

Once upon a time, an element was born from the stars: it was *Carbon*, Helium's evolution through the *Triple-alpha process*. As soon as he could, Carbon started travelling through the interstellar space looking for a place to settle down. While wandering, he saw this nice planet, coloured in blue and green and brown and surrounded by white fluffy clouds. *Planet Earth*. Carbon thought he had found his home, so he started landing. He found himself on the ground, with trees and mountains all around; he was tired for the long journey, and he needed a shelter to rest a bit. He saw a cave and began his descent. He rolled down until he found a bare space in the darkness. After a while, it all started to tremble, and the walls of the cave suddenly fell down. Carbon was sleeping, but he woke up because he started feeling uncomfortable: it was so hot down there, he started feeling under pressure. His body was changing, he could feel it and it made him worried and anxious. But what could he do to escape? There was no way, but waiting for something else to happen, to rescue him. Millenniums passed, Carbon was losing his hopes... and then, he felt a sudden pressure relief. Ah, finally! The air, the sun... *wait, what are these shimmering lights? Where they come from? Me?!?* Carbon couldn't believe his eyes; he was gleaming in the sunlight: all that *pressure and heat* turned him into a *diamond*. A small one but a very nice one, indeed. Then, someone took him from his place. He was carried along the wood, and then in a city, and then in a boutique, where he was nestled in a gold ring, right his size. He was so *hard* now; he wouldn't have fitted anywhere. Some days passed and he was bought by a gentleman for his fiancée. So, Carbon had now an owner: what did this really mean? He quickly found out it meant being most of the time on a velvet pad in a box, but sometimes he was put on the lady's finger and taken out to luxurious locations. Carbon liked all that. He stayed years with that lady, then he was given to the lady's daughter, which in her old age gave him to her son for her daughter-in-law and so on. Centuries later, he went lost. He was alone in this big abandoned house, for ages. He relaxed, and he felt other changes were taking place in his structure; he was *softening*. To be pedantic, his *sp³ orbitals* were becoming *sp²* ones, his *tetrahedrons* were turning into *plans of hexagons*. Let alone by himself, he experienced new powers: he could no longer gleam, but he left a *grey trace* on his way when he moved, and he could feel *electricity flowing* through him. Millions of years after his arrival, Carbon had finally found his *equilibrium*: passing through the sparkling but *metastable* diamond, he was now become the more modest but *stable* and more useful *grafite*.