

This is an extract from an adventure story set in a different world. Micah, who earns money by finding things and selling them, goes to visit his 13-year-old friend, Piper.

Music Box

Micah brought the music box to her on the night of the meteor storm. Piper never slept on these nights, when debris from other worlds fell from the sky. Restlessness kept her awake in bed, staring at the slanted ceiling of her house. She counted the widening cracks in the grey scrub-pine planks and then counted the seconds as they ticked by on the tarnished silver watch she wore around her neck. Beneath her cotton nightdress, the metal lay warm and comfortable against her skin. Micah's knock made her lose count, but the watch ticked on steadily.

She pulled on a pair of her father's old boots, slung his brown coat over her nightdress, and opened the door. Wind blew a harsh breath of snow and ice crystals into her face. Piper wiped her eyes and fixed a look of annoyance on the boy huddled in the doorway.

'I must be seeing things,' Piper said. 'This can't be Micah Howell standing at my door, dragging me out of bed in the drop dead of night. Look at me – I'm stunned stiff. I'm speechless.'

Micah snorted. 'That'll be the day, then. Let me in, Piper, will ya?' He stomped snow off his boots. 'Stinks out here, and it's so cold my teeth are cracking together.'

'That's your own fault for being out on a storm night. Most scrappers have the sense to stay inside.' He was right, though. The air already reeked of brimstone. The storm was coming. Piper moved to let him in, then shut the door behind him. He immediately ran to the cast-iron stove to warm his hands. Piper nudged him aside and adjusted the controls. 'Hand me a log before you make yourself at home,' she said. It was her habit to pretend to be bothered by her friend, even though she was happy to see him.

Micah handed her a piece of wood from the basket near the stove and reached into the bulky sack he had slung over his shoulder. 'I brought it, just like I said I would.'

‘That’s great, kid, but I thought you were going to bring it a few hours ago – you know, before I made a comfortable nest in the middle of my bed.’ Piper tended the stove, and then she went to the window and looked out at the sky, which had begun to lighten, though it was still several hours until dawn. The moon was a sickly greenish colour, as it always was before the meteors fell, making the clouds around it look like swelling bruises on the sky.

Piper’s skin itched. She had the urge to go outside and watch the fields, to see the first of the meteors streak from the sky, but it was too cold, too dangerous. And besides, she’d promised to fix Micah’s toy. A musical box – Piper rolled her eyes. Machines couldn’t make proper music. You needed a person for that.

She lit an extra kerosene lamp and placed it on the small kitchen table. Piston rings, bolts, and cylinders littered its surface. Piper shifted these aside, wishing she had a bigger work space, one she didn’t also have to eat at. ‘Let’s see it, then.’

Micah set the music box between them. ‘Isn’t she beautiful?’ he said, his fingers lingering on the lid. It was decorated with a painted figure of a woman in a white silk robe. She reclined on a strip of grass, her long black hair falling around her waist. At her back grew a tree full to bursting with pink blossoms that hung over her like a veil.

Whoever had made the music box was a skilled artist. Piper could practically smell the flowers, each one hand-painted in white, coral, and cerise. In a few places, the paint had cracked and faded, but those were hardly noticeable. Overall, it was an incredible piece. Micah had been lucky to find it.

‘But she won’t sing?’ Piper lifted the lid to get a look at the musical components. She’d seen contraptions like these before. A series of pins arranged on a metal cylinder struck the teeth of a steel comb while the cylinder turned, making the tinkling notes of a song. She’d heard this type of music and had always thought the sound was a little annoying. ‘Did you clean the inside after you dug it out of the crater?’

‘Course I did.’ The boy was indignant. ‘You think I’m stupid?’

Piper glanced up from the box and raised an eyebrow.

‘Ha-ha. You watch – the coin I get from that thing will feed my family and me for a month. She’ll look smart in one of those fancy mansions in Ardra. Don’t you think she will, Piper?’ His excitement faltered, and he looked at her anxiously.

‘Yeah, it’ll look smart. Just make sure you find a buyer with a stiff hip at the market,’ Piper said. ‘They’re the ones who’ll be looking for these kinds of pretties.’ She felt the cylinder and its tiny pins. Micah had done a decent job cleaning it, but flecks of dirt still caked the comb, and something was keeping the cylinder from turning. She heard the soft, strangled notes of a song trying to play.

