

The Star Weaver

by Matteo Angelo

Elara knelt at the edge of the lake, her fingers brushing the shimmering threads that danced across the water's surface. They were starlight, spun into ribbons of silver and gold, waiting to be gathered and woven into wishes.

It was said that only the Star Weavers could touch them, but Elara had always dared to dream otherwise.

"Careful," her grandmother's voice warned from behind. "The stars are not to be taken lightly."

"But what if I could?" Elara asked, her eyes fixed on the threads. "What if I could weave them too?"

Her grandmother shook her head. "The stars choose their weavers, child. You cannot force their light."

But that night, Elara saw the sky dim. One by one, the stars flickered out, leaving the heavens darker than she had ever known.

By morning, whispers spread across the village. The Star Weavers were losing their magic, and no one knew why.

Elara couldn't ignore the ache in her chest. She packed her things and set out toward the mountain where the stars were born.

The journey was long, and the forest grew darker with every step. Shadows crept along the path, and the wind carried voices that didn't belong to this world. But Elara pressed on, clutching the small silver pendant her mother had given her—the last light she carried.

At the summit, she found the Loom of Stars. Its threads hung lifeless, tangled and broken.

“Who dares disturb the loom?”

The voice echoed through the chamber. A figure stepped forward, cloaked in midnight.

“I seek to mend it,” Elara said, her voice trembling.

The figure laughed. “And what will you offer in return?”

Elara's heart pounded. She had nothing to give—nothing but the light within her.

“I will give myself,” she said.

The figure studied her for a long moment, then stepped aside.

“Then weave.”

Elara took the threads in her hands. They burned at first, but she didn't let go. She worked through the pain, weaving light into the loom, piece by piece, until the stars began to glow once more.

When she stepped outside, the sky was alive with light.

And for the first time, Elara wasn't just a dreamer.

She was a Star Weaver.