

# Moonlight

A Full English translation is available.

月光

**Author:** Shih Cheng-Ting **Illustrator:** Shih Cheng-Ting **Publisher:** Tien-Wei Publishing

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**BFT2.0 Translator:** Sapphire Lain Ball

Under the moon's silver glow, a rabbit drifts through the night. An artist follows, his footsteps looping like a Möbius strip—never-ending, ever-seeking. In the hush of moonlight, anything feels possible. In this visually stunning, meditative picture book, readers are invited to wander alongside the artist on a journey. Each page shimmers with atmospheric illustrations that capture the surreal loveliness of the night.

For acclaimed illustrator Shih Cheng-Ting, moonlight has always been a source of wonder. As a young man, he often roamed the quiet streets until dawn, drawn to the stillness and mystery of darkness. *Moonlight*—the culmination of ten years of artistic dedication—was honored at the 2013 Bologna Illustrators Exhibition in Italy.



## Author Shih Cheng-Ting

Born in 1960, Shih Cheng-Ting has spent nearly three decades working from home as an illustrator and picture book creator. He frequently visits schools and libraries, inspiring children and adults alike with the joy of picture books and the magic of storytelling. Known for exploring diverse themes and experimenting with a wide range of materials and techniques, Shih's work has earned international recognition. His picture book *Moonlight* was featured in the 2013 Bologna Illustrators Exhibition in Italy.

# A Journey Beneath the Moonlight: A Note from the Author

by Shih Cheng-Ting

I have a slideshow I often use when giving lectures. One of the slides features an illustration from my 2013 entry in the *Bologna Illustrators Exhibition*—an image from the *Moonlight* series. The title of that slide is “Ten Years to Sharpen a Sword.” It reflects my belief that illustration and picture book creation require time—sometimes a very long time. In fact, when I first created that presentation, the *Moonlight* series had already been quietly developing for over a decade. And now, looking back again, another ten years have passed.

At the very beginning of this book’s creation, the opening text went like this: *On a moonlit night, I went on a journey. Outside the door, the moonlight*

*was sprinkled thinly over the grass and treetops, like powdered sugar on a donut. Listen—there’s the rustle of a rabbit hopping through the brush. Someone calls out to me in the silver glow.*

Wandering beneath the moonlight was something I used to do when I was younger. Between midnight and dawn, I would quietly slip out of the house. At first, I wasn’t used to the darkness outside. My vision was blurry, and I could only sense the shapes of objects and vague shadows. Everything was cloaked in uncertainty. A creeping sense of fear would cover my heart like a web of dodder vine. If I stopped moving, I’d only end up turning back. I feared stray dogs might leap out of the darkness. But as I kept walking, the

fear slowly faded, and a deep calm began to settle within me—like the quiet stream of water breaking through the surface tension of a still pond.

I often dream of riding a night bus along a pitch-black highway, the only passenger on board—a young traveler returning home. The warm night breeze of the southern countryside drifts in through a half-open window. I keep my eyes wide open, staring out into the dark. These dreams remind me of my time in military service, standing night watch, chilled to the bone by damp winds seeping through my collar. My breath would fog up my glasses, only to quickly clear again. Shadows in the bushes sometimes hid the howls of wild dogs. On moonlit nights, all the colors of the day would fade. The vibrant watercolor landscape would lose its hue, replaced by dull, muted tones—as if transformed into a monochrome woodblock print.

