

MOON EATER

THE NIGHT THE MOON STOLE TOMORROW

Kitty & Witch Broom



ARTWORK BY ARIA

An original Moon Eater fairytale

THE THIRTEENTH BELL

On the last night before forever, the moon stole tomorrow.

It folded the coming morning into a silver square, locked it inside a palace on the far side of the sky, and turned the key. Across the world, clocks reached midnight and waited. Seeds stopped dreaming of flowers. Ships held still upon the black sea. In a thousand bedrooms, stories paused one word before their endings.

The moon had always collected beautiful things. Now it wanted the one thing nobody could keep: what would happen next.

Only one window remained bright. Behind it, a Maker was finishing her first creation: a small kitty brushed with violet and rose, and a witch's broom bound in blue and purple. A little paint was still wet. One knot had only just been tied.

When the midnight bell rang for the thirteenth time, the Maker fell asleep beside her work.

The kitty lifted her head.

The broom trembled once against the table.

Neither of them had existed yesterday. Neither was ready for the world to end tonight.



A DOOR WHERE NONE BELONGED

Kitty pressed one paw to the window. Above the rooftops, the moon shone like a locked room.

“How do we get there?” she asked.

The broom had never flown. It had never swept a floor. It considered both possibilities, then chose something much more difficult.

It swept the edge of the shadow beneath the table.

Once. Twice. On the third stroke, the shadow opened.

Beyond it lay a staircase built from the backs of sleeping stars. Its steps curved upward through a sea without water. Silver moths drifted between them, carrying messages that had never been sent.

Kitty climbed onto the broom. The blue binding caught the wind; the purple binding remembered the room they had come from. Together they rose through the doorway, leaving no sound except a single bristle brushing the floor.

At the top of the staircase, an owl the size of a cathedral spread its wings.

“Only creatures named in the old prophecies may enter,” it said.

“We were made this evening,” said Kitty.

The owl searched every prophecy beneath its feathers. It found no rule for that.

While it was still searching, they slipped between its wings.



THE PALACE OF ALMOST

The palace had a thousand doors. The broom made one more.

Inside, gardens grew upside down from the ceiling. Rivers slept in glass ribbons. A staircase circled an empty crown. Every room held something the world had almost made.

There were songs nobody had sung. Ships nobody had built. A city drawn on the corner of a page. A bracelet imagined in blue beads. A whole forest waiting inside the word perhaps.

Each treasure wore the same silver label: UNFINISHED.

Kitty passed a small empty shelf. On its label, new letters were appearing.

THE MAKER'S NEXT CREATION.

She understood then. The moon had stolen every morning in which the Maker might discover what else she could do.

At the palace's heart stood a bell jar taller than a mountain. Beneath it, tomorrow fluttered like a golden moth. Every beat of its wings briefly showed another possible world.

A voice rolled through the marble.

"That one," said the moon, "is mine."



A MILLION SLEEPING STARS

The moon descended from its throne wearing a crown of eclipses. Its robe trailed through every room at once.

It looked at Kitty's painted swirls and the broom's bright bindings.

"A very small rescue party," it said.

"A very large mistake," said Kitty.

The moon smiled. It offered her a palace of her own, nine mountains of silver, and a million sleeping stars, each waiting for someone to give it a name.

Kitty looked at the treasures. For a moment she imagined a kingdom filled with violet windows. Then she remembered the empty shelf.

"Will the Maker be able to make something tomorrow?" she asked.

"There will be no need. Everything beautiful will already belong to me."

Kitty stepped off the broom.

"Then you haven't collected everything beautiful."

The moon's smile vanished. Its robe poured across the floor, swallowing the staircases and sealing the thousand doors. The jar began to turn black.

The broom pulled against the darkness. Its bristles bent. The blue binding flashed like distant lightning, but the palace held fast.

Kitty felt afraid for the first time in her short life.

She stayed beside the broom anyway.

THE FIRST SPELL

Kitty noticed a loose thread at the hem of the moon's robe. At its tip hung a single bead of darkness, no larger than a raindrop.

She caught it between her paws and swallowed it.

The whole palace rang.

Violet light moved beneath her painted surface. Rose light followed, warm as the morning she had never seen. The moon pulled back, but the thread was already unravelling.

Kitty took another mouthful. Then another.

She did not grow a single inch. Yet inside that small shape, there was suddenly room for an eclipse.

The shadows loosened. The broom swept through them, gathering the fallen moonlight into a bright path. One stroke opened the jar. Another lifted its golden prisoner free.

Tomorrow landed between Kitty's ears.

Every unfinished thing in the palace woke at once.

The unbuilt ships raised their sails. The unsung songs became thunder. The forest burst out of perhaps and carried the ceiling away in its branches.

"My collection!" cried the moon.

"Let it become something," said Kitty.

The broom made one magnificent sweep. A million possibilities poured through the broken roof, scattering across the sleeping world like rain that knew exactly where to fall.

THE WAY HOME

They rode home beneath a smaller, quieter moon.

The purple binding led them through the sea of stars, past the owl still arguing with its prophecies, and down the staircase to the Maker's window.

Tomorrow unfolded itself across the horizon.

The clocks moved. A seed split softly underground. Somewhere, a ship's captain remembered where she meant to go.

Kitty returned to her place beside the broom. By the time the Maker woke, they were perfectly still.

The Maker looked at her first creation. Then she reached for something new.

Far above the rooftops, the moon bore a mark no telescope could explain: one small violet pawprint, pressed into its silver face from the inside.

Among the silver moths, the story spread. They called the little cat the Moon Eater. They called her companion the Broom That Made a Way.

And they called that night the First Spell.

Since then, the pair have waited for their next keeper. They ask for a place of their own, room for a little mystery, and this one promise: leave something unfinished at night. A drawing. A plan. The beginning of a story.

Give tomorrow something to come back for.





THE STORY CONTINUES

The kitty kept the broom.

The broom kept the way home.

And the world kept tomorrow.

THE END

A SMALL PAIR. A WHOLE WORLD.

An original fantasy from the world of Moon Eater, created to accompany Aria's first artwork. Artwork by Aria. The creation includes the painted kitty, the handmade witch's broom, and this printable story edition. The crystal display in the photographs is a backdrop and is not included.

ARTWORK BY ARIA

Original Moon Eater fairytale. Fiction inspired by the artwork.

Printable keepsake edition · September 2026

Discover the artwork and its story at mooneater.ai