Each morning we went about our daily lives. We went to work, and to school. With each passing day, the sun rose again, regardless of what had happened the night before. The sun remained indifferent to those under its reign, like a king ignoring the plight of his people.

Until one day, a new sun rose. Not so different from the old one at first, but this sun had one key difference. It cared. It cared, and it hoped, and it dreamed. It cared for the creatures residing in its kingdom. It hoped for their safety and for their lives to be easy. It dreamed of a kingdom free of strife, free from worry, and above all else, free from disorder.

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“Dad…” Mae said. “That story doesn’t make sense.”