



Leo and the Moonbeam Wish

Marks Vogt





Leo, a young boy with wide, thoughtful eyes, lay awake in his bed. The moon cast long, silvery shadows across his room, and he felt a quiet, deep wish stirring in his heart, a longing for something warm and new to fill their quiet home. He thought of his mother, sleeping soundly down the hall.



Guided by an unseen pull, Leo slipped out of bed, his bare feet padding softly on the cool wooden floor. He tiptoed through the silent hallway, the old house creaking softly around him, until he reached his mother's bedroom door, a sliver of moonlight peeking from beneath it.



He gently pushed the door open, revealing his mother asleep in her bed, bathed in the soft glow of the moon. Her face is peaceful, a gentle smile gracing her lips even in sleep. Leo approached the bed, his heart full of unspoken wishes and a tender love.



As Leo gazed at her, a tiny, luminous wisp of light, like a shimmering firefly, gently detached from his chest and hovered softly over his mother's abdomen, pulsating before dissolving into her. It was a silent, profound moment, an innocent wish for new life and joy manifesting in a magical, dream-like way, planting a seed of hope.



A quiet warmth filled Leo's chest, a feeling of deep peace settling over him. He backed away slowly, a faint smile playing on his lips, and tiptoed back to his own room, the magical encounter feeling like a vivid, comforting dream. He climbed back into bed, drifting into a deep, contented sleep.



Days later, a soft, joyful glow surrounded his mother as she shared wonderful news with Leo – a new baby is on the way, a little sibling to share their lives. Leo's eyes widened with understanding and a deep, quiet joy, remembering the magical night and realizing his innocent wish had found its way into the world.