

**EXCERPT FROM
MAGIC MOON: TWO WORLDS
WRITTEN BY: SHIRLEY MOULTON**

Chapter 10–Magic Moon's World:

The following morning, Bronwen, Jackson and Dany put on their coats, hats, scarves, mittens and boots. Luckily, no more snow had fallen since they had visited Magic Moon the day before.

Jackson grabbed his knapsack, checking to see that his bow and arrows were still firmly attached.

Dany held Dolly tightly.

Three more knapsacks were lying by the door. Bronwen lifted one up and slung it across her back. She picked up the remaining two knapsacks.

“I can carry one of those for you,” Jackson offered.

“Thanks!” Bronwen said, gratefully handing one over to him.

Jackson shouldered the extra bag on his back, with no complaint.

“Time to go,” Bronwen said, as she took one last glance around the inside of their cottage. They had not been able to bring much. They were leaving dishes, pots, beds, and furniture behind.

These things aren't important, she thought. I have my children. Nothing else matters.

Bronwen opened the door and went down the shoveled walkway, then led the way up the path toward the mountain.

Jackson and Dany followed, stepping in the footprints left in the snow from the day before.

Bronwen remembered that Magic Moon had promised that he would help them find their way back to their home world in time.

After they had all hiked uphill for a while, they stopped for a brief rest.

Bronwen turned and looked back at their cottage. It looked so small, so far away. This cottage had been their home since they had come to this world several years ago. She remembered the men from the village all coming together to build it for her and her children when they had first arrived. They had so many good memories here and had made so many good friends.

A tear slid down her cheek. She quickly wiped it away before the children might notice.

She tried to smile brightly. "It's a beautiful day," she said.

The sun was shining, and the sky was blue with a few wispy clouds. The air was cold and crisp.

Jackson turned around and gazed down at their cottage, their neighbor's cottages, their school and their church in the valley, some distance away.

As he watched, the Gray Fog enveloped the church at the very edge of the village.

He gasped.

"Don't look back, Dany!" he said.

"I won't," she promised. She did not want to look at the Gray Fog.

It scared her.