

The Boy and the Moth



Çınar BİBER

The Boy and the Moth

Çınar BİBER



Leo was a boy who loved the night. When the house was quiet and the stars were out, he would tiptoe to his window with his small camera. The red strap hung around his neck, and his blue hoodie kept him warm. He took photos of the moon, the streetlights, and the dark shapes of trees. Night was full of secrets, and Leo wanted to find them.



One clear evening, a tiny visitor landed on the glass. It was a little moth, no bigger than a thumbnail! Its wings were pale cream with soft brown swirls, and two eye-like spots seemed to glow. Feathery antennae waved gently, and a shimmering dust sparkled on its wings. Leo held his breath. He raised his camera and clicked.



The next morning, Leo showed the photo to Mama. She adjusted her round glasses and smiled. "What a beautiful little creature!" she said. "You have a gift for finding hidden things." Leo's dark eyes sparkled. That night, he waited by the window again, hoping for another visitor. He didn't have to wait long.



A second moth arrived, this one with speckled grey wings. Then a third, with delicate stripes like tiny tiger stripes. Leo took photo after photo. His curly black hair was messy from peering into the dark, but he didn't care. Each moth was different, and each one was beautiful in its own way.



Leo began to notice more insects. A beetle with a shiny green back crawled up the wall. A lacewing with transparent wings rested on the curtain. Even a small spider spun a web in the corner, its silk shining like silver thread. Leo photographed them all. "I never saw you before," he whispered to each one. "But now I do."



Mama brought him a glass of warm milk. "You're up late again, my curious boy," she said, but she wasn't cross. She sat beside him and looked at the photos on his camera. "These are wonderful, Leo. You should share them." Leo thought about it. He had never shared his photos before. But maybe Mama was right.



The next day, Leo printed his favorite photos at the library. He hung them on a board in his room. Mama helped him, her gold hoop earrings jingling as she moved. "We could have a little exhibition," she suggested. "Invite the neighbors and your friends." Leo's gap-toothed smile grew wide. He liked that idea very much.



Leo worked hard to prepare. He wrote little labels for each photo: "Pale Cream Moth," "Green Beetle," "Lacewing." He arranged the pictures in neat rows. Mama made cookies, and the whole house smelled of cinnamon and sugar. Leo's red slippers tapped with excitement as he set up the display in the living room.



On the evening of the exhibition, the neighbors came. Leo's friends from school came too. They looked at the photos with wide eyes. "I didn't know moths could be so pretty!" said one friend. "This one looks like it's wearing a tiny mask!" said another. Leo explained how he had waited and watched, and how each insect had its own special beauty.



The little cream moth was the star of the show. Its photo hung in the center, with its glowing eye-spots and feathery antennae. People leaned in close to see the shimmering dust on its wings. Leo felt proud. He had found something wonderful in the dark of night, and now everyone could see it too.



A reporter from the local newspaper came to see the exhibition. She took a photo of Leo standing next to his display. "This is a wonderful idea," she said. "People don't often notice these little creatures." The next week, Leo's story was in the paper with the headline: "Boy Finds Beauty in the Night." More people came to see his photos.



Leo's teacher invited him to bring his photos to school. He set them up in the classroom and told his classmates about nighttime insects. "They're not scary," he said. "They're just small and quiet, like little secrets." His classmates asked questions and wanted to know how to take photos too. Leo showed them how to be patient and gentle.



One night, Leo sat by his window again. The little cream moth returned and landed on the glass. Leo didn't take a photo this time. He just watched it rest, its wings slowly opening and closing. He thought about how much he had discovered since that first evening. The dark wasn't empty at all. It was full of tiny, beautiful lives.



Mama came in to tuck him in. "You've had quite an adventure," she said, kissing his forehead. "You've taught us all to look closer." Leo nodded. His camera lay on the bedside table, ready for tomorrow. He closed his eyes and dreamed of moths with swirling wings and beetles with shiny backs. The night was his friend now.



The exhibition stayed up for a whole month. People came from other streets to see it. Leo added new photos each week. He discovered a moth with wings like fallen leaves and a beetle that looked like a drop of gold. Each one was a new treasure. And each one reminded him that beauty can appear in unexpected places.



So if you ever see a boy with a red camera strap and curly black hair, peering into the night, say hello. He might show you a photo of a tiny moth or a shiny beetle. He might tell you that the dark is full of wonders. And you might just discover that beauty is everywhere, even in the dark of night.