



# Jasper Turns the Moon Page

The picture-screen gave one last twinkle, and the cartoon ended with a little rabbit waving from a painted hill. Jasper, a small golden storybook dragon, sat curled on the blue blanket at the foot of the bed. He waited for the next scene to bloom.







Nothing bloomed. The rabbit stayed gone. The bright picture became a quiet square with one sleepy silver star in the middle.

“Perhaps it needs a tiny nudge,” Jasper said. He reached out one careful claw and tapped the corner of the picture-screen. The silver star blinked once, then turned into a round dot on Jasper’s nose.

Jasper sneezed. The dot popped away like a bubble. No rabbit returned. No hill appeared. His own tail, trying to help, swished across the screen and left a silly, wiggly line from top to bottom.

“That is not a scene,” Jasper told his tail. He wiped the line away with the tip of the blanket. Then he looked behind the picture-screen, thinking perhaps the next scene had slipped down the back.







Behind it was only the softly glowing storybook, open wide on the bed. Its blue cloth cover shone at the edges. Beyond its pages stretched the gentle storybook world: painted hills, a little schoolhouse waiting for fresh morning tales, and a sky made of pale paper.

Jasper tucked his paws beneath his chin. He had loved the cartoon's humming song, its golden hill, and the rabbit's funny ears. Now the quiet screen felt much too empty. His chest felt empty too.

He did not like that feeling, but he knew its name. "I am sad," Jasper whispered. "I wanted one more cozy scene." Saying it made the feeling less like a huge gray cloud and more like a small pebble he could hold.

The storybook lay open beside him. Jasper could leave it as it was and keep staring at the quiet screen. Or he could try one small thing. He placed one claw on the thick page corner. "I will turn just one page," he decided.



The page turned with a hush. Across the new paper spread a moonlit path, and through the bedroom window came a real moonbeam, silver and soft. It rested on the page as if it had been looking for him.

Jasper breathed in. The moonbeam did not make another cartoon. It made a quiet shining place for the one he had already seen. In its silver light, he could remember the rabbit's wave, the humming song, and the golden hill without needing them to start again.

"Goodnight, little rabbit," Jasper said. He closed the storybook with both paws, gently so the moon page would not crumple. The picture-screen stayed quiet, but it no longer seemed empty.











Jasper blinked, and the glowing storybook world folded back into his cozy bedroom. The blue blanket was warm around his wings. The moonbeam lay in a narrow stripe across the book's cover.



He tucked his nose beneath the blanket edge and listened to the small, peaceful hush of the room. Soon Jasper was asleep, carrying the golden hill softly along in his dreams.



Good night.



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## After the story



### THE MAIN IDEA

A small, thoughtful step can make a difficult moment feel safer.

### TALK ABOUT IT AFTER READING

After reading, ask which moment felt the warmest or bravest today.

### AND TOMORROW...

On another quiet evening, Jasper may discover what happens when a painted schoolhouse on a fresh page opens its little red door.







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When Jasper's favorite cartoon ends, the quiet screen makes his heart feel empty. With one turned page and a moonbeam, he finds a gentle way to keep a beloved story close at bedtime.

4 minutes of reading

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