

Supernova

(A powerful and luminous explosion of a star that occurs when a white dwarf is triggered into nuclear fusion.)

When I first met her, I knew she was destined for greatness. She sat upon her throne beside her parents as my father introduced himself as the new royal healer. She was a sun, emitting so much warmth I could not help but stare- against my better judgement- and be blinded by her light. Around her, I was but a moon, truly alive only when her gaze was set upon me.

I must admit, I can scarcely remember the night of the ball. There she stood in all her glory, a silver lining to the weave of clouds that adorned her body, both fighting and complementing her light like a storm at sunset. When I mustered the courage to request a dance, it felt as though each step was set upon God's rays, guiding and pure.

I remember our escape to the library, both of us far too tired of pleasantries. We wished for quiet, and for a beautiful story by the hearth, though I believe any story I came across wouldn't have caught my attention as much as she.

It was in the library that we encountered our first sign of rain, caused by the jealousy and greed of her aunt who would not inherit a throne now that the sun was of age. It was dismissed, she was no threat.

How wrong I was to disregard that witch of the floods.

Upon our return one evening, we found the castle engulfed. I had to be my sun's rock then and ensure her escape.

Ten years we hid among the people.

Ten years we gathered resources to make her return.

When I gazed upon her then, she was glorious. Sword in hand, she stood with blazing fury before the deluge, myself fortunate enough to remain forever by her side and temper her flame. She breathed life into each and every one of us that fought by her side. I am certain we would all lay down our lives for her then and there.

If only I wasn't made of stone; if only I was an inferno, perhaps together we might have sooner evaporated the torrent that drowned her castle, her home, her parents.

Her.

Without my sun, I am simply a pebble adrift in darkness. I know I still have purpose, somewhere remains her request of me, but I cannot fathom how I am ever to understand it without my sun to guide me.

For now, I can only hope to have her light immortalised, her last remaining vestige held within the hearts of our people.

And so, I write this for you to read upon my eventual departure to join her once more, and beseech you- please, please remember the sun and her everlasting warmth.