

Glittering Gold

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As a writer, try not to be boring. Try not to formulate a riff raff of ridiculous and monotonous words. Words that are so pointless and mundane it makes you want to pull your hair out.

She looks at the page and taps her quill on the notebook. Ink splotches and soaks into the cream parchment. She scratches out the words, the black lines absorbing in with the splotches. The quill scrapes against the paper. She needs words that aren't her own. She needs words from her soul.

She can do better. She stares at her empty notebook, empty but for the lines and splotches. She bites her lip, adjusts her baggy burgundy sweater, and starts again. She taps her quill, dips it in the ink, and scratches away at the parchment, ignoring the mess made prior.

All that glitters is not gold, and yet magic stills the heart. Or at least it once did, till the power and merriment flowing through the world was fought over. Unimaginable and black star cast evil clashed against the innocent. Their teeth scraped and slammed against each other at any small sliver of opportunity for control. When the paved and cobbled roads were soaked with the red stains of blood, a sinister silence fell over the world.

Magic, once meant to provide a balance, proved to be a living force that was driven mad by both sides. In the end, it lost itself and disappeared imminently.

Gone.

Leaving behind the dazed blinking of confused eyes. All beings were rewarded with the consequence of a silent world. No whispering wind, flicker of wishes coming true, or sparks flying from a snap of one's fingers. The last drops left in the books we read.

Ah, but really?

Our magic lives and breathes in those books. Deep, gasping breaths. Even despite the real magic from old, that is lacking. Oh, those sleeping giants. Those stories that warm our hearts. Bringing us back to life. We read to comfort our weary souls. Lost and confused souls. Searching, grasping at empty tufts of straw. When the silence overwhelms with its quiet, hope is the only thing standing in the way between life and death.

It breathes that life back into us. A glittering... a shimmering... a lively dusting of gold as the season cools and the holidays unravel themselves from the confines of a cramped wooden chest.

Decorations flung up as she smiles at the scraping pages of her new book. Stuffed in a stocking, hung with joy, and filled with a silence of calm. Promises of bringing magic back into hers and all those faith filled souls meandering around.

She puts the quill down and smiles. Yes, that was it. Poetic words, with metaphorical meaning. Cursive lines swirl in loops across the page with a certain deliberate care. A dance of lettering and ink on the smudged and dirty notebook. The last line was underlined with just a touch of intricacy.

Hope, it is the glittering gold. The rosy red cheeks. The chilly hands of merriment from a blistering snowball fight. Hope and magic. Found within the pages of a great book.