

## The Moon-Rakers of Gotham

A man of Gotham, trudging home  
Late on a summer night,  
Came to the horse-pond, smooth as glass,  
Reflecting the moonlight.

So round and pale the full moon gleamed,  
The traveller's footsteps slowed.  
He stopped and gaped, then turned and ran  
At full tilt up the road.

He pounded on the cottage doors,  
"Come, neighbours! Rise! Awake!  
A great green cheese lies in the pond!  
Somebody bring a rake!

"So large and fine a cheese as this  
There never yet has been.  
Get up at once, come to the pond,  
And see what I have seen!"

With yawns and grumbles, the wise men  
Of Gotham left their beds,  
And grasping rakes, lurched to the pond,  
Still fuddled in their heads.

And sure enough, the pale full moon,  
Like an enormous cheese,  
Lay there to tempt them; fat and round,  
It shimmered in the breeze.

They gazed all moonstruck at the sight,  
And rubbed their bleary eyes.  
Then rake the pond from side to side,  
But failed to grasp their prize.

They toiled until the light of dawn  
Crept on by slow degrees.  
The moon was gone – the Gotham men  
Were cheated of their cheese.

Now, cross and tired, they stumbled home  
But vowed they'd have it yet.  
At nightfall they would come again –  
Armed this time with a net!"

*From "The Tales of the Wise Men" of Gotham  
Retold and illustrated by Gillian Elias*