

5-1-2001

Fan of Moon (Part One)

Julia Brzhosnevskiy
NSU University School

Follow this and additional works at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Brzhosnevskiy, Julia (2001) "Fan of Moon (Part One)," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 8 , Article 16.
Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol8/iss1/16

This Short Story is brought to you for free and open access by the University School at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine by an authorized editor of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.

Fan of Moon

(Part One)

Julia Brzhosnevskiy

“Stop howling at the moon, honey. It’s distracting me.” My husband Jeremy sits at his desk for hours with a dim lamp light over his head. He doesn’t understand. The lamp’s light is distracting *me*.

I lean over to him from the window sill and dig my nails into his neck. “Please, Nancy. I’m working.” I sigh and return to the window. I put a stool by the window, so I can balance myself on the edge. I am incredibly uncomfortable. But it’s worth it.

Ooooooow!!! I howl tentatively and glance at Jeremy. He rolls his eyes, but ignores me. I turn to the window and stare at the moon; it looks like a huge orange disk resting on the roof of some building ahead. How does it get so close, yet remain so distant? I sigh with disappointment.

Oooooow! I howl again and lean back to enjoy the miraculous and rare sight. OOW! “Nancy! How many times do I have to ...” Jeremy turns to see me on the floor, holding the back of my head and laughing silently. “I’m sorry,” I whisper. “I fell!” He stares accusingly for a moment as I lie, gasping for air and holding my stomach. “Oow!” I finally repeat in a hoarse whisper, unable to stop laughing, gasping even more from the cramps in my stomach. “That hurt!” His straight face stretches out into a thin smile. Soon, the two of us are laughing ourselves to tears; he holds onto to the chair as his chest moves rapidly in spasms of laughter. “That’s...what you ...get...for being so... damn crazy!” he manages to say. For a long time we look at each other. I forget about the moon, my attention switching to his shaking face that is illuminated by sparkling eyes and perfect teeth.

(to be continued...)