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A Baker's Dozen

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A Baker's Dozen *Skyler Teal*

In a few hours we will see the nightfall of Friday the 13th, and its superstition-inducing power will only be enhanced by an equally-erie partner in crime: the full moon. Triskaidekaphobics and selenophobics beware! But for now, we are safely in the sunny hours of this unnerving day (in the Eastern Standard Time zone, anyways). Before the fear completely wraps its fingers around our sympathetic nervous systems, I am going to take the time to write a response to this question: What will I do tonight?...what *will* I do tonight? I think I'll grab a blanket, or maybe two, and I'll somehow convince my sister to hop in the car to accompany me on an adventure, then we'll set out for that big(ish), grassy(ish) field about a mile down the road. I see the suspicion arising in your face, but don't you worry! This isn't going to be some repressed delinquent side of me coming out in celebration of the date. I can't trespass on a field that's already mine now can I? Well, technically, it isn't mine, but it does belong to my family because collecting land is an old Southern tradition, you know, and they don't call this place "Teal's Mill" fer nuthin'. One day I will probably inherit the responsibility of tending those age-old acres, but before I become that uninterested heiress, I want to enjoy the best part of having access to an open field in the countryside: the view. How else am I supposed to enjoy the moon in all her glory (provided that she doesn't don any clouds for the night)? Once properly positioned on the blanket(s), I will look up and say, "Hello, Moon," or maybe, "Hola, Luna," just in case ella habla Español, and then I will marvel at her perfect, circular beauty. I might ask her how it felt to have a human travel all the way from Earth just to stick a star-spangled banner into her dusty surface (to fight those damned Communists!) or I might just silently stare into the sky and let my mind (space) race with all of those probing questions that come at night when I'm at my most curious. I'm sure <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Moon> could ease my wondering, wandering mind, but I think I'd rather pretend that I live in a world in which information is not a Google search away and that I'm the first human to ever look up and ask, "What *is* that glowing, shape-shifting, sometimes-circle, sometimes-crescent, sometimes-something-different thing that sweeps across the sky every night?"