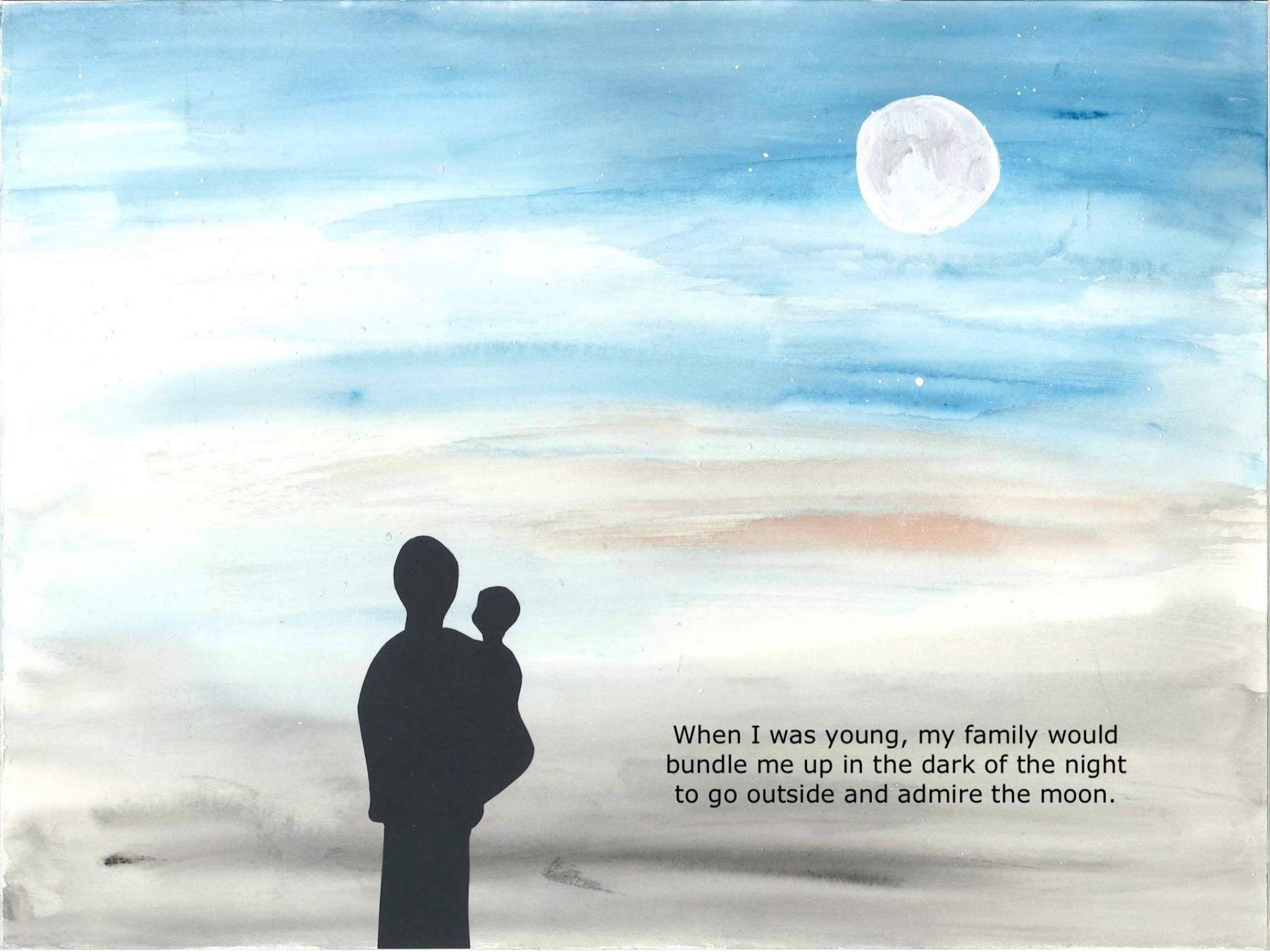


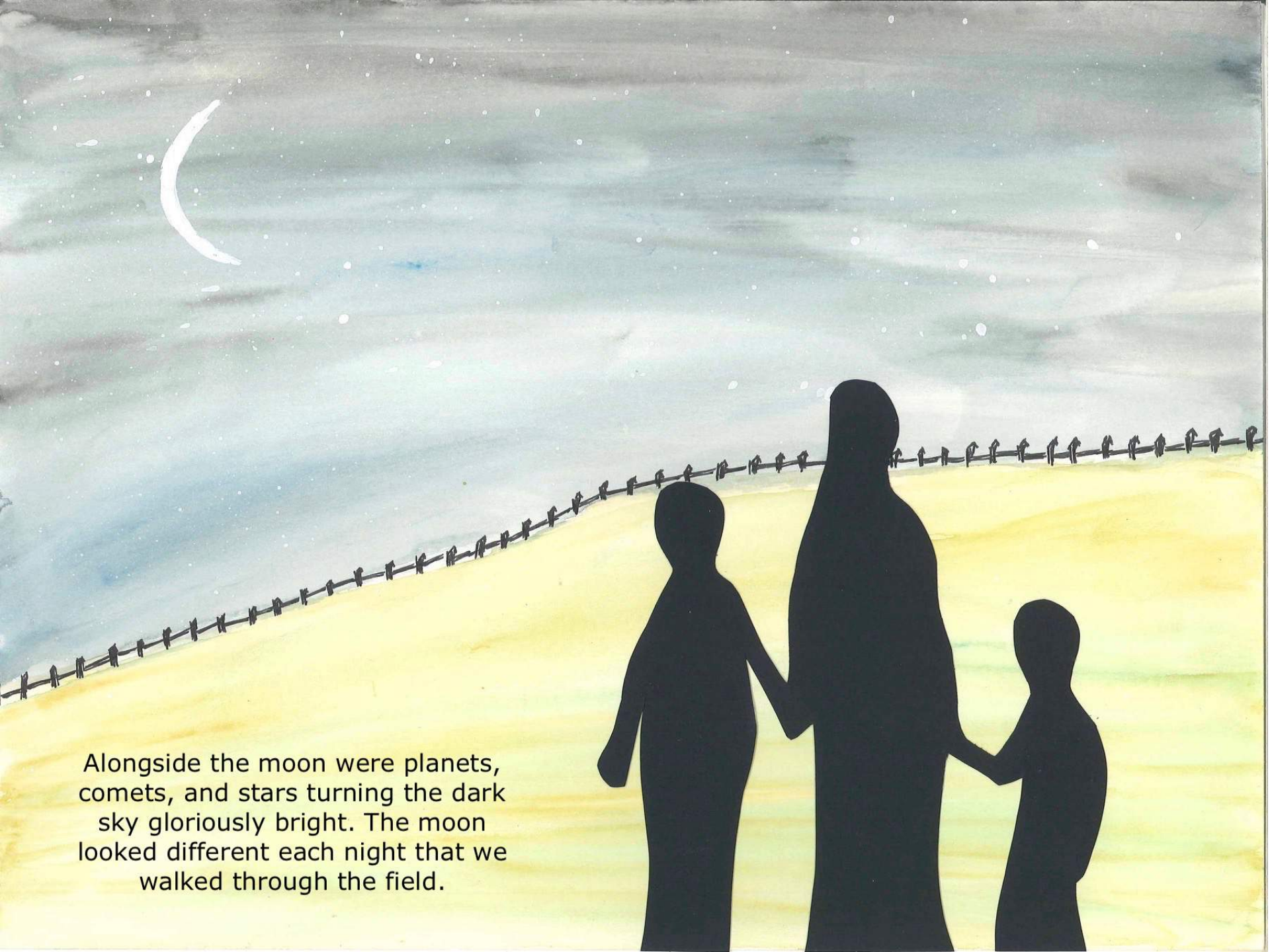
The background is a textured, painterly representation of a night sky. It features horizontal bands of various shades of blue, from deep indigo to light, misty tones. Scattered throughout are numerous small, white, star-like specks of varying sizes. In the upper left quadrant, a prominent white crescent moon is depicted with visible brushstrokes, giving it a soft, ethereal appearance. In the lower right foreground, a solid black silhouette of a child stands with their back to the viewer, their right arm extended upwards and slightly to the left, pointing towards the moon. The overall mood is contemplative and dreamlike.

I Wonder...

