

Moon Feast  
By  
Jake Bible

Tristan crowed at the moon. He had seen the Master's silhouette cross the lunar orb only moments before. Oh, how he loved it when the Master returned from the hunt. There would be feasting and songs and stories of adventure and triumph and...

"Stop day dreaming!" the Master commanded, folding his wings inside his cloak as he landed upon the parapet. He threw a large, stained canvas bag at Tristan's feet. "Clean and dress those for dinner."

"Yes, Master," Tristan squealed with joy. Bending down, he shoved a stray, limp arm back inside, and hoisted the bag over his shoulder.