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Julian and the Hidden Worlds

Book 4

The City of Two Moons



Book 4 · English edition

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Maps · Doors · Worlds · Connections

Two Lights, Different Needs

Dear children and everyone reading aloud,

After the Library of Unfinished Stories, the fourth Atlas journey leads to a city beneath two moons. Bread bakes in silver light; special flowers open in blue light. But the routes on both sides lie too close together.

Julian, Lio and Kaja meet Rika, Su, the messenger Len and the star cleaner Elian. A solution for the bakehouse does not yet serve the night garden. Even a good shared plan can overlook a little summit route.

The 25 chapters continue Book 3. Reading in order is recommended; important connections are explained again. The Atlas remains borrowed. Julian’s compass with its ten stars stays at home.

Moon warmth, star cleaning and light doors belong to this imaginary world. They do not explain real astronomy or baking methods. Adults handle building work, lamp rounds, mirror fixings and ladder checks. Children observe from approved places and record questions.

Read together and pause. Sometimes a question needs two answers from different places.

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CHAPTER 1

A Blue Light above the Desk



After breakfast, Julian’s ceiling shimmered blue. He had opened the fourth Atlas page. Inside it, the two moons stood close together.

Kaja knocked at the window. She carried the blue moon lamp and her little postlamp. “Len lent us his moon lamp at the library. Today’s letter route opens through its light.”

Lio sat up. “Preferably the light that doesn’t dazzle me.”

They spread a cloth beneath the Atlas to protect its pages. Julian took the book, his notebook and pencil.

When Kaja raised the blue lamp, its light became a doorway. Beyond it stood a city on a round hill. The left side was bright silver; on the right, houses rested in soft blue darkness.

At the boundary, two women argued over a lantern.

“The night side is taking our light!”

“The day side won’t let us sleep!”

Julian stayed by the door. First, he wanted to know why the same lantern caused two such different problems.

Kaja checked that the ground beyond the light door was complete. Then she placed the blue lamp in Len’s waiting hands. The messenger belonged to the city; his lamp should stay with him.

Julian stepped onto the firm threshold. One woman held a pale loaf, the other a flower with curled leaves. Both looked like real problems.

He opened his burgundy notebook without adding a heading that claimed a solution. Lio waited beside his shoe until somebody could explain the place.

CHAPTER 2

The Baker at the Bright Edge



On the bright side, Rika baked bread. Her oven had grown cold because the silver moon lamp above the baking lane kept being covered.

“Here, we bake with moon warmth,” she explained. “That’s our rule. Without light, the dough stays raw.”

Julian studied the pale loaves. This was not an argument about a little brightness.

Kaja traced the lamp’s route. A broad blue sail kept moving across it.

Rika wanted to pull it down.

Lio looked at the tall post. “Perhaps first find out who sits beneath it.”

Rika led them to the edge. On the other side stood a sleeping house. Little night moths were curled beneath the sail.

Julian recorded both things: Bread needs moon warmth. Night moths sleep without silver light. He had no solution yet, but did not want the first observation to push out the second.

Rika opened the bakehouse so they could compare. The first tray had warmed under clear silver light. The sail’s shadow had covered the oven during the second batch.

Julian touched neither oven nor trays. He drew their positions from a safe distance. Kaja asked how long the light route needed to remain clear.

Rika showed the marks on her kitchen strip. “Not all night. But long enough to bake properly.”

Julian added the duration. A bright patch on his map did not yet tell them whether Rika could bake there.

CHAPTER 3

The Night Gardener



The second woman was called Su. She tended flowers that opened only in blue moonlight.

“Our garden used to lie behind the hill,” she said. “Now it’s right in front of Rika’s oven.”

On the Atlas drawing, both sides had been folded into a little circle. The hill between them was missing.

Su showed Julian a flower. Its leaves were scorched pale.

“I put up the sail so at least some plants could rest.”

Rika folded her arms. “And my bread?”

Julian pointed at the drawing. “Perhaps both of you have less space than before.”

Kaja fetched the messenger with the two moon lamps. Len guided the lamps around the hill each night.

“The routes have slipped on top of each other,” he confirmed. “I can’t take either lamp far enough from the other.”

Su led them along the firm border path, not across the beds. In the blue light, some flowers stood wide open. Where silver light entered through the sail’s gap, leaves had curled.

“Should the sail stay for ever?” Kaja asked.

“Most of all, I want a suitable place for the plants and the sleepers behind them,” Su replied.

Julian wrote that wish beside Rika’s baking times. The two notes did not fit over each other yet. He still let them stand side by side instead of crossing one out because it made the other difficult.