

Accuracy

by janus

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Abraxas sat with his small son, showing him the stars. Lucius had a silver wand - an ornamental Christmas tree icicle. "Look, father. I want to write."

"Of course. What will you write?"

Lucius carefully traced shining letters against the sky. *I Love*

He frowned and made a sweeping motion, eradicating it. He wrote: *I love you*

His father smiled, patting his shoulder fondly. "That is beautiful, son."

Silver letters hung in the air, but Lucius was not finished. He blew on his 'wand' and drew a tiny green circle after his words. *I love you.* That made it a sentence.