

Dark and icy, a strange figure towered over Luna, sending shivers down her spine. Thin and bony, its long fingers brushed her shoulder. "Hey!" Luna exclaimed. "Huh? I swear something was just touching me," she continued, "oh well," the short, 7 year old girl sighed, carrying on with her walk to school, as if nothing ever happened. But little did she know, something major was about to happen, something that would change the way she acted forever.

As Luna ran through the school gates to join in the game of "Tag," she noticed something extremely off. The scorching rays of the sun were burning her back mercilessly, yet her shadow was nowhere to be seen. Taking a glance at the people around her, she realized that she was the only one without a shadow. "Where is it?" Luna wondered.

Suddenly, the lightbulb above her head lit up. Everything made sense. The ominous figure towering over her, the shivers down her spine, the icy hand on her shoulder, it all started to match up. All the strange incidents she faced that she thought were trivial, suddenly had so much importance in her mind. But why were these things happening to Luna?

"The library!" Luna gasped. "Why didn't I think of it earlier?" Scolding herself as she smacked her face. Her little legs started to whirl like a windmill, and in no time, Luna felt the cool air-conditioning from the library. The sweet aroma of freshly baked pastry wafted up her nostril, and Luna had the urge to slump in a rickety chair with an iced lemonade and mouth-watering chocolate cupcake. But she resisted that temptation.

Huge, tall aisles of books stretched as far as Luna's bright blue eyes could see. "T, u, v, aha! W!" Whispered Luna. Her heart raced as she searched for the right book. Luna needed her shadow back immediately, even if it didn't help her. "Why is my shadow not following me? Yes!" Squealed Luna under her breath.

"A shadow may betray its owner if overworked or lacking attention," read the book in shiny, gold writing. "Finally," Luna thought. Little did she know that from that day on, she would naturally treat her shadow in a different, much more appreciative way.