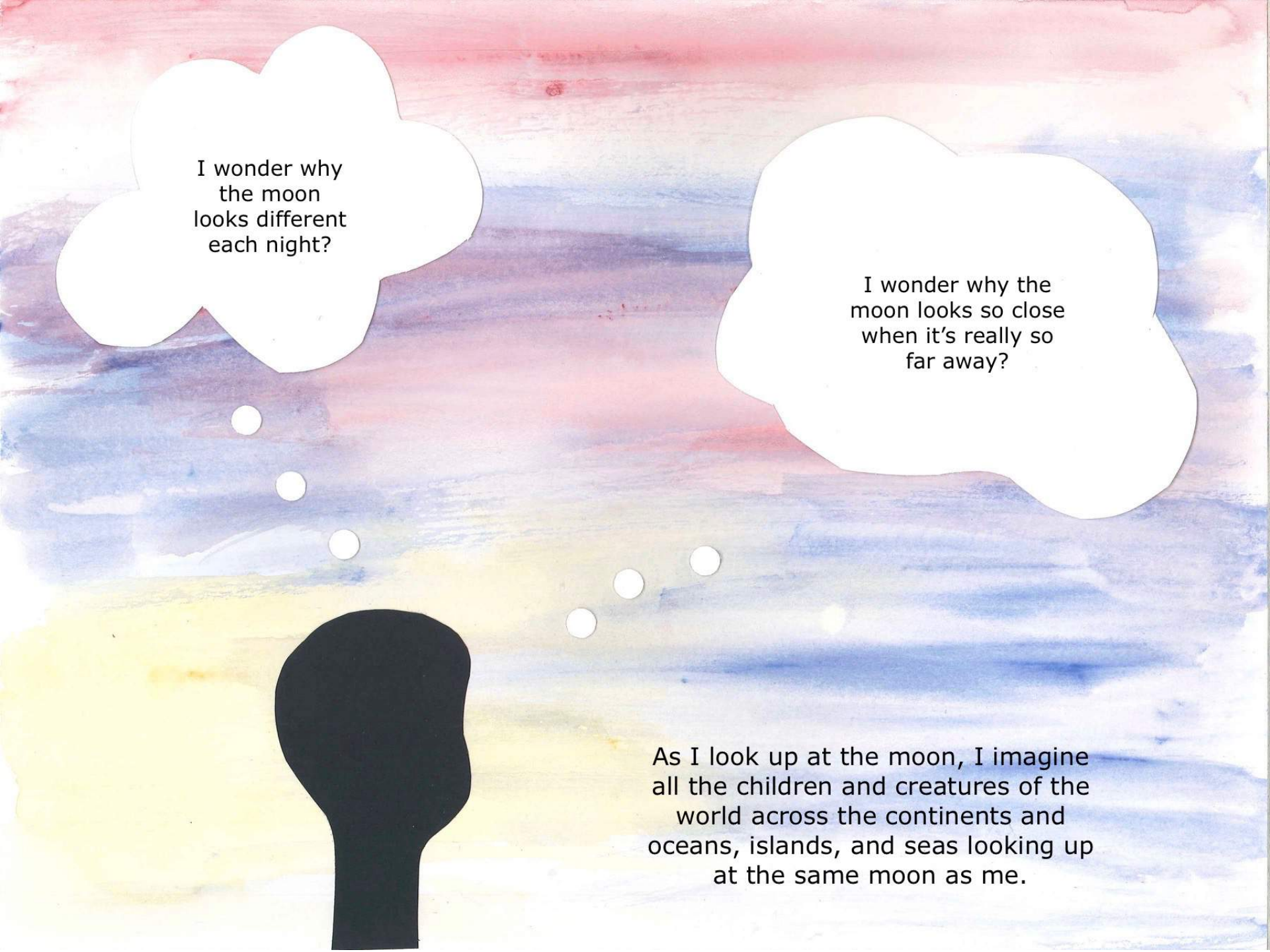
By: Anika Jungheim
& Melissa Green



When I was young, my family would bundle me up in the dark of the night to go outside and admire the moon.




Alongside the moon were planets,
comets, and stars turning the dark
sky gloriously bright. The moon
looked different each night that we
walked through the field.



I wonder why
the moon
looks different
each night?

I wonder why the
moon looks so close
when it's really so
far away?

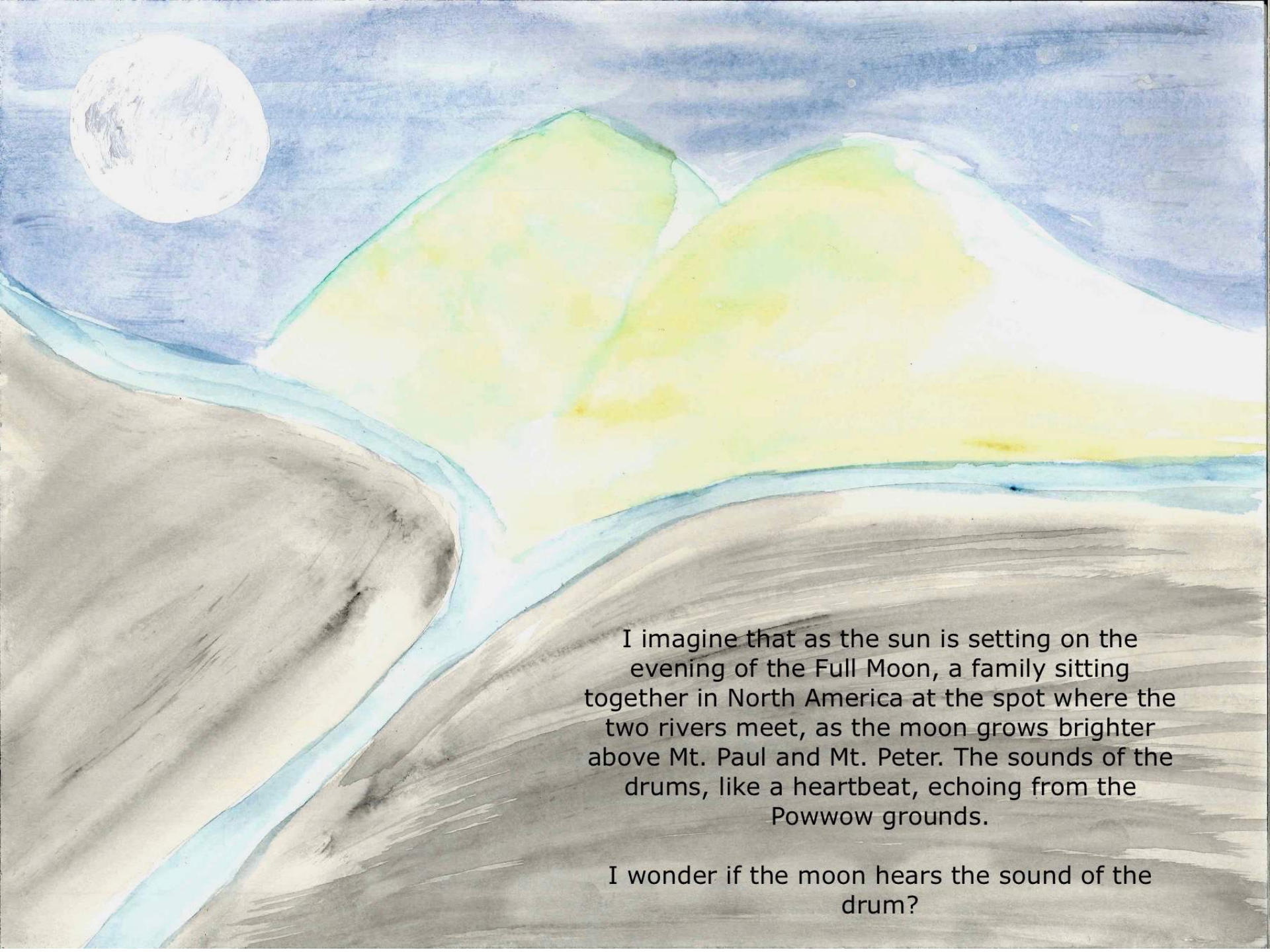
As I look up at the moon, I imagine
all the children and creatures of the
world across the continents and
oceans, islands, and seas looking up
at the same moon as me.

