

“Let’s say, a deity of sorts, came down to Earth and offered you any one thing in the entire universe. What would you ask for?” Lucy looks into Artie’s eyes, his glasses reflecting the stars as his head tilts to the side in thought.

“Hm.” Artie’s eyes then widen. “Anything? Guaranteed that this deity is telling the absolute truth?”

“Anything.”

“An interview. I’d want an interview.”

“That’s it?” Lucy scoffs.

“I am a journalist aren’t I? I’d want answers.”

“What answers would you want?” She puts her hands on her knuckles and leans forward.

“Well, I’d want the essentials. Life’s purpose and all that. I’d also—”

“You wouldn’t ask something smaller? Something that wouldn’t immediately break your brain?”

“I was getting to that.” Artie winks. “I’d start with some smaller questions. Things that have always plagued my mind.”

“Such as?” Lucy leans in further, lightly leaning on his shoulder.

“Such as..” Artie leans his head back and the stars catch his gaze. He spots a constellation in the fall sky. “Such as, how the constellations came to be. I only know what they’re meant to convey because of centuries of conditioning. Scientific texts, navigation purposes, religious interpretations, everyone can agree that there are patterns in the stars. Patterns that tell us something important, that are meaningful. And with everything man fights about, why do we all agree on the stars conveying

an important message?"

"Do you really want to know?" Lucy sits up. Artie fully turns to her, he takes both of her hands in his.

"It's the first question I'd ask." Artie looks into Lucy's eyes earnestly. She smiles and leans in to whisper into his ear, as if telling her favorite story.

"One night, in the first century of man, a few of the gods from the heavens descended onto Earth after a celebration they cannot recall. Dressed in their tunics, covered in mushrooms and flowers and whatever else they fancied. They frolicked in a blissful daze. When the gods came upon mankind, they took the humans by the hand and danced over an open fire."

Artie tries to pull from his preconceived notions of what a "god" may look like. But in his mind, the only thing he can see is Lucy. Dressed in a tunic, covered in the wildflowers that surrounded them, in a blissful daze. Dancing with his mother and father in their youth, and their mothers and fathers in their youths, and so forth. Until there were hundreds of people, not one of them him. He is utterly engrossed in the world she speaks of. Lucy takes a breath before continuing.

"The gods quickly discovered that said humans became exhausted quite quickly." Lucy giggles. "When they could dance no longer, the humans fell down and found comfort in looking at the stars. The gods then sat down, and told the humans how they arranged the stars." Lucy looks up at the stars, Artie cautiously follows. The stars glittered, intertwining and dancing in the sky. Lucy then continues. "And the words of the gods were seared into their minds. No matter how hard they tried, the humans could never forget the tales they were told."

"What happened to them?" Artie looks down at Lucy, trying to commit to memory every word she speaks.

“The words were woven into the very fabric of their beings, and every human born after that night saw the same patterns in the stars.” Lucy looks at Artie. “And that is why everyone sees the constellations, the gods revealed what they are.” Lucy sits back upright, there is a twinkle in her eye. Artie keeps his gaze on her, unable to reply. Not even daring to entertain an alternative, or outright reject the theory. For in the fabric of his very soul, he knew her words to be true. After a long pause, Artie nods.

“Thank you.” Artie cautiously moves to hold her face. Lucy takes his hand and stands up. He moves with her, and she stands close to him.

“It was wonderful to meet you Arthur. May the winds blow your way.” Lucy gives him a soft kiss, Artie closes his eyes.

“May the wind-“ Artie opens his eyes and sees that she is gone. He looks around, then down at the half full wine glasses. Artie takes a moment to sit in the field and keeps his head down. He finally packs up the picnic and walks towards the his car. He keeps his gaze down the entire walk to the parking lot, refusing to look at the stars.