

The Legend of the Moon Excerpt

By Kelsey Ross

The world was still young when the moon was born.

Although the first woman had long since left Mother Earth's soils and joined Father Death in the next world, humankind was just forming into small villages, coming together just as they were taught.

It was in one of these villages that the moon took her first breath. For you see, Moon was not created as Sun, Storm, and Fire were, moulded by the Great Mother and Father, she was born from a human womb and brought into this life in the same way as you or I.

However, although Moon was born in the way of you or I, she was not as you or I. Her eyes shone silver, glowing with light that would illuminate the darkness within the deep forest cover and caves where the people hid from Sun's heat. She had silver hair, but not in the way elders lose the colour of their hair. Her's was vibrant and bright, having the same glow as her eyes. It was metal made thread. It never snapped when pulled and could not be cut, not even with the strongest implements known to us. Even her skin was different, as smooth and white as fine porcelain. When the moon was born, she was pale and silent instead of red and wailing.

Yes, though she was born of two humans in the way of humans, it was clear from her very birth that she was something more. Many of the village folk were wary of the small babe who was so unusual, but this was in the time when all mankind still remembered the teachings of the first woman and the gods, so she was welcomed into the village.

We do not know the name she was given, or the names of those who bore her, but we do know this, they adored their daughter and did all they could to keep her safe.

In the time before the moon would take her place in the heavens, the people had no reprieve from the sun's rays. This meant crops could only be grown in the shaded areas behind mountains and that water could only be found deep underground. Much of the world was made of sand and when the wind blew it kicked up terrible dust storms that buried those caught in them and drowned them without a drop of water. It wasn't uncommon for someone to go out to find food or water and never return. Moon's parents hoped that their daughter would be spared this fate. They exposed her to to every craft known to man in hopes she would take to one, therefore keeping her inside the safety of the tree-covered village.

Each night, before they surrendered to sleep, they would pray to the Great Mother Earth and the Great Father Death for their odd daughter's safety. That they would bless her with a talent so great that she would be too valuable to send out for supply.

Their prayers would be answered.

