

12/3/2021 Prompt: Snowfall, History of the Element 2 (Owen & Karina 15)

Charlie had waited long enough. It was time to act.

“Come, boy,” he said, holding out his wrinkled hand. “I need your help.”

“Yes, sir.”

The moon hung in the sky as they trudged through the falling snow, hand in hand. Charlie dared not glance back to the warm house. They thought him crazy.

Would the boy?

“Are we going in the cave, Grandad? It’s dark.”

“It’s safe.” Charlie held out his electric torch. “Your hands are steadier than mine.”

“Yes, sir.”

He could’ve found the spot with his eyes closed. He checked his watch.

“Cut the light, son.”

“But why, Grandad? Oh, all right.”

The boy’s warm grasp soothed Charlie’s nerves as they waited. Any minute now...

“Look, Grandad! A blue light!”

Charlie’s mouth went dry. It was one thing to contemplate from afar, another thing to choose. But Alfie...what if Charlie had waited too long?

“Can you keep a secret?”

The boy’s grip tightened. “Yes, sir!”

“Good. You mustn’t tell a soul.” He tried to swallow. “I’m going on a secret mission.”

“Where?” As Charlie chuckled, his great-grandson rubbed his runny nose. “Oh, it’s a secret.”

“Once I leave, find the journal in my nightstand. Keep it hidden until you’re older. Can you do that?”

“I think so. Do you have to leave?”

“Yes.”

Thin arms wrapped around his waist. “Will I see you again?”

“Well...I...”

“Grandad?”

The blue stone beckoned. It was now or never. Giving the boy a kiss on the head, Charlie eased away.

“Find the journal.” Sniffle. “I need to go now.”

“I love you, Grandad. I’ll do as you say.”

“I know. I love you too, Owen.”

And with that, he was gone, leaving the boy to trundle home through the snow with a sharp ache and a growing sense of wonder.

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Tune in each Friday as I finish this storyline up! Find the rest in my Story Highlights or on my website on The Art of Shorts page (link in bio). Last week’s Contemplate is in my stories in case you missed it.

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