

NIGHT LIGHT

By

Emilia Andersson

As the last rays of the sun disappeared over the horizon I closed the book. The thunder in the distance was more infrequent and remote than it been in a while, but as that fright went away I realized I had not seen my sister the entire evening. Worried what trouble she could have caused, I hurried to her room.

It was absurdly hot in the room and it felt like it was just getting warmer every second. In the midst of the blinding light sat Wihnhilda, sweating and looking like she was trying to tame something. Next to her was a bucket of water. The orb draped the entire room in daylight despite the windows being covered and it being dark outside. As I approached I could feel the heat generated by the sphere.



Picture by Mortis Ghost/Martin Georis

“...What is that?” I asked her. I clenched my fists, ready to deal with whatever was going on this time.

“It is a bucket.”

"No, not that. The light."

"It is a miniature sun, dear sister."

Okay, maybe I am not ready to deal with this, I thought.

"A sun," I repeated while glaring at her. "is that not extremely dangerous to keep around?"

"Or a star, I guess, to be more precise," Wihnilda continued. "It is very tiny compared with the real things. It is the light that makes it appear bigger."

Wihnilda loosened the grip of her left hand from the orb and put the hand in the bucket. A sizzling noise was heard. When the sound stopped, she put her dripping hand back on the orb. The water vaporized quickly. "Although it pains me to admit a mistake to my older sister, it appears I may have made it too hot," she muttered.

I crossed my arms and tapped my foot against the floor. "And your solution was a bucket?"

"It is a very deep bucket."

"So, just throw it in the *bucket*." My voice raised and tried to grab it, feeling the heat creeping in as my hand approached it.

"*No, it would make it go out completely!*" She made her voice even louder and took the star outside my range. Darn her long, bendable arms.

"*Then why the **hell** did you create it?!*" I was yelling now and tried to wrestle the orb with force out of her hand.

Instead of yelling back, my sister's voice became smaller, though she still held the wicked light out of my reach. "I just thought one of them could be handy to have around."

I tried to calm down and be the reasonable, older sibling. I backed off from her and gave her space. "...For what?"

"Reading light. I miss reading during the evening. Ever since the supplies have been reduced, we need to save the candles..." She stopped and looked back at the light. "So, I thought I could make my own..."

I looked at the black robes hanging over the window. At least she had taken some precaution. I sighed.

"I'll help you." I kneeled, grabbed the bucket and gently poured some water at the sphere. "As long as I can borrow your reading sun every now and then."

She turned to me and grinned. "You mean reading star?"

I rolled my eyes in an over-dramatic fashion. "Whatever, go drink some water now before you melt away in this sauna," I said smiling to her.