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.