

Moon

By K. E. Ward

They called her Moon. She had long, straight, black hair, and blue eyes. She was medium in height, with a small frame and a little less curves than she wanted at her age. Moon wasn't her real name, but after an identity crisis at the age of fifteen, she decided to change it at the same time as entering a new school, beginning in the tenth grade, her sophomore year of high school. She was now entering her junior year, and by now had met a number of friends, and also Jason, who was her boyfriend, who she also thought was her true love.

But Moon was a strange one. She thought of herself as a psychic, and wanted to be a famous psychic one day. She also wanted to be a fashion designer, actress, and teacher once she graduated from college. She tutored, babysat, made great grades, and had the boy of her dreams.

Moon was walking down the hallway on a Tuesday around ten o'clock, in between classes, when she briefly passed Jason. He smiled at her, and she said, "Hi."

"Hi, girlfriend," he said. He had that shy and yet personable smile. His hair was curly and medium brown. His eyes were emerald green.

"I meant to tell you something," she said. "Will you meet me after school?"

"Sure, Moon." And they left each other to go to their next classes.

You see, Moon was receiving a recurring vision. She was never asleep when she received this vision. In it, she was in the dark, in a graveyard. The weather was dry but humid. By the light of the moon, she could see that the thick clouds were a bit gray, though. It was very late, maybe after eleven at night. She walked through mist onto a hill in the cemetery. There, she saw the headstone of a man she did not know. Curls of dark smoke came out of the grave and became hands, which reached out to her. And then she crumpled on top of the plot, and was dead. That was the end of the vision.

Moon did not want this vision to come true. She thought she would tell Jason about it, but as she was daydreaming in Pre-Calculus class, she thought she might not, because Jason didn't even know she thought she was psychic, and that she dreamed of being a famous psychic. Maybe he would think she was not in her right mind.

So, when she met Jason after class, she told him, "I meant to tell you I love you." And he smiled. And she still believed it was true love. They did not go over to her or his house that

afternoon, because Jason had football practice, and Moon needed to catch up on her homework. But she was so happy that she told him that, and that he liked it, that she was euphoric on the entire walk home, which was almost a mile.

That evening, Moon received the vision again, only stronger. She could see herself from behind, as though she were having an out-of-body experience, and she was dirty. Her hair was oily, her clothes had dirt on them on the knees and elbows, and her skin was dirty, too. Again, she approached the grave, the smoke-hands reached out for her, she fell onto the grave, and then she was dead. On the grave of a man she never even met, whose name was, "Adam Frederick Williams."

Moon's father was a politician. He was a United States representative for the state of Connecticut. He was admired for his views about the economy, family values, and the environment. Unfortunately, a reporter had discovered that her father, Rep. Jacob Edwin, had been having an adulterous affair. It was all over the papers, local and national, and on the television, local and national. Moon was humiliated. Her mother was devastated. There were fights in the house, and her mother often

talked about divorce. That summer, they finalized her divorce, and her mother planned to put Moon into a different school. Moon did not want to go by the same name. She hated what was happening to them.

Her brother, Jamie, did not take it nearly as well as she did. He committed suicide on a rainy Friday night and their lives were even more shattered.

Moon did not want her vision to come true. She prayed that God would stop it from happening. She decided she would do the opposite of everything she saw in her vision: she would not go into a cemetery, especially at night. She would avoid anyone by the name of, "Adam." She would not, for a moment, let herself believe that this was her fate.

The next day, which was Wednesday, Moon went looking for Jason. She could not find him anywhere, until she saw him in a corner of a hallway reading the school paper.

"Hi, Jason!" she called.

He looked up from reading the article about the latest school play.

"Can you come over to my house today?" she asked.

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