

*The Moon Cake- A Fairy Tale by Meenakshi Gautam Chaturvedi*



## **Dedication**

**Dedicated to my loving sisters, Mrs. Deepti Misra Kumar & Mrs. Tripti Misra Chaturvedi, and their awesome children- Nilay-Ketki, Ruchir, Chhavi & Bhuvi, who have kept the child in me alive!**

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## THE MOON CAKE

There lived a fairy,

Called Little Minu.

The nicest of all,

And that's so true!

With wings of silver,

a heart of gold,

And teeth like pearls,

Says my Granny old





To like and love her,  
Children had all reasons.

For, Minu was a fairy  
who brought the Seasons.

One day was Minu  
With children at play,  
When they asked her,  
'When's your birthday?'





Minu asked Mother Nature,  
'When is my Birthday?'  
Mother Nature said 'Oh Dear!  
It is just a month away'  
'It's time I did,  
For your party prepare.  
To serve your guests  
a delicious fare'.



Mother Nature put the batter,

In an oven to bake.

And out popped the Moon,

A large round cake!

She iced the Moon

With sugar and cream.

To make Minu's cake

The best she could dream.



But some of the icing,  
She spilled below.  
So, children awoke to find  
Their houses under snow.

She put the cake  
On a tray of cloud.  
Then said to Minu  
In a voice aloud.



'Now you may go

And call your guests.

The rabbits from their burrows,

The birds from their nests'.

Minu flew among gardens

To call the butterflies,

The golden mice,

From the fields of rice.

She climbed old mountains,

Capped with snow.

And asked them to come,

With rivers also.