The background is a watercolor wash of colors including red, pink, purple, blue, and yellow. Two white thought bubbles are positioned in the upper half. At the bottom, there are several small white circles scattered across the blue and yellow areas.

I wonder
what they
see?

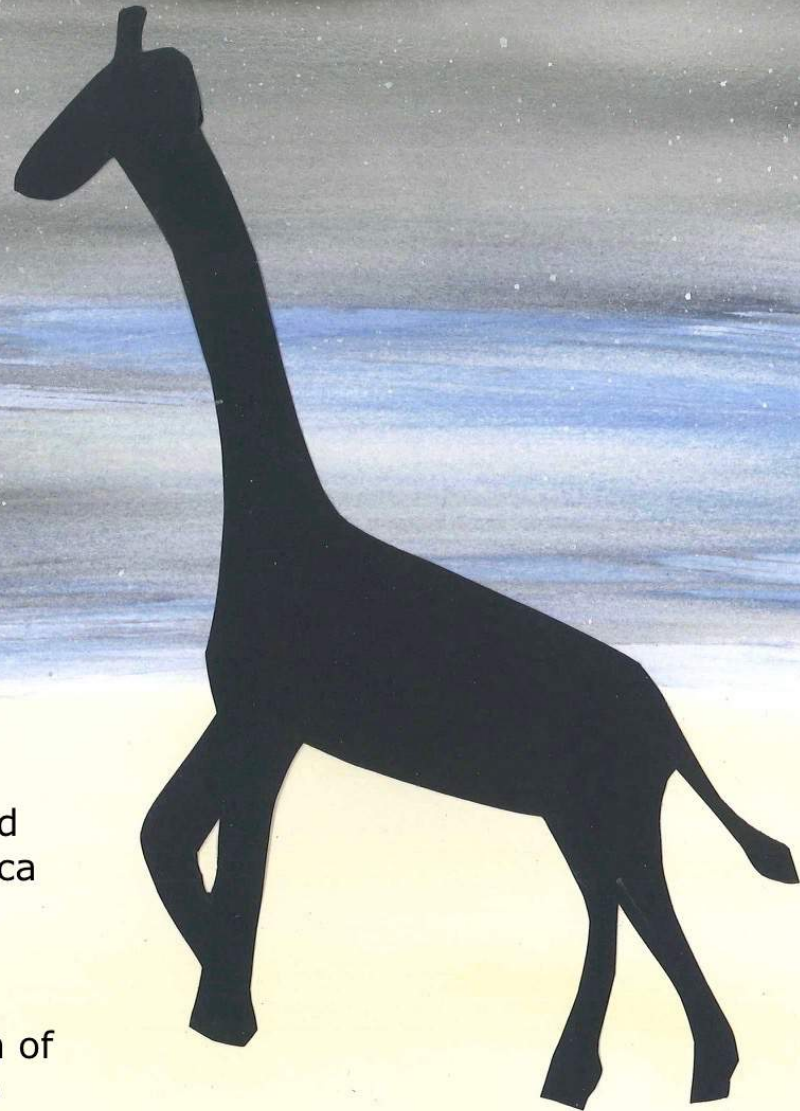
I wonder if the moon
looks the same to
them?

I imagine oceans, rivers, lakes, and ponds filled with creatures with fins and gills, swimming and sleeping under the changing moon.



