

Peace & Prosperity

Having been curled up under a rock formation for most of the night and with dawn finally breaking through from the horizon, Fin yawned loudly, his tongue curling out of his interlocking teeth. Slinking the appendage back into the safety of his mouth, they raised from the spot he claimed as his own for the night. Their body gave a long, relaxing stretch as a small purr pulled its way from his throat. Letting out a huff he moved within himself his eye, plopping it into what he heard others call “cyclops mode”, and looked out towards where he last knew the Meteor Lake were located, the strings and weaves of magic flowed freely around him. It had been some time since he’d seen the lake, but what he was truly after was the peace and quiet of the Undercliffs located deep beneath the mountains.

The sun's rays warmed his fur as he gazed out on to the world around him with a feeling settling deep in his gut. Determination fluttered its way into his system, fueling him as he slinked his eye back with his pouch and as they felt it was nice and comfortable they started to make their way over the land as they made his way to the lake. Sticking mainly to cracks, crevices and whatever shadows he can find, Fin managed to make his way through the town around the lake and made his way into the depths of the cave systems that start the wake of the Undercliffs. He wasn't really a big fan of people, especially when he had set his mind to do what he wanted. Rather independent since the time before his host, as a wormling, Fin believed in doing what you like as well as following your own path, may it be premade or carved yourself.

Shaking his head to clear his mind, Fin kept going deeper into the cave system, leaving small nicks here and there in places he could remember to keep track of where he was. He wasn't sure how long he was walking, his tail curling back and forth as his mind just wondered as the walking was rather pleasant. But, when his sight caught so many colors he stopped and stared, his eye coming up to poke out and just gazed deeply at the beautiful sights before him. Large glowing plants, moss, vines and bushes filled the pocket he had managed to make his way to, the colors and weaving of magic within this area made him feel like his jaw could slaken with how wonderful it felt to be within this cave. Yet his grip on his eye remained steadfast as he took in everything around him, down to water dripping from stalactites on to stalagmites, the patterns woven from the vines across the and dangling from high above, to even the small moss gently brimming with light at his feet.

He felt something tug at him from within his eye, or maybe it was somewhere else that he couldn't pinpoint but a wave of comfort and calm washed over him. This...this was a place of true peace, somewhere one could truly rest and be content with themselves. The rough edges he made within himself, his emotions drifted off. Being within the town had roughed his mood up, making him a bit more agitated but that all flooded away like water over a fall as he let himself sit next to a purple flowing bundle of leaves.

Putting his eye away once more, Fin took in a large breath and felt a tiny smile pull on to his lips, his snagged tooth jutting out more visibly. His solitary life didn't feel so lonely with all the life brimming and beaming around him, maybe it was as humans say that the smallest things count. Curling up near an edge Fin just watched over the cave pocket he'd found full of life, wonderful life that even when alone still grew no matter how dark or dim it might be. Thriving wasn't always under the light, or crowded on some street. It can be within a place not everyone can find, nor willing to travel but if you're determined then maybe you'll make the journey yourself.