

Vivian

The luminant moss lit up the vast cave system, lush teal vines hung from the roof tops. A lone frillvant; one with jet black scales, wandered the glowing scales feeding on the vibrant vines. Coffee cows gently shoved past the frillvant; scouring the area of its doughnut grass.

The frillvant or Vivian (as he was called by his peers before the terror happened) without questioning his body clock dove into a deep refreshing sleep. Flight filled Vivian's lungs and he pounced off of the ground and jetted out of the cave system. 'What a wonderful dream!' Vivian thought as he suddenly burst from the moss. I must escape...

Vivian searched the lush vines for a foothold, and found a series of ancient, crumbled steps leading up to an unnoticed opening in the wall. He clambered through the gap and into a significantly large hollow; fresh liquid fell from the ceiling that was unbelievably high, cleansing the limestone below.

Rune symbols lined the entrance, it read: The unescapable chasm. Vivian carefully stepped over to the edge, his mind was blown as he peered at the amazing drop; 'I hope there are steps.' Vivian thought. Vivian outlined the face of the cave, fusing a plan; he gazed at the cracked stones, then at the wild braches and then the silky webs in the surrounding area. He grasped at the branches, arranged them into a pattern of a hang glider, it collapsed into a pile of rubble. Vivian was in a trance at the rubble; it was swallowed back into the original area.

A deep growl echoed back and forth in Vivian's mind: This is my world; you shall not stop me! The growl continued to become a tremble rocking the entire cave system, the ceiling filled the gaping hole below and Vivian sprinted across the now vast plateau. Coffee cows stampeded away from the tremor as the ground beneath them fell away. The voice was downed by a soothing chime; a chime of thousands of harmonious bells, Vivian belted out a similar tune as he ran; he was close.

The stalactites crashed to the ground creating a wall of falling rock. Vivian spied his family running away from another opening followed by a shadowy wolf-like creature. More of his herd spilled out of crevasses like a boiling green liquid; the dominant male of the herd frilled up and released a wave of spore towards the wolf creature which collapsed into a pile of ash. Vivian ran frantically towards his family, no collapsing cave or shadowy beast could stop him now... Vivian was home. He remembered when he was a child, when he was playing with his siblings; his hundreds of siblings.

Vivian's herd scattered into the caves and he followed their scent throughout the dark, damp trails...
relieved that he was home. Then he experienced a heartfelt ache; the home is where the heart is.

By Nelson