

Damn it all, his cabin was long gone and here he was, stranded and alone on a floating chunk of island. When had everything gone so wrong? But