

# Why Does the Moon Chase the Sun?

James Bowers Johnson

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## **Also by James Johnson**

*The End of Justice*

*The Ledge*

*The Crossing*

*The Rebutted Presumption*

*Splintered to Federal Folly*

*Into The Deep*

*The Legend of Sebastian Chiffon*





Dedicated to  
My mother,  
the beautiful people of Mexico,  
and the Mares family  
of Barra de Navidad, Mexico.

A special dedication to

Mary Lopez Sotelo

Mary, thank you.

# Foreword

During the summer of 2021, when my mother was in failing health, I read her a book I had recently published. At one point she interrupted me and said, “You must make that portion into a separate book.” She then offered to paint the illustration

My mother fell in love with Why Does the Moon Chase the Sun? Regrettably she passed away months later. As the inspiration for this publication, I believe she would have been pleased with the illustrations.

My mother was an incredibly gifted lady. She accomplished much and I benefitted by her example. May we all recognize and use our talents for the benefit of humanity. Hopefully, both Sun and Moon will serve as motivations to do our best with what we have for the right purpose.

I would like to acknowledge Farah Sajid for the illustrations. She is a professional artist and can be located on the internet by searching @immortellepk.

James B. Johnson





Why Does the Moon  
Chase the Sun?







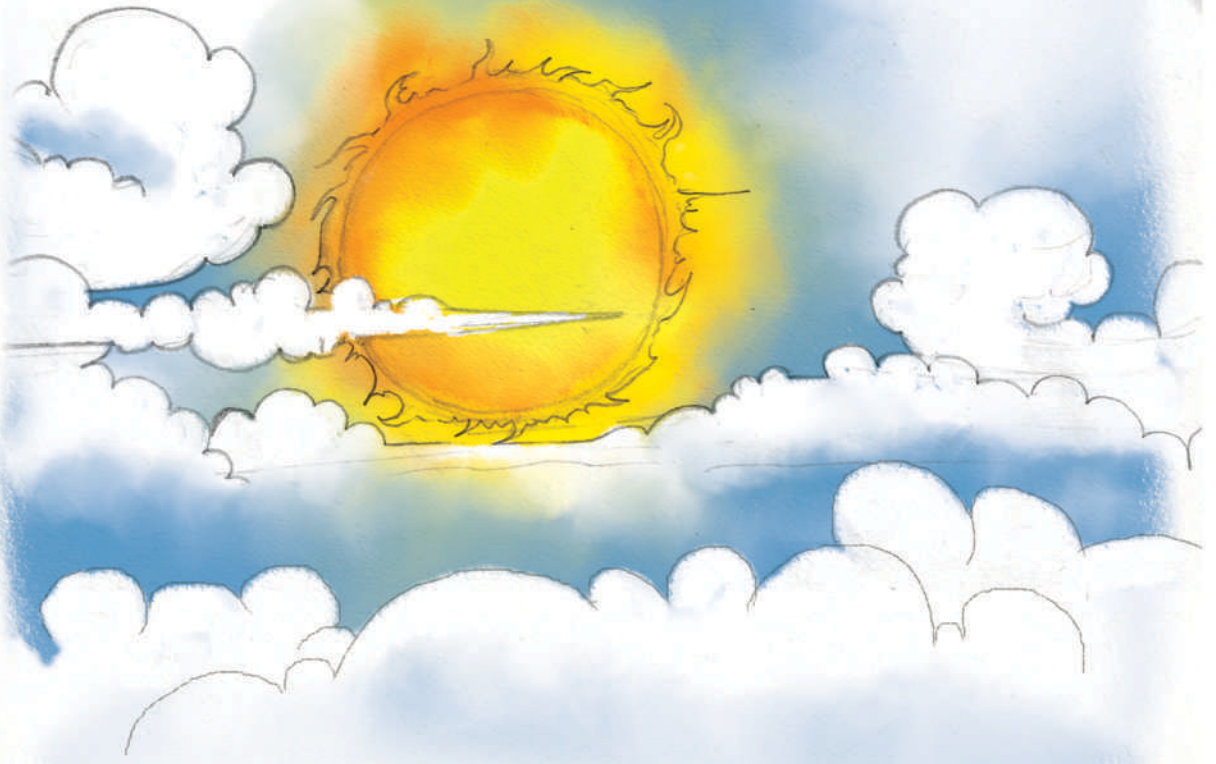
In the far distant past, where the heavens were as black as midnight and the sweet song of silence made the angels cry with joy, the moon loomed large and full and bright. By all appearances, the great lunar star was content. Alas, this was not so.

“Cursed me!” the moon cried aloud. “Night after night and day after day, everything is the same! I am lonely. I am cold. I own nothing. And worst of all, I serve no purpose. Will I always wrap invisible rings around the earth? Oh, how I tire of such monotony.” The moon raised its voice. “When will I have new experiences? When will I own beautiful possessions? When will I have friends?”

The moon, which had been miserable for eons, complained until complaining became comfortable “Does anyone hear me? Will no one help?” The moon waited for a response before casting its gaze downward. “My hopes will never be fulfilled,” it said softly.







Glancing across the universe, the moon saw a phenomenon that no star could ignore—the sun. “But of course! There is my arch enemy!” the moon shouted. “Sun! Why won’t you leave me alone?”

The moon believed the sun was not only content, but powerful beyond measure.

The moon shouted angrily, “You create each day and for this reason I am burdened with my nightly chore. I shall be subservient to you forever!”



One day, when the sun appeared to shine more brilliantly than usual, the moon became enraged.

Mockingly, the moon said, “But of course, the sun is not bored. The sun is not lonely. The sun is not cold. The sun is not poor. Above all, the sun has a meaningful purpose. Everyone!” the moon shouted, “Let us worship the glorious sun!”