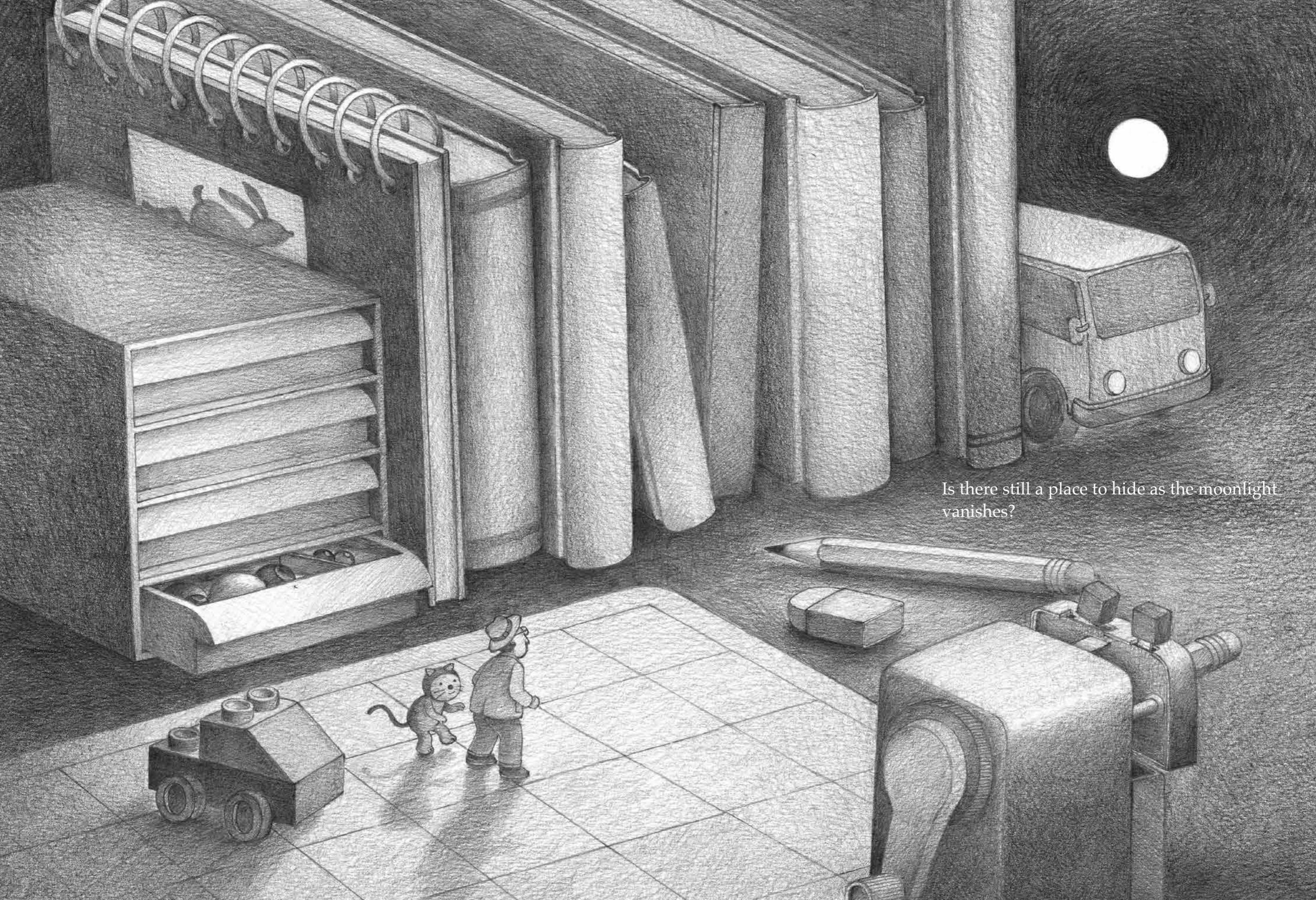
Back then, I worked from the balcony at home. Late at night, the moonlight was my constant companion. When everyone else was asleep, I often imagined what Robinson Crusoe might have said to the moon during his lonely nights on a deserted island. That’s when the idea came to me: *Let me paint a book*

*for the moon.*

The story of *Moonlight* reflects the emotions I experienced during those long nights of creation. The process felt like a journey—boarding a night train, drifting through a dream. During those hours, the darkness became my studio, the moonlight my silent music. The steady breathing of my sleeping family was the best company for a wandering dreamer. My desk lamp cast a harsh light—a reminder of reality—but when I turned it off, the moonlight outside became a gateway to imagination. My desk became a lonely island, and the tools scattered across it transformed into towering beasts. The tape dispenser before me—could it actually be a great ship, ready to cross the sea?

The body of a picture book is its illustrations, but its soul lies in the story. After more than a decade of quiet refinement, we are proud to release a brand-new edition of *Moonlight*. I invite you to join me on this shared journey beneath the moonlight.

*The note has been edited for the purposes of this booklet.*



Is there still a place to hide as the moonlight vanishes?

As moonlight slowly gives way to sunlight,  
the journey ends.

