

Fiction: Adult/Children's short story

1-2

"Eyes...ears...fingers...toes...brains...*light*..."

I entered the world the way most babies do.

It's easy for people to take the parts that they're born with for granted, but if you stop and think about it, these gifts sure are helpful to have around.

That's how I feel anyway- especially about *lights*.

3-4

Unlike some parts of me, like my eyes and ears, which I rarely noticed as they rolled around or perked up for a quick moment or two here and there, I remember that there were few moments when my Light could contain itself.

I remember that it had such a hard time keeping still and, when I think back, I'm certain that I didn't mind it one bit!

When I was really little, long before I made many good people friends, I can recall spending most of my days having fun, basking in my light's warm energy.

Those were some of the best times I can remember.

5-6

My light would twirl around me, excited, in the wee hours of the morning. It called on me to get ready quickly so we could play and have fun.

I couldn't help but give my light attention even during naptime, when my mother would tell me over and over to "Calm my body, slow down and rest, please."

And my light continued to urge me to play, even as the stars appeared in the darkening sky, and my eyes insisted that they would have to shut for the night.

7-8

It only took me a few circles around the sun to grow wise enough to realize that my light was *really* special. By then, I had many people friends. Still, no matter how many of these great friends came and went, deep inside, I never doubted that my *light* was really my *best friend of all*.

And there were a few really good reasons for knowing so...

To start, my light was *really* talented! It had a special way of spotting new doors of adventure. I was always surprised at how often the doors that it found seemed to be ones that were right in front of me all along!

And my light was *so* brave. Sometimes these doors seemed a little scary to open. But trusting my light, most of the time, I found the courage to be much more daring than I ever thought I could be. My light would make the first move, and I couldn't resist chasing along after it.

Even though some of these adventures turned out to be a bit challenging, I rarely regretted where I was led.

Lastly, my light was *so* cool. There were times when people just didn't seem to "get" what we were doing. Sometimes, I thought we should end our adventures right then and there and do something people would really understand.

Lucky for me, because my light didn't seem to care about this sort of thing, these pauses were short and we just kept going.

Those were the days. Life just felt good and easy.

I could feel that the more attention I gave to my light, the more it wanted to play. Sometimes, it was so happy and excited that it would show up real bright and bounce off of those around me!

And then a really strange thing would happen – THOSE people’s lights would become bright, too!

It seemed like the more we did, the more we grew, and more we grew, the more we did and grew some more.

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11-12

Like I said in the beginning, sometimes it’s easy for people to take things for granted.

Being a person myself, it isn’t too surprising that I started getting comfortable with the fact that my light would always be around.

One day, after a few more circles around that sun in the sky, I decided that it was probably time to get serious.

Everyone around me loved this decision- and I felt like I loved that they loved it.

After thinking and then thinking some more, I found that there were a lot of important things that I could get serious about.

(and people just love when you're serious about important things)

13-14

Soon, the important things that I had become serious about gave me busy days.

And although my light fought to keep me from these busy days, I was now surrounded by many other people who were seriously busy too.

On those few occasions when I had doubts about being serious- when my light barely flickered to suggest that we play, I could always find someone with a strong nod or a hurried smile, letting me know I was moving in the right direction- on a long adventure with a "worth-it-in-the-end" kind of finale.

I could tell by the way these people talked, dressed, and acted that they were pretty confident about what they were doing.

And so, I trusted them because they seemed to trust themselves, too.

15-16

For the most part, it seemed like my light just understood that I needed to be left alone.

My heart felt a little sad and heavy.

But I didn't have too much time to feel sad. As I mentioned, I had busy days with important things.

Every now and then, it would still show up unannounced and try to distract me from the things that seemed to matter. When this happened (and I'm not too proud to admit it), I would pretend that I didn't notice it at all. In fact, it didn't take long before I started ignoring my light all together.

That was the easiest thing to do.

17-18

A tiny part of me felt a little worried about ignoring my light. I wondered *What if we never have the chance to play again?*

But then I would remember that I'd heard a TON of adults say they'd have time to play with their lights later on – you know, when it would be a “better time” (whatever *that* means).

19-20

On the rare occasion when I thought that it might be a good time to play for a couple of quick moments, I would get this scary feeling deep inside of my body. I noticed that I started worrying about even trying to play with my light at all and doing the kind of things that I knew would make it happy to play with me, too.

What would happen if it tried taking me on an adventure that I wasn't sure about?

What if I was too scared to chase after it like I used to, or what if what we did together took too much time or was too silly?

Yeah... it was definitely easier to just ignore my light for a while and get back to my seriously important stuff.

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21-22

My busy days gave me busy seasons and these busy seasons circled me around that sun.

23-24

On one morning, as I got ready for one of my busy days, I stopped and looked hard in the mirror. I flashed a hurried smile and friendly nod at the reflection ahead and thought about that confidence I looked like that everyone wants to be.

And since I had been seriously busy with important things for so long, I realized that it had been quite a while since I had played with my light, and perhaps now was a good time to squeeze in “just for a few minutes.”

25-26

Like any serious person would do, I simply called it to come on out and say “hello.” But there was no answer.



I slowly lowered myself onto the floor, in a silly kind of way, hoping this might grab its attention. But it didn't.

I sought answers from other serious people who knew about serious things, but none of the things they told me to do seemed to bring me any closer to finding out where it was hiding.

27-28

And so, after doing a lot of thinking and then doing a lot thinking some more...

...I decided that I would give away some of my busy days, so that I could become serious about spotting my light when it finally returned.

Not everyone around me understood this, but that was OK.

29-30

I gave away days and watched the squirrels race up knotted branches in the sky.

I let my body sink into wet sand and returned splashes with the ocean's cool waves.

I felt my light's warmth.

I gave away more days so I could spend time learning about all of the different types of adventures some other people were on. It was nice to hear great tales— and it felt really good when their lights tickled me with excitement as we talked.

I gave away even more days. Sometimes I found myself helping someone I didn't know with some this-that-or-the-other. Sometimes I did nothing at all, but relax and feel good, under the cover of soft morning blankets.

31-32

And after just a little more spinning around that sun we all know about...

...just as I forgot about being serious...

I was out one day, when I spotted my best friend in the distance.

And by then I had learned...

that there was no other seriously important choice...

than to run forward and chase on after it...