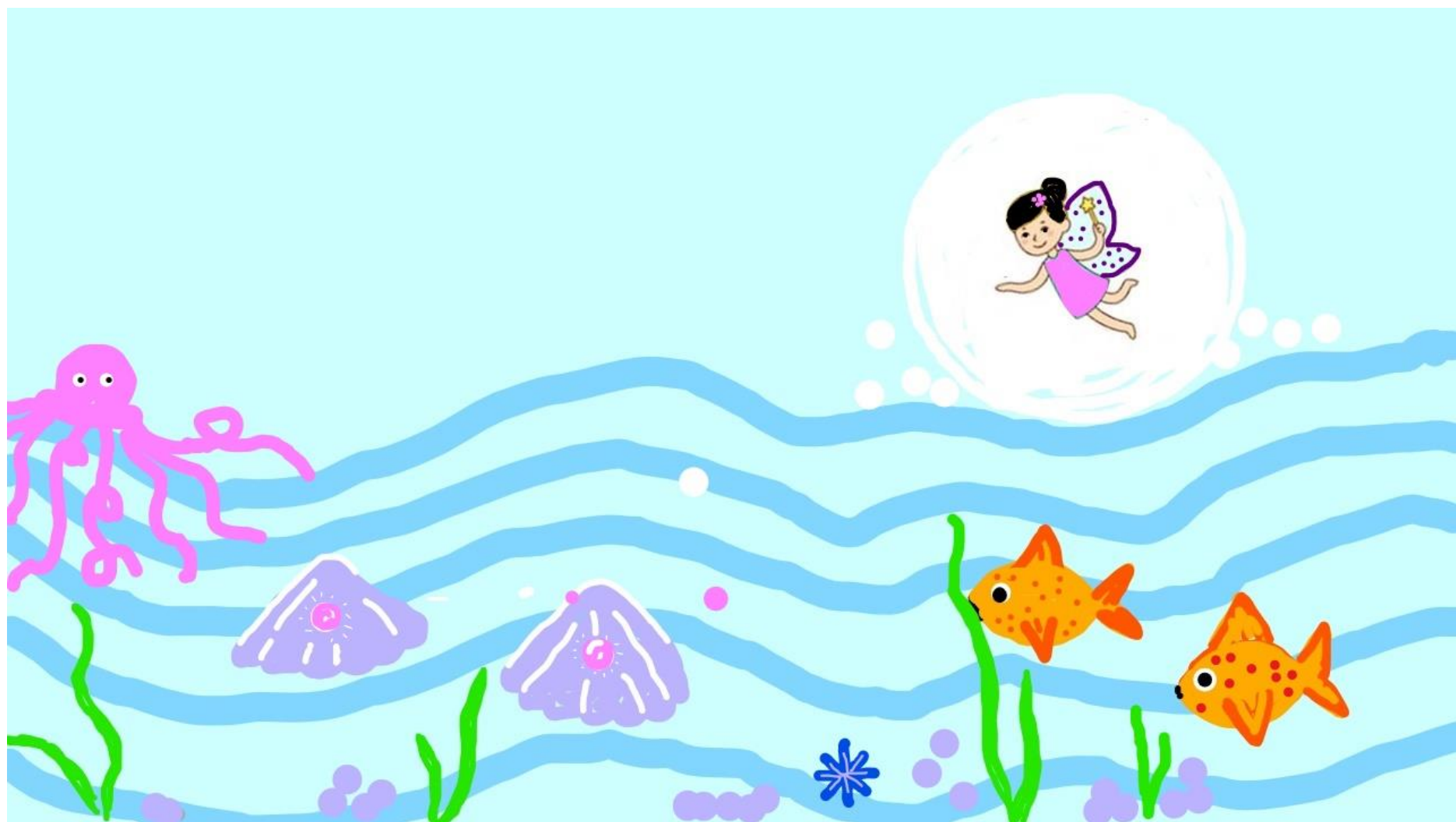
She slid down the rainbow,

To fetch the flowers,

In a bubble she floated,

To bring sea oysters.





She called to the breeze,  
Sneaking among the trees.

'Come to my party,  
Will you please?'

'Thank you' said Minu,  
To the bright peacock.  
With his feathers he made her,  
The prettiest frock.



Spoke the autumn leaves,  
In red and yellow,  
'We'll decorate your party,  
Certainly by tomorrow'.

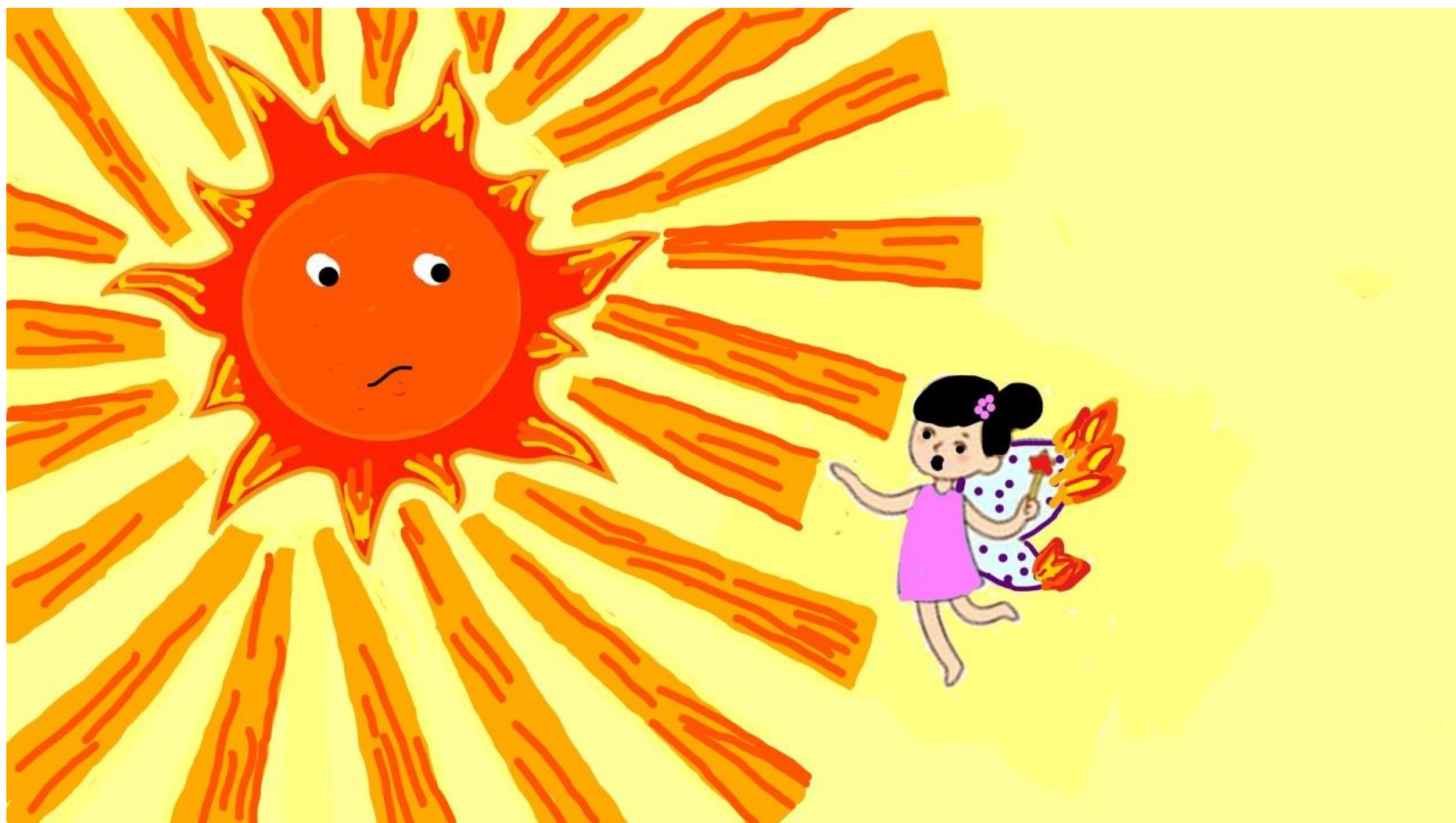
The sparkling raindrops,  
Said they would dance,  
'I'll do the fireworks'  
Said the lightning in prance.





