

One Lantern at a Time

Akram Az

The village lantern walk had reached the foot of the hill. Lunai carried one light. Myro carried another. Pico's little lantern bobbed near the grass. At each bend, they paused to look back. The path below had become a winding ribbon of lights. Pico lifted his lantern a little higher, and they rounded the next bend.

Where does your eye follow the lantern path?

You don't have to answer.

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