

The High Attic, Ray Bradbury

The High Attic

"And who came second, Grandmere, who came next?"

"The Sleeper Who Dreams, child."

"What a fine name, Grandmere. Why did the Sleeper come here?"

"The High Attic called her across the world. The attic above our heads, the second most important high garret that funnels the winds and speaks its voice in the jet streams across the world. The dreamer had wandered those streams in storms, photographed by lightnings, anxious for a nest. And here she came and there she is now! Listen!"

A Thousand Times Great Grandmere slid her lapis-lazuli gaze upward.

"Listen."

And above, in a further layer of darkness, some semblance of dream stirred

The End