JOURNEY [315 WORDS]

When they realised that Flip had gone missing, the group immediately began to search the area. They scoured for their friend, calling out and straining their ears in hopes of hearing his answer, hoping with hearts in their throats to catch even a whispering echo of an answer on the wind.

He was alright, they each affirmed, inevitably taking turns in who maintained hope when the others faltered, *he was alright, Flip is clever, he's alright.*

It hadn't been the first time the Foundlings had been forced to scatter for their safety while on a job. Sometimes contracts led to confrontation with dangerous warped creatures, or into unstable areas where group travel wasn't possible; they had tried and true plans in case of such situations.

It was the first time not everyone came back. Time stretched, and Flip remained missing. Any trace the land might've hidden was inevitably lost to the storms that swept soon after.

~~Would they have to mourn a friend?~~

Flip hadn't been the loudest amongst them, and despite being physically the tallest, he hadn't been an imposing presence either; but he had heart. So much that he had practically *been* the heart of their ragtag family itself. Him and Chervil, who together had bridged that first gap and worked to meet in the middle.

Their camps felt cold without Flip. Emptier. Felony feared that her oldest friend might've…

They had grown up together, ran away together, practically *raised* each other and…

Eventually, Felony couldn't sit still any longer. She had to go look for Flip herself.

Luckily, the others understood. Together they located and repaired a collar for Felony to wear, hoping that it would help protect her in their stead on her journey, and sent her off with well-wishes and hopes. They would be there to welcome the two coyotes back, when it was time for them to come home.