

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.

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Debi Gliori

The Boy and the Moonimal



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I am Moonimal.
This is my story.



Once upon a time,
a boy found me.







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.