Minu drifted on a cloud,  
To places near and far,  
To light candles in the sky,  
That shone down like stars.

Her party all ready,  
She called the children.  
But alas when she neared the Sun,  
Her tender wings began to burn!



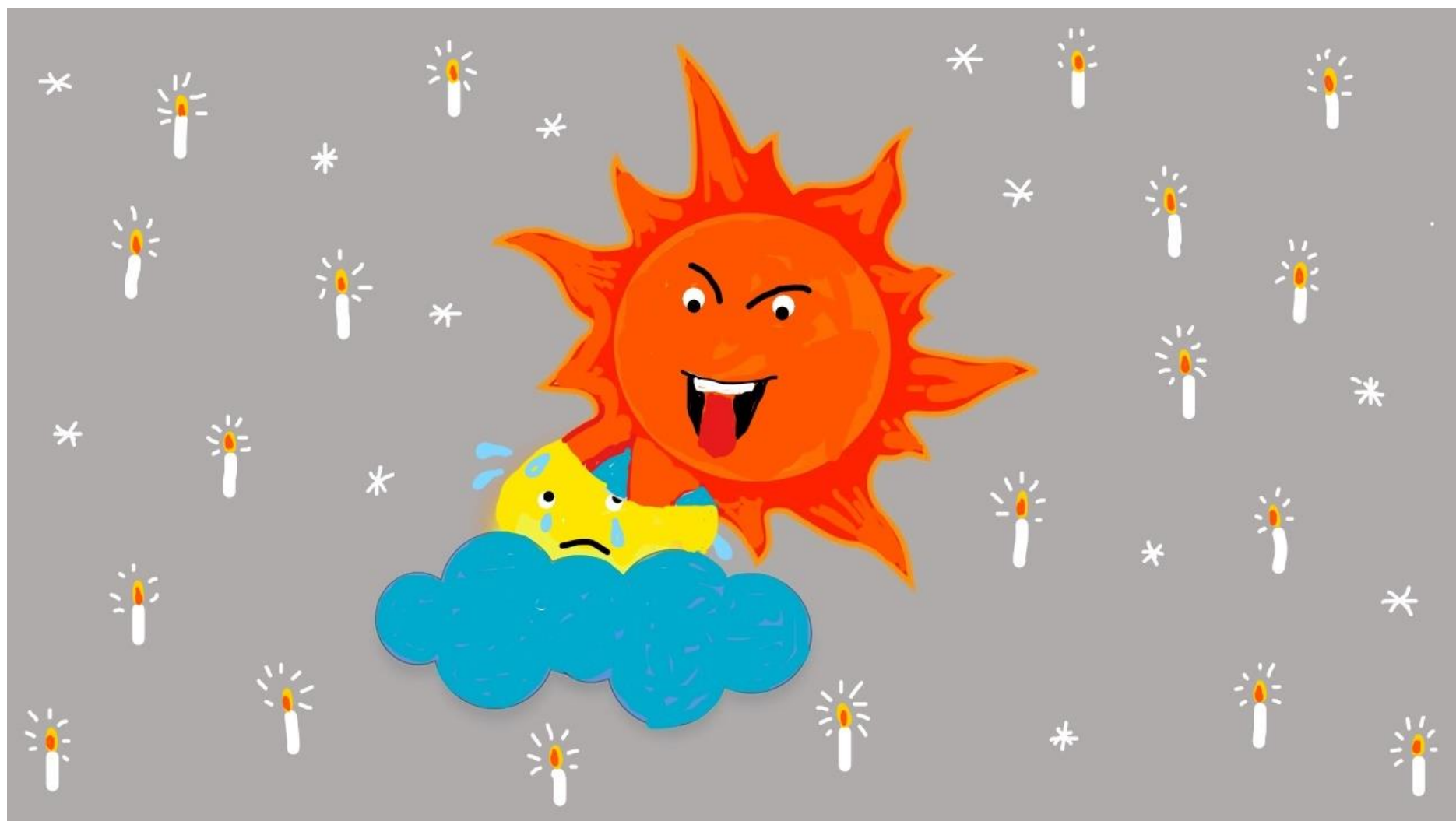


So, invite she could,  
But him not,  
And the sun grew angry,  
Red and hot.

'A party without me!'  
Cried the angry Sun,  
'I must do something,  
To spoil their fun'.

