High in the night sky, the moon held the shape of a rabbit. And people say it is still there today.

Look with me. Dos orejas largas... a round little back... ¡Es... Tochtli!

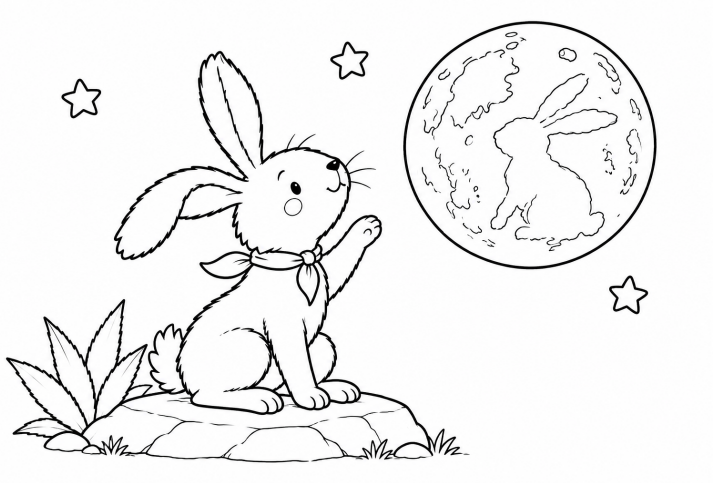
Even the smallest rabbit can have... un corazón enorme.

Buenas noches, luna. Good night, moon.



Rabbit on the Moon
El conejo en la luna

Color your story / Colorea tu cuento



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Listen / Escucha

Read along / Lee conmigo

A Play Aprende reimagining inspired by a traditional story from Mexico.

Tonight, the moon is hiding a picture. Mira bien... look closely. Two long ears... Una espalda redonda... What could it be?

Make two long rabbit ears with your fingers and whisper... Conejo... ¿dónde estás? Did you hear that?

A round little back. And behind them both, the glow of one enormous heart. Down they floated like a feather.

"¡Otra vez!" "Perhaps another night, pequeño amigo."

"You may be small, Tochtli... pero tu corazón es enorme. From now on, whenever people look at the moon, they will remember your kindness."

"¿Mi figura está en la luna?" "Sí. Mira bien." Tochtli looked up.

Quetzalcóatl carefully lifted Tochtli in both hands. "¡Oh!"

Help them rise. Lift your hands, arriba! Past the tall grass... Past the treetops, más alto! Past the clouds, *whoooosh!*

Reach, reach, reach... ¡Hasta... la luna!

For one wondrous moment, Tochtli's shadow touched the glowing moon. Two long ears appeared.

Some families say a kind little rabbit is waiting there in the moonlight. Un conejo en la luna.

Long, long ago, Quetzalcóatl was powerful and magical. One day, he made himself look like an ordinary traveler and walked among tall mountains, spiky maguey plants, and winding stone paths.

Paso, paso, walk the path. The path tilted up. He climbed, step, stretch, step! Can your fingers climb to your shoulder?

At the top, a cool wind rushed past him. *Whoooosh!* Quetzalcóatl grabbed his flapping cloak and held on tight.

Down the mountain he went, slowly... carefully... until his feet reached a wide field. *Swish*, *swish* through the grass. Paso, paso, across the field.

He walked until the golden sun slipped away. Count with me, uno... dos... ¡tres! Three stars blinked awake.

He came close and placed one soft paw on Quetzalcóatl's hand.

"I am small, and I do not have much. Soy pequeño... pero quiero ayudar. If there is nothing else, you may eat me."

"Oh, no, pequeño Tochtli. I would never eat you."

"Such a small rabbit, with such a powerful wish to help. Your kindness came from your whole heart. De todo tu corazón. And a heart like yours is precious."

Mira... Tochtli peeked behind the stone. Tal vez aquí... maybe here. Push... push... ¡empuja!

The stone moved. One surprised cricket stared back. "Perdón."

Tochtli sniffed near the flowers. *Sniff*, *sniff*, only sweet petals. He lifted one broad leaf. "¡Está fría!"

No berries. No seeds. Nothing a traveler could eat. Tochtli's hops became quiet.

Above them, a round moon rose, bright, silver, and beautiful. But Quetzalcóatl was tired. His throat was dry, and his stomach gave a long... "Ohhh... tengo hambre. I need to rest."

Then, from the grass... *Nibble, nibble... Crunch!*

Two long ears popped up. *Hop!* A young rabbit bounced into the moonlight. His name was Tochtli.

"Buenas noches, viajero. Why do you look so tired?"

"I have walked since sunrise. Tengo hambre... and I am very tired."

Tochtli's ears sprang straight up. He looked at his sweet green grass. Then he looked at the hungry traveler. "We can share! Podemos compartir. There is plenty of grass!"

"Gracias, pequeño amigo. But people do not eat grass."

"Not even the softest piece?"

"Not even the softest piece."

"Then I will find something you can eat!" Before he searched, Tochtli bounced twice. Can your shoulders bounce like a rabbit? *Boing, boing!*

Tochtli zipped toward a maguey plant. *Hop-hop-hop!*

He peeked behind it. "¿Fruta?" No fruit, just a tiny, speedy lizard! Tochtli bounced to a flat stone.