

Moonlit (Short Story) - Vivian Calvet

The moon had a strange aura around it tonight. It was not a regular white haze like before, tonight it was blue. Twinkling and swirling around the dark night sky. We are staying at an older, brown, wooden cabin surrounded by trees; however, we're not in a forest, we are on the water, directly on the intercoastal. More fire flies are beginning to appear everywhere, more than usual, probably due to the humidity and light from the moon. It has been really busy the past few weeks, having to stay somewhere so humid and sticky really wears you out. I can't sleep right now, I've been trying for almost two hours at this point, something just doesn't feel right. This whole trip has felt off, we have to this house almost every summer except for last year, when its true owner passed. See, we are only renters, and that's for only 3 months every year, June, July, and August. 3, my favorite number. Out of boredom, I might as well just walk around outside, it's not like I'll be falling asleep soon. I have to be careful considering it's 2:00 in the morning. The rest of my family is still asleep upstairs, lucky for me, my room is the only one downstairs. All I have to do is creep out through the kitchen and out the side door, which leads to the dock. The wooden floorboards creak underneath my feet as I try to tip toe to the door. I slowly open the door and step outside, a cooler breeze hitting as I approach the water. Our dock had all of the usual things, fishing gear, a tiny motorboat, and some floaties. Some of the neighbor's kids came over to play with my younger siblings and they forgot to put the floaties back in the garage. Anyways, I sit down and put my feet in the water, it's crazy how fast everything can switch up. Just hours ago this place was crowded and noisy, but now...all you can hear are the cicadas buzzing in the trees. I look up and over as the moon lays above the water, a floating, blue orb is forming in front of me. It keeps swirling and more little streaks get added, more keep

Moonlit (Short Story) - Vivian Calvet

forming, almost making a path. What happens if I follow it? Should I go? The light from the orb closest to me turns around and shines its light on me, the light in the same shape as the light from a flashlight, not a straight line, but kind of triangular. There is another issue with this though, it's floating... over the water. I pick myself up and try walking back to the house, but one of the orbs moves in front of me, blocking me, trying to stop me from leaving. It was only getting later, my family would be worried if they all woke up and I wasn't there, and I do not want to worry them on our vacation, but this is all so strange. When the forecast said blue moon, I was expecting a special moon, something like the Harvest Moon, not a moon that is actually the color blue. On top of that, there are floating orbs (also blue), forming a path, trying to get me to go down it. This has to be some kind of sign right? What kind of sign, I honestly don't know, but it has to mean something. I turn around and some of the orbs form another path to the motorboat. Out of frustration and mostly curiosity, I follow them and prepare the motorboat. I fill up the gas and untie the rope, connecting it to the dock. The boat was red and black, some of the red peeled off from being used all this time, mainly by the former owner, but sometimes by my grandpa and I. He is the reason why I actually know how to use this thing. It's crazy to think that I was 12 when I first learned how to steer, now I'm 18 and heading to college in about two months. Now that is besides the point, I start the boat and head down the path. From here, it looks like it leads north up the intercoastal and to the other side. It should only take about 30 minutes, not too bad. More and more orbs begin to form in front, guiding me to an area I haven't been to before. As I steer up the stream, a salty scent takes over and fills up the air. Later on, it feels like we have been going on for ages, I check my watch and see that it is almost

Moonlit (Short Story) - Vivian Calvet

four in the morning. I reach the end of the water path and the orb shows up on land, on the shore of the other end forming the intercoastal. Really? All of this when I could have just gone straight across from my house and saved half the time. Another one of the orbs mutates and turns purple, it moves all the way past some trees and into an area surrounded by 3 dark gray statues with a black willow tree in the middle. Each statue resembles a person. One a man with a sword and a cloak, tied on his left shoulder, the next a woman standing in a regal position wearing a gown with a train the back, also wearing small heels with bows on the back at each one, and the third another man, but younger, maybe around 20 wearing a soldier's uniform with the same sword as the first man. There are no plaques explaining who or what any of them are, they are just all forming a shape around the black willow tree. I approach the center and the tree starts to glow, the leaves and branches moving and enclosing the space, creating something almost like a tiny room. All of a sudden, a man walks out from behind the tree, kind of resembling the third statue. I don't really think much of it, it's not like the statue was super unique, it just looks like an average guy you would find in the town. Anyways I jump back in fear and...

"AHH!" I scream.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you, but I need you to come with me," he says.

"What are you talking about?! You haven't even introduced yourself, it's almost sunrise and you just jumped out of a tree!"

"Okay... hello, my name is Luke, I jumped out of this tree and yes I know who you ar—"

I interrupt him, "How, literally how do you know who I am, and just so I can properly introduce myself, my name is Sierra,"

Moonlit (Short Story) - Vivian Calvet

“I have been trying to find you for the past year and tonight the messages finally came through! But I understand you’re probably concerned at the fact that I do know who you are and also that I have been looking for you,” he states.

“That’s definitely cool...but by messages do you mean sending magical, sentient beings to my home?” I reply sarcastically.

“Yes, actually...I’ve been trying to get through because it’s something really urgent.”

“Like what! What is so important to the point where you find my house and figure out my whole identity!” I explained.

He pauses for a moment, the willow tree room moving and the blue haze glowing brighter.

“Are...are you the one controlling this?” I ask.

He doesn’t respond again.

“Well, if you’re not going to answer I might as well just leave—”

“Wait!” He lifts his left hand and waves it right to further shut the enclosing of the tree.

“Yes, I am controlling it, I send the orbs, I control this area, but I have no control of your area of town. Just this little spot here with the statues. I am able to send things out though, if I want to get people’s attention,” he responds.

“Congratulations! You succeeded at grabbing my attention, but what for. You haven’t even answered any of my questions. Why do you know me? Why do you want *me*

Moonlit (Short Story) - Vivian Calvet

here?" We stop talking again for a moment and I check my watch. 4:30 in the morning, wonderful.

"The thing is I ow—"

"Again, I know you control and own whatever place this is, you're probably related to the statues, and you know who I am. If you're going to keep trying to obfuscate this, then I will just be on my way, my family is going to be waking up in probably two hours too."

"Fine, I'll get to the point, I just wanted to make things more dramatic," he says.

As if this wasn't dramatic enough! I got lured out here to a magical forest area with magical abilities on my summer trip! This sounds like something straight out of a fantasy. I don't say anything back, I just nod.

"The man who passed away that owned your house, or your vacation house? I still haven't found that out yet," he comments.

"Vacation house," I reply.

"He didn't die from being sick," he adds.

What do you mean, we have the papers? We needed them when we were dealing with the bank to buy the house," I say.

"He didn't die from that, I promise you," he adds again.

"Okay..." I wait.

"I killed him," after that he stops.

Moonlit (Short Story) - Vivian Calvet