The Sun was determined,  
For his revenge to take.  
So, he decided to gobble up  
The whole moon cake!

But the cake he realized,  
Was too big to swallow.  
So, he just ate a slice,  
On the day to follow.



'Mmmm...the cake is tasty!

I will eat one-fourth'

Thought the greedy Sun,  
Leaving only three-fourth.

But the Sun felt hungry

Still for more.

So, he ate the moon cake,

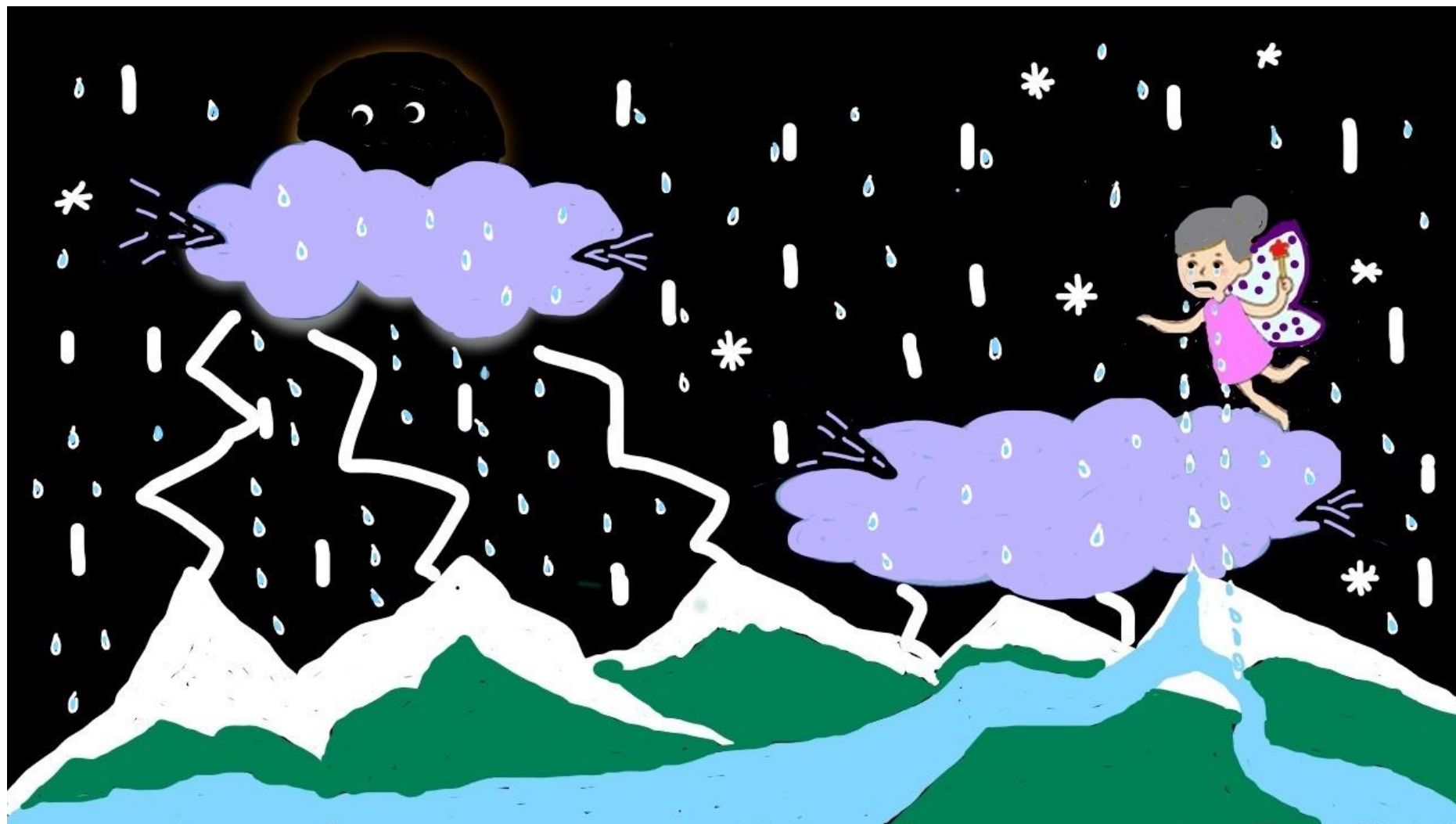
To its core.

