

Hope

“Good evening, Elliot!”

Girl’s ringing voice pulled a boy out of his thoughts. Aimee was standing beside him, balancing on a tiny pointed star that was shining brightly.

“Hello! How was your day?”

She smiled, jumped over two planets and sat on an Orion constellation.

“It was totally great! Andromeda galaxy is flourishing!”

Aimee looked at the sun. Golden sparkles in eyes flashed out dazzlingly.

“You’re still watching the solar system? You know the Space Guardians shouldn’t stay at one place.”

“I know,” Elliot shook his head pensively. “But it’s much more interesting than it seems!” he said, nodding at the third planet from the sun.

“I love Earth! But what is this white satellite beside it?”

“The moon...” he answered. The boy tilted his head and peered at it. “The moon... Lonely, cold and hardly examined in the infinite space. I have been wondering why people don’t realize its importance. Don’t they want to start all over again?”

“Again?”

“Yes! Their planet is suffering. It just can’t deal with the imposed duties no more. Meanwhile the moon is a clean slate. A dawn. A new day. They can finally explore new forms of life or deep space, build cities, take care of themselves, ecology, animals, become nice, tolerant, kind, they!..”

Elliot stopped for a moment. His luminous silver eyes tarnished.

“They can finally become **humans**...”

“Per aspera ad astra.” said Aimee and squeezed his hand tenderly.

Far off the lights of a dreaming Earth were gleaming dully.