

THE MOON'S LOST LULLABY



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High above the quiet roofs, the Moon always hummed a silver lullaby.

It drifted on the wind, brushed treetops, and wrapped the town in sleepy light.

But tonight—pop!—the lullaby slipped from the Moon’s pocket and tumbled down, down, down.

The hum stopped, the night blinked, and a puzzled hush filled every corner.

Across town, little Mila felt the silence enter her window like an open-mouthed yawn.

“Something’s missing,” she whispered, pulling on her slippers shaped like tiny clouds.



Outside, the night was busy in all the wrong ways.
Owls tried to hoot but only squeaked, kittens paced instead of
purring, and crickets tapped their legs in confused zig-zags.
Without the Moon's music, nobody knew how to settle.
Mila's heart squeezed—she knew that twisty feeling was worry.

“Don't fret,” she told herself, remembering how Mama said
naming a feeling helps it shrink.
“Wor-ry,” she repeated, letting the word float away like a bubble.



A silver glow peeked from the grass.
Nestled between daisies lay a shimmering musical note, no bigger
than Mila's thumb.
When she touched it, it buzzed like a friendly bee and hummed
half a tune.

“So you're the missing lullaby!” Mila laughed.
The note shivered, as if embarrassed, then brightened at her
giggle.
“If we bring you home, everyone can sleep,” she decided.
She tucked the glowing note in her pocket, where it softly chimed,
“ding-ding-doong.”



Just then, a lone firefly zipped past, painting loops of light.
“Hey, Flicker!” Mila called; she recognized him from summer
campouts.

“My light’s flick-flick-flashing ‘cause I’m nerv-erv-ous,” Flicker
stuttered.

“Night feels upside-down.”

Mila knelt. “I think we can fix it. Want to guide us?”
Flicker puffed up his glow. “I’m little but luminous—let’s lumigo!”
Together they set off, grass tickling ankles, pocket chiming time.



By the garden gate they found Harmony, a snail who hummed through a shell shaped like a tiny French horn.

Tonight her hum sputtered: “hmm-mm—ppppt.”

“My song is all wrong,” she sniffed.

Mila placed the lullaby near Harmony’s shell.

Instantly the hum smoothed into a rich, sleepy “hmmmm.”

Harmony’s eyes un-drooped.

“I’ll play travel music,” she offered, sliding ahead and leaving a glittery trail that smelled faintly of peppermint.

The trio—child, firefly, and hum-humming snail—followed the peppermint path toward the tallest hill.



Halfway up, a great horned owl flapped down, feathers frazzled.

“I keep hoo-hoo-hooing ‘WHO?’ but forget the answer!” he groaned.

Mila patted his wing. “Sounds like you feel frustrated.”

She showed him a Moon Breath: slow inhale, soft “shhhh” out. Owl tried—wings rose, belly puffed, “shhhh”—and his eyes grew calm as pond water.

He gifted them a downy feather.

“Place this on your palm. If it doesn’t fly away, your breath is slow enough,” he advised.

They practiced, feather floating, until everyone’s shoulders dropped like sleepy leaves.



At the hilltop, the world felt almost right, but the Moon hovered
quiet and lopsided, as if missing a tooth.

Mila called, “Hello, Moon! We found something of yours!”
The Moon blinked—dim, worried.

Flicker whistled, summoning every firefly in the meadow.
They formed a twinkling ladder, rung upon glowing rung.
Harmony played a brave trumpet-honk as Mila climbed.
Higher—past rooflines, past the chimney with the crooked
hat—until she stood nose-to-nose with lunar silver.



Mila set the lullaby on a crater shaped like a cradle.
The note spun once, twice, then burst into song: tinkling bells,
velvet violins, and a choir of yawns.
Moonlight brightened, washing the town in honey-colored calm.

“Thank you, small friend,” the Moon whispered.
Mila felt her cheeks warm.
Below, kittens curled, crickets rubbed sleepy melodies, and Owl
hooted a perfectly confident “Whooo? YOU!” before dozing on a
branch.



The firefly ladder melted back into the night.
The Moon cupped Mila in a beam of light and set her gently on her
bedroom windowsill.
Harmony waved her shell like a tiny lantern; Flicker traced a heart
in the air.

Mila climbed into bed.
She placed Owl's feather on her palm—inhale, exhale, soft
“shhhh.”
The feather stayed, the world hushed, and the Moon's lullaby
drifted through her curtains.
“Goodnight, feelings,” Mila murmured.
And the night, newly sung, answered, “Sleep tight.”

Before You Drift Off...

What does a Moon Breath sound like? Can we try one together?

Can you remember a time you felt worried or nervous? What helped you feel better?