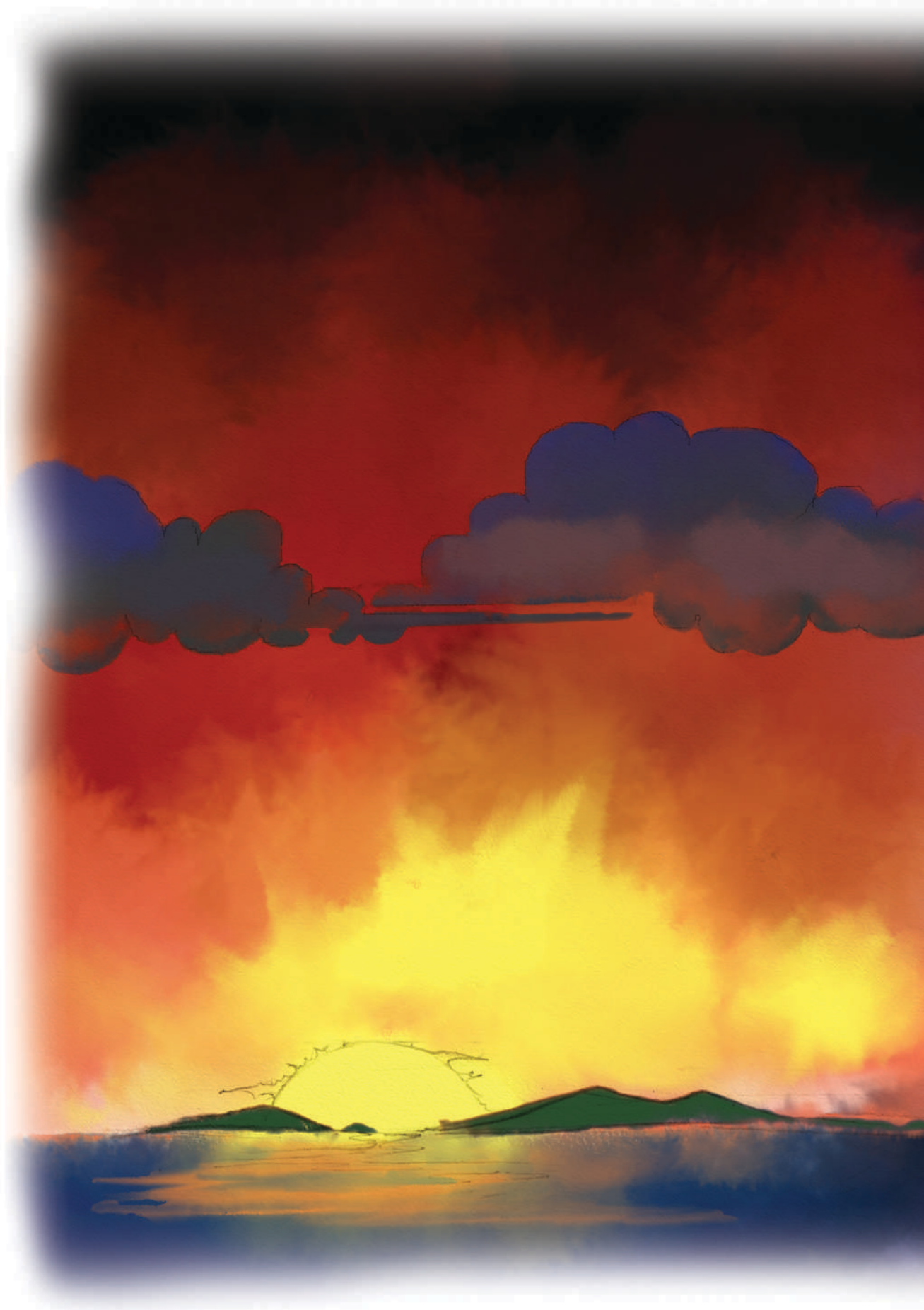




The moon glared in the direction of its nemesis and yelled, "Almighty Sun! I am talking to you! Why do you flaunt your golden rays? Why do you preen like a peacock?"

Too far away to hear the moon's tirade, the sun, like a majestic waterfall, flowed over the horizon without saying a word.



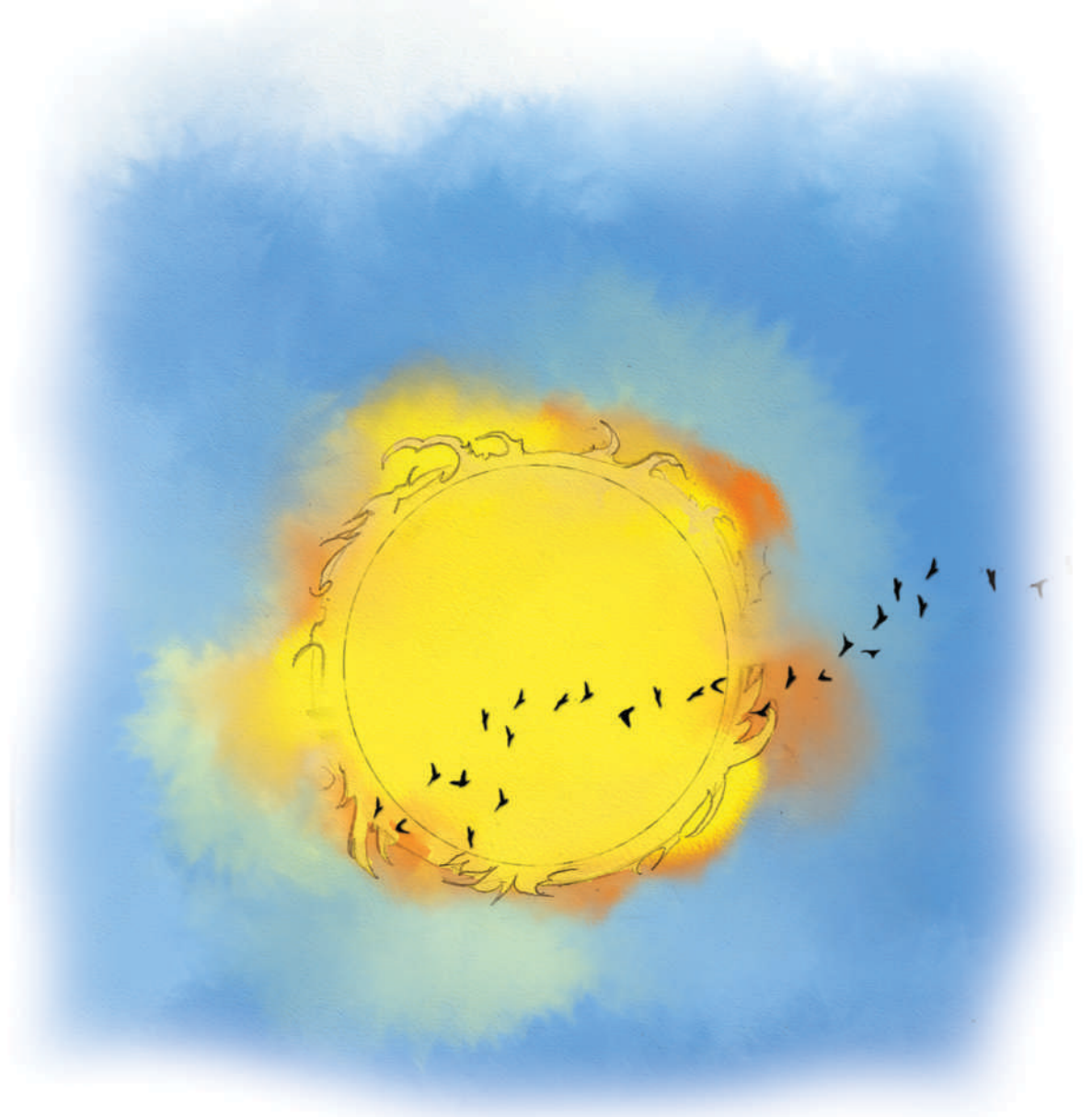






Alone and dejected, the moon stared at its reflection upon the black sea. Even its own beauty made the moon spiteful. "Stop looking at me!" the moon yelled before closing its eyes and crying itself to sleep.





Sadly, the moon had long forgotten that God made the sun and moon for a divine purpose.

For, it was on the fourth day of creation that God proclaimed, “Blessed Sun! You are the symbol of truth! You are the source of energy! Great art thou! You shall foster birth and growth. Your rays will reveal astonishing colors. Your risings will impress. Your settings will amaze.” God encouraged the sun. “King of the universe! Cherish your divine role.”





That very night God proclaimed, “Blessed Moon! Governor of the night sky! Great art thou! You shall move water from the depths of the oceans to the shallows near the beaches. You shall serve as a beacon to mariners and guide travelers through deserts, over mountains, and out of valleys.” God encouraged the moon. “Thou art an inspiration! Cherish your divine role.”





Days became weeks. Years blended into decades. Millennia absorbed centuries. Across the span of time, the sun glorified God and sacrificed itself for everyone. Even the moon benefitted.

After receiving the sun's rays, the moon reflected light toward the earth. The moon, however, was ungrateful. It felt like a child who had to rely upon a parent.





One night the moon teetered on the edge of madness. "I shall dethrone the sun!" the moon yelled. "I shall rule the universe!"

The moon devised an evil plot.







When the sun was closest to the earth, the moon hailed its neighbor with the friendliest tone. “Greetings to you, Sun! You are mighty indeed. Though I am not worthy to be in your company, I must share a truth which no wise soul can deny. Do you wish to hear my words?”

Startled by this strange voice, the sun asked, “Who is speaking?”

The moon did not expect a response so quickly. Smiling from ear to ear, the moon said, “I am your neighbor, the brilliant star of the night sky.”

” You are Moon?” the sun asked.

“Yes, Sun. Indeed, I am,” the lunar star said as it giggled lightly.





Surprised by this unexpected encounter,  
the sun fell silent.

The moon raised the pitch of its voice and  
asked, “Mighty Sun, I can no longer hear you.  
Have you slipped below the horizon?”

“No, I am still here.” The sun thought for a  
moment before saying, “Moon, pardon my  
silence, but I am stunned by your ability to  
speak.”

“Ah!” the moon said, “Are you so special  
that you alone may talk?”











The sun, which had never been challenged in such a bold manner, became embarrassed for the first time in its existence. It did not know how to respond.

Sensing that the sun was naïve, the moon asked, “Sun, greatest of all beings, have you nothing to say?”

The sun said, “Moon, I have offended you. Please forgive me.”

Delighted with this request, the moon tendered absolution. “Yes, I forgive you. Who am I to refuse? Everyone makes mistakes.”







“You are very kind,” the sun replied. “Alas, dear Moon, let’s begin anew. I am pleased to meet you.” The sun recalled the moon’s initial words and asked, “Moon, did you not mention a truth which no wise soul could deny?”

“Yes,” the moon said, “I did. However, based upon what I have learned today, this wisdom may be too burdensome for you. If I share this truth, the implications could be devastating.”





The sun was shocked. “Why do you say this?”

