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When I look up, I wonder, do stars have their hard times, too? Are they running from an unknown, like me? All my life, I've been relating to celestial bodies, they're no longer soothing the pain, no longer reminding me that this will be over by the time the light rays, which bounced off me, reached them—but there are clear facts: they're running and exploding. Some are hot, some are cold. Some are beautiful from the outside but not as interesting as the ones that have energetic insides and some are both; some provide energy to the near planets, for life and warmth, like our young, bubbly sun, like Mom and Ramona, yet some are as cunning as vampire stars that suck the essence off younger dwarf stars, like David.

Luckily, there are always robust beings and forces, like black holes, which swallow those nasty essence-sucking mischievous spirits and never spit them out the way green, tropical chameleons swallow wasps which damage their environs.

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