

Whispers of the Moon

“Oh, great Cresenta, I pray for your help once again.”

The moon priestess perked her head up to stare at the ruler of the night sky. Resting upon a cliff's edge, she shivered as chilly winds skimmed across her skin. They rustled the foliage defending her only exit, merely unnerving the priestess even more, but her goddess was on her wide. The vast sea of stars surrounding the moon was her ally, and the moon itself was her heroine.

“Dearest Cresenta,” the moon priestess continued, “I have praised you in all of your glory time and time again. My tribe and I forever thank you for the blessings you have bestowed upon us, but I am afraid we require your assistance once again.”

The moon priestess paused giving Cresenta the time she needed to process her plea before saying more. “As the sole mon priestess of my tribe, I, Diana, will explain everything to you. Cresenta, although its source has yet to be recognized, a deathly plague has spread throughout my people. It is one we have never seen before as well. It first begins with mild coughs, but before anything else can be done, the sickness's true self is revealed. The coughs disappear, all turns silent, and the victim's eyes become pitch black before finally succumbing to their fate. Please, great Cresenta, my people have been dying every day, and we ask for nothing more than your help. Is there nothing you can do to end our suffering?”

Diana became silent yet again, respecting her goddess and her ways. She drifted her gaze to the ground below, her mind full of concern. Her tribe was under attack by an unseeable enemy, and they depended on her to get help. What if her help wasn't enough? What if Cresenta, the

moon goddess, had no power over this torment? Positivity clashed against negativity within Diana's mind as she tried her best to stay hopeful. Before she knew it, she would receive the very sign she needed to stay that way.

"Soar. Stop. Save."

The faint whisper barely passed by Diana's ears, but she was able to detect it. She lifted her head up toward the moon and locked her attention right upon it, yearning to hear more of her goddess's precious words.

"Soar. Stop. Save."

"Soar. Stop. Save," Diana repeated softly.

"The spirits of your ancestors have returned, but they are tainted. They have been tainted by a darkness not even I have control of. Purify the souls of your kin before they vanish once again. You must do so until I renew myself, Diana, or else all will be lost."

"How will I do that?"

"You will know what to do. Please, hurry."

In that moment, Cresenta's voice disappeared, and Diana was left with nothing but the full moon before her. She felt her connection with the goddess disappear as swiftly as it arrived, but nothing was left in vain. Her task- no, her *mission* - was her priority. Cresenta's riddle had yet to be deciphered, but the precious clues she gave would be more than enough.

"Thank you, great moon goddess," Diana said. "As your lone moon priestess, I will not let you down."