The moon laughed boisterously and said, “Well, Sun, you did not know that I could speak. If you lack basic knowledge about the natural world, how can you possibly appreciate eternal truth?”







The sun felt the sting of ridicule. Doubt entered its mind. Whispering quietly, the sun asked, “Why do I feel these strange emotions? Am I not the sun? Am I not able to withstand anything? Am I not the source of energy for all of life?”

Alarmed by its apparent weakness, the sun rejected these negative thoughts and asserted its preeminence. “Moon, I am the bright morning star! I am brilliance within brilliance. I am unrivalled in power. Have no fear. No harm shall come to me.”





“Sun,” the moon said. “I appreciate your reassurance, but I am not convinced in the least. Until today, I had presumed you were the wisest of the wise and strongest of the strong. Oh, how I was deceived! I cannot and will not be so foolish again. I must consider the welfare of the universe.”

“However,” the moon continued, “I will make this promise. As I labor tonight, I will consider sharing this truth and give you my answer tomorrow.”



The sun believed further discussion would make matters worse and did not argue. "Moon, you are most prudent. I wish you a good night."





The moon enjoyed this turn of events and, grinning slyly, said, "And to you, Sun. Have a good day."





The next morning the sun raced along its orbit. Upon seeing the moon, it shouted, “Dearest neighbor, I am here! Tell me! What have you decided?”

Surprised by the sun’s enthusiasm, the moon feigned weariness and moaned dramatically. “Ah, yes. There you are, Sun! You must excuse me, for I am tired. But know this, after much contemplation, I have reached a decision.”

Fearing the worst, the sun shouted, “Moon! Wait! Please consider my words before you speak.” The sun composed itself and said, “Since my creation, I have viewed everything from a lofty position. However, this does not mean that I am all-knowing. More importantly, I am teachable. Dearest Moon, I beseech you. Do not allow your initial impressions to harm me. Do not deny me wonderful knowledge and potential growth. Do not spoil my future!”







The moon murmured quietly, “This is unbelievable. The sun beseeches me. This majestic star honors me. Is this not delicious? If the sun continues to play the fool, I will be successful.”

The moon cleared its throat, looked sternly, and spoke with authority. “Sun! Greatest among all heavenly beings, I firmly believe this truth will not harm you. However, if I share it, you must agree to one condition. Should you fail to understand the significance of my words, you cannot blame me. If you suffer some unexpected disadvantage, you alone shall be responsible for the repercussions. Do you agree?”





The sun replied immediately. “Moon, you have rightly honored me. In keeping with my majesty and because of my profound respect for you, I agree to your one condition. If I am harmed, I absolve you of any culpability. Oh, wonderful moon, the speaking moon,” the sun said with a light laugh, “you have my trust.”

In the span of seconds, which seemed like an eternity, the sun and moon stared at one another. They did not speak. Each believed they had achieved some advantage.

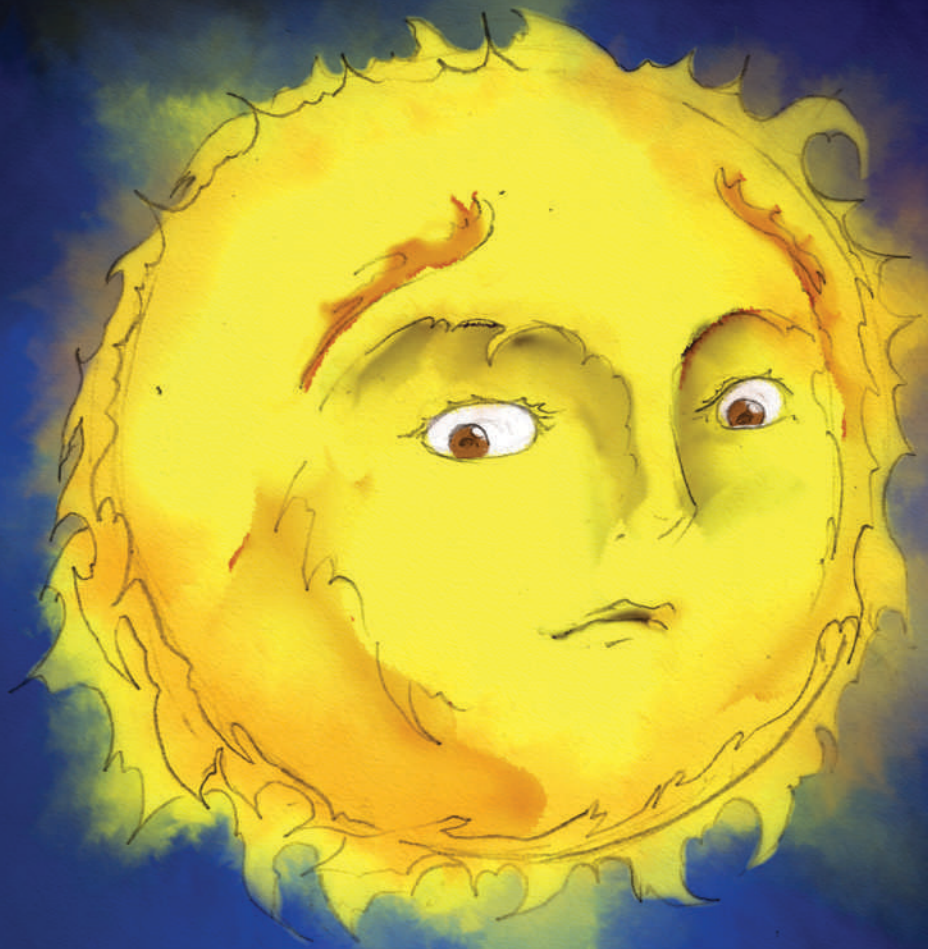
Without further delay, the moon said, “My venerable neighbor, hear me now! Throughout history the stars have spoken of your mighty feats. You are esteemed above everyone. Yet, as much as we grant you honor, we also extend our pity.”

The sun gasped.





“Now, now,” the moon said reassuringly, “allow me to explain. Although you have no equal, you are alone. Sun, let’s be honest! You do not have any friends. You work tirelessly and without ceasing. This prevents you from acquiring riches. Thus, even if you had friends, you are unable to offer them gifts.”

