



If the moon could speak...

A pair of shoes under a chair. A large open window.
The daylight fading away.

If the moon could speak...

... she would tell stories of the night stealthily moving along the
forest, and of a lizard hurrying home for dinner.

Kate Banks; Georg Hallensleben
Wenn der Mond sprechen könnte
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Someone whispers a song. The clock goes tick tock. A light is
turned on.

If the moon could speak...

... she would tell stories of stars shining in the sky, and of a fire burning near a tree.

A father opens a book and leafs through it: a story flows like a magic carpet.

If the moon could speak...

... she would tell stories of the sand blown by the wind, and of nomads hidden behind the dunes.

On a bedside table lie a glass, a wooden boat and a starfish.

If the moon could speak...

... she would tell stories of sea waves washing against the shore, of seashells, and of a dreamy crab...

On a shelf, a music box lets its music out. Outside, a wind vane gently whirls. Sitting on a chair a rabbit is all ears.

If the moon could speak...

... she would tell stories of the wind rocking a tree, and of birds sheltered in their nests.

A mother places the rabbit in her child's arms. Then she kisses him.

If the moon could speak...

... she would tell stories of a cave in a faraway land, and of a lioness licking her cubs.

The eyes are almost shutting. Night is nothing but silence.
From the dark rises a dream full of colors.

If the moon could speak...

... she would tell stories of a happy child sleeping in peace.

And she would quietly whisper:

— Good night!