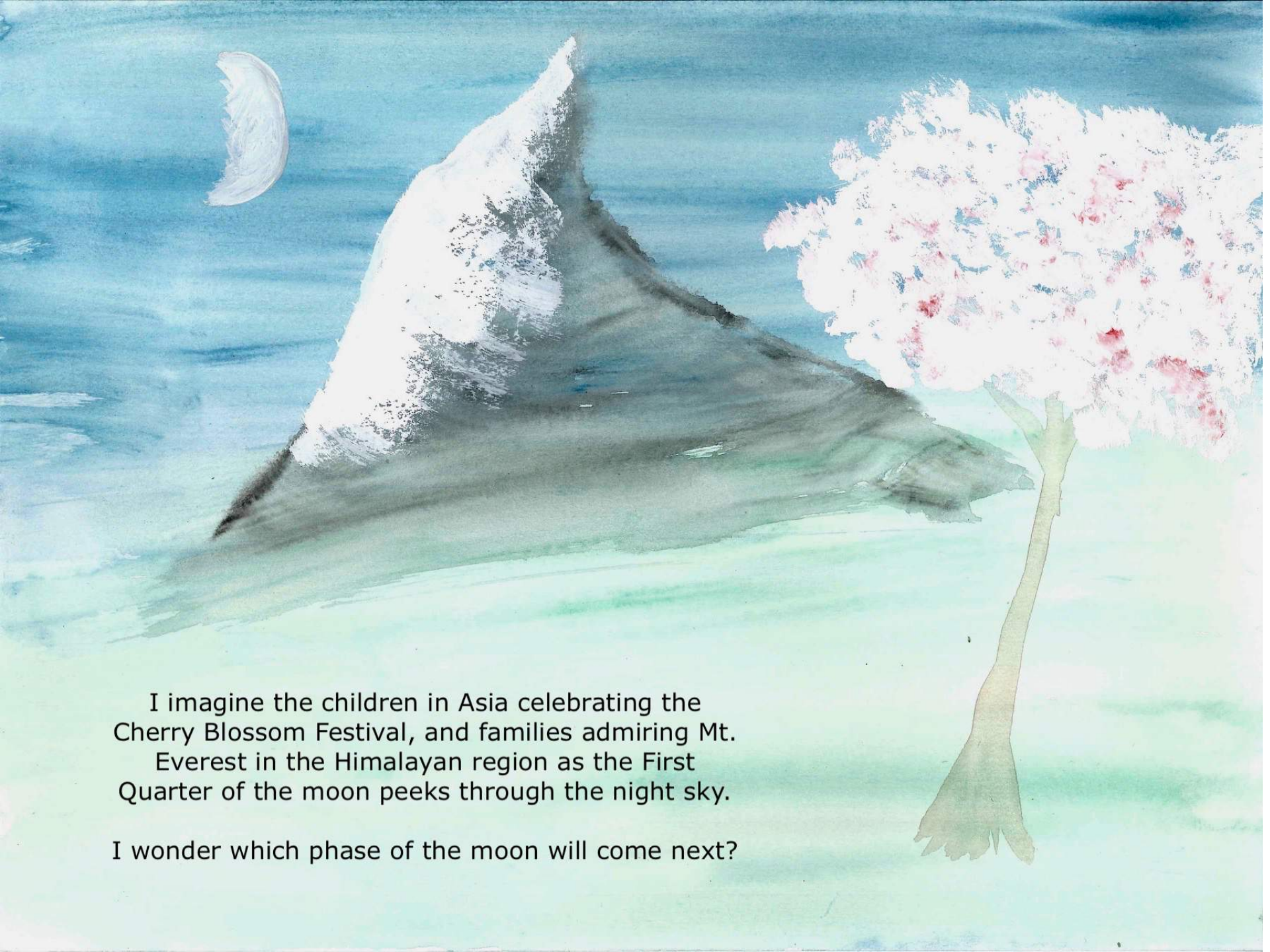
I imagine that as the sun is setting on the evening of the Full Moon, a family sitting together in North America at the spot where the two rivers meet, as the moon grows brighter above Mt. Paul and Mt. Peter. The sounds of the drums, like a heartbeat, echoing from the Powwow grounds.

I wonder if the moon hears the sound of the drum?



I imagine the elephants, giraffes, and cheetahs on the Sahara desert in Africa sleeping under the Waxing Gibbous moon.

I wonder what the Indigenous children of Africa think about as they gather to dance and sing?