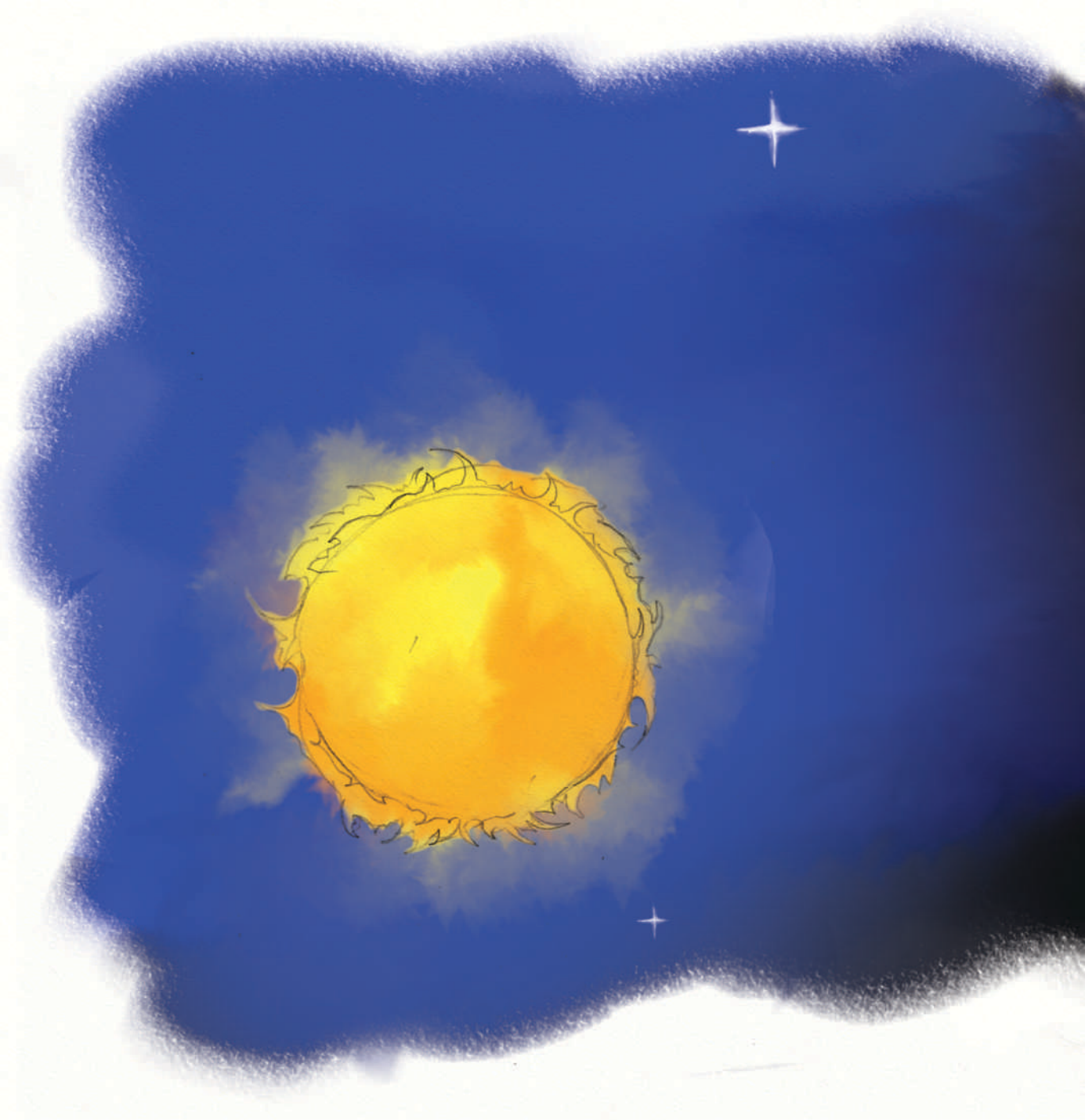




The moon raised its voice and said, “Sun, you must accept this truth, just as you had to accept the fact that I am able to speak. Do not blame me for this unfortunate revelation. As the ambassador for the stars, I am simply conveying our sympathies to you.”

The sun could not ignore the obvious. It closed its eyes and nodded slowly.





The moon continued. "Given the laws of nature, no one is able to be in your presence, much less look at you directly. You are exceedingly hot and bright." The moon looked to the heavens and grieved. "Oh, Sun! How it ails me to share a truth that must be painful for you to hear."



The sun was saddened by the moon's flawless logic.

To gain the sun's immediate concession, the moon said, "Mightiest of stars, you have but your daily burden and nothing else." The moon asked softly, "Is this not true?"



Overcome by pessimism, the sun said, “Yes, I agree. I am alone. I have nothing.” The sun closed its eyes and looked away.

The moon reclined in the heavens and watched the sun languish. “You are not so mighty after all,” the moon thought.







Never had fate been so cruel in a universe that had been harmonious since the beginning of time.

Broken in spirit, the sun suddenly stopped its orbit. The repercussions were tumultuous. Galaxies stopped expanding. Planetary systems began to implode. Stars fell. The heavens creaked and cracked under the heavy strain.











The moon could not reconcile the unfolding disaster and asked, “Is the sun so foolish and weak? Will it destroy all of creation because of some newfound misery?” The moon deliberated and said, “Well, the morning star shall not cause my demise. I will execute the rest of my plan. I shall be victorious!”

The moon shouted, “Majestic Sun! Are you not the one true star? Do you not have solutions? Will you not help yourself, just as I am willing to help you?”

The sun did not respond and the heavens strained even more.







The moon became desperate. “Sun! Listen to me! My friends will become your friends. Would this not make you happy?”

The sun looked at the moon and asked meekly, “Is this even possible?”

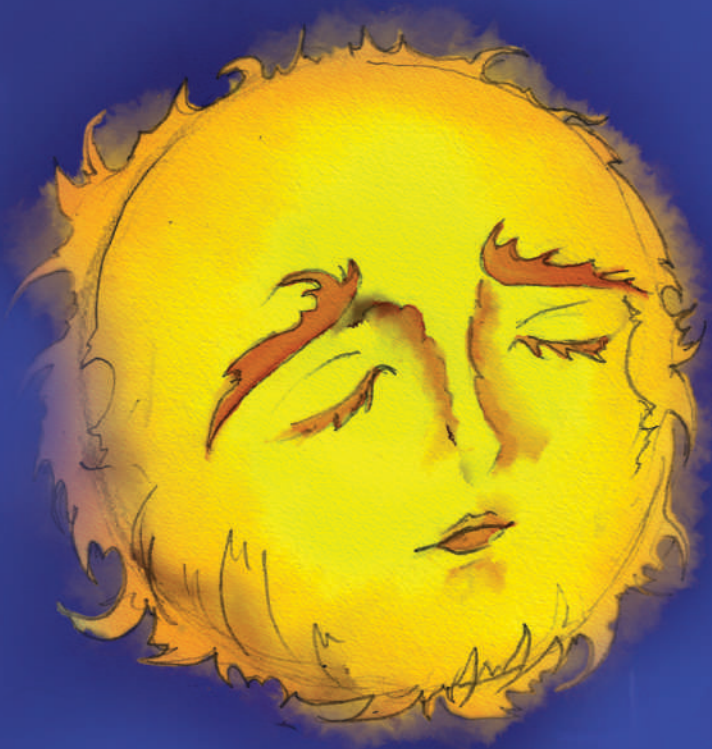
“Possible? Yes! I assure you.”

“And possessions, Moon? I want to offer gifts to my friends, equal to the love you have shown me.”

“But of course,” the moon said. “Abundance shall be yours. But, hear me now! To be worthy of friends and wealth, you must honor your work for the benefit of all. This is your greatest gift. Cast your golden rays! Cast them here and there. Cast them everywhere. Cast them upon me! Shine! Shine! Shine! For you are glorious!”









Encouraged by the moon's words, the sun smiled and resumed its orbit.

The moon, which never imagined that its sinister scheme could cause the destruction of life, was relieved. However, the night star became even more optimistic and said, "If the sun is not able to withstand the slightest of trials, then it cannot be trusted to fulfill its mission. Do I not have an obligation to take the sun's place? I must and will become the almighty sun."





Moments later the sun said, “Moon, I am ready. Introduce me to your friends and show me how to acquire wealth.”

“Yes, Sun, I shall. But first, answer this question. Would it not be prudent for you to meet a few of my companions before meeting millions of them later?”

“Whatever do you mean?” the sun asked.

“Sun, you must learn how to relate with others and protect them from your heat and light.”

“Yes, Moon! That is an excellent idea. But how?”





The moon had reached a critical phase. One wrong move would expose its fraudulent intentions. Above all, the moon had to make sure that the sun chose its own fate. To achieve this goal, the moon asked the sun specific questions with utmost care.

“Sun, am I not cool by nature?”

“Yes,” the sun replied.

“Is my light not soft and appealing?”

“Yes. You are certainly appealing to my eyes,” the sun said.





“Well, do you not see that I use my attributes and wealth to help my friends?”

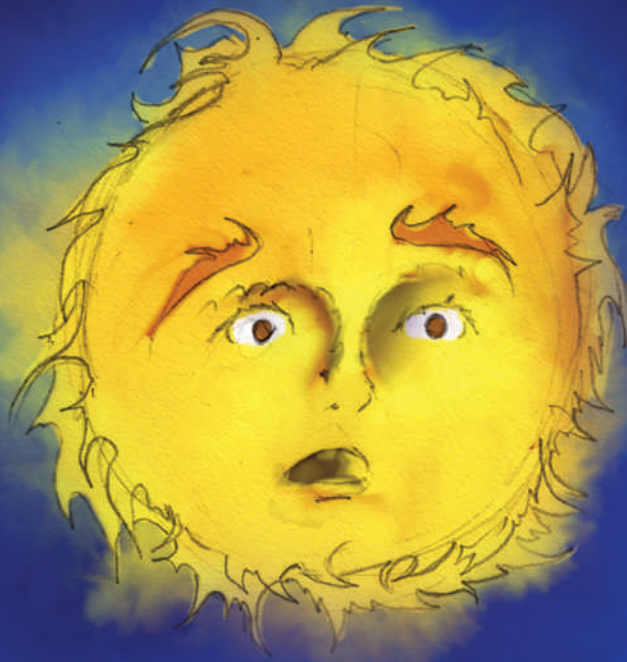
“Yes. Yes, I do. I do see this,” the sun said.

Sensing that the sun had regained its self-confidence, the moon prepared the final trap.



With a sad face and voice, the moon said, “However,” and then stopped speaking.

