

“Blood moon again eh? This is the fourth time this month we’ve seen that cursed moon”, I hear my father say as he chugs down on his favorite ale. I was sitting across the room from where he was sitting, so any small noise he made I could clearly hear. “ Father”, I begin to speak, “we should enjoy such a delightful sight while we still can. This phenomenon happens only once every hundred years, none of us would be alive to see it again”. I finish speaking as my father finishes his ale. “I don’t think you understood me son, this is the Fourth time in this month alone that this crimson blood stained moon has appeared, this isn’t a phenomenon if it’s happening so frequently”. My drunk father says in a concerning tone. He does have a point, it’s been occurring so frequently, and unexplained too. I start to get up so I can go to bed. By where the moon was positioned i could determine it was somewhere between 10 or 11 pm, me and my dad are too poor to afford any kind of clock or watch. We don’t even have good money to afford a decent fork. My dad always wastes it on booze. “Oi kid”, my tired looking father says. “Make sure ya pray before you go to bed tonight, by the looks of things i feel the worst for this village”. I give a slight nod and head to my room. When my mother left me and my dad she took all the money I had inherited from my grandparents, that money was supposed to help us rebuild our living space, maybe even start a small business so we can finally get decent pay. But every time I see my father with his friends, i always hear him say “That damn gold digger waited for that money to reach my son so she could take it and leave us”. Whenever he said that, I knew he was talking about mother, and I sometimes question if my father was lying or what he says is true. I reach the second level and start preparing everything for chores tomorrow, as i was packing my things, i noticed my old journal sitting in the deepest part of my creaky and eerie room. I took a minute to look at my old journal, I recorded everything that happened in the house back then. I had no one to lean onto, in the past it was like a warzone in here. Everyday I would come home and hear constant yelling between mother and father, and it always made me depressed because everytime they fought I’d always hear my name, Draven. Wanting to get rid of those bad memories, I put the notebook back in the same spot and piled it over with educational books.”I should start heading to bed”, I say to myself, as a long yawn came out after I spoke. I look out the window to see that beautiful blood moon, wondering if such a beautiful thing could really mean disaster in the future. “Good Night Draven”! I hear my father scream as he slams the front door, meaning he was going out to meet with his friends. The moment I heard him say goodnight, I blew out the torch and headed to bed, thinking about what my father said about that moon.