

# Sun and Moon-The Lunar Twins

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*A Student choice piece started at my school. I thought i'd post it and continue it here at FAC!  
It's kinda like, Harry Potter meets Superheroes! Hoot!*

# 1. The Birth of Hereos

The gentle breeze outside rocked a small tree. it was a dark night, only being lighted by the full, silver moon which hung in the sky. The only sounds audible in the empty, countryside were the occasional owl, a tiny flame flickering, and the roaring bellows of a family.

"Oy! You shoulda seen 'im crawlin! He was on the ground yellin': 'me glasses! Where're me glasses! Hahaha!!!" Finnigan bellowed, telling his family a story from the past.

"Then what Finny!? What happened next?" Samson questioned, engulfed with interest by his cousin's tale. He picked up a nearby sausage and stabbed it with his tick. He then out it over the fire, still listening intently to the tale.

"Well I gave 'im a good thwappin' I did!" Finnigan answered, motioning himself punching roughly into the air. "There was spit an' blood everywhere as he screameed in pain!"

"Yeah! All right Finny!" The family yelled, cheering and throwing fists in the air as they ate and drank in celebration. The youngest girl of the family, Amelia, was having her firstborn child tonight, to which the family would always have a celebration.

"Oy! Would you pinheads keep it down a notch! I'll be deaf from the noise of you idiots and Amelia's screamin', I will!" Margaret, Amelia's younger sister yelled at the family as she exited the barn where the baby was being born. She was helping Amelia have it, along with Fred, Amelia's husband. "Thank ye kindly!"

"Ah plug yer ears up then!" Finnigan yelled, waving his hand uncaringly at Margaret. "Don't make me zap ya then!"

"I'd like to see ya try with no hands!" Margaret yelled, picking up a nearby pebble and throwing it at Finnigan. When it reached him, it instantly turned into a pair of handcuffs, and placed themselves around his beffy hands, effectively trapping them. "Now hush!"

"Oooooo..." The rest of the family said in awe as Finnigan blushed at his defeat.

"Looks like ya lost yer edge! Ay Finny?" Sarah, Finnigan's sister asked, laughing heavily. She was just as full and drunken as the rest of her family, and was staggering in her seat. "Need some help?"

"No thank ya!" He said, struggling with the cuffs. He pulled and bit at them, but to no avail. They were made special by Margaret, who had braced them with stone. "Okay, maybe a bit."

"Ha haha hah ha!" The family roared as Sarah molded her finger into the cuff Key.

Meanwhile inside of the barn, pure chaos was unfolding.

"AAAAUUGGGHHH!" Amelia yelled as she struggled with her baby. "...aauUUUGGGHHH!"

"Come on honey, you can do it!" Fred encouraged her, holding her hand as she squeezed it tightly. She was sweating and red, engulfed with the pain. She was but 23, a simple English girl born into the prestigious and infamous Stalworth family. She was married to Fred Nimbus, an American man of 25 she met while on vacation.

"Thanks for helping me out Fred." Margaret said gratefully, sitting opposite Fred. "Usually, in my family, only the sister is supposed to help! The husband usually is partying with the family by now."

"Oh, don't worry! Anything for my family." Fred responded to her, nodding his head. "Besides, I want to see my baby when it's born!"

"Well, if we're lucky, that should be soon enough!" Margaret said, grabbing a nearby tuft of hay and transmuting a towel from it, which she placed on her sister's head.

"Ugh..thank you...both." Amelia said tiredly, panting lightly. "You don't know how much this means to me...wait. Here it comes AGAIN! AUGGGHHH!!!"

"That's it Amy! Push! I see it's head!" Margaret said excitedly. "You can do it!"

So, with a few more anguished waves of pain, Amelia finally did it.

"Aa...wahhh!!" The baby cried as Margaret wiped him off with a transmuted blanket and wrapped him up. "Aughh...augh! Waahhh!"

"There, there." Margaret said, rocking him back and forth gently as Amelia laid behind her, panting. "Quiet baby."

"So," Fred began, walking to her. "what is it? A boy? A girl? Tell me!?"

"Calm down Fred!" Margaret said assuringly, handing him the baby. "It be a girl. But a girl, okay?"

"Oh, that's good. Thank you." Fred thanked Margaret, taking the girl. "So, are you okay now Amelia?"

"Wait...I...I feel...something eeEEELLSE! AUGGHH!" She yelled, feeling another surge of anguish.

"Huh?!?" Margaret and Fred said with surprise, taken aback. Was there another baby?

"AUUGGH! FREEDD! MARGE!!!" Amelia yelled as surely enough, another baby began to emerge. "I still need HEELLPP!!!"

The two rushed to her side, Fred gently placing the girl on a soft, plush, tuft of hay below a window. The Full Moon was shining through it and it shone unto the baby, illuminating her with its soft, radiant glow. She was asleep now, completely oblivious to her mother's screams as she was cradled by the silver glow.

Eventually, after another grueling 5 minutes, Amelia had had her second baby, a crying baby boy.

"Here you are sis." Margaret said gently, giving the boy to Amelia, who gladly took him through her panting. "It's a beautiful baby boy. You two must be very happy, twins!"

"We are...right Fred?" Amelia asked her husband, who responded with a courteous nod as he looked into the eyes of his son.

"Now Amy. Give me the baby. I'll let him rest, as you need to." Margaret said, motioning for the baby. "It's been a long night...as a matter of fact, I can see the sun in the horizon! You two should sleep as the babies should as well."

"Okay Marge...here." Amy said, understanding her sister's logic. She handed Margaret her boy, to which she placed on the opposite side of the barn, under a different window. The rising sun shone through this window, brightening the baby's face with its warm touch. He loudly cried on, swaying gently on his tuft of hay.

So, as the sun and the moon split the sky evenly, the two lovers in the barn cuddled as Margaret watched the babies; one engulfed in moonlight, and one swallowed by sunlight.

"Oh! Before it's too late, have you decided on names?" Margaret asked, placing transmuted sheets over the babies.

"Hmm..."the two said, looking at the babies. "how about..."

"Sun for the boy in the sunlight?" Fred suggested, looking at Amelia.

"And Moon for the girl in the moonlight?" She also suggested, looking into Fred's eyes.

"Hm! Works for me!" Margaret nodded approvingly, walking to the couple. "Well, congratulations on your twins, Sun...and Moon." She said, wrapping the couple in a 3rd blanket as they shared their warmth.