

# New Moon

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Tomorrow was the arrival of the next new moon. "Cooking's hard work."

Donny mumbled to himself, as he cracked open an egg and poured it into a pan. For him, every single day was the same exact thing. He woke up, made breakfast, grabbed his tools, and worked in his backyard. His village may be small, but everyone had their role to play. Things only changed when the new moon was nearing. Placing the cooked egg onto a plate, Donny turned off his oven, and sat down at his kitchen table. He slowly tore the egg apart with a fork, slowly breathing as he mentally prepared himself for the day. With his other hand, he slowly ran his hand through his messy black hair. Suddenly, a loud clanking sound made Donny jump, his toast was ready. He did the same thing every single day, yet the sudden sound of his toaster usually managed to scare him. He quickly grabbed the toast, and placed it on the same plate as his eggs. Finishing his meal, he stood up and placed his dirty plate in the sink. The mundane tasks of daily life didn't bother him, yet he still felt irritated.

He went to his front door, put on his dirty boots, and swung open the door. Taking in the warm spring air, Donny felt revitalized. Stepping out, he heard his name being called out.

"Mornin' Don!" Donny knew exactly where the voice came from, as the same faces greeted him every single day. Right after the first greeting came a second,

"Heya Donny!" He turned to the left to see his neighbors sitting at their front porch enjoying the beautiful spring morning. The one who greeted him first was a tall blonde woman by the name of Lucina. Her hair was long and neatly kept. Sitting

right next to her was Zeke, Lucina's younger brother. Zeke was around the same height as Lucina, but he had a much stockier build. Silently, he waved to his neighbors. Donny was more focused on grabbing his tools, which he always left next to his front door. With a watering can in one hand, and a trowel in the other, he made his way to the farm in his backyard.

He always called it the farm but it wasn't actually that large, the village was small enough that they didn't need that many crops. He filled his watering can about halfway, as he expected that's all he needed. One by one, he watered the crops that needed it.

"Farming's hard work." Donny said as he lightly chuckled to himself. Watering his crops was Donny's favorite activity. Nothing brought him more joy in his simple life than seeing them flourish. Hours passed as Donny tackled different tasks around his small farm. Finally, he had finished maintaining his crops for the day. As he threw his trowel to the ground in victory, he flopped to ground and let out a sigh. With deep breaths in between each of his words he said: "Farming's.... hard.... work....."

Today, the sky was clear. The sun may have been harsh, but the beauty of a bright blue sky always made him appreciate the work he had completed. In the distance, Donny heard a familiar voice.

"Hey Donny, working hard?" He knew it was Zeke, who usually appeared shortly after Donny had completed his work.

“Hey...” Donny was still short of breath. Zeke gently placed a basket next to Donny’s head. Almost everyday, Zeke brought eggs that were produced from his chickens. “Thanks... Zeke..” Grinning, Zeke replied with a cheerful:

“Always happy to help!” Donny then struggled to pick himself up with his weakened legs. “Say Donny, the boys were going to gather at the bar tonight, you coming?” With a shocked look on his face, Donny replied with:

“Tonight? The new moon is nearing. Have you already made your preparations?” With an embarrassed look on his face Zeke spouted:

“Well... not exactly.. Lucina said she would handle them tonight..”

“I can't,” Donny quickly replied. “I haven’t even started mine. There was tension in the air. Zeke groaned and said:

“Fine.. Well, we can get together after the new moon.” With a small smile on his face, Donny nodded. Zeke waved, and started to walk into town. Gathering his tools and the eggs, Donny walked back to his front door. The sun was starting to set. The area around his house was usually lively at this time, but the ominous upcoming new moon scared his small village into hiding. He placed his tools next to his front door, stepped inside, and locked it.

Tonight was the arrival of the new moon. Donny woke up in a panic. He stared down at his hands, he watched as the sweat dripped off of his palms and onto his blanket. His vision grew blurry, tears began to fall into Donny’s hands. The tears slowly dripped off of his palms and onto his blanket. Donny had a nightmare, for him everyday began the exact same. Drying his hands on his blanket, Donny stood up and glared at his dresser. He grabbed the same shirt and pants combo he

wore everyday. The same schedule as everyday, he made eggs and toast, he put on his boots, and stepped outside.

There was no greeting this time. He turned to view his neighbors, but he only saw Lucina. She was looking away from Donny, clearly distracted by something. Not wanting to bother her, Donny grabbed his tools and went to his backyard farm once again. His day may always begin the same, but the day of the new moon was different. He didn't spend as much time tending to his crops, he needed to prepare. Grabbing some wooden planks from his backyard, Donny headed back to his front door. On the way, he saw Lucina again, she hadn't moved since this morning. He felt concerned for his neighbor, but the planks he was carrying were too heavy, and he didn't have the time. Pushing his front door open with shoulder, he tossed the heavy planks to the floor. Next, he needed his hammer, he always put it with the rest of tools so it wasn't far. Opening the front door, Donny heard a meek voice.

"Don.." It was Lucina. "Have you.." she paused, and glanced away, worryingly. "Have you seen Zeke today?" Donny realized that he hadn't seen Zeke today.

"No.. sorry I haven't" With a shocked look on her face, she looked right into Donny's eyes and said:  
"I haven't seen him since last night, I'm worried." Dread filled Donny's entire body, he was worried sick.

"I'm sure he will be back soon, did you make preparations for the new moon?" Lucina nodded, and while stuttering she spoke:

“I sh-should go I-look for hi-” Quickly, Donny interrupted:

“Zeke will be back before dusk.” Without saying a word, Lucina walked away back to her house. Donny was trying to not let the stress overwhelm him, but he didn’t believe his own lies. Donny grabbed the hammer that always layed next to his front door and took it inside. He placed it onto his kitchen counter next to the drawer that held the final thing Donny needed, Nails. Donny had begun his preparations. *BANG BANG BANG*, He nailed the wooden planks to his door. *BANG BANG BANG*, he nailed a plank to each of his windows. Donny could still see the sun seep into his house through the cracks of his windows. Letting out a deep sigh of relief, he knew his preparations were done. There was nothing left for Donny to do, so he sat down on his bed and waited. Time moved so slowly, he was too scared to make any noise, yet too intrigued to fall asleep. “Living’s hard work” Donny thought to himself. Hours seemingly passed, as the cracks of light that went through Donny’s windows slowly faded. Everything was dark. There was a silence that seemed to stretch for minutes, hours, years, decades. Muffled, yet still audible, Donny heard a voice.

“Z.....Is...t...you..?” He fully couldn’t understand what they were saying, but he recognized that timid voice. Slowly, Donny crept through his house in an attempt to reach the front door, in the hope he could hear the voice more clearly. Nearing his door, he heard the same voice. “Ze... please ans.. me.. say someth....” As he reached his door, he heard the blood curdling shriek of Lucina. Donny fell to the floor, *SLAM* he knew could be heard by his neighbors. He held his hands over his mouth in a feeble attempt to not make any noise. He was holding back his

tears, but doing a terrible job of it. Slowly, he heard the sounds of two sets of footsteps approach his front door. He barely had the strength to breathe, he felt like he was going to throw up. *Knock knock knock*, someone was at his front door. The same voice he heard every morning let out a faint: "Don..." He recognized that voice as his neighbor's, but he knew it wasn't her.