

THE MOONLIT PAGE

A Ribbon Above the Rooftops



At the little flower kiosk, Amara saved the short ends of ribbon in a tin. Most were too small for bouquets, but the blue pieces kept disappearing.

One afternoon she finally saw the thief: a crow, marching along the awning with a strip of blue satin in its beak.

Amara shut the till and followed it. The bird crossed the tram tracks, landed on a wall, and waited. She took a lane she had never used before, then a set of steps between two brick houses.

At the top was a narrow garden where three neighbours were repairing wind-damaged trellises. A length of blue ribbon hung between two empty posts. For an instant it floated perfectly level, though there was no breeze and nothing held it up.

The crow dropped its scrap beside a tangle of twine. One of the neighbours picked it up.

“We mark the youngest vines in blue,” she explained. “Otherwise I prune the wrong ones.”

Amara opened her tin. “I have enough short pieces for a small vineyard.”

She helped tie three markers before returning to her kiosk.

The crow watched from the wall. The next morning, beside the ribbons, Amara placed a shallow dish of water. The blue tin stayed open.

To remember

1. Blue scraps vanish from the florist's tin
2. Amara follows a crow by a new route
3. Neighbours need blue markers for fragile vines
4. She shares the scraps; the tin stays open.