

## Read completed **THE DARK MOON** online

### THE DARK MOON

#### Chapter 1

"Ow, ow, ow!" I whined as I run across the coffee shop to place the fresh scones in the display case. I'm too impatient to wait for them to cool a bit more, so I end up with pink, irritated fingers.

"You should have waited, Thea" Cassidy scolds me. She's been working at Java Coffee Co. for about as long as I have- about 2 years. She's become a good friend, so I love it when we have shifts together.

"I'm not the most patient person" I grumble under my breath as I run the cold water under my fingers. They already feel completely normal. Another reason for my need for speed this morning is because it's almost time for me to get off of my shift and head home. I'll only have a few hours to get ready for my first day at Westwood Community College. I'm nervous, but I'm more excited than anything else. I have this passion for learning and basically absorbing any information placed in front of me.

The front door chimes, alerting me to a new customer. I quickly dry my hands off and walk over to the register to take their order.

After another thirty minutes, I say goodbye to Cassidy and Manny, the owner of the shop. He's always around- usually in his tiny office in the back of the store doing paperwork. I grab a to-go cup and pour a good amount of coffee into it and add some creme and sugar. I will admit, I am a caffeine addict. I cannot go a day without coffee or else I get these awful headaches. And it just tastes so good so why should I stop drinking it?

The warm coffee does wonders as it counteracts the slight chill in the autumn air. Connecticut is cool in August- something I still find I'm not used to. I moved to Westwood, Connecticut with my mom almost six years ago from Florida, and I still find the cold weather to be strange. Who knows if I'll ever get used to it at this point. I sometimes miss Florida. I left behind a few friends with the move. We tried staying in contact, but when you move hundreds of miles away it becomes hard to remain close friends and I eventually lost contact with them all.

However, the move was necessary. So I'll just suck it up and walk faster. When I walk inside the heated house, I sigh in relief and immediately take off my knockoff Ugg boots and jacket. "Mom, Evie, I'm home!" I scream out. The sound of light footsteps and a high-pitched squeal tells me my little sister is about to plow into me in three, two, one...

"Thee!" my Evie excitedly says as she rams into my thighs. "Hey, E! How was your day so far?" I questioned her as I picked her up and placed her on my right hip. I continued walking through the house until I reached the kitchen where I found my mom. "Hey, Mom" smiled at her and gave her a hug with my left arm. "Hi, Hon. Evie, do you want to tell Thea what we did this morning?"

"Ooh, Thee we made dinner!" Evie giggled at me while playing with my blonde hair that was still in a messy pony from work. I quirked my eyebrow at her response. "Do you mean you made breakfast with mommy?" I asked.

She shook her head very fast back and forth. "Nope! I and Mommy made dinner in the Cock Pot!" she clarified. Her response sent me and my mom into a fit of laughter. I was laughing so hard that I had to put Evie down so that I didn't drop her. A full minute passed and I and my mom still couldn't catch our breath. Every time I thought I was laughing, one look at my mom, and I burst into laughter again.

After another minute, I finally stopped laughing to direct my attention back to Evie who was very confused as to why we were just laughing. "E, I think you mean you made dinner in the Crock-Pot" I corrected, letting out a small laugh as I shared a side glance at my mom who looked at the two of us in amusement. "Yeah, that's what I said!" Evie added. I smiled at her. She was so cute and sassy. I can't wait to see what she's like in 10 years. "What did you two make?"

My mom answered this time. "We made pot roast with potatoes and carrots. I also have some garlic bread that you'll just have to throw in the oven. I have to leave for work at 4:30 and I won't be back until late, but you won't have to cook at all. It should be ready by 6."

"Thanks, mom. Where are you going today?"

"I'm going to Mexico and making a stop in Texas on the way back. Want any souvenirs?"

My mom is a flight attendant, so she travels all around the world. She only works 3-4 days a week, so she's around for Evie a lot of the time. I help take care of Evie when I can, but it's going to be hard now that I'm starting school and working part-time at Java. Mom doesn't even want me working at all, but she won't admit that she needs my help with the bills.

Ever since Dad left and we've only had one income, things have been tight. My asshole of a father left us high and dry when my mom was 8 months pregnant with Evie and he never looked back. He owned his own business- I'm not sure what- and his leaving made an impact on our family financially and emotionally. But, we don't need him.

"I'll take a snow globe from Texas. I think I have one from Mexico already" I smiled. It was tradition for my mom to bring back things from her 'trips.' I have countless snow globes of different states and countries my mom has flown to. I've never been to any of them, but maybe one day. For now, I have little pieces of the world all around my bedroom- my desk, my bookshelf, my dresser- some have even overflowed into my closet shelves.

"I have to start getting ready for class. My first day!" I jump up and down excitedly and my mom only laughs at my eagerness. "I'm so happy for you, honey," she says with a proud grin. I smile back, then direct my attention to Evie. "Wanna help me pick out my outfit for my first day?" All I got was screaming in response, but based on the way that she grabs my hand and leads me to my bedroom, I'd say it was a happy scream.

An hour later and I was wearing a new outfit and fixed my hair and makeup for the day. My hair was now down in its natural waves while my makeup was light yet still noticeable. If it were up to Evie, I would be wearing a red polka-dot skirt with a purple tank top, so we compromised and instead, I wore the purple tank top with a black skirt that flowed out and ended mid-thigh. Modest, yet cute.

I walked down the hall hand-in-hand with Evie and I returned to the living room where my mom was sitting wedged into the corner of the couch with a new book. "Which book is that?" I asked her. I must have startled her because she jumped slightly and her reading glasses fell off of her face and onto her lap. After huffing about me always frightening her, she told me that she was reading "Where the Crawdads Sing" by Delia Owens.

"Finally! I've been telling you to read that book for months!" I said as I sat down with Evie in between me and my mom. We talked about her book

theories and entertained Evie until it was time for me to leave for my first class.

"Bye, sweetie! Have a great first day! Go learn some stuff!" my mom said as she handed me my backpack. "Bye, sweetie!" Evie mimicked my mom, causing me to chuckle to myself at her ability to always say the most adorable things. After hugging them both, I set out towards Westwood Community College- excited and nervous for what was to come.