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Anna and the Wobbly Star

Timothy O'Brien

Anna had always considered her granddaughter her favorite wobbly star. Tonight was the night the sky came down. The roof of the hospital would peel away and, as the large open space pulled on Anna to return, she would bring her wobbly star with her.

The doctors were skeptical as to how she had lived this long. Being a rancher and ingesting the amount of asbestos she had was sickening and would cause the most healthy to become terminal in a matter of moments.

Anna was strong. She was the wind. A moving gale that pushed through her family and grasped them all at the same time. Being the reason for her family's success, she had started coddling and grooming her little star for the same bright future. And now she was determined to carry this star with her to her next adventure, as the time approached.

Anna weaved between rooms and beds, cables and machines. She knew the time was coming, as the ceiling tiles started rattling and gravity became less reliable.

Anna was ready. She leaned towards her star and, reaching out, beckoned her star to come with her. As her star started to cry, Anna realized a precious fact: Sometimes the wind must die down to see the sky.

As she slowly let go of her most dear one, her strength failed and a sense of air disappeared. The trees stopped rustling and the lake turned to glass. The wind had died down.