The greedy Sun broke  
Into a hearty laugh!  
When he saw he had eaten  
The moon to its half!

A slice each day,  
He ate for dinner,  
Till poor Minu's cake,  
Was left to a quarter.

Two weeks later,  
By all it was heard.  
Minu's cake for the party,  
Had disappeared!

Finding her moon cake,  
Vanished from the sky,  
Little Minu was shocked,  
She began to cry.



Down poured her tears,  
As torrents of rain,  
Flooding the rivers,  
Soaking the mountains.

The clouds like dogs,  
Began to bark.

The moonless night  
Had become so dark!



The spoilsport Sun hid,  
Behind a cloud.

The wolves went howling,  
In the day aloud.

The lightning turned,  
To thunder-bolt.

The rabbits to their burrows,  
Began to bolt.



The flowers drooped,

The butterflies slept.

The birds flew back

To their nests.

Children to their homes

Rushed to hide.

They hated the Sun,

For being so snide.

They all felt sorry,

For Little Minu.

But there was Oh! So little,

That they could do!

When Mother Nature saw,

Her sorry plight,

She told Minu,

To put her wrong to right!

'Now speak to the Sun

And make me proud!

He is cooler now,

He is in a cloud!'

Minu was a good girl,

She obeyed her mother.

She looked for the Sun,

Flying hither and thither.

Not finding him,

She called aloud.

