

## The Light Takers



Imagine waking up to darkness. There is no need for your eyes to adjust as the world looks the same all year round. That is if you can find a way to see the world, to see the roses, the small brick cottages and the cobblestone pathways. I throw my arm out of bed and feel around for a box, inside a single match. My last one.

Ever since the light takers destroyed the sun, matches have been an extremely desirable item. The match strikes hard against the box, bending with the force. I use the flame to light an old oil lamp, the flame rises and dances inside its glass case, taunting me. The sirens ring loud outside my bedroom and I quickly hide the lamp in my cupboard and duck. There are patrols everyday, the light takers destroying every ounce of hope I ever had of being able to see my world again. Every morning before the patrols start I try a new way of bringing light into the world and everyday they barge in and take it.

I slip under the bed as I hear the familiar footsteps enter, I hear them blow out the flame and smash the lamp against the dark wooden floor. As they leave I feel something wet against my cheek. A tear. Slowly more tears roll down my face. My hand reaches up, the skin burns with anger and defeat. All hope and determination leaving as I lay on the ground an empty shell of loss.

I quietly slip outside the door, it creaks just enough to make me panic. The grass is damp with morning dew as I sit and take a deep breath of the cool air. All of a sudden I hear the grass rustle next to me. I jump up scared it's a light taker here to take the only thing I have left, me. When I hear a voice say "wait, i'm a survivor like you." The words move through me as a sense of relief. "Who are you?" I question. "Andrew" he responds, then I feel his fingers lace through mine as we stand and stare out into the dark black nothingness.