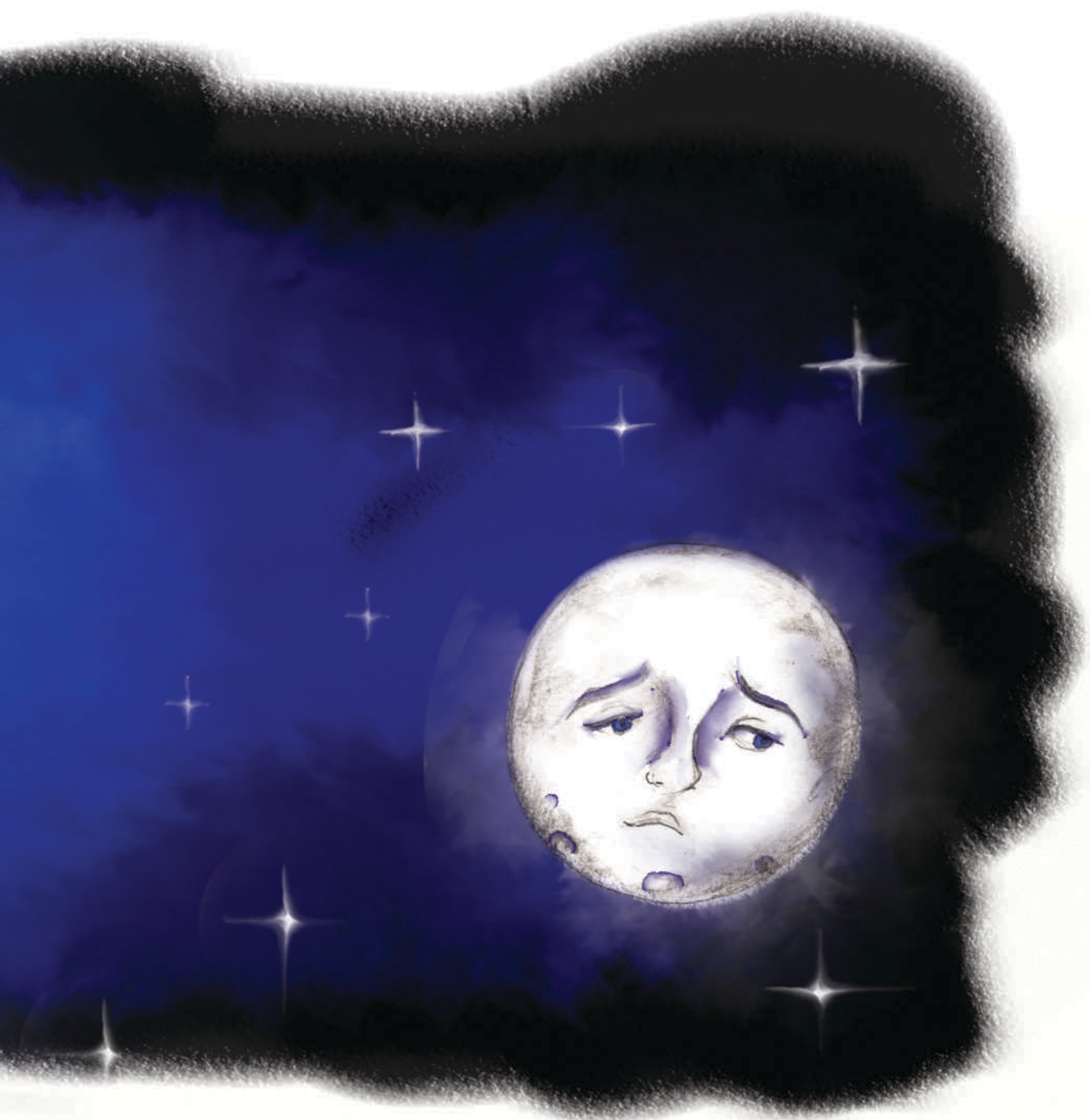
The sun was astonished at the change in the moon’s demeanor. “However?” the sun asked.





The moon lowered its eyes, sighed deeply, and did not respond.

“However?” the sun asked again. “Moon, speak to me! You must tell me.”





The moon looked up briefly and said, “No! Sun, I cannot and will not burden you with my tribulations. You are suffering enough with your own problems.”

The sun could not account for the moon’s reluctance. “Moon, if you are to help me, you cannot withhold anything.”

The moon sighed heavily. “Dear Sun, my concerns are trivial compared to your challenges. You will only laugh at me.”

“I will not!” the sun exclaimed. “Moon, I respect you.”





The moon turned toward the sun and said, “Very well. Then I shall tell you of my great sadness.” The moon paused and pretended to clear its throat. “Sun, I have grown quite tired of my life. While I enjoy helping mariners upon the seas and providing light to lovers walking under tree-covered lanes, I am bored. Though I have riches greater than kings and pharaohs, I am not happy. Honestly, I want to be alone.”

The sun was shocked by the moon’s confession.







The moon continued. “Am I content? No, I am not. Sun, know this. With countless friends and untold wealth, my life is exciting, but the excitement never ends.” The moon looked away and said, “As you know from lighting the heavens in perfect solitude, even the best of things gets old.” The night star spoke solemnly. “Sun, if I were in your position for only one day, I would be happy. Of this I am certain.”

The sun was in a state of disbelief. It never expected the moon to make such an admission. Moreover, the sun could not deny the moon’s wisdom.

“Yes, Moon, what you said is true. Sometimes having abundance becomes boring.”

The moon waited patiently and quietly.







Greed slowly filled the sun's heart. It thought about the moon's plight. The sun said to itself, "The night star is tired of both friends and riches, while I have neither. The moon is cold. I am hot. The moon wants to be alone. I want to have parties. I want to dance and sing. I want to have friends. I want to offer gifts and be merry. I want to have an abundant life!"

The sun sat in silence and thought of solutions. Then it had an epiphany.

"Moon!" the sun yelled. "I have an idea!"

The moon did not allow the sun's enthusiasm to wane. "Oh, great Sun, speak to me. Will you be able to help?"







“Yes! Yes! Yes!” the sun said excitedly. “My most worthy friend, allow me to take your place for one rotation around the earth. If you grant this wish, you shall be in the center of the heavens and enjoy solitude and serenity this very day!”

“You would do this for me?” the moon asked.

“Most certainly! Don’t you see? We can help each other.”

“Oh, Sun! If this were possible, you would be among friends tonight! You would own vast wealth! You would have a grand time.”

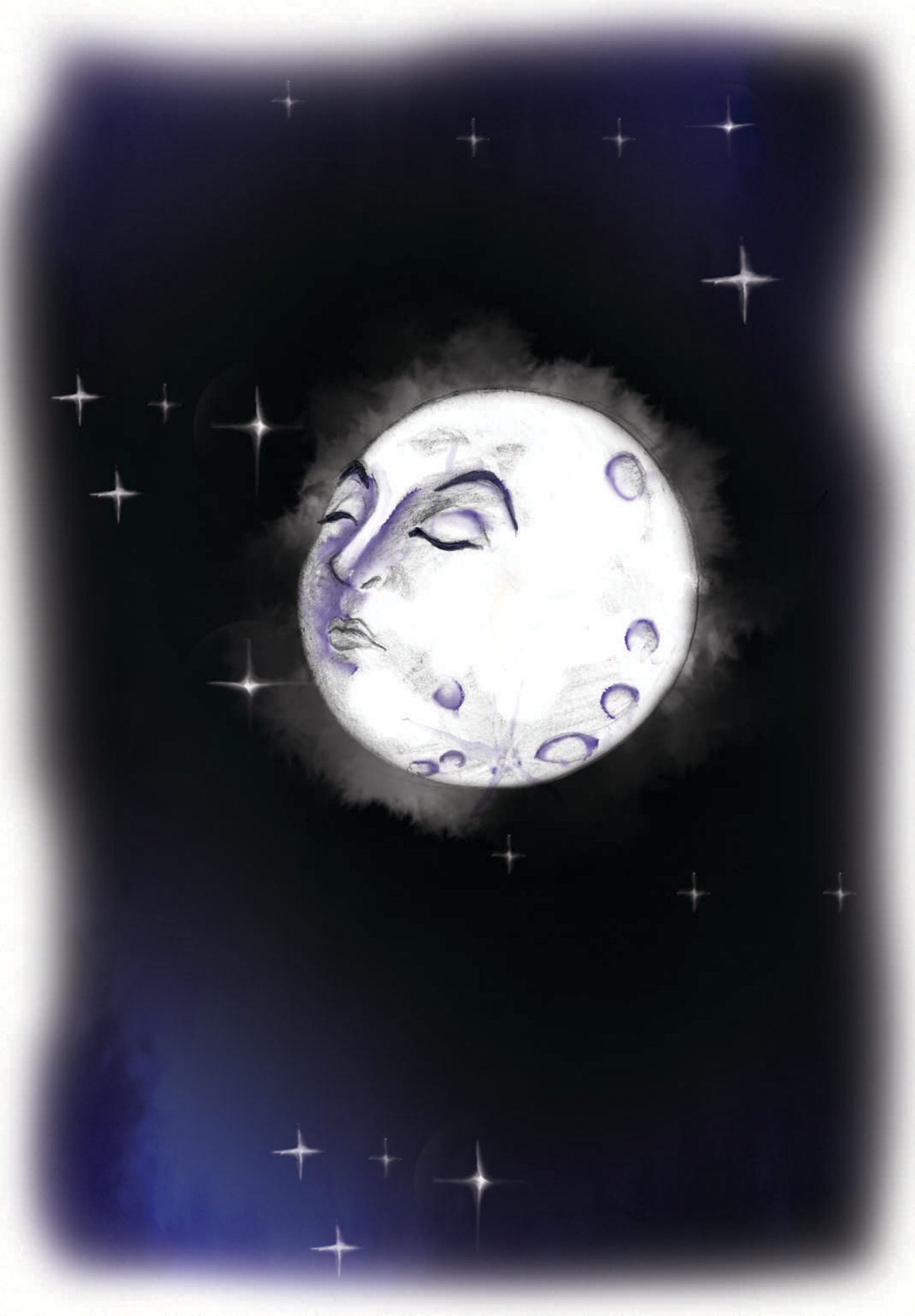
“Well, it is possible!” the sun said.