The angry Sun peeped,

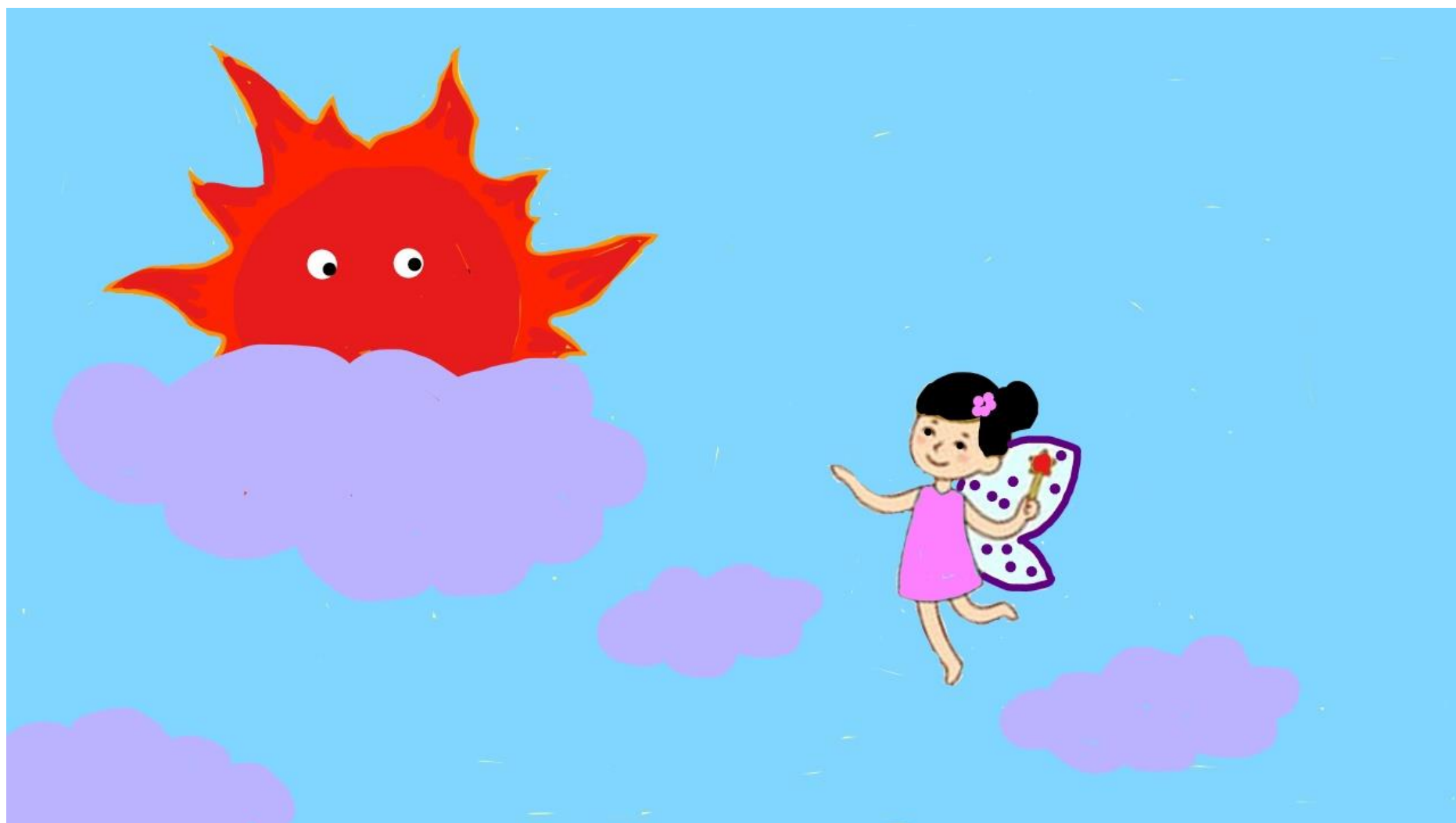
From behind a cloud.

'Oh, I wanted you to join

The party fun.

But when you are near,

We all burn!



The Sun realized  
His big mistake,  
He flushed red  
And it was daybreak.

The Sun felt sorry too,  
For Little Minu.  
He said, 'There is something,  
I must do for you".

