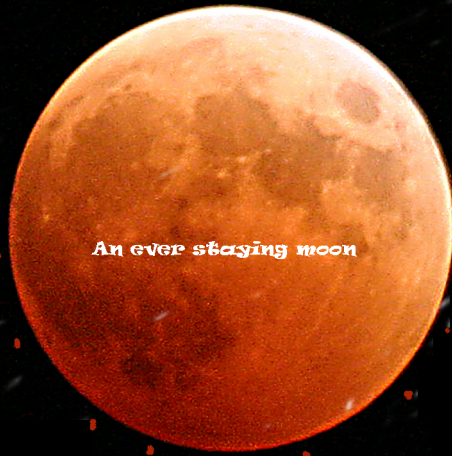


# Moon Drop



An ever staying moon

# Moon Drop

Jenna Toff

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“Has it ever occurred to you, how the moon glows?” I asked, laying on the side of a hill, watching the moonlit sky. I turned to look next to me, where Chad had been, though he wasn’t there anymore. “CHAD!” I cried out and jolted up, to attempt to try running to trip almost immediately. There was a laugh nearby as I grumbled a little, for me to crawl up the hill, to see Chad giggling on the other side. “Why did you move?”

“Don’t think about it.” He said, and then yawned a little bit, “It’s a bit chilly, do you think we could finally go inside?”

“It’s so beautiful outside though.” I sighed, for him to get up, then pull me back to my feet, and walk us back to the home of our friend that was having a party that we both decided to ditch for a bit in order to gaze at the night sky. I had been surprised that no one else joined us.

“How were the stars?” Cheryl asked as we came back in through the sliding door, no one seeming to even be on the porch anymore.

“Cold.” Chad stated, “Lark was freezing, so she was rubbing against me the entire time.”

“I was not. And I wasn’t even cold.” I huffed, and Cheryl grabbed my hand before complaining that it was freezing cold, and scolded me for trying to tough it out so long.

“It’s going to snow tomorrow.” Chad mused, as he

looked back outside, and we started to strip ourselves of our heavy coats.

"I wonder if we'll still be able to see the moon." I muttered, looking back towards the moon, feeling it call towards me. Neither seemed to recognize me saying anything, and we went back to where the party was going on, at one point being passed a drink, and then another after that one was finished.

We woke up the next morning, some people hung over, a bit of a mess, some bodily fluids outside of the body that would have to be cleaned up one way or another, and unfortunately no where near a bathroom.

After everyone was fed breakfast, Cheryl and I were on check-up duty, making sure people who were leaving were in a good state of mind, and anyone driving was sober, with next to no alcohol left in their systems. We were left to take care of anyone not fit to leave, as well as to clean up the mess that was left.

As the day ended, more individuals leaving, it was eventually just Chad, Cheryl and me left, lying on the now-clean floor, watching the fan blades swirl around above us. After a while, my eyelids grew heavy, and I found myself drifting into sleep, but was consciously awake enough to feel a warm hand envelope mine, and hear as Cheryl's parents came home, and comment on how well we cleaned up, as it didn't look like there was a party. Her father mentioned that you can't see anything but the snow tonight, hearing that, I curled into myself and moved my hand away from the hand that held mine.

“It’s going to be really clear in the morning.” He mentioned, as though that was supposed to help. I’m not sure how he thought it would be helpful. I cared about the moon.

Morning came, and the sun was out as he said, the snow in just a little layer over everything outside, which Chad and I had to trek in different ways to get to our cars to leave in our separate directions.



“Do you ever think it’s trying to talk to us? As though it’s talking in light waves?” I asked, looking over to my elder brother as we were watching the moon, since it was the only thing that I did that he was fine with doing with me.

“I think it’s talking to you.” He told me, and placed an arm around my shoulders, “It’s asking for your devotion, because it wants to take you there when your time is ready.” I leaned into him a little, wondering if there was any truth in that statement. He would always say things to either make you feel better or to make you look stupid, which sometimes often ended being both.

That conversation actually happened a number of times, the wording slightly different each time. I would be called stupid, or be told that the moon will make me grow wings, or that I’m actually a werewolf so I’m just talking to the moon all the time, especially when it’s a full moon. Sometimes it was almost as though I waited for the moon to be full, each month.

The moon was how the days had been told, its waning and waxing showing the difference from day to day, and the new month would be called as the moon was new again. It changed every day, but it was always much more beautiful than the sun, who’s rays were too bright that they would burn the pupils and iris at a mere glimpse. The moon you could gaze at forever, if it didn’t leave at the



end of the night. The rare days when the moon came out early, showing it's beauty compared to the sun, were days I couldn't help myself but sit in the light, watching that funny moon.

"What if there are different moons, and we only see one of them at a time?" I asked my brother.

"There are different moons." He stated, "Most planets have their own. I even have my own."

"You have a moon?" I asked, for him to stand up in front of me, then pull his pants down enough for me to see his bare bosom in my face. "None of those moons!" I cried out, and slapped at his hip to get him to move away, and hopefully put his pants back in their rightful spot. He first brought his pants up, to hide the moon he had (thankfully) before he returned to his spot in the grass.

"Don't ask such silly questions." He sighed, and rubbed at my hair.

"They aren't silly questions." I complained, and swatted away his hand.

"Could have fooled me." He laughed, and we continued looking at the sky, some of the stars playing around as one would sometimes twinkle a little brighter for a moment. "Maybe you need to become an astronaut, so you can find all the answers to your questions about the moon."

"Maybe I should." I sighed, "But I like studying astronomy."

"What are you going to do with astronomy?" He asked.

"I'm going to find more moons." I cried out, and he pushed me over.

We were eventually called in for dinner, before we had to go to bed soon after. “Maybe I can find some way to the moon.” I wondered by myself as I gazed out of the window, before I clenched my hand and decided that I will determine myself to find a way to the moon, with or without becoming an astronaut. Becoming an astronaut would probably be the most logical means of getting to the moon though. At the very least though, I could always visit in my dreams.