

WHAT WAITS AHEAD

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Lune tries and tries once more, but no matter how high she jumps, the black bubble is just out of reach. Lune knows she cannot give up; she's never seen anything like this before and knows that no matter what, she will find out what's within the huge black bubble. Searching for a chair that still has four legs, Lune slowly moves debris aside, unearthing more objects. Everything she sees once had a purpose, but now broken and forgotten, it is only Lune who pays them any attention. A light breeze tousles her hair, obscuring her view of the bubble for a second. When she curls her short red locks behind her ear, Lune is startled to see that the bubble is gone. Her lips part and a sigh falls from them. A noise to her right wakes Lune from her sadness and draws her attention to the bubble that has drifted a couple meters away from her. The wind has pushed the bubble right beside a huge pile of beaten down objects which Lune knows will be perfect for climbing.

Lune stands at the bottom of the pile and places her hands on her hips. She thinks for a moment before springing into action. Lune can see a path right to the top and begins to scale the small hill of shattered old objects. Dust has settled on all the surfaces Lune touches; it results in small handprints being left behind as she climbs higher and higher. Reaching the top Lune stands precariously on the removed seat of a bike and comes face to face with the black bubble. Grinning she reaches out and pop! A flash of light shoots from its place and flies into the air. In disbelief Lune watches the bright white light glow before it grows dim and eventually disappears. Sitting down on the seat, Lune rests her head on her hands. She thinks about the burst of light for a moment then gazes around her. Lune has never seen the world like this. Her gaze is always to the sky and the great mass of blue and occasional white that takes up all her vision. Now all she wants to see is the world below her. Lune takes her time looking from left to right, noting all the little bits and pieces she would like to pick up later. She sees toys missing eyes and arms; a teddy bear ripped open from falling on sharp shards of metal and more disintegrated objects that are so damaged they have lost their shape. A metal owl catches her eye amongst the debris and she knows that it will be coming with her too.

Lune turns her head to the side, closes one eye and sees a shape begin to form in the shapeless. At first, she sees thin branches that lead to thicker limbs before they end at the trunk of a tree that has sprouted at the base of her rubbish pile. Lune follows one of the branches made from broken lost items with her eyes, and grins. There, at the end of the branch is another black bubble. Lune slips down the pile of objects, making sure to keep her gaze on the bubble. The shape of the tree and its branches disappear but the bubble doesn't. It seems to be waiting for her. Lune walks towards it, and not daring to avert her gaze, stretches her arms and pop! The bubble pops and once again, light shoots towards the sky.

