

Dawn Gold

by Dandello (AKA Librarian)

© 16-Feb-09

Rating: K

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Author's Notes: Written for the BlueTights February challenge

He loved the dawn. Hovering over the blue planet below, he watched the rising sun glint off the ocean. The light caressed the buildings of the great city, turning the glass of the skyscrapers into gold. Few of the people below took notice. They were too busy with their own lives, their own thoughts, as they scurried about. The sunlight urged the night creatures to hurry back to their lairs as the day creatures stirred and rustled in their own dens, beginning their day.

A hawk flung itself from its nest on the side of a building, catching the thermals as it began its morning hunt for small night creatures foolishly tardy in hiding from the sunlight, or small day creatures that were simply foolish.

He did not interfere with the hunters of the air, although he occasionally stepped in to protect them from the predators of the city - the two legged ones that didn't understand nature's balance in the urban jungle.

The sunlight tingled as it touched his exposed face and hands, as it caressed his skin through the thin blue fabric that bore his family's sigil. Like the hawk, he was a creature of the air and of sunlit day.

To the west it was still dark but soon enough the sunlight would wash the fields of corn and wheat with gold. Soon enough those who husbanded the land would begin their own work, they and their families and their help. He missed those long ago days when all he had to worry about were his school work and chores and whether or not the cute girl at the desk next to his liked him.

But that was long ago and his was a different calling. Not a higher one, but simply different, as befitted the scion of a lost world.

A few more precious moments to relax in the sunlight before *his* day began in earnest in the city that dawn had turned gold.

"Help Superman!"