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By the Light of a Candle

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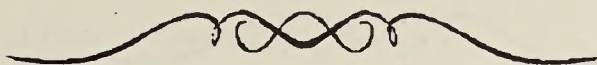
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BY THE LIGHT OF A CANDLE



Midnight. Darkness holds its reign over the empire, except for my room. A tall, lanky, black candle dances gleefully on its wick, as the shadows sway to its tune. By the light of a candle, the deep, melodious music, sounded by a Native American flute, floats to the horizon, touching everyone who can feel its call of peace, love, and harmony.

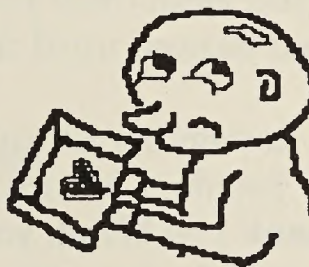
By the light of a candle, the graceful feline leaps and jumps about, chasing the luminous bubbles swirling with color. And the moon, delicately peeking from behind the tree, reflects off of the cat's eyes, causing an eerie, yet wonderful feeling.

By the light of a candle, the drops of dew glisten on the freshly cut tulips. The crystalline vase glimmers, displaying its true beauty with intricate cuts and designs.

By the light of a candle, the otherwise normal room is transformed into a chamber of wonderment and beauty. The flame shall never die as long as these things exist.

By: Ingrid Klune

*"Even a single hair casts a shadow."
- Publilius Syrus*



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