

A waning crescent moon illuminated east of the night sky. The smell of fresh, warm dumplings filled the city air. A strong gust of wind kept blowing Arturo, a sad paper polar bear, around his exhibition. People laughed at Arturo stumbling around, and called him clumsy.

"Don't listen to them," His mother reassured, "you are not clumsy. You are the brightest bear at this festival." Arturo frowned at his mother. "I don't belong here." He complained. "All people ever do is call me names."

Their conversation got interrupted. A kid violently cried at his mother to take him home. The kid's mother told her son a story to keep the child entertained. She had heard from the festival-goers about an old myth. "If you swim through the stormiest of seas, walk through the most difficult of terrains, and stand on the highest mountain in the city, the moon will grant you a wish. But, it would only be granted if he finds you worthy of one. The moon only grants wishes when he is sitting at his highest point, at midnight."

The festival was coming to an end, and rising to its busiest. Various shapes of delicate clouds danced in the night. Arturo looked into the sky, wondering whether that myth was true. Nothing made Arturo's heart fill with warmth more than the hopes of someday making his wish come true. Everybody was so distracted by the festivities, that his mother didn't notice Arturo had made an escape. He had jumped from his display, and sprinted out of the festival park.

As Arturo makes his run, he encounters a river. The stream flowed in a ribbon-like form, ending towards a sandy riverbank. The river was loud and busy. Driftwood was plentiful near the gulf. Arturo touched the water, but got soaked in doing so. He stood on the gulf, thinking of his next move.

A water buffalo swims along the river. She notices Arturo, and swims towards him. "A paper bear like you can't touch water. You will drown! Let me help you. Jump on my back, and I will take you down to the end of the riverbank!"

Arturo shakes his head. "You're too kind. But, I do not need any help. I need to travel alone." The water buffalo laughs at Arturo. "Good luck! You won't make it very far without my help!"

Arturo ignores the water buffalo. Instead, he pushes driftwood into the water, and hops on. Arturo patiently waits for the wood to drift along the riverstream, until he reaches the river's end. He hopped off the wood, waved goodbye to the water buffalo, and continued on his journey.

Arturo continues until he finds the highest mountain. As he begins to journey up the mountain, he finds himself walking on uneven ground. The terrain was muddy. Unfortunately for Arturo, he had another half mile to walk on rough dirt.

An owl sat on the limb of a broad tree. He turns his head and sports Arturo. "You cannot climb that mountain on your own. You will tire yourself out. Let me help you. I will grip onto you, and fly you to the mountain top!"

Arturo shakes his head at the owl. "It's a kind offer, but I do not need help. I am journeying alone." The owl snickers at Arturo's words. "You won't make it far up the mountain made of paper!"

Arturo climbs up the rocky mountain. He doesn't stop for a single break, despite how wearied he feels. He continues walking all the way until he reaches the top of the highest mountain. Arturo looks at the moon, and says,

"Moon, I travelled through rivers and up mountains to see you. Am I deserving of one wish?"

The moon smiled down at little Arturo. "I watched you endure an arduous journey with patience and determination. In return, I will grant you one wish when it reaches midnight. Tell me, Arturo, what is your desire?"

Arturo beamed. He thought long about what he desired most. He looked up at the moon, and said, "I wish I could be somewhere where I belong."

"Arturo, if only you hadn't overlooked what was in front of you. You would have realised you already had what makes you feel most happy. But very well. I will take you where you will feel most belonged." The moon slowly ascended back into the night, as a delicate cloud swirled around Arturo.

With a blink of an eye, Arturo found himself sitting outside a police station. A group of police swarmed the station's entrance. The police notice little Arturo, and all sigh with relief. "We found him! It's okay! Let's get you back to your mother."

Arturo's heart warmed at the thought of going where he belonged, back home.