

One night, when Calypso was watching Calliope unload her van just outside of Luelure, Calypso noticed that the light contraption was nowhere to be found. Frightened, Calypso poked around in the open spaces, searching for it. Surely, it hadn't been lost, right? She was so close to a breakthrough and this would have been the moment to make it happen.

"Where is the light, Calliope?" Calypso asked.

Calliope gave no response, not even the flick of an ear. No pause either. Calypso honked in alarm. Maybe Calliope thought she had left, and was getting rid of the light contraption.

"I'm still here!" Calypso shouted. "I'm still here! I didn't go anywhere. Please. The light!"

Still nothing. Calypso moved around the van as Calliope unloaded it and peeked in every box that was opened enough for her to see. Most of the boxes were labeled with various addresses, and a CCCat was combing through the packages with depressing sluggishness.

"You sure that you wanna send all this stuff out now, miss?"

Calliope offered a confirmation. Calypso darted around the flimsy tent, trying to think of a way to make herself known. Each attempt to move something drained her, and her panic mounted as she searched for the light. Her barks went unanswered, and her cries for attention fell flat.

When Calliope unloaded the last box and dug through it, Calypso was right there with her. There, in the bottom of the box, was the contraption. The old piece of wood with the worn out electrical wire, the silver switch, and the dusty lightbulb that was still intact.

"You have to keep that," Calypso said, pleading, eyes watering. "I'm working on it, I promise."

If she could just steer the switch instead. Move it with her magic. The door visualization didn't work, and when she thought about it, Calypso's shoulders dropped. Calliope assessed the contraption with deep sadness.

Calypso froze. She was supposed to be able to do this by now, right? What if it was more like a sea than a doorway? After all, when they launched rockets into space, they thought of it as sailing through the cosmos. This was the same thing on a much smaller scale.

When she imagined the wood to be like a little sea, with the switch as the ship, Calypso muttered about sails and wind and rudders. The switch remained stubborn, but when Calypso blew air out of her nostrils, it flicked, moved only a little. The light flickered on and Calliope gasped, nearly dropping the contraption.

"See! I am still here!"