

The Secrets of the West

By Amy C.

There had been a drought in the milky village and almost no water in the wells, but it all started one afternoon at my house...

“Come on Aden!” I said annoyed. “It’s just a block!” “Nope!” Aden said laughing. Aden was my baby brother. He was about 2 years old, and we were playing with wooden blocks, but he wouldn’t share. I was just about to leave the room but then my mom shouted, “Lil, come here!” My real name is Lilly but my mom calls me Lil. “Coming!” I called. I went over to my mom. She was filling a new family journal. It’s a hobby she likes to do. She’s been keeping this hobby ever since dad died. He used to love filling journals. “Could you get dad’s old journal for me?” Mom asked. I climbed up the wobbly steps up to the attic. I saw the old journal and picked it up. I dusted it off then tried to give it to mom, but it fell out of my hands. A paper slipped out right before my mom caught it. “CAREFUL!” Mom shouted not seeing the paper. I picked the tattered note up to see what it was and I read,

Where the sun meets the land,

Saying goodnight

Reach out your hand,

Touch the light.

“What could that mean?” I wondered as I shoved the paper in my pocket. That whole night I stayed up thinking about the letter and what it could have meant. The sun meets the land at sunrise or sunset, and saying goodnight must be sunset. The next afternoon I went in the direction of the sunset which is towards the west. I was curious to see where it led. I went out to search. I knew that the milky village was big, and it would take a long time to get out, but that didn’t stop me. A few hours later I was almost out of the village and I was really tired and thirsty. Then I saw a girl with a piece of paper in her pocket walk by. It looked like the paper matched the tattered look of mine. I said curiously, “Could I see that paper?” “Um. . . sure.” The girl said. She had short reddish hair and pretty hazel eyes. Freckles scattered across her nose and cheeks. “By the way, my name is Lilly, what’s your name?” I said. “Amelia,” she said shyly. Then she handed me the paper. “Uh. . . you wanted to see this?” Amelia said quietly. I put the papers together at the ripped edges and they matched. Then we read,

A true heart will find

Water flowing for the kind

Where the sun meets the land

Saying goodnight

Reach out your hand

Touch the light.

I shouted, "THAT'S IT! It's telling us where to find water!" We continued walking west hoping to find some sort of water. Soon we reached a big mountain. There was a dark cave leading inside. "Now what?" Amelia asked. "We go in," I said. We entered the mountain just as the moon rose. "Look at that!" Amelia said excitedly but softly. I looked over to see a big crack in the wall with moonlight that shined through to the other side of the cave. The moonlight led to a fresh waterfall. The waterfall glimmered blue with water droplets catching the light. Suddenly everything on the note made sense. We looked at it with amazement and ran to the village. I shouted, "WE FOUND WATER!" I ran back to the mountain with all the village people following me. We drank and collected water. Almost all night people gathered water to fill their barrels. As the sun comes up I go back to the mountain, but the water is nowhere to be found. The moonlight that showed where the waterfall was, is gone. Everyone headed home joyfully. "Wait!" I said to Amelia. "Where did you get that note?" "Oh, just in an old journal," Amelia said, but this time, not so shy.

The End!