Anonymous Student

Mr. Haflin

Humanities

28 May 2015

Buenas Noches, Luna

It was a cold winter night and 4 year-old Anonymous was getting ready for bed. As I climbed into my comfy Temperpedic bed in my baseball pajamas, it soon occurred me that I would only doze off if someone read me a story. “Mom”, I called, “Would you mind reading me my favorite story?” She read me a book which made anyone my age sleep faster than melatonin. The short story made me sleep so fast that I hardly recall which part I dozed off too, because as soon as she began to read, I woke up the next morning! The story I refer to is *Good Night Moon* by Margaret Wise Brown, and the lullaby greatly impacted my childhood memories. I feel sorrow for children in the novel *Fahrenheit 451* by Ray Bradbury, in which all books are outlawed.

My mother used to read me the lullaby each night before I fell asleep. She would pull up a chair next to my warm and cozy bed and would open the small delicate book and read aloud each word as if it was the most thrilling yet calming story ever. Normally I would pour myself a glass of warm milk before she read, then I would proceed in drinking while she read, but due to the lullaby sounding so soft and soothing to my ears, most nights I would only drink half of my milk, and wake up in the morning only to discover that my mother had thrown the glass into the dishwasher for me. I can vaguely remember the content of the story. The book tended to rhyme everything in a way I found it appealing to listen too. In the novel the protagonist was a young bunny whom was preparing for sleep. As he did so, he said good night to everything. He wished that a lamp, some bears in a picture, fire, dolls even the mice in his room would all sleep tight. As the lullaby came to the end, I woke up. I never was fully able to stay awake during the duration of the book. If I ever was able to, I don’t quite remember the ending until I would physically read it the next morning. I did a little research recently and can safely deduce that the lullaby ended when the bunny wished, “goodnight noises everywhere” (Brown 28). Due to the bunny wishing everything goodnight and given my young age, I too hoped everything slept tight and did not let the bed bugs bite. *Good Night Moon* was the first lullaby ever read to me, that I can remember to this day, and the only one I ever recall falling asleep half way through in.

*Good Night Moon,* written by Margaret Wise Brown, is a young children’s picture book that I had been read to years ago by my mother, and that also had me catching Z’s before I could begin counting sheep. However, in the paperback *Fahrenheit 451* by Ray Bradbury, all books, even religious texts, are banned! Therefore, adults and even children cannot possess a single book, or their house will be burned down to ashes, then those very ashes will also be incinerated. Children, living in the world that is Fahrenheit 451, are never read a lullaby, which is quite depressing because they will never know the phenomenon of glimpsing at the moon outside one second, blinking, then gazing upon the sun the next.