The moon pretended to ponder the idea and asked, “Oh, Sun, I don’t know. How will we exchange orbits?”







“Moon, that is simple. We will use the natural laws of physics. First, I will unravel my fiery cloak and throw one end to you. Once you grab hold, I will whip you toward the center of the universe. As you travel farther away, the other end of my cloak will pull me toward the earth. After I have completed your orbit, we will return to our original places using the same method.”

The moon was delighted with the sun’s explanation. “Oh, Sun, I can’t believe this is happening. I will be far away and alone. And you, almighty Sun, your wildest dreams shall be fulfilled.”



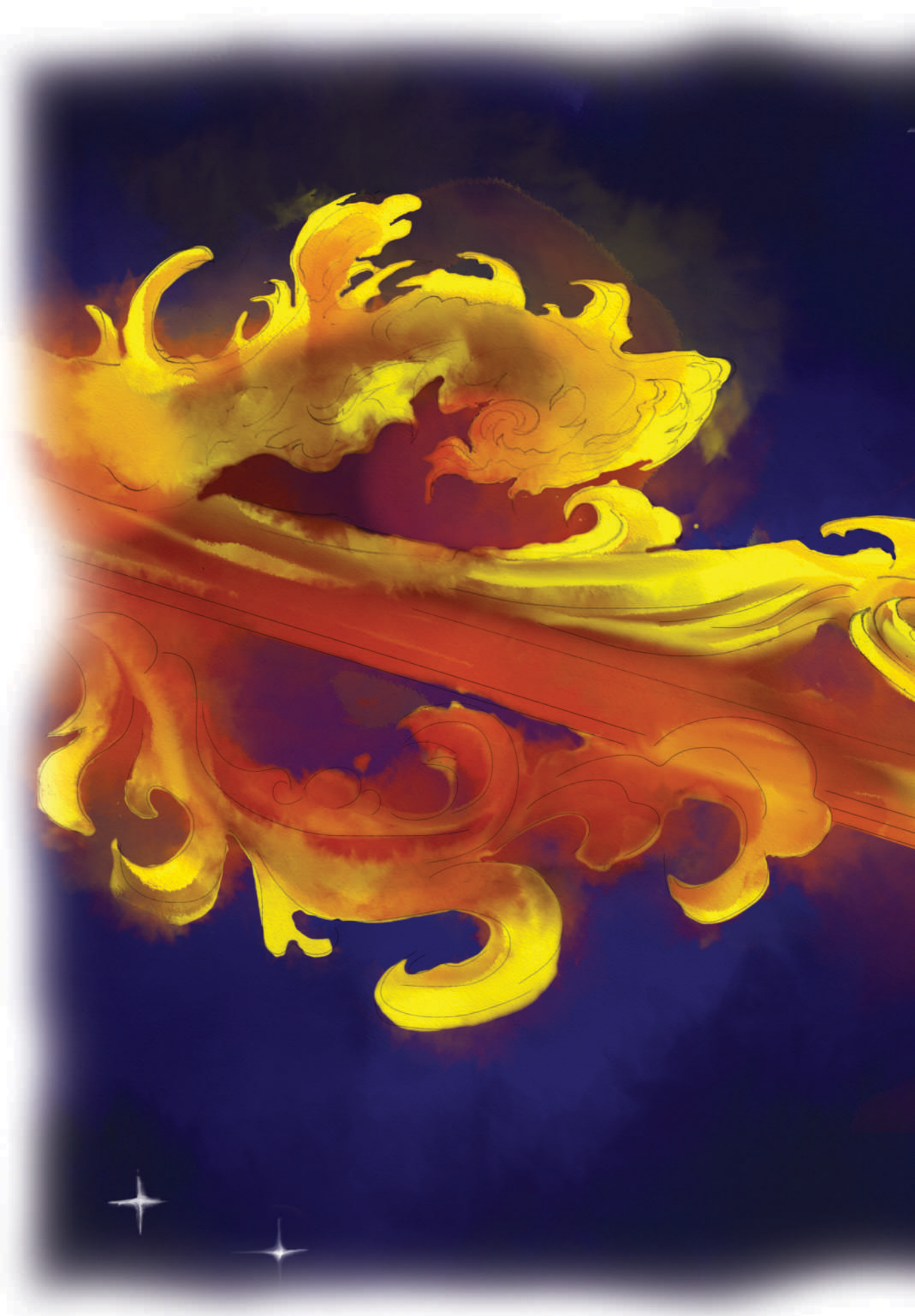


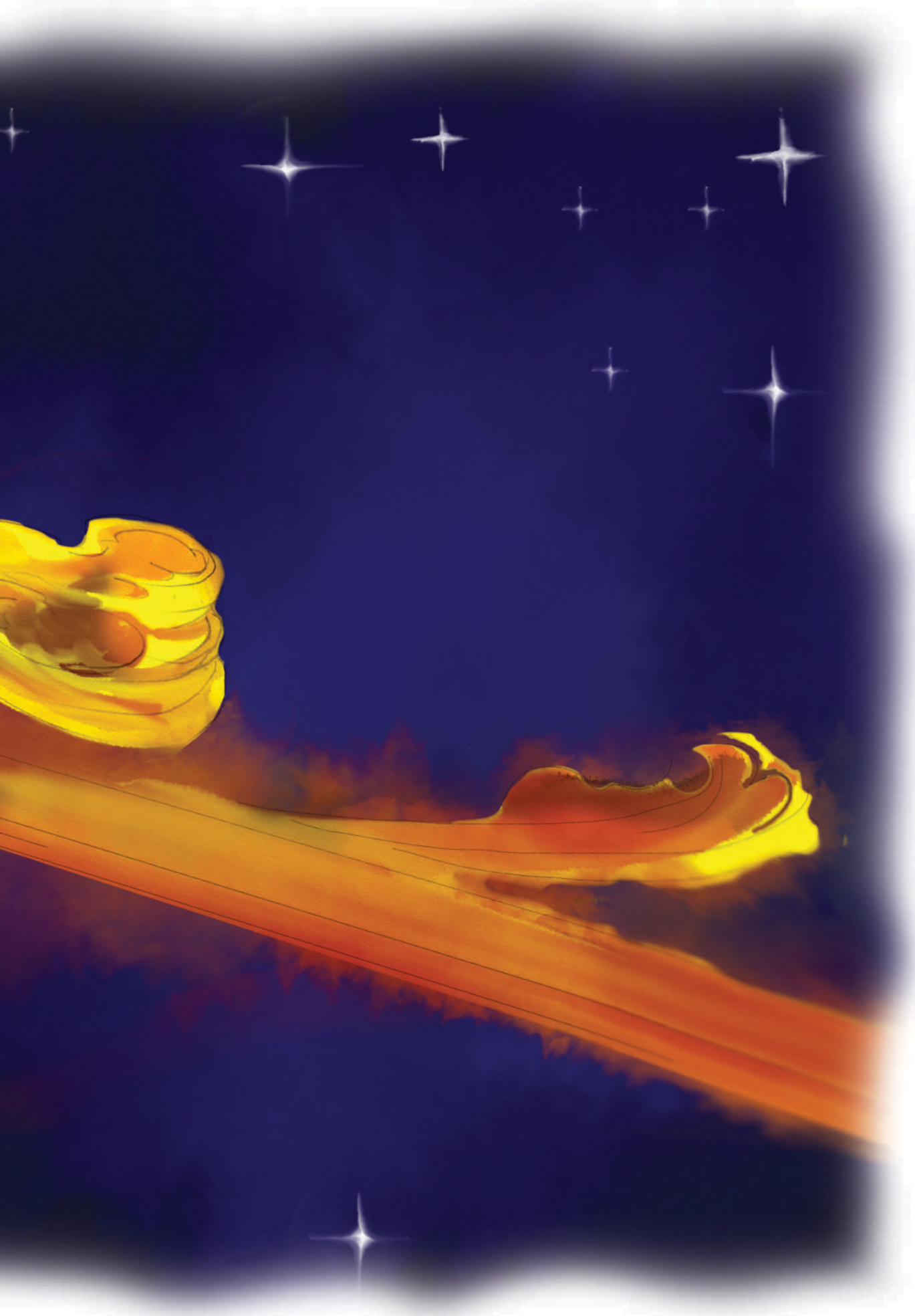
The sun did not hesitate. In a flash, it sent a string of fire across the heavens. A loud “Whoosh!” shook the galaxies. Winds raced in every direction. The stars stared in awe. Yet, within the chaos there was order.

