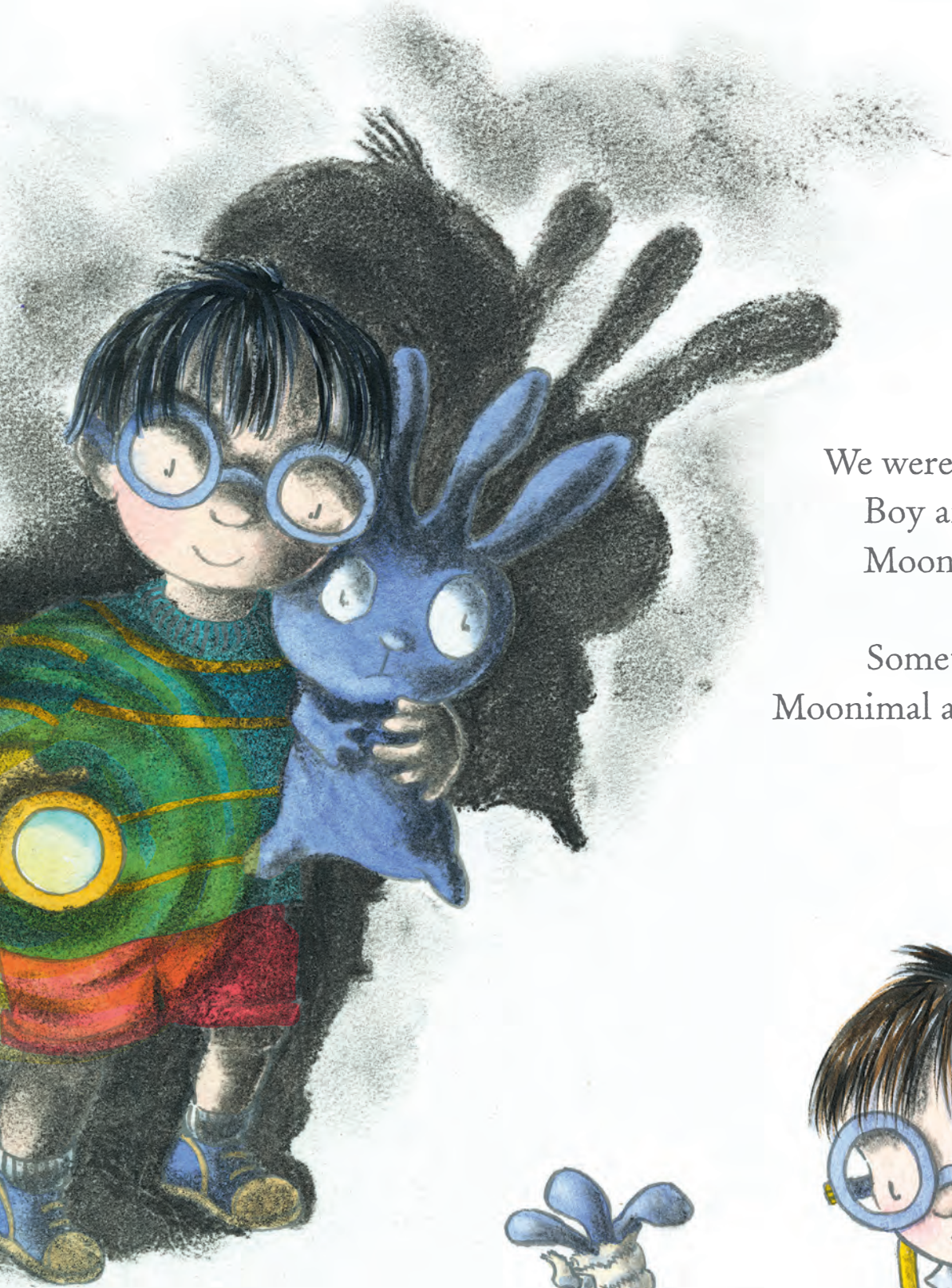
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van
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He called me
Moonimal and he
hugged me tight.

Moonimals are
made to be
hugged tight.





We were always together.
Boy and Moonimal.
Moonimal and Boy.

Sometimes we were
Moonimal and Explorer Boy...

or Moonimal
and Doctor Boy.





We were even Moonimal and Rocket Boy.



We were
Moonimal and Boy.
Forever.



But, one day,
we were playing
in the woods when
Boy tripped and fell.



His glasses broke.
He couldn't see me.
He couldn't find me.

I was lost.

