Night Sky

certifiableGrimalkin

There was a soft, warm breeze. Particles of sand pricked her face, from time to time, as she walked away from her car, away from the road. The sun was setting, slowly, and the oranges and pinks of it were beautiful, she thought.

The terrain started to rise, ruggedly. She walked, from rock to boulder, getting higher and leaving a trail of fuzzy footprints in the dust and sand. The gentle breeze caressed the ground around her, erasing the signs of her travels.

The sky began to turn shades of purple, and the girl reached a big, warm boulder, on top of the plateau she was wandering. She climbed up it, and laid down on the glowing rock, relaxing her face against the heated surface.

When she opened her eyes anew, the sky was a deep purple She turned to face it, and leaned up on her elbows, looking towards the vast emptiness, and waiting.

A light became visible, in a corner. Another, not soon after. Small spots of light, in clusters, or solitary, all over the sky. Slowly, gently, they all faded in, until they nearly rivaled the light of the giant orb of the moon.

She looked at all the dots, her mind and eyes playing games of patterns, showing her memories and phantasms. There were people, and animals, shapes and complex organic machines, maps and stories, all moving on this static canvas.

And then, she noticed the eyes, looking back at her, from the sky. Just dots, as any others, she paid them no mind, at first. But she couldn't shape them with her mind, as she did the others. They were there, watching her.

She looked more intently, and notices a void. In proximity of the eyes, no other stars appeared. What more, a star disappeared, close-by to them. She didn't know why, but she knew it was devoured. She knew the eyes found it delicious. Then, she saw the eyes blink.

Suddenly, she realised the breeze was chilly. The rock was still exuding warmth, but her breath was forming a small cloud. She looked back to the sky, the part where the eyes were, and they weren't there.

She stood up, on the rock, and stretched herself, her joints popping. He butt was sore. A piece of the rock was sticking into it, this whole time, unnoticed by her enchanted senses. She closed up her jacket, and reached into a pocket, to pull out a flashlight. With an electric tone, she had her own light. She jumped down the rock.

A meep came from the side of the rock. When she shone towards it, two eyes reflected back, and the darkness surrounding it ate away at the beam of light. Her flashlight started flickering

She bumped the flashlight against her thigh, and it started working properly. The darkness was gone, when she checked again.

Walking back, through the night, she heard a deep, monotonous rumbling a couple of times. Each time, her flashlight would

start flickering, and it would take a bit for it to get back to working. She was sure she had new batteries in it. She also couldn't discern the source of the rumbling.

She could see the lights of her car illuminating planes of rock. She stepped into one of the ovals of brilliance, sending a shade to be formed behind there, and...

Eyes?

She jumped, but, there were no eyes in her shadow. She must have imagined it. She took the last steps towards the car, only to hear the vibrations again, and her flashlight popped.

"Fuck."

She turned towards the door, and opened it. The lights in the car flickered on.

"Meow

"Who are you, little one?"

"Mew "

"Are vou alone?"

"Meow."

This wasn't getting her anywhere. She left the windows to her car open, and a cat, had jumped in. It was black, in a pitch that was difficult to look at. No volume nor light survived that black. And it's eyes were incredibly brilliant. She had seen ones like that, before. That sounds ridiculous, though.

"Do you want to come with me?"

"Meow."

The cat moved over, to the passenger seat. She sat down in the car, and started the engine.

"Last chance to run."

She started first closing her own window, then the passenger side window. The cat staid put.

She checked her mirrors, and started the drive back home. It would take another hour, till she was there. She enjoyed the night sky. It was beautiful, and every night she was here, in the wilderness, she would see something different in it. Sky. She considered that name. It was a good cat name.