The moon blinked at the sight and asked quietly, “Is the sun so gullible after all? Is the sun so foolish?”











When the fiery cloak was within reach, the moon grabbed it.

“Hold on tightly!” the sun yelled.

Heaving with all its might, the sun whipped the moon toward the center of the universe. No differently than a meteor flying to destinations unknown, the moon streaked across the sky.



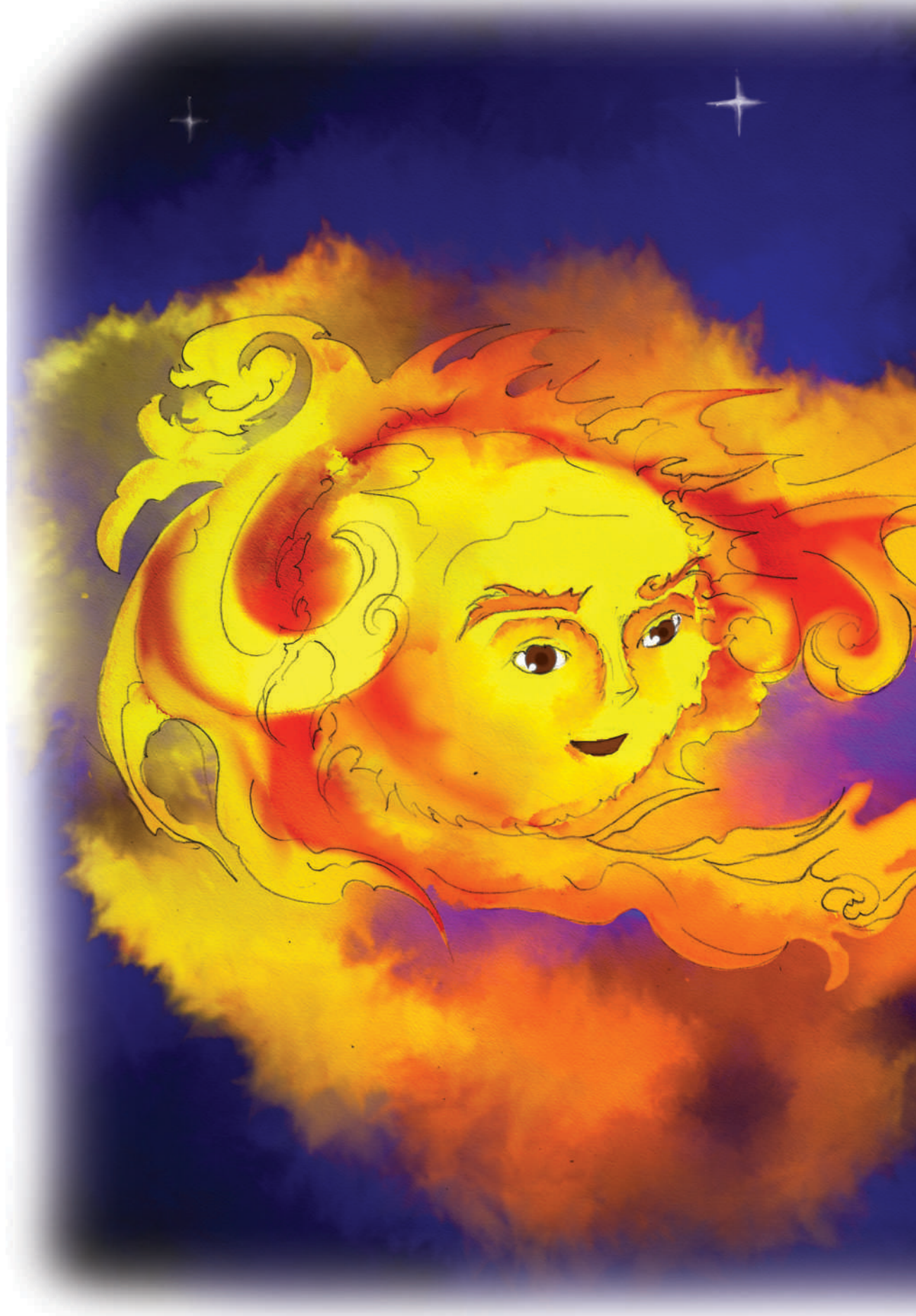


The sun shouted, “Moon of moons! Today you shall be the glorious sun! Today you will have solitude!”

The moon responded, “Sun of suns! Tonight you shall be the majestic moon of the night sky! My friends are waiting for you. With my riches, you shall have the most festive of nights!”











