



I felt small and even more
lonely. I walked and walked,
and it grew dark.

Was there really no one
who could help me?

But then suddenly I heard a
voice from high above.

The moon said, "Goliath, look
at me. I am smaller than the
sun, and I am bigger than the
ocean, but it does not matter,
because there is no one else
like me. So, why does it matter
to you if you are big or small?"