

Draco and the Sunshine Girl

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Once there was a star. He was the very last star in the constellation Draco, the very last of 14 big stars. This last star loved to watch the Earth below him. He loved to watch the people.

One day that little star saw a girl. She had hair that was like the sun, like the fire burning at his and every other star's cores. She carried a big metal tube with her to a big open hill and pointed it at the sky. Wow, thought the star, she's looking right at us! But to the star's disappointment, she turned her big metal tube towards the front of his constellation. Those four stars, they were always getting the most attention.

The little star watched this girl. She swept her metal tube over his constellation over and over, sketching him and his fellow stars in their pattern. She never let her eyes leave the sky. She did this for months and the star took to calling her Sunshine, for her hair.

The star didn't want to admit that he'd fallen for a human girl, the other stars would never let him hear the end of it. But as he watched his Sunshine, something inside him made him want to shine brighter than he'd ever shined before. He wanted to show her... but for all the months that the Sunshine girl had taken her stargazer out on the hill, the majority of her focus was on the stars at the very front. The very last star felt he was meant to fade out of the girl's memory and become nothing more to her than the tail end of the Draco constellation.

One night, the girl came out, set up her stargazer and did something amazing. She pointed her stargazer right at the last star. The last star saw the stargazer and on the other end of it he saw the galaxy. But... How could the galaxy be on the other side of that stargazer if it was really all around him? He stared as hard as he could and realized the galaxy flickered. It wasn't the galaxy, it was her eyes. For what seemed like an eternity, the star and the Sunshine girl gazed at each other and the star knew. This was his moment.

The star began to shine. He'd shined the hardest he'd ever shined. It'd been a year by then, since she first set up her stargazer on the big open hill with her book of drawings and an old worn quilt. All his love for her, those long nights he would gaze upon her face and her beautiful hair, the anguish he felt when her eyes were upon what seemed like every other star but him, all of it poured out of him into hot, burning light.

Sunshine pulled away from her stargazer and looked at the star with her own eyes, a small smile on her lips. The star could see her. That smile was for him. He saw her lips form the word "Draco". She had given him the name that the four head stars usually answered to. Draco, as the star would now call himself, was the happiest star in the whole universe.

The Sunshine girl never once looked at any other star after that, she only looked at him and his shining was the brightest when she was looking. She started to draw him and all the stars around him, but he was always the focus. It went on like that for another year, the happiest year in all the centuries of Draco's existence.

Then the Sunshine girl disappeared. She was nowhere to be found and Draco could barely find a reason to shine. She was gone for ten years. In those ten years Draco lost the will to even look down at the Earth, so he turned his back and looked out towards the rest of the galaxy. Even here he saw her and her eyes that held the universe. He saw her smile in the twinkling of the other stars around him. Draco began to lose the will to shine anymore. He told the other stars in the Draco constellation goodbye. They were silent.

Draco decided he would look down to Earth one last time. When he did... His light flared. He saw the Sunshine girl! She was there with her stargazer and her quilt and her book of drawings. She looked older, but the galaxy was still there in her eyes. She wasn't alone. A small boy stood beside her, the sun in his hair but the lush green grasses of Earth in his eyes. There was no mistaking it, he had to be. Her son. Something in the back of Draco's mind wanted to call him Sunbeam, so he did.

Sunshine guided her son to the stargazer pointed directly at him and waited. Draco, for some reason, wanted to shine his brightest for the boy, so he did. Sunbeam was delighted, laughing and clapping his hands. Sunshine led him to the quilt and set him up to draw while she swept her stargazer across the heavens, always coming to rest on him.

Eventually Sunbeam came up to Sunshine and showed her the drawing he had just finished. It was of two people. Sunshine was one of them, Draco could tell by the hair. 'Mommy' was written under her. The other person was Sunbeam.

Draco wished that stars could cry. His love for this girl was pouring out in light and if that was the equivalent of crying then Draco was okay with it. Underneath the drawing of Sunbeam in the unsteady handwriting of a five year old, was evidence of the most precious gift that the Sunshine girl could have ever given the once lonely little star. Her son's name was Draco.