

The entirety of Skire was in chaos; fissures were opening up far and wide, destroying Skirean's homes and creating a general sense of fear and panic. The event had no explanation; terrified and confused folks were scrambling everywhere trying to find an answer, but there were none to be found.

Cupid, a CCCat, was yet to be affected by the fissures directly, though that didn't make his terror and anxiety any better. Hearing the tales of folks who had lost their homes in what felt like an instant, and being surrounded by the general vibe of fear and confusion certainly had him on edge. As he walked home, arms hugging a bag full of extra supplies (you can never be too safe,) his eye was drawn to a large fissure that had appeared right in the middle of town. Nervous, but not enough to stop the feeling of curiosity, he peered into the hole. It went down DEEP, so deep that he couldn't see the ending. He shuddered, moving away as the idea of falling in crept him out in a way he couldn't describe. Clutching his bag just a bit harder, he carried on walking.

There was a strange magic in the air, too. It had started being felt alongside the fissures beginning to open up, and it was...uncomfortable. There was a slight air of familiarity, but it did nothing to bring comfort. Familiarity from something so obviously wrong and unknown wasn't exactly a nice feeling. Shaking his head, he looked forward and tried to keep his mind off of it; trying to think thoughts of dinner, of watching TV, maybe reading...anything to keep his mind from wandering. Although, TV was far from a place of solace currently; all news reports and talk shows were doing were discussing the fissures, with varying degrees of conspiracy theories and other anxiety inducing talk. Cupid groaned, remembering how a talk show he saw the night previously was reporting on strange Ichor Beasts emerging into towns, something previously unheard of. It's not that the creatures were new or anything; they'd been on Skire for a long time, but they kept to the shadows of the deep wilds, and seeing them wander into towns or other populated areas was certainly concerning. Cupid was just thankful that they hadn't seemed to spread to his town. The fissures were causing enough problems and looming danger; he really didn't want to think about how much more difficult everything would become if the Ichor Beasts were added into the equation.

As he approached his home, he couldn't help but breathe a small sigh of relief as he saw it was all in one place. It was...nerve wracking, going out these days. Walking inside with a sigh, he headed to the kitchen to start unloading his shopping. As he placed the bottles of water in the fridge, and packed away the long shelf life food, he couldn't help but sigh at how this entire event had basically turned him into a conspiracy theorist. He didn't really think about it when he was shopping, since everyone else was stocking up on the same supplies, but it hit him now he was home. He groaned, shaking the thoughts off and putting away the medical supplies in his medicine drawer. It never hurt to be prepared, right? It was like they said, better safe than sush!!...Or, whatever it was.

Cupid collapsed on the sofa and groaned loudly to himself. He had spent the entire trip so caught up in his own head that he forgot to get any little snacks.
Ugh. He wanted sushi.