

The Noble Lights

By A. C. Zito

A meeting is currently taking place with all the intelligent life forms throughout the known universe. Through animal life, the humans rose, through tree life, the tree lords rose, through bacteria and such, the bactoids rose, and through the insect creatures, so the butterfly angels came. With the known insights into the water, the air, the dirt, and the empty space that devours everything surrounding their home planets, they come to decide how it will be possible to bring another intelligent life form into their council. This is... the council of the Noble Lights.

"We need a fifth member!" The head of the butterfly angels announced. Everyone around the table looked around at each other feeling uneasy. They knew the head of the butterfly angels was right.

"But how will this fifth Noble Light come to be?" head of the humans asked, feeling nervous.

"I say, we have enough Noble Lights as it is!" exclaimed the head of the bactoids.

"Not true!" Head of the tree lords whispered. The tree lord brought out a small acorn nut. "We have all come together because we have a seed in our midst. What makes you think, head of the bactoids, that the fifth Noble Light isn't ready to show its presence?"

"Where could it come from?" asked the head of the humans, curious.

"One of my fellow brethren, the fungi, believes they are ready to be a Noble Light." The head of the bactoids looked at the head of the tree lords in shock.

"This can't be!" The head said, horrified. "The fungi aren't ready to bring out a Noble Light to represent them at the council." But the head of the butterfly angels shrugged at this.

"Why not; why not bring out a fifth Noble Light from the fungi kingdom? If the head of the tree lords believe they are ready then they are ready. We knew it was time. It had been written; written in the prophecies for eons and eons. Head of the bactoids, you are the oldest and the wisest of us all. Why is it you never believe in the change that is said to be written when it is written?" The head of the bactoids sighed and let out:

"If it must be then let it be; I'm ready for a fifth Noble Light if you all are ready for a fifth Noble Light."

And it came to be: the fifth Noble Light came to be known as the fungreats. The new Noble Light shared in the council and came to be merry and gay in all that was noble. So there we have it: the five Noble Lights. Come to be, to share in the universe together and provide life and nourishment to all they know as what is written. For what there is. For what there was. And for what there will be. It is written.