

In the beginning, it was nothing. It was nothing more than a clear sky, and the same pale stars that always shone down on the planet, in the beginning. Nobody looked up, nobody called, nobody pointed. Why should they? If they had, all they would be looking and calling and pointing at would be the same old night sky, shimmering like ice speckled velvet. So nobody looked up, and nobody saw it. In the beginning, it was invisible.

That would soon change.

Slowly, slowly, the invisible nothing became something. No-one knew how long it took: no-one was looking, so it could afford to take its time. Eventually, it was the size of some of the surrounding stars, those fainter ones that glimmered and gleamed on the borders of the just visible and the not. Still no-one looked, and so no-one saw that this star shimmered and shone in red, unlike the yellows and blues of its brothers.

No-one looked, so no-one saw this star was getting bigger.

At first, the growth was almost as difficult to see as the star itself. As it blossomed slowly from nothing into possibly something, the moons raced it across the heavens, laughing at its slothfulness. By the time night had firmly taken hold, and the first moon had dipped below the dusty horizon, the star had barely managed to double in size. But soon it was the have the last laugh: just a few hours later, as the second moon disappeared from view, a third moon languished in the sky. It sat proudly, casting a diffuse glow on the land around it. It continued to get bigger.

The first person to notice it dismissed it almost instantly. He happened to glance briefly up, and saw the pale glow, and then spat into the dust and went about his business. Why should he worry? He'd seen the moons before, and they hadn't yet fallen on him. He didn't even glance back up as this moon continued to grow and burn, choosing instead to wrap himself in his bed and fall asleep.