

For Found and Lost, with all my love. Thank you both for deafening wheeks, contented chirrups, woody flutings, quiver-whiskers, bright almond eyes and the gift of your days.

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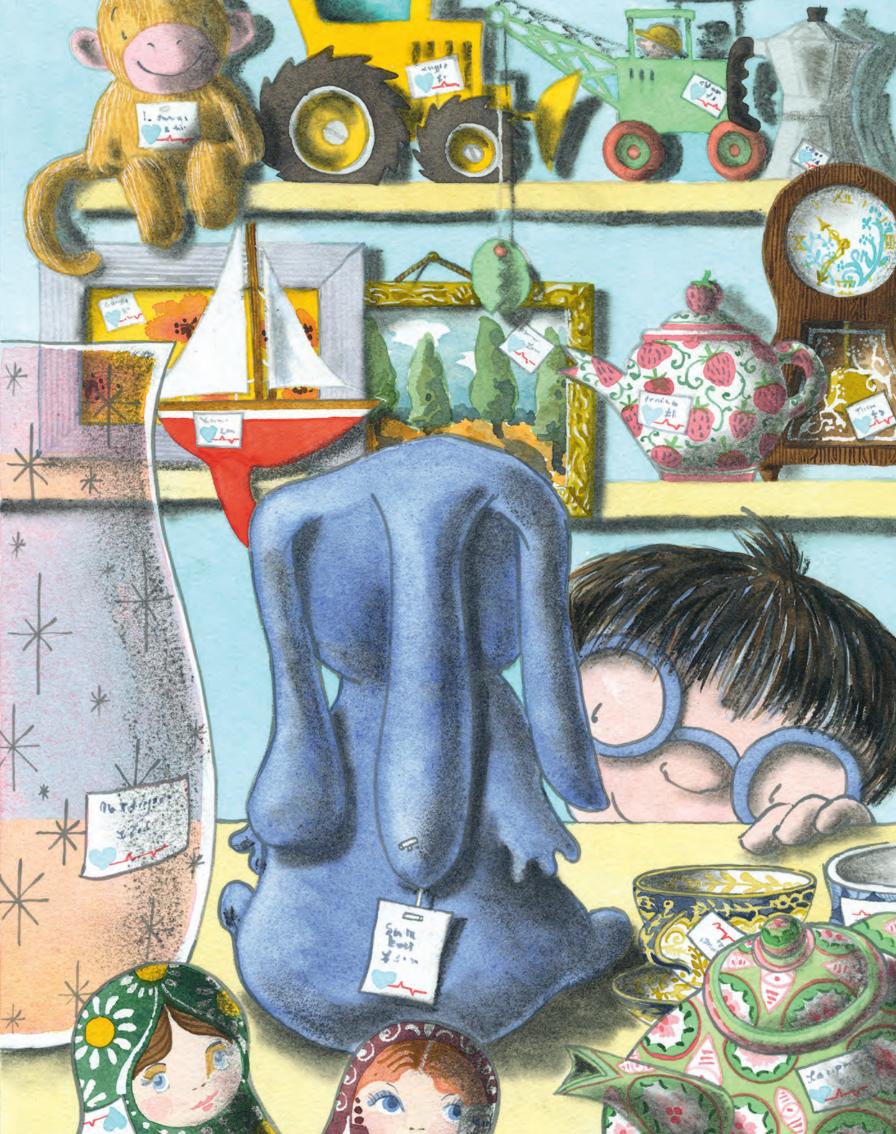
## The Boy and the Moonimal



BLOOMSBURY CHILDREN'S BOOKS LONDON OXFORD NEW YORK NEW DELHI SYDNEY I am Moonimal. This is my story.



Once upon a time, a boy found me.







He called me Moonimal and he hugged me tight.

Moonimals are made to be hugged tight.

We were always together. Boy and Moonimal. Moonimal and Boy.

Sometimes we were Moonimal and Explorer Boy . . .

or Moonimal and Doctor Boy.

We were even Moonimal and Rocket Boy.

F. July

We were Moonimal and Boy. Forever.



But, one day, we were playing in the woods when Boy tripped and fell.

> His glasses broke. He couldn't see me. He couldn't find me.

> > I was lost.