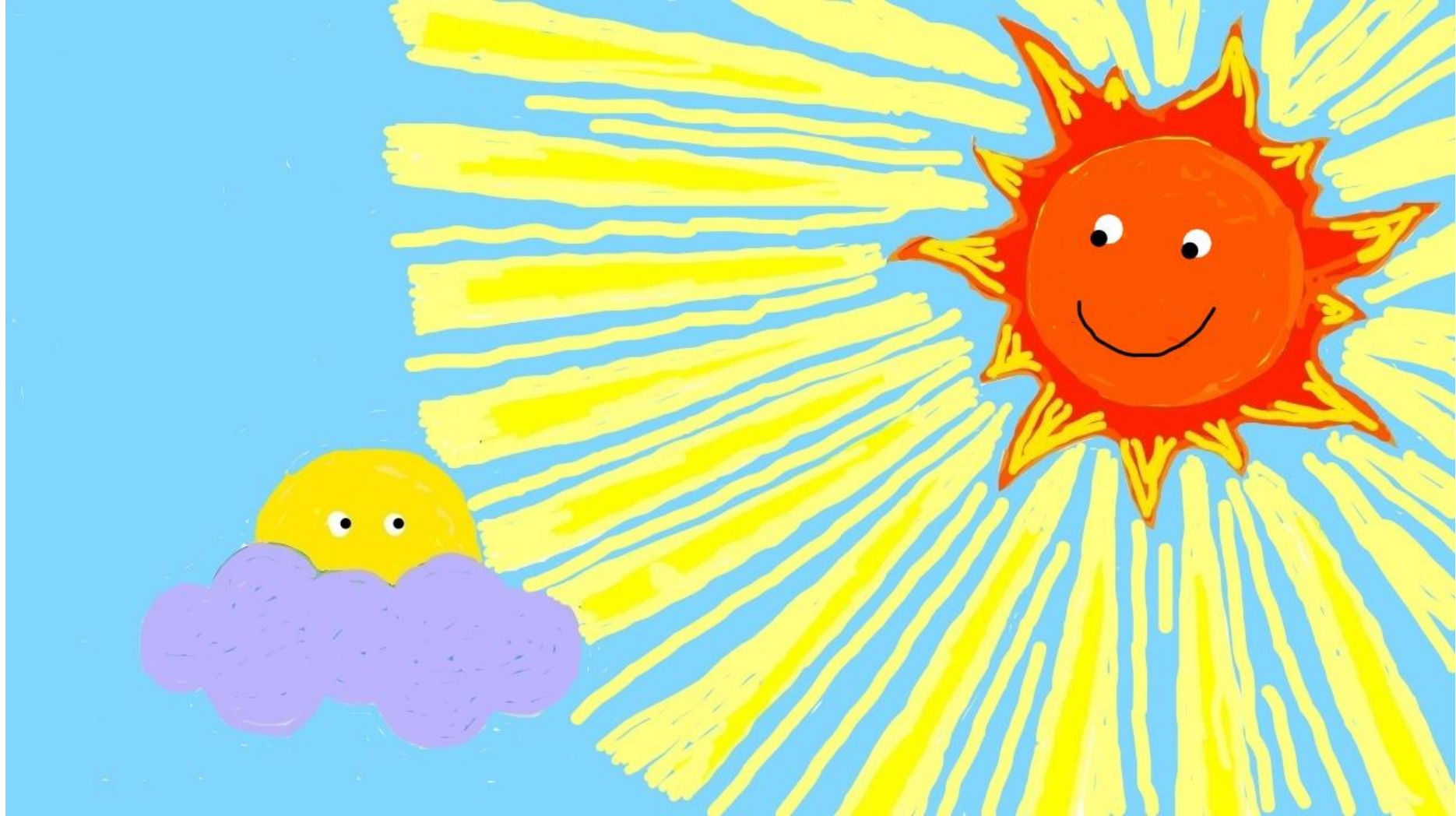


'Let my rays,  
Bake a cake.  
Slice by slice,  
Though days it may take

The Sun then wiped,  
Minu's tears away.  
Now both of them,  
Were happy and gay.

Since New Moon day,  
The Sun began to bake,  
Slice by slice,  
The full moon cake.

Slice by slice,  
He put it together.  
And Minu for the party,  
Her guests did gather.



Fourteen days later,  
On a full moon night.  
The candles were lit,  
And the stars shone bright.

They held the party  
At daybreak.

When the Sun was cool,  
She cut the cake.



Ate the flowers, the fairies,  
the children in their best.  
But of them all,  
Sun was the happiest.

'From now, the seasons,  
Shall be at your command!  
Said Minu,  
Waving her magic wand.

That year in Spring,  
The Sun didn't gloom.  
For, the flower buds,  
At his command did bloom.

In Summer, when he  
Rode high in the sky,  
The golden grains ripened,  
The chicks began to fly.





In Autumn, he let  
The cool wind swirl.  
Red and gold leaves,  
Around trees did twirl.

In Winters the Sun,  
Over horizon lay low.  
The mountains wore snow caps,  
Like children in valley below.

Ever since then,  
Every full moon night  
Minu calls her friends  
To a party bright.

She cuts the moon cake,  
To give it away.  
Through fourteen days,  
A slice each day.

