

Senior Division, Short Fiction

Tanner Hudson, Conception Bay South

Me, Pop, and the Moon (an excerpt)

The land shrunk away behind us. The sky bruised. The moon watched. Silver waves flickered, turning to white suds as the oars splashed down.

“Easy to forget,” Pop grunted as he pulled the oars back. “Days start going faster. You’re always thinkin’ about the sun. Around and around until you drop and don’t get up. No sun, no time. Nobody drops when thinking about the moon. Nobody.”

The way he spoke unnerved me. What made it worse is that ocean blanketed the world around us, and I had left my phone at home, so if we got lost there was no way of knowing where we were. No landmarks. No lights. Nothing. I debated telling Pop to turn back when I noticed it.

The moon. It moved.

I don’t mean that our perspective changed. No, no, I mean the moon *sank*.

“Now you’re seeing it, bud,” Pop whispered, seeing my shock. He slowed his rowing. “We’re nearly there.”

The moon floated down until it plunged into the ocean, bobbing in the dark waters like a buoy. Waves washed up the moon’s pale shore the same as any other. I didn’t believe it was real until the keel scraped the sandbank. We moored the boat and Pop tied it off on a nearby rock, already rambling on about the time he stole a farmer’s bull during prom. I was too enamoured with the new world to listen.

The land was bone-white, the sea ink-black. Yet, what captivated me most was Earth itself. It hung in the sky in the moon’s place: a small blue ball dotted with light.