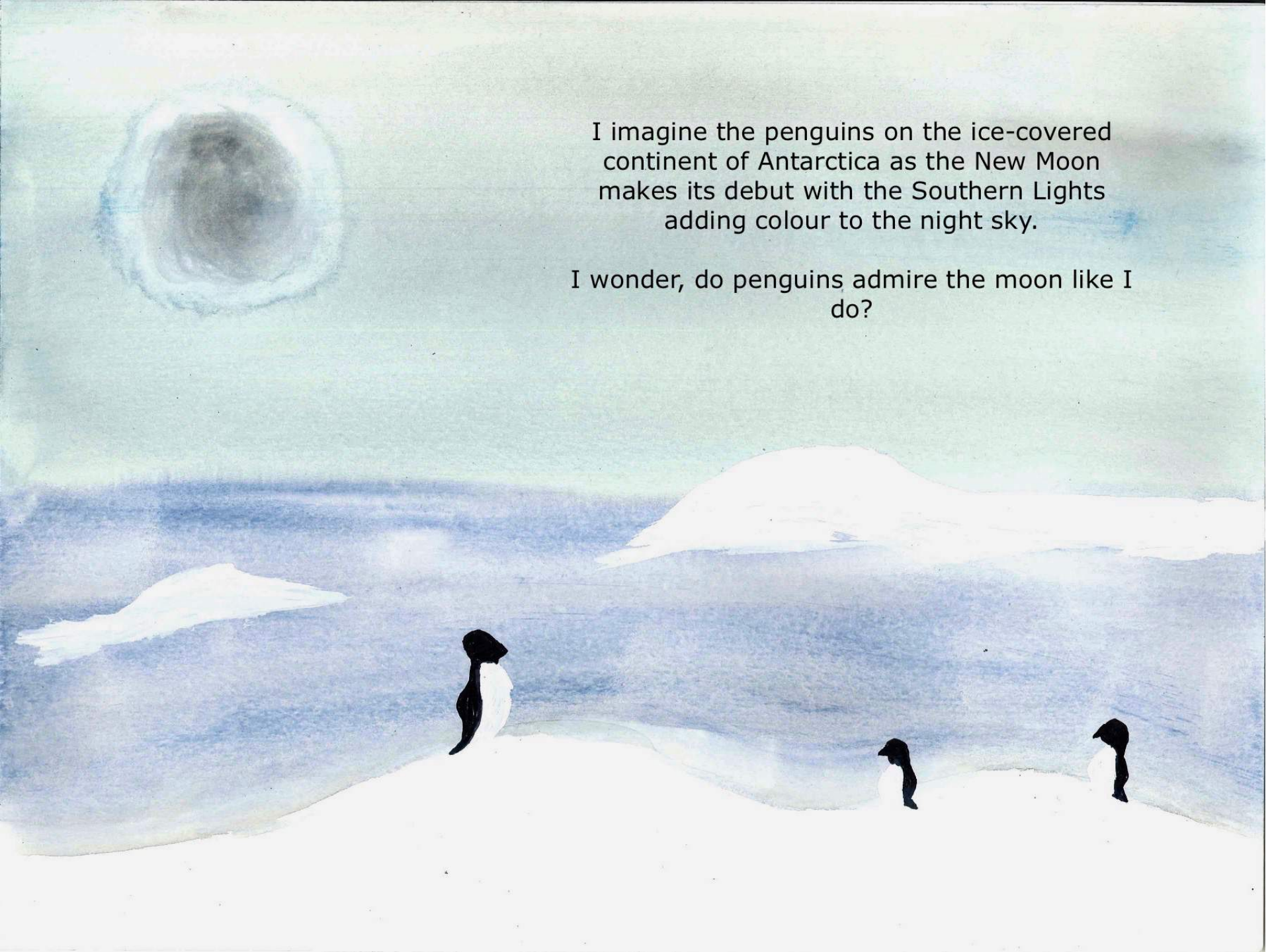
I imagine the children in Asia celebrating the Cherry Blossom Festival, and families admiring Mt. Everest in the Himalayan region as the First Quarter of the moon peeks through the night sky.

I wonder which phase of the moon will come next?

I imagine families leaving the
Sydney Opera House in Australia
with the Waxing Crescent moon
behind them in the night sky.

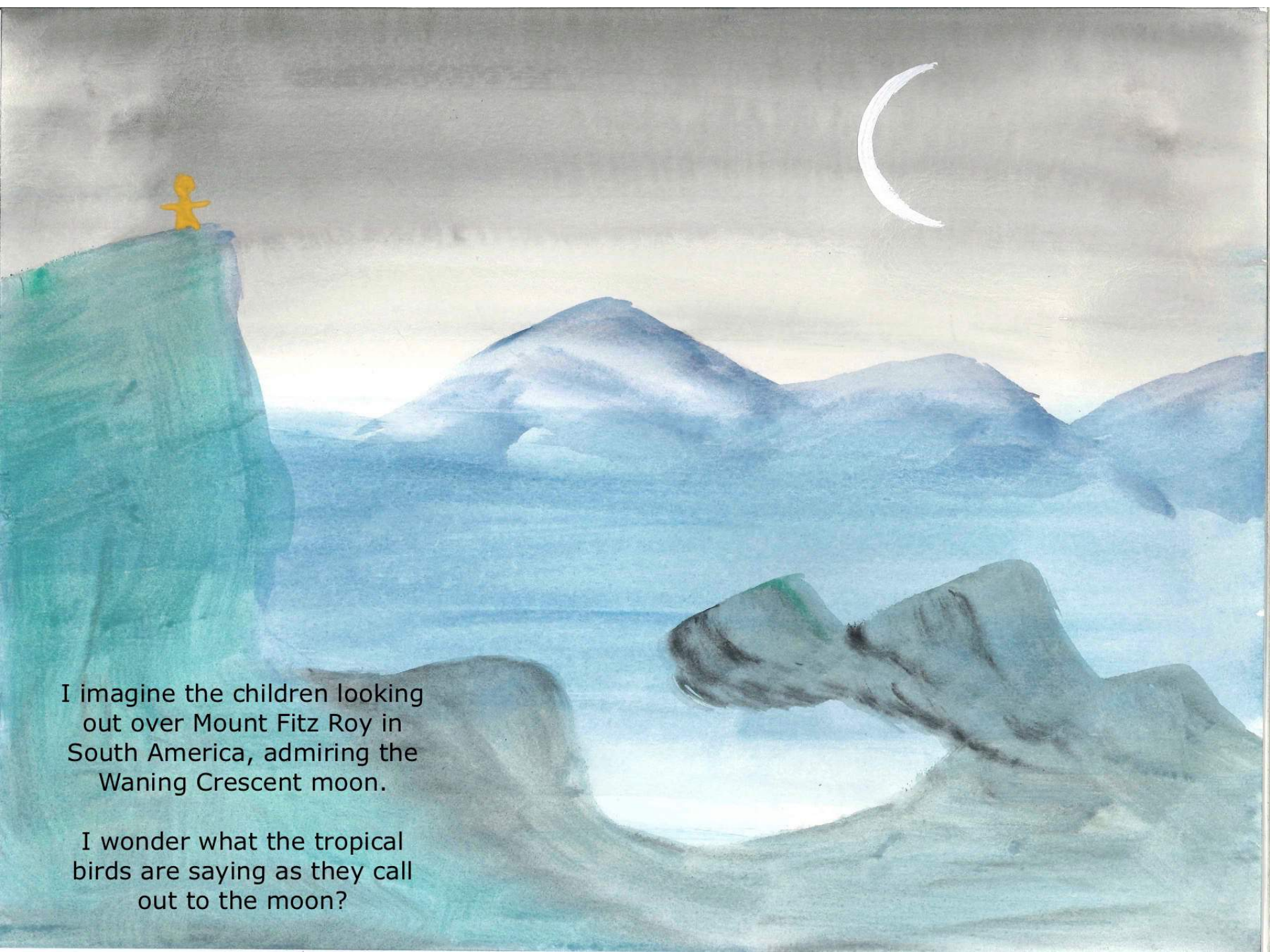
I wonder if the children notice
the sliver of the moon appearing
in the night?





