

(thank you for bearing with me 🥺🥺 I'm not too confident to share my writing anywhere yet asldjalskdjlsjd)

Hours had passed but the two symprite still enjoyed each other's company, the rain continuing to fall, as did the noise from the cave. Inside the rocky wall was warm and dry, it echoed the laughter of two travelers. They had been having small talk for a while, and now came the question that was on Meadow's mind.

“ If you're an arctic, then what brings you here? “

“ This place is thick with trees and insects, surely that is not common for your kind? “
She asked as her purple eyes gazed upon the white long fur.

“ I heard that there is a shop here that sells a rare type of wood, I'm a carver you see, I can work with any material but if I can get my hands on the good stuff then I can sell it on my workshop up in the north “

Elvia said with passion in her voice and eyes, her confident gesture could tell you that she has been doing this for a long time now. The purple symprite nodded and smiled.

“ That sounds like a wonderful job, you must love what you do! “

Meadow said as she was resting her face on both of her knees, her gaze still fixed on the pale woman.

“ Of course, I do. It's relaxing and you get to spend some quality time with yourself “

She answered with a soft smile but as she was about to continue this conversation, a bright light flashed through the dark tunnel followed by another roaring sound of the thunderstorm from above. Elvia was stunned, her eyes widened, and she couldn't help but sigh, bitter looks grew on her face as she rubbed her hand on one of her knees.

The sight made Meadow curious, she lifted her face, worried.

“ You don't like the sound of that? Are you afraid of thunder? “

“ No...I just don't like rain that's all “

Her voice changed dramatically, showing that something was wrong, even so, Meadow didn't want to be pushy about this. Instead, she sat up cross-legged while handing the coat back to Elvia. The big hands caught the coat, the white symprite looked a bit confused.

“ Aren't you cold? Aren't you still soaking wet? “

“ I'm all dry now, thanks to that coat...and it seems like you need it more “

They both smiled at one another, Elvia put the coat back on as Meadow spoke softly through the sound of the rain that was still hitting their shelter.

“ I like the rain, you know, I mean I don't like to be stuck in a storm but the rain always feels good and relaxing when the little drop touches your scale and fur. “

She did a little laugh before continuing with a big smile.

“ But when I was younger, my mom told me that I slammed my face into the mud puddle once while trying to chase the rain cloud “

“ What a wonderful memory...my kind is not made for the rain because our fur would be sooo heavy if you stay under the crying sky for too long “

Elvia chuckled a bit, and so did the other symprite before her. She looked more relaxed, she stopped rubbing her hand on her knee and she continued to talk more about her craving business and passion, away from the rain and thunder topics. Hours passed by with more thunder raging above but they both still laughing inside the cozy warm cave.

The atmosphere grew colder, the night was coming, and the rain finally stopped eventually. Reveling bright beautiful stars and moon that they couldn't see tonight. Meadow's ears twitched, she turned her to the entrance, but she didn't stand up or anything. Her head shifted back to Elvia who looked a bit tired just like her.

“ The rain stopped but it's already late, I think we should rest here for the night “

The arctic touched her chin, she then stood up, walking to a big rock, before she pulled a fluffy grey bedding from behind it.

“ Here, you can sleep in here, I'm fine with just the coat “

She said as she watched now, her friend, pulled the bedding to herself.

“ Thank you, you're so generous “

“ I've slept on a hard rock before, this is nothing “

A sincere smile bloomed on Evlia's and Meadow's faces, she started to rest the bedding on the cold floor. Her violet body lay on the soft pelt, it felt like her body had just sunk into the fur like it was made out of water.

“ Goodnight, Elvia “

“ Night, Meadow “

Their heavy eyelids closed as they fell into a deep sleep in the cold shearing air, the flame went out and left nothing but two friends in the darkness together.