SHARED READING EDITION

Luna and the Missing Star

Luna’s missing star | Suggested ages 3-7



A little girl, a lost star, and a bright idea. Read a gentle adventure about helping a friend.

Read together

Let a grown-up read aloud, or take turns. Pause to talk, imagine, and ask questions. The story text is complete; the cover picture is a shared illustration, not a picture of every event.

Print on US Letter at actual size, or choose Fit for A4. Use single-sided printing for activity cards. Black-and-white printing is suitable.

A quiet, twinkly night

On a quiet, twinkly night, Luna sat beside her bedroom window. The moon was round, the clouds were soft, and the stars blinked like tiny lanterns.

Luna loved saying good night to every star she could see.

Luna: “Good night, bright star. Good night, little star. Good night, sleepy star.”

But that night, one corner of the sky looked strangely empty.

A tiny voice

Luna: “Hmm. Wasn't there a golden star right there?”

She counted the nearby stars slowly.

Luna: “One, two, three... Oh! One really is missing!”

Then Luna heard a tiny sound from the garden below.

Pip: “Peep... peep... Is anybody there?”

A brave little step

Luna slipped on her purple slippers, tucked her bunny under one arm, and picked up her little lantern.

Tiptoe, tiptoe, tiptoe. She moved as quietly as a mouse past the sleepy clock.

Luna: “Don't worry, tiny voice. I'm coming to help.”

At the garden door, Luna took one brave breath and stepped outside.

Meet Pip

The garden shimmered with silver moonlight. Crickets chirped. Leaves whispered. And beside the blue flowers, something golden trembled in the grass.

Luna: “There you are! Are you hurt?”

Pip: “No... just lost. My name is Pip. I slipped from the sky when a windy cloud whooshed past.”

Luna held out both hands, slowly and gently.

Luna: “I'm Luna. We will find your way home together.”

A golden trail

Pip's glow was small, but warm. Luna carried him along the garden path.

Soon they found three stepping stones: one red, one blue, and one yellow.

Luna: “Pip, which stone matches your golden glow?”

The yellow stone matched Pip's glow. Luna stepped onto it, and a trail of golden sparkles appeared.

Firefly friends

Pip: “Look! The sparkles know where to go!”

The trail curled between tall flowers and under sleepy leaves. Fireflies blinked hello as Luna passed.

Luna: “One little light, two little lights, three little lights! Thank you, fireflies.”

The fireflies gathered into a bright arrow pointing toward the old apple tree.

Pip: “Maybe the tree can help us reach the sky!”

The first idea

The old apple tree stretched its branches wide. It was the tallest thing in the garden.

Luna: “Hello, Tree. Could your highest branch lift Pip home?”

The branches swayed kindly, but even the tallest branch could not touch the stars.

Pip: “Oh. I thought it would work.”

Luna: “It's all right to feel sad. A plan can fail, and we can still try another one.”

A little kindness

Pip's golden light faded until it was only a tiny glow.

Pip: “What if I never get home? What if the other stars forget me?”

Luna held Pip close enough to hear his little shimmering heartbeat.

Luna: “Your friends will not forget you. And I will not stop helping you.”

Slowly, Pip's cheeks became rosy again, and his light grew a little brighter.

At the pond

Beyond the tree was a round pond, smooth as a mirror. The moon floated in its reflection.

Pip: “The moon looks close enough to touch!”

Luna: “Let's ask the frogs. They know everything about jumping.”

Three frogs sat on three lily pads.

One, two, three. The frogs bounced high, but not high enough to reach the moon.

The moonflower

The biggest frog pointed toward a giant moonflower beside the pond.

Luna: “Of course! Moonflowers open when moonlight touches them.”

Pip: “Maybe its petals can lift me!”

They waited. The flower wiggled. It stretched. It almost opened... then a thick cloud covered the moon.

Pip: “Oh, cloudy clouds! Now what do we do?”

Small lights together

Luna looked at the dark flower. Then she looked at her lantern. Then she looked at Pip.

Luna: “The flower needs light. Pip, you are light!”

Pip: “But my glow is too small.”

Luna: “Small lights become brighter when friends put them together.”

Luna lifted her lantern. The fireflies circled close. Pip took a deep breath and shone as warmly as he could.

The flower opens

Golden light, lantern light, and firefly light blended into one beautiful glow.

The moonflower trembled. One petal opened. Then another. Then - whoosh! - all the petals spread wide.

Luna: “We did it!”

Pip: “We made enough light together!”

The great flower bent down like a gentle elevator and invited Luna and Pip aboard.

Up into the sky

Up rose the moonflower - past the apple tree, above the rooftop, and into the soft night breeze.

Luna: “Hold on, Pip! We're flying!”

Pip: “I can see my star friends! They're blinking this way!”

Far above them, four golden stars made a sparkling path.

One, two, three, four. Their light showed Pip exactly where he belonged.

Pip finds home

Pip: “That's my place! Right beside the little blue star!”

Luna lifted him as high as her arms could reach.

Luna: “Ready? One... two... three!”

Pip floated upward and clicked into his special place in the sky. At once, his glow became bright and strong.

Pip: “I found home! Luna, you never gave up on me.”

Good night, Pip

Luna: “Friends help each other. Even when the first plan doesn't work.”

Pip: “And even a small light can help make something wonderful!”

Pip sent a ribbon of golden stardust curling down around Luna.

Pip: “This will guide you safely home. Good night, brave Luna!”

Luna: “Good night, Pip. Shine bright!”

Thank you, everyone

The moonflower carried Luna gently down through the clouds and back into her garden.

The frogs waved. The fireflies danced. The old apple tree rustled its leaves as if it were clapping.

Luna: “Thank you, everyone. We couldn't have done it alone.”

Luna stepped onto the path, and the moonflower folded its petals for a well-earned rest.

Back in bed

Back in bed, Luna pulled the blanket up to her chin. She looked through the round window one more time.

Luna: “Good night, bright star. Good night, sleepy star. Good night, Pip.”

Pip: “Good night, Luna!”

Pip blinked twice - once for thank you, and once for sweet dreams.

Luna closed her eyes, knowing that kindness can shine brighter than any star.

Kindness shines

And from that night on, whenever Luna felt small, she remembered Pip.

Small hands can help. Small voices can be brave. Small lights can guide the way.

The end.

A little more to discover

Talk together

What happened at the beginning? What changed? Tell someone your favorite part and why you chose it.

Make it your own

Draw someone you could help. Tell a grown-up one kind thing you could do.

My picture or idea

Adults can write down a child's words. Different drawings and personal responses are welcome.