

---

---

**(13+ Story)** This story is like a fever dream. I would say the last part is the only gorey part of the story. But other than that, I say it's an okay story for teens and up.

---

---

---

# Blue Moon

By Toothpick Writer

---

---

---

My eyes were flashed by a bright light followed by some laughter. I blinked a little noticing that my friends took a picture of me while I was mouth deep into a delicious burger. “Yep, I’m going to blackmail you with this one day,” said the friend who took the picture. “Come on man, delete that crap!” I begged him to delete it knowing I looked dumb. “Nope! These are precious memories. Think about it, when we are old and senile we won’t remember anything. Pictures and videos are the only way to keep these memories sealed through time and space.” My other two friends started joining in, not only laughing, but arguing whether memories should be captured or should we let them flee away in our own thoughts. “Look, it doesn’t matter if the memory you’ve captured makes me look bad. I’d rather delete this moment now and move on.” ~ “Nope, my camera, my pictures.” ~ “I hate you,” I begrudgingly said as we exited out of the burger joint while my other friends laughed.

We walked around the bright city of Tokyo, my friends were taking pictures, while I was thinking of plans of getting rid of the picture. However, when the moments were quiet enough for me to think alone, I thought about how wild it was to see my friends again. It’s almost been nine years but it feels like yesterday that we were all in high school. Almost like time frozen. My friends brought their camera and took pictures of all the attractions and goofiness we get ourselves into. I didn’t bring a camera; I was an enjoyer of being in the moment. As Time passed, shenanigans happened. My friends and I got kicked out of a fish market because one of my bright friends thought that holding live lobsters while juggling them was a good idea. Though, they made for some funny videos. However, I feel bad for the vendor.

After a while, we got tired, so one of my buddies rented a car and we headed to our hotel. Every place we passed by was magical and vibrant in colors. “Ah, shit!” one of my buddies screamed. I asked what was up and he told me how the “me eating a burger like a dog” picture was gone. “That’s strange,” I thought, but then again, the picture has been lost in the shadows realms for good, so I am happy with the outcome. At the window my buddy sitting next to was a shiny blue light and turning around I saw something spectacular. A blue moon.

I was shocked at the phenomenon, so were my friends except for one. The one that was driving said the blue moon is a rare occurrence. Somewhere in ancient Japanese folklore said that the blue moon was able to erase things. “Erase things?” I asked and he continued to tell me that it was able to erase itself from textbooks, scrolls, and paintings. Anything that saw it and remembered it, will be erased. “But why did it erase my picture? I didn’t take a picture of it.” asked my friend sitting next to me. He explains how it has a habit of erasing other things than itself, and he turned on the radio. It had nothing playing on it as he scrolled through various channels. “See, it even erased the radio.” We sat in silence for a few seconds in awe of the

wonder. “Wait a minute,” the one friend on the passenger side said, “If it erases things, how do we know about it?” The driver's friend opened his mouth and then closed it. He then said, “Good point... I didn't do too much research on it, I only read a little—” ~ “Watch out!” yelled the passenger side friend as we hurled into a big pile of water in the middle of the road.

“What the hell happened!” ask my panicked friend next to me. “I... I don't know, the water just appeared and—” ~ “Bro, pay attention next time, it was clearly there.” My friends and I argued a bit before trying to get the car started, but it didn't. “Looks like we got to walk.” I rolled my jeans up so I didn't get wet, and as I stepped into the murky, almost oily water, my thoughts came out of my friend's mouth and he said, “What is this?” ~ “I don't know,” repsoned my other friend. We looked around and saw miles of it covering the streets, even the sidewalks. There were slight noises coming from up ahead, and we saw flickering lights there too. We made our trek over there while walking knees deep in the murky water.

The city became uncanny as we noticed we were the only ones here. “Maybe everyone is inside,” said one of my friends. Another pointed out that there could have been a flood. But we would have heard the news by now, or would have, if our phones worked. All that was with us was the empty streets, us, and the reflection of the moon above. Captivating in its odd colors. We made it close to the flickering lights ahead, but what blocked us was a collapsed bridge. “Guys, I don't think we should stay out here,” one of my friends said. “We need to take shelter and find somebody,” but curiosity had my attention, and I went up the stairs without my arguing friends. They asked me to get down, but my heart was leading me to something I shouldn't see. Something I wanted to see.

I processed the scenario, taking in the colors, the noise, and the buildings melting. Fear was too tame to explain what I felt in my eyes and body. I was paralyzed as I saw the world crumbling into rust and dirt. People, or what's left of them, have decayed in a matter of a blink of an eye. Faint screams could be heard, but they were blurred out from the big screen in the town square. It flashed for a second but I saw what it was broadcasting. The whole world was like this, it was melting away, it then showed a quick flash of the moon, and finally the screen went black. Then, an audible thud was heard as all the power went out. I was left in darkness. Alone. Afraid. Except the moon never left my sight. I stared at it, it was a spectacle to behold. “That's cool,” I thought. “I wondered what it means?”

---

---

---

---

## Back Cover Summary

I got this story from a dream long ago. I wanted to make a fun story out of this, but because I had multiple ideas for other stories, and mostly being distracted with work/studying (and also just being lazy), I made this into a much shorter story than I intended. I kept with the fever dream-esque because I felt that it was scarier that way. The story is about a guy and his friends going to Japan to have a reunion and also have fun taking pics. The story soon revolves around a mysterious anomaly called the Blue Moon. After that, you will have to read it yourself. I hope you enjoy this read and thank you.

-Toothpick

P.S. Sorry if this story seems rushed, I just finished writing it today (*June 30, 2023*), so I didn't have a chance to refine it.

---

---