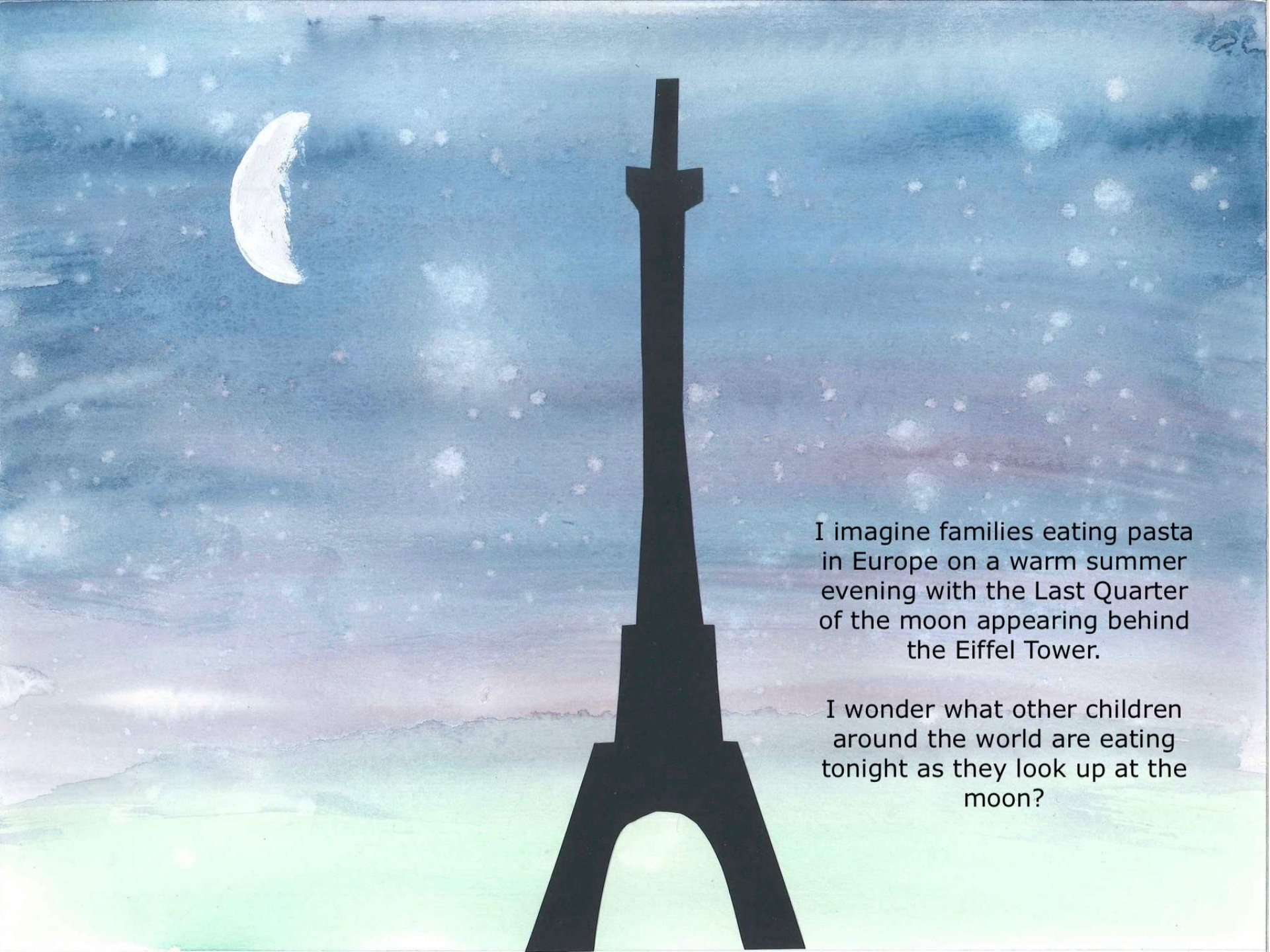
I imagine the penguins on the ice-covered
continent of Antarctica as the New Moon
makes its debut with the Southern Lights
adding colour to the night sky.

