



One evening, after thinking it over for some time, Harold decided to go for a walk in the moonlight. There wasn't any moon, and Harold needed a moon for a walk in the moonlight. And he needed something to walk on. He made a long straight path so he wouldn't get lost. And he set off of his walk, taking his big purple crayon with him. But he didn't seem to be getting anywhere on the long straight path. So he left the path for a short cut across a field. And the moon went with him.