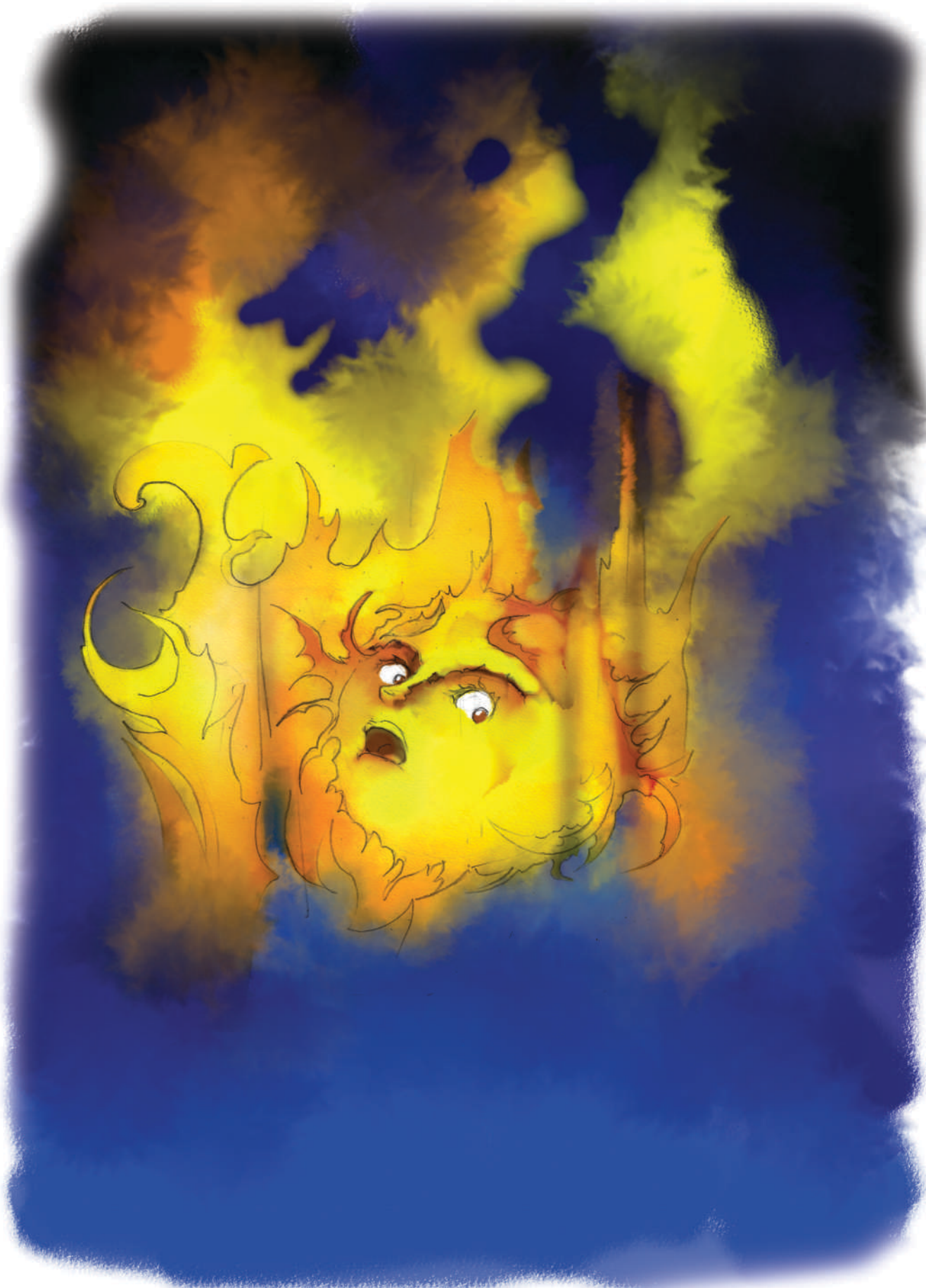


While the sun travelled toward the earth, it hummed a merry tune. It was distracted by a sense of wonder and promise.

The moon, however, remained focused and executed the last part of its evil plot. When it reached the center of the universe, the moon tugged the fiery cloak so violently that the sun lost control of the other end. Immediately, the moon wound itself into an enormous ball of fire.

The sun fell quickly and violently through the heavens until it hovered above the earth. The sun could not make sense of the sudden change.







Looking at the glorious ball of fire shining in the heavens, the sun asked, “Moon? What happened? What is happening?”

The moon did not respond.







“Moon, can you hear me? Please, I am begging you! I need your help!”

The moon ignored the sun’s plea.

Orbiting the earth, the sun paused and looked around and saw absolutely nothing. There were no friends. There were no riches.







The sun was utterly helpless. It panicked and struggled to breathe. "Have I been tricked?" the sun asked in a hush. The sun screamed into the night sky. "Moon! What have you done?" The sun began to weep. "Moon, come back! Come back, I say! Come back, you serpent! Moon, you have stolen my birthright!"

The sun cried out to its Creator and asked, "God, are you there? Have you not witnessed the greatest of thefts? Will you not help me?"

God did not say a word.







Full of despair and without hope, the sun shouted, “No! No! No! This cannot be!” The sun cried aloud, “Does anyone hear me? Will no one help?” The sun waited for a response before casting its gaze downward. “My hopes will never be fulfilled,” it said softly.





The sun, which is now the moon, cried until its many seas emptied. Regrettably, the sun had believed the moon's lies and ignored God's truth.











Where the heavens are as black as  
midnight and silence sings to weeping angels,  
the moon, which is lonely, poor, and cold,  
chases the sun with the hope of reclaiming its  
birthright.



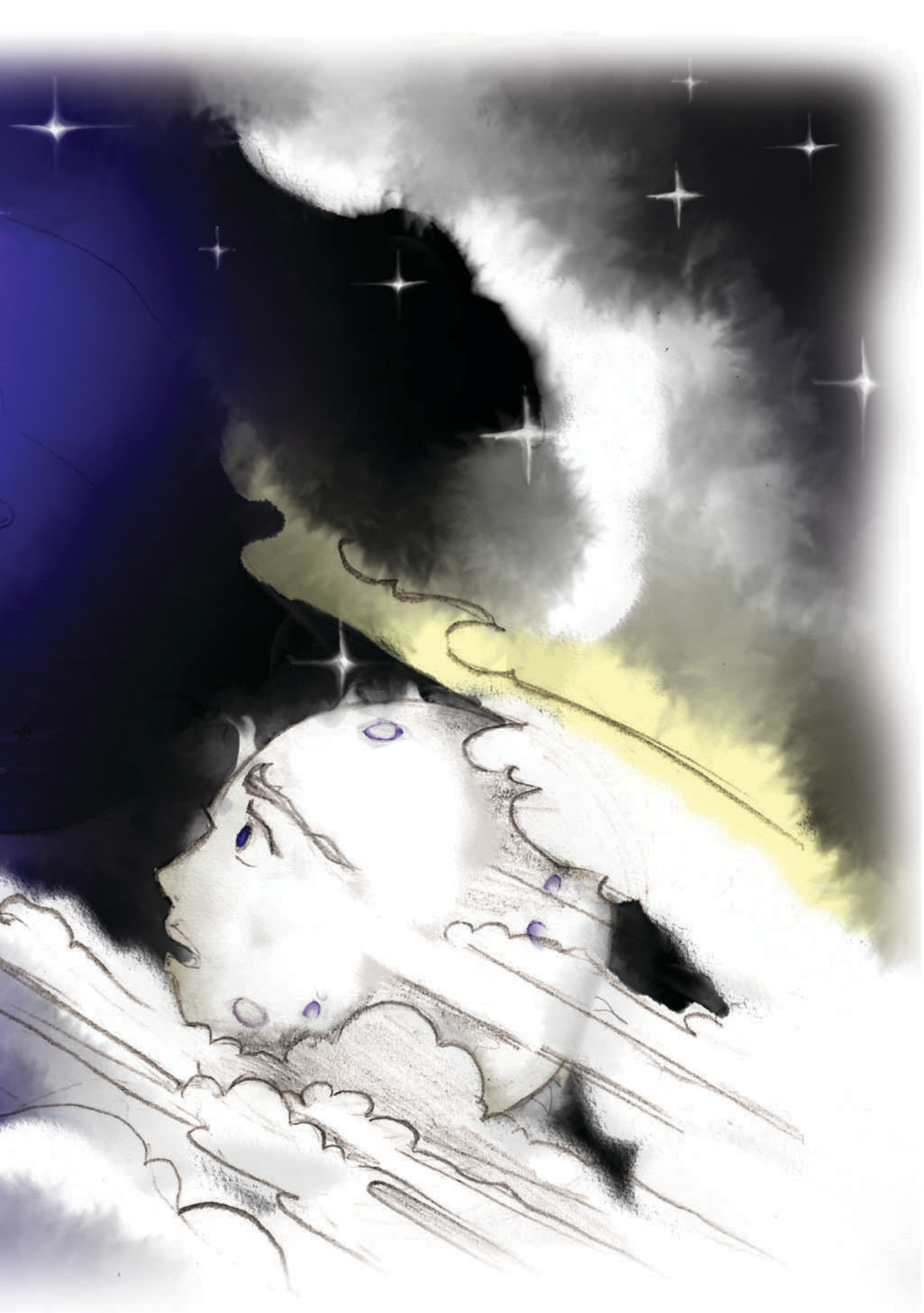


If you listen carefully, you will hear the bright star of the night sky repeat a warning for anyone willing to listen. "Treasure the gifts God gave to you. Use them well and never give them away."











Now you know why the moon chases the sun.







The End



## About the Author



James Bowers Johnson is the father of Cory, Heather, Timothy, and Emma. Born and raised in Virginia, he was graduated from the Virginia Military Institute in 1987 with a degree in English and French. As a Distinguished Military Graduate, he received a Regular Army Commission, served in the field of Military Intelligence, and was Company Commander for HHC, 748th MI Battalion, 704th MI Brigade, INSCOM.

In 2013, he was unjustly incarcerated for four years for allegedly failing to sign a piece of paper for the Federal Government. He wrote The End of Justice, which is a critical analysis as to why America is the most incarcerated country in the world.

He now lives in freedom in the wonderful country of Mexico.

# About the Illustrator

Farah Sajid is from Pakistan and has over thirty-five years of experience in traditional painting and digital arts. Self-taught, Farah is a freelance illustrator and storyboard artist. She has illustrated many children's books and is available by searching @immortellepk.