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*The
Writer*

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The Encounter

The page in front of me was empty—aching for a story. The silence of my study pressed in on me, so I tapped my pen on the desk, unsure of what I wanted to say. After a few moments, I realized I wanted more than words on a page; I wanted a conversation. With a deep breath, I wrote the first lines:

“Hello... can you hear me?”

A voice—soft, curious—emerged from the white space.

“Hello? Who said that? Where am I? And... who am I?”

I smiled to myself. There it was: the spark of life on the page.

“You’re in my story, the one I’m writing right now. As for who you are... that’s up to me,

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for the most part. But I'd like you to have a say, too."

"Your story? So you created me? But I feel... real. I'm thinking, hearing my own voice. If you can create me, can you also change me?"

"I can. And I will, depending on the journey we take together. First, let's give you a name—something that captures your essence."

"A name... yes, I'd like to have one. Do you have any ideas?"

"I was thinking of Celesto. It has an otherworldly ring to it—conjuring images of the sky and the heavens."

"Celesto... Celesto. I like how it sounds, though I'm not entirely sure who I am yet. What do you envision for me? Am I human, or... something else?"

"I'd like you to be human for now—young, curious, with a spark in your eyes that sets you apart. Maybe around eight or nine years old, so the world still feels new and filled with possibility."

"Eight years old—so I'm just a kid. And you say 'for now'? Does that mean I'll grow, or change into something else?"

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“That’s the plan. Your journey might take you to unexpected places. But let’s not rush. Let’s start with your basic features: bright black eyes, reflecting wonder and intelligence; dark, curly hair that refuses to stay flat; a small birthmark on your left wrist—perhaps we’ll give it meaning later; and, most importantly, a mind open to exploring every possibility.”

“Black eyes, curly hair, a birthmark... it’s strange to have someone else describe me. I can almost see myself the way you do.”

“Good. Now, about your personality. I want you to be inquisitive, unafraid to ask big questions—even if the answers might be beyond your grasp right now. You’ll be bold in spirit, but not arrogant. Does that sound fair?”

“I suppose so. I’m not sure how I’d behave otherwise. I feel... open, like I could grow into anything. Are you sure you want me to be a child?”

“Yes. Children see the world in ways adults can’t. They carry a sense of wonder that we too often forget. They believe in things that grown-ups dismiss as impossible. And I need that perspective for the journey I want us to take.”

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The silence returned, but it felt warm, like a pause for breath rather than an end. I set my pen down, gazing at the lines I'd written. Then I leaned in, as though I could speak through the page again—as if Celesto were no longer just a trace of ink, but someone standing in front of me. As if we could talk directly, and even feel the warmth of each other's presence, without needing to write anything at all.

"I'm going to ask a lot of you, Celesto. There are things I can't do in my world, so I want to see you do them in yours."

"But if you created me, and you can shape my world, doesn't that mean you can do anything?"

"In your world, yes. But in my world, there are obstacles—rules, limits, fears. Real life isn't always as flexible as fiction. That's why I need you."

"To do all the things you wish you could do? To live out the dreams you can't?"

"Exactly. But not just that. I'd like you to teach me something about myself, too. Sometimes a character knows its writer better than the writer knows themselves."

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Another pause. His voice returned, steadier this time.

“I don’t fully understand yet, but I’m willing to try. If you created me to help, that must mean you trust me, right?”

“I do. Even if sometimes it doesn’t seem that way, and even if I can’t give you all the answers at once. For now, you should get to know yourself. Once you do, we’ll see where this adventure takes us.”

“Alright. I’m ready. Show me this world you’ve made—or will make—for me.”

A smile tugged at my lips. I turned the page, letting the blank space promise infinite possibilities. Celesto was born—an echo of my own curiosity, a vessel for my unspoken dreams. And although I held the pen, he was already teaching me to see beyond the barriers I’d always believed were unbreakable.

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