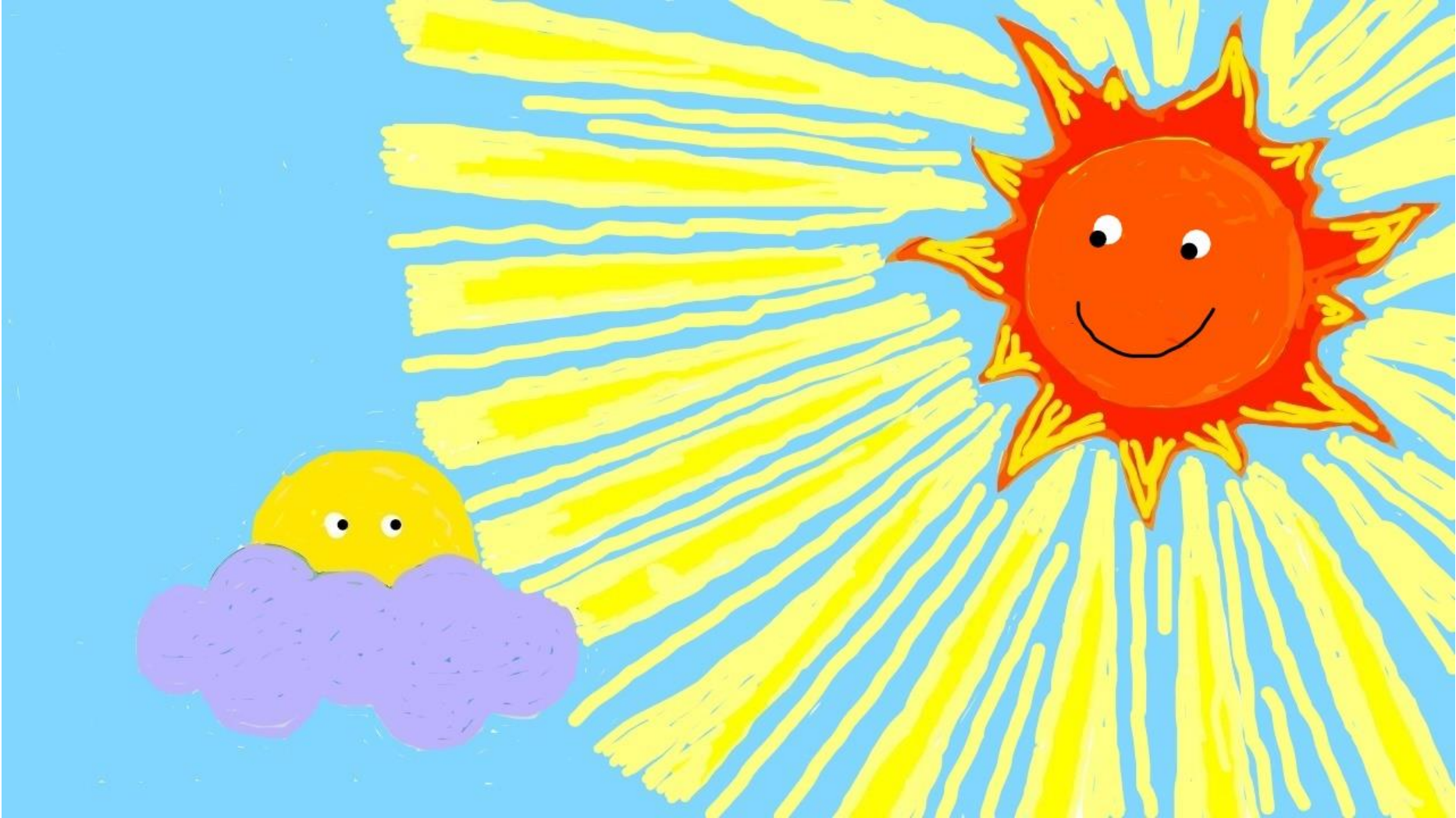


Then from New Moon,

The Sun rays bake,

Slice by slice,

The full moon cake.



The Sun and Minu,  
Since they made amends,  
Are loved by children,  
Of all the lands.



An internationally acclaimed author, science research fellow, copywriter and model, Meenakshi Gautam Chaturvedi has donned many hats at different times. She has won Literati 2019, and was short-listed for the Commonwealth Short Story Prize, 2015. While she considers herself a "Jill of multiple genres" having published short stories, articles and novellas in several leading Indian newspapers and magazines, she has seven published books to her credit. Three of her MG Children's books have been chosen by a global corporate to be a part of their CSR initiative, to be distributed free of cost across schools in Nigeria, which she considers her legacy of didactic literature to leave behind.