I wonder, do penguins admire the moon like I
do?



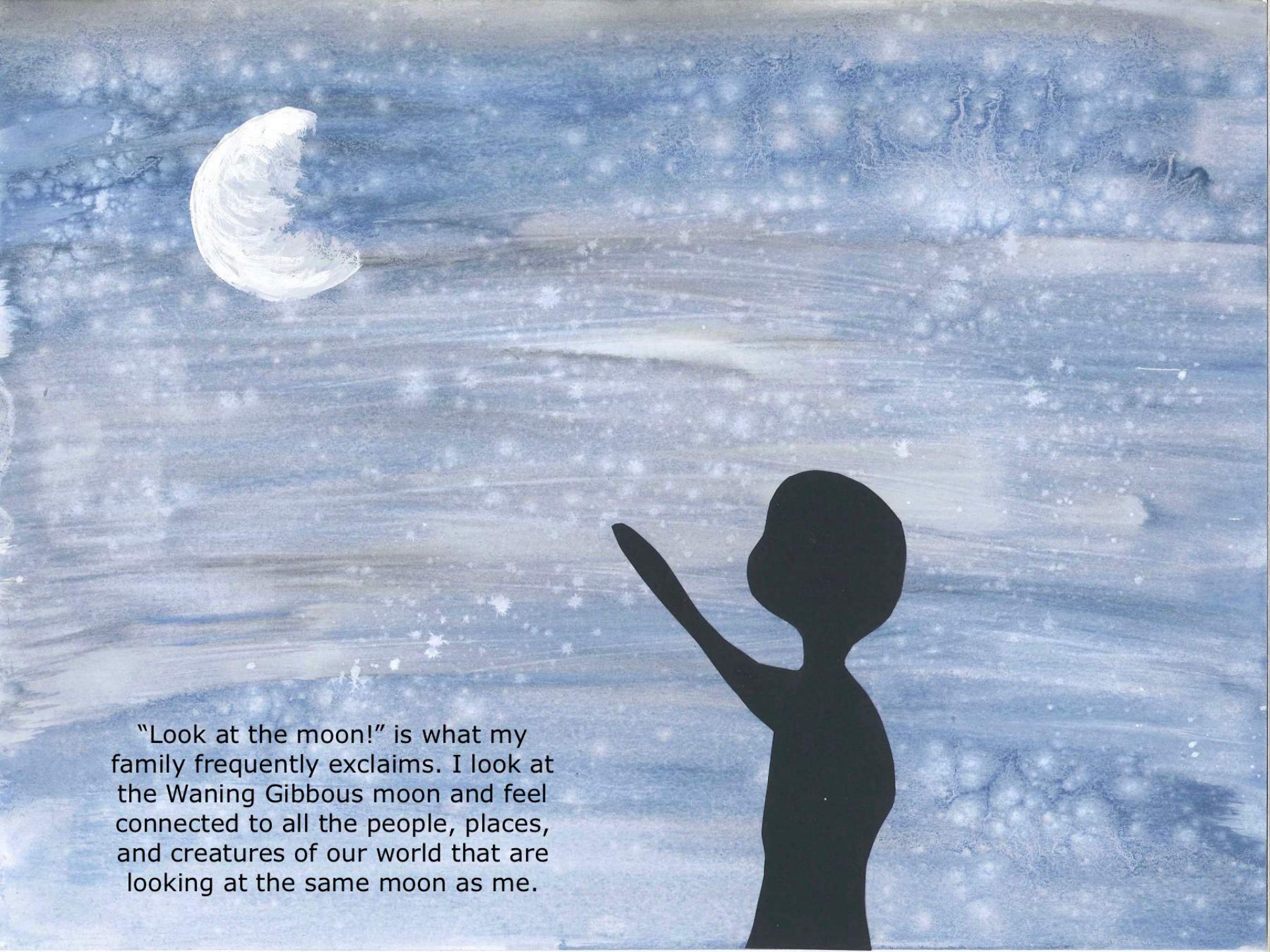
I imagine the children looking out over Mount Fitz Roy in South America, admiring the Waning Crescent moon.

I wonder what the tropical birds are saying as they call out to the moon?



I imagine families eating pasta in Europe on a warm summer evening with the Last Quarter of the moon appearing behind the Eiffel Tower.

I wonder what other children around the world are eating tonight as they look up at the moon?

The background is a textured painting of a night sky. The colors are various shades of blue, from light and airy to deep, dark blues. There are numerous small, white, star-like specks scattered across the sky. In the upper left quadrant, a large, white, crescent-shaped moon is depicted with visible brushstrokes, giving it a soft, ethereal appearance. In the lower right foreground, a solid black silhouette of a person stands, facing left and pointing their right arm towards the moon. The overall mood is contemplative and serene.

“Look at the moon!” is what my family frequently exclaims. I look at the Waning Gibbous moon and feel connected to all the people, places, and creatures of our world that are looking at the same moon as me.