



Inspired by
**Moonlight at
Eleven Six**
by Dan Young

By Emma Haubert

The night sky sets a heavy gloom upon the valley, leaving me feeling empty and alone with no hope of surviving the evil night. As the fire dies, the moon rises. The blue of the river turns clear and the water flows freely to the other side of the mountains. The tall mountains mock me for how small I am, holding no power while they rule the valley, trapping me, depriving me of freedom. The sounds of the forest behind me scare me, what looms beyond the shield of trees. The howl of a wolf brings me back to my senses letting me know I am not alone, not alone in this fight for survival. The wind comes and blows the last flame in fire out, because without the wind, my flame could have turned into a fire, burning down everything, losing control. As the wind slows and my thoughts pass, I see it, I see the other fire across the river, probably making the same journey I have to return from. My fight will end in this valley, the fight for life, because my push is turning into death pulling. The moon is leaving though it seems like it just arrived, the light is gone, gone forever, not for everyone, just for me.