

5-1-2001

Fan of the Moon (Part Three)

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Recommended Citation

Brzhosnevskiy, Julia (2001) "Fan of the Moon (Part Three)," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 8 , Article 104.

Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol8/iss1/104

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Fan of Moon

(Part Three)

Julia Brzhosnevskiy

I know it is near. I watch the sky expectantly, bid the sun farewell, and barely notice the palette of pinks and purples that decorates the living-room. I make sure I will be comfortable when the time comes. Pillows, blankets, comforters, soft pajamas and huge fuzzy slippers that I have pitilessly worn out over the years. – All is ready. I hope Jeremy returns late from work, so I can have some time alone with my orange disk that teasingly peeks through the clouds.

Oow? I ask the moon. The clouds part slightly at my call. Oooooow! I howl louder. It is taunting me with its power, holding me with its hazy grip. I draw closer toward the window. If only I could touch it. So close. Oooow! I wait for its command. The clouds drift away. The moon rules the sky, resting on its starry throne. So close.

I open the windows. Cold air slides into the room; I ignore it. I reach out. Just a little more. Oooooow! My scream reverberates in the busy streets below. Maybe, if I hang my feet outside, I can reach it. Not once do my eyes leave the moon. It is my master, and I its slave. Just a little more, I think, gripping the window frame.

“Nancy! WHAT are you DOING?!” I shudder, leaving my trance. I look down at the moving cars and freeze, gripping the window frame. I wait while Jeremy pulls me out. “Were you trying to kill yourself?” he whispers, hugging me. My body is limp in his arms. I shake my head at his ridiculous question. “Then what? What?” he looks at me, then at the moon. He stares at it for an eternity. I watch its reflection in his eyes. When he looks at me again, he understands.