

Who Loves the Sun?

by Oliver Hunt

One night the boredom so overwhelmed Lydia it literally felt like death. It wrapped around her like a boa constrictor, suffocating her. She ran out of her house, looked up to the sky and cried Certainly there must be something out there not Boring. What can it be?

She noticed the stars— distant, mysterious and shiny, the way they glowed and twinkled in the inky navy-blue sky. Lydia couldn't take her eyes off them. She decided she was going to marry one-- the biggest, shiniest, most twinkling star there was.

Why was Lydia bored? What bored Lydia? Everything bored Lydia, but people mostly. Her classmates at school offered her gifts of their lunches and rides on their scooters. Her teachers gave her good grades without her having to do any work. She would turn in a blank test, which would be returned with A++ emphatically scrawled in red pen. The mailman would give her other people's mail. The butcher would buy her pastries; the baker would buy her meats. Every cashier at every grocery, corner and convenience store refused to charge her. Just take whatever you want, they'd all say before proposing marriage. When she passed married couples on the sidewalk, the men would grab their wives' hands and strip them of their wedding rings, which they'd present to Lydia with additional gifts of cash. They'd cry, Marry us! Marry us Lydia! and Lydia would turn up her nose and ignore them. They were all so boring. The men, dejected, would return to their wives, who would beat them with fists and purses.

Her parents bought her whatever she wanted and always seemed a little afraid of her.

I'm so bored, she'd say. Her father would put down his newspaper and say Well, what can I buy you?

Oh, nothing Lydia would sigh. Anything you could buy me is boring. Everything's boring and everything sucks.

Some people creeped her out with their attentions, sure, which bordered on Not Boring. But, ultimately, Lydia knew she was

creeped out because they were dull. The night she looked at the sky, she knew boredom killed, because it was boring.

A few nights later, a falling star hit the woods outside of her neighborhood, causing the ground to shake. People came from all over to see this fallen star, which was now just a small rock in a crater.

Lydia glided through the crowd- which parted for her as if a second comet streaked through- and caught a glimpse of it. It was just a remnant of what it used to be, but still, she decided, it was beautiful.

She took the fallen star home, where it became her first true love. The rock was equally taken by Lydia. It was so enamored it started heating up and glowing again, then hovered and floated about her room. The star had decided it wanted to marry her.

However, it was a little too little, a little too late for Lydia, who had already grown bored with it. I can't marry you, Lydia said. You're not even a real star anymore. Look at you, you're just a rock. You fell out of the sky because the sky didn't want you anymore. I'm sorry, but I have bigger things in mind.

But Lydia, the star protested. As you can see I'm up and glowing again. I'll be a star again in no time, just wait and see.

There are any number of pebbles out there who might be impressed, Lydia said. I'm just not feeling it for you anymore.

The fallen star, brokenhearted, crumbled and turned to ash. Lydia simply brushed the ash into her palm and blew it out of her window.

Lydia then had rocket scientists build her a rocket, one that would take her to the heavens so she could pursue her dream star. The rocket scientists did this without payment, all proposing marriage to Lydia, who just laughed and said I can think of few things as boring as all that. The scientists cried but continued building her rocket through their tears. Lydia flew into space, where she met the North Star- a very big, important star indeed. He was equally smitten with Lydia. He'd shine on her and tip the Big Dipper- which was filled with delicious Star Soup- into her mouth.

One night, The North Star said Lydia, I'm so enamored, I'm more on fire than usual. Will you marry me and make me the happiest star in the universe? Hell, the Multiverse?

Lydia, unfortunately, had already grown bored with the North Star.

I could never marry you, she said. You're really just another pin-speck of light among so many. I'm sorry, but I have much bigger things in mind.

But Lydia, the North Star said. Look at how bright I shine, and look at my place in the universe. I guide travelers and I hold up the Big Dipper, out of which, I might remind you, you've drunken your share of.

Lydia simply yawned and said, Yeah, but I can't help not caring. Be well.

But the North Star wasn't well. Brokenhearted, it simply grew dim and faded away, leaving every traveler lost and stranded.

Lydia then met the biggest, brightest, most important star she could find. Lydia met The Sun. The Sun adored Lydia, and lit upon her and kept her warm. The Sun decided that yes, it would marry her.

However, Lydia's eyes again started to wander. The Sun was just the sun of this one solar system, which to her had grown into a very dull solar system indeed. In fact, the whole Milky Way galaxy was becoming a huge bore, and she started thinking about galaxies outside of it. She looked through her telescope, and saw another sun surrounded by another solar system in a galaxy millions of light years away from the Milky Way. It was a beautiful sun, so bright and hot and gaseous, she simply had to go out and reach it.

The Sun, having gotten the telescope bills, told Lydia she had some explaining to do. When Lydia told him she wanted to leave, it blinded her. Lydia said, Even blind I can feel the heat of distant suns, suns bigger, hotter and more explosive than you.

The Sun, furious and heartbroken, incinerated Lydia. It then imploded and became a black hole, which swallowed up the whole solar system and a sizeable chunk of the Milky Way.

And that's why we're all dead.
Thanks a lot, Lydia.

