

THE
Moon Thread



Chapter 1- Moon Girl

Luna collapsed on her bed. She was tired from the day's events. Her long, black hair had escaped from the hair tie. It stretched all the way down to her hips, but it was still contained a bit, though, with a small purple headband sitting on the top of her head. Luna wore a little pink dress with a white petticoat and a white apron. It was a very modern look, but she liked it. In this time, there was no electricity, so she had to use candles. Luna placed the candle she had on her nightstand, and took out the book *the Magician's Nephew* from the drawer. She read until her mother called her down for dinner. They had cornbread, along with fresh beef and broccoli. The broccoli was coated in butter, and the buttermilk left over went on the cornbread. Luna was starving, so she gobbled it all up. She washed up after dinner and said her prayers. The candle on her nightstand slowly burned out, and the smell of wax wafted around Luna's room. She changed into her white nightgown and opened her window to look at the moon. It greeted her with a glow of white, casting a shadow upon the still land. Luna loved the moon. She loved it because she could tell stories about it, look at its glistening figure in the sky, and most of all because of her name. The name Luna was perfect for a moon girl like her.

Chapter 2- A Gift For Luna

The next morning, Luna woke up happily. She had dreamed of what she saw last night. She dreamt the moon stretched out its palm and Luna climbed on. All she could think of was the moon. Good thing it was Saturday and she didn't have to go to school. But Luna did have to do chores. She swept and she cleaned. She dusted and mopped, scrubbed and dried until she couldn't clean anymore.

Suddenly the doorbell rang.

"Hello," cried Luna.

"Hi," said the delivery man standing outside the door. He had a brown bushy mustache, and he was wearing beige corduroys with a red flannel shirt, "I have a delivery for Luna Smith." He showed her a small blue box with a white ribbon, and tied to it was a small sheet of paper, probably a telegram, Luna thought.

"That would be me," replied Luna with a smile, "Thanks for delivering this!"

She took the box with the paper tied to it, stepped inside the house and closed the door.

Luna placed the box on the table, and lit a candle so she could see the contents of the beautiful delivery. Easily slipping the ribbon off, she unfolded the slightly yellowed piece of paper, and she saw that a message was written in a beautiful hand. It said:

Luna Smith:

I know that you turn thirteen tomorrow, so I wanted to do something special for you. Here is a small gift I hope you enjoy, but I do warn you, child, it is magical. It can change your life instantly, and you could be in danger. I thought you are responsible enough for it, and it will suit you under the right circumstances. Have fun with it, though. Just note too much fun causes consequences.

Yours truly,

Papa

Luna pulled back the note from her face. It was weird. What gift would be so dangerous? She had also forgotten that her birthday was tomorrow. Thirteen. "So grown up." As others would say, Luna gently lifted the lid of the box. Inside the box was a tiny silver thread. Luna grasped it in her hand. It was just a normal thread. Then, it wasn't.

Chapter 3- Memories

Luna closed her eyes. It had felt like she had been whisked clean off the ground. Her dress changed into a beautiful white gown, and sitting on Luna's head was a crown of white flowers, and she wore white high heels. She had never seen anything more beautiful in her life. She was in a different world. All around her were stars, shining in the sky. They seemed so close and real Luna could hardly believe it. Below her, whatever she was standing on, had craters. The platform was white. And then she understood. Luna Smith was standing on the moon.

She looked out into the distance. A small, moonlit starry border was surrounding an image. It showed Luna as a baby, stretching her tiny fists out to a cupcake. It was a memory. When she tried to remember it, it vanished. Even so, Luna had the best time.

When she returned home, she wore the same outfit, and then her mother asked her,

"Luna Smith! Where have you been?"