

# Dear Moon

- The Mayfly Who Flew Toward the Moon

By Choi Bi-Gyeol

## **-When It Became a Story**

This story began one late autumn night  
when I saw a mayfly circling endlessly around a streetlamp.

I wondered, why does a mayfly circle the streetlight?

Mayflies usually follow the moonlight to find their way —  
perhaps this little one thought the streetlamp was the moon...

The tenderness and sorrow I felt became a gentle story in my heart.

I hope that as you read this story,  
your heart will also be touched by the light of the moon.

— Ghostwriter for Nature, Choi Bi-Gyeol

**Dear Moon**

**: The Mayfly Who Flew Toward the Moon**

Hello.

I'm a mayfly.

I was born in a muddy, messy place,

but I believe I was born to fly toward the moon.

That's every mayfly's dream. The moon.

Even now, I'm flying with my friends, heading for the moon.

Huh? I see a super bright light up ahead.

My friends are buzzing all around.

"Wow, it's the moon! It's really the moon!"

Is it really? I'm so excited!

Ziiip—off I fly, flapping my tiny wings.

Oh! This place is full of bright, glowing light.

It's not just us—mayflies from all over the world

seem to be here!

But... something feels strange.

That thing has long legs, and it bends its neck like an alien.

And it's glowing really bright.

“Is that... the moon? But what’s this long stick?

The moon floats all by itself. It doesn’t need legs.”

I tilt my head and look up at the sky.

Uh-oh!

The real moon is still up there.

“That’s not the moon!”

I told my friends,

“Guys, this isn’t the moon!

It’s pretending to be the moon!

We have to find the real one—there’s not much time!”

But my friends answered,

“Come on, how can we ever reach the real moon?

This place is bright enough, isn’t it?

Let’s just dance and have fun here!”

They knew it too.

They knew it wasn’t the real moon.

What should I do…?

I looked up again.

The yellow, round moon was smiling at me.

Dear Moon seemed to whisper,

“Come to me.”

“Dear Moon… you’re so far away.

Can I really reach you?”

The moon smiled again.

“If you keep looking at me, I’ll come to you too.”

That’s what it felt like the moon was saying.

“Okay! I’m coming to you, Dear Moon!”

Drip. Drip.

“Huh? What’s this water?”

Drops began to fall from the sky—

and soon, it was pouring everywhere.

“Oh no… rain! It’s raining…”

Should I turn back?”

I squeezed my tiny fists.

No! I can do this!

“Dear Moon, please watch over me!”

The rain slowly began to stop.

But now... I felt so sleepy.

Maybe I pushed myself too hard.

So I curled up between two leaves  
and decided to rest for a little while.

I must have been really tired.

I fell asleep right away.

And then... I had a dream.

Dear Moon really came to me.

She touched my head  
and gently patted my wings.

“Ah! Dear Moon, please don’t touch me!

I’m too small and dirty...

I’m all soaked from the rain.

Your hands will get messy!”

But Dear Moon just smiled softly  
and patted my wings again.

She whispered,

“Even now… you’re still so lovely.”

Her voice was soft and warm.

Hehe… Dear Moon… my Dear Moon…

I kept calling out to her—

and then I woke up.

When I opened my eyes,

everything around me was glowing.

“Ah! It’s so bright!”

Did Dear Moon not leave yet?

I looked around to find her.

But then… what was this?

The one shining… was me!

My eyes sparkled.

My nose glowed.

Even my wings shimmered!

I was glowing just like the moon.

“Did Dear Moon touch me…

and make me like her?”

Wow... a bug that shines like the moon?

Can that really be?

Now, I live in a deep and clear place.

People come, smiling brightly, just to see me.

They say, "Only clean places have fireflies."

They call me a firefly.

I like that name.

Firefly, fairyfly—just like the moon.

Firefly, fairyfly—just love the moon.

Half bug, half moon.

A firefly who looks just like the moon.

