

CRAVING A CHANGE

Deep within the Ruined Woods, a vast never-ending forest home to a quite bored vesperus, Crave sought out something new. Something...exciting. He explored seemingly everywhere within the confines of the Ruined Woods. He sought after something that could bring him excitement, or even something that could make him more exciting to *others*. He leaped through another tree hooking onto a branch when he suddenly froze.

He heard a sound, a *new* sound.

A faint but distinct *thud*.

It was a soft noise with the cushion of the many litters of leaves yet enough for him to pick up on. He didn't think and just dove for the ground eager to explore his new treasure, whatever it was even. He didn't care what it was but just hoped it was something interesting at the very least...

He saw the small hole where the object seemed to sink into the soft, rain soaked leaves. He dug through it feeling for anything, he couldn't tell exactly what but figured he'd stop when he felt something besides the wet leaves that stuck to himself and wings. He nosed his way through the piles of red, orange and eventually grayish brown leaves, varying stages of decomposition. Finally he touched something hard and cold against his nose, flinching his sensitive nose back, Crave pulled an interesting stone up with his wings.

Crave was instantly attracted to it, the beautiful iridescent colors made his eyes gleam, the colors ever changing as he moved it. He heated it up with his mouth a little then wiped it off with his wing to watch it sparkle even within their dark home.

Before he knew it he was back home, sometimes he manages to amaze himself with how speedy he can be once he has something he wants. And this stone was certainly something he wanted and could only let *himself* see. The stone itself looked different, not run of the mill cobblestone or even some cheap crystal from a mine. Very different. He cleaned it properly with warm water and laid it on a blanket, he treated it delicately till he knew exactly what it was. His first thought was to use it for jewelry but figured he could research it before getting too ahead of himself.

He had a small shelf of books that he meticulously sorted through to make sure they were rare and difficult to find. As he flipped through the old and yellowed pages he couldn't seem to find anything that resembled the beautiful stone until his final book he picked up was actually his newest book compared to the others that seemed beyond ancient. The first few pages caught his attention, it showed the exact stone he had found. It was described as bigger than what he had but he assumed it must have broken off from wherever it originally came from. He stepped back to the stone searching through the pages reading briefly through the hows and whys they discovered it, he simply did not care and skipped to what it did.

'A new form...fascinating'

He set the book on a stand carved from stone reading through how to harness its power. He needed to name it into a pendent..but with what? It was never specified if anything besides the stone itself was required. He searched his box of spare material picking out what he thought would go with the stone. He picked out several metals and began his craft, intertwining the dried but still stretchy tree vines with the metals forming them into a braid; now he had his 'string' for this pendant. He worked on making a holder for the stone to sit comfortably within its case of metal yet visible for it to gleam in all its sparkly, shiny beauty. He sanded it to smooth out the jagged edges, more for his personal comfort. He slowly picked up the stone gently setting it in the freshly made confines. He spent till dusk carefully placing each wire down around the stone, he feared scratching it and damaging it.

Once the stone was sealed he finally put it on around his fuzzy neck, over his ears and head. He admired himself in a mirror for a few minutes praising himself for his handiwork and skills. After he flipped through the book for the next steps to finally awaken the pendant itself.

He set the book but froze...he had grown and changed. From his normally fuzzy self, he had...skin? Bare skin.