

# Fireflies

By: Lindsey W.

Fireflies were beautiful. I've seen them in pictures and photos but never in person. This boy was perfect. Now before I continue let's start from this morning, when I had still never seen a firefly. I had woken up with my hair in messy knots and twists. I was staring at the ceiling at a tiny photo I had asked my father to put up there. A picture of me and my brother when he had graduated High School. My brother, Dasani, was in college and he was barely ever here now. I had looked up to him a lot but, his girlfriend Jessie was more important than I ever will be.

Fireflies, they had the ability to light up to ward off predators and to call to nearby fireflies as a sort of mating call I guess. Ever since my father had captured some he found a way to turn them into a sort of fuel they needed special switches but, they worked and never burned out unlike light bulbs. Dasani would tell me stories when I was little about the hills lighting up at night with fireflies. I was too young to go so I never saw them only pictures and in dreams.

"Callie what are you doing? Eat before you miss the train." my mother had a very quiet sounding voice, sweet and gentle.

I nodded and went back to my room and the vanity. My hair was really a mess with black tangles in it. I sighed and started brushing them out. I need to speed things up. I still haven't mentioned the boy.

History was focused on fireflies and mother's work to find more. She knew they weren't extinct but everyone else seemed to think so. I was looking out the window, naming all the buildings I saw and then the storm clouds appeared. They were loud and the rain never ceased to stop. Class got dismissed early because of the rain and now I could see Dasani under an umbrella out at the gates. When he saw, me I saw that frown turn into a small smile and he walked towards me.

“What brings you by Dasani?” my own voice was a whisper against the rain as we walked to the train. To anyone else we looked more like a couple than brother and sister.

“The Fire Fly Festival is coming up so they gave us the week off and why wouldn’t I spend it with you Callie?” he chuckled it always sounded so amazing to me. I had a hero-complex when it came to my brother and I was also very protective of him. If Jessie ever broke his heart I would break her instead.

“I wonder what it’ll be like?” the fire fly festival was an event that happened every 10 years. When my parents’ research company spent half their reserves to make a light so powerful it drew in over a thousand fireflies. I was only 4 when it first happened so I never saw it.

“Will you take me to the festival this time Dasani?” he sighed and shook his head as we went onto the train. I looked out the window as realization hit me, he was going with Jessie. Of course, she still meant more than family. “I understand I’ll go with someone else.” Someone else included my bedroom window. “Callie I didn’t mean it that way you know that, right?” I sighed and nodded. Sure brother...

It was past midnight and the storm had yet to stop. Dasani was in his old room while I was staring out my window. It had lightened up but the lightning hadn’t. I sighed and looked at my door. Dasani hadn’t said another word to me since we had gotten home all I saw from him was a door close and a silent goodnight. I hugged my legs and sniffled my vision a blur. Did my brother not love me anymore? I heard a tap and looked towards my window. It was still raining but there was nothing there. Another tap and I looked up to see bluish green eyes look at me. I yelled and backed away from the window. A body swung down and opened it falling inside and into my door. The body groaned as I closed it and tried to look for something anything sharp and pointy. This wasn’t the kitchen though it was my room. The body turned around and looked at me and now I could see that the body was a boy. He had messy brown hair and eyes that had speckles of yellow that seemed to flicker. I was staring before I noticed he was smiling at me. “Thanks for um letting me in by the way.” My eye twitched as I sighed.

“Your kind of let yourself in but, okay.” He turned red. “Yeah sorry about that but, it was raining and I don’t do well with water.” He was soaked covered in mud and

rain with cuts over his face but his eyes were still shining brighter than the lightning. "What's your name?" he was still looking at me as if he hadn't just jumped through my window. "Calliope Mclean." I used my full name not wanting to seem rude to the already rude guest. "She's a muse in Greek mythology yes?" my eyes widened and my cheeks turned red. Not many people knew about my name's origins or Greek mythology for that matter. "So, what's yours?" he looked down and that shine in his eyes was gone leaving just plain green eyes. "It doesn't matter." He wasn't going to budge his body language read that much.

"Can I stay, please?" his eyes smile again like, even though it was on his face he could also do it with his eyes. So, I smiled back and laughed.

"Sure" that's the beginning of our story the ending is promising.