

Sol Children Lore Blast #3

Charge Beyond

Tanza stretched out lazily under Sol's golden rays. The salty breeze ruffled her bright yellow fur—almost completely dry now. The sunny feline sat perched on the edge of her self-built beach shack, her kinked tail flicking back and forth in thought. It had been another peaceful yet active morning on the island, and she had forced herself to take a moment to breathe and recover. Closing her eyes briefly, she soaked in the natural symphony surrounding her: the melody of tide and shore, seagulls mewing in the distance, and the comforting warmth of sand beneath her feet.

The shack itself was modest—rustic but cozy—built from lengths of driftwood and sturdy palm fronds that had weathered many a tropical storm. It was simply decorated with shells, sea glass, and other knick-knacks, and sported a practical sisal hammock for sleeping. She had, once or twice today, considered falling into it—but there was always something else to do. Here, she had everything she needed: the open sky above, the clear water, and the freedom to explore, collect, and adventure until her heart was content.

Life here was simple—and for Tanza, simple was perfect.

She sighed, taking in one last deep breath of seaside air before standing. Once on her feet, her stomach rumbled. She had spent part of the morning working on her latest shell necklace—something she sometimes did for fun—along with making unplanned repairs to the shack after the latest downpour. Now, she was ready for a hearty meal.

She wandered over to her snug cooking nook, where a small fire smoldered gently. The fish she'd caught earlier sizzled on the stone grill—the smell was wonderful, but it needed something extra. She reached for her jar of spices to add some kick to the dish, but her nose wrinkled in disappointment as she turned the jar upside down and gave it a light shake.

The jar was empty. Not a speck of spice remained.

"Well, that's no good," she muttered, her azure eyes narrowing in frustration. Spices were essential for cooking—she couldn't subject herself to bland fish dinners. Other supplies were noticeably low as well.

"It's going to be a long day," she thought, blowing a stray strand of hair away from her face.

She grabbed her adventure gear, hooked a satchel over her shoulder, and made her way to the small dock at the edge of the beach, where her prized possession sat waiting—*Ocean Charge*, her trusty jet ski. Practical, fast, and perfect for navigating the currents that separated her little island from the bustling mainland.

“All right...” she said, looking out across the long stretch of sea to a speck on the horizon. “...to Southern Island, then.”

She leapt into the seat and gripped the throttle, steadying herself before kicking the ski into full gear and shooting off. The waves parted effortlessly as she zoomed across the water, wind whipping through her fur, a faint hum of static buzzing in her body.

“Woohoooo!” she yelled joyously, slicing through the waves. Spray glittered in the sunlight as she eased back slightly into cruising speed.

Then, for a split second, something made her look back. The dock was already far behind, familiar trees blurred into a soft green mass. Smoke from the dying fire rose into the air, slowly fading into nothing. She hadn’t needed to tell anyone she was leaving, but the island looked deeply asleep—as if it were holding its breath.

“I’ll be back,” she whispered.

She turned back to the bow, the wind pushing at her back as the shape of the mainland grew more defined. A sense of unease lingered—a subtle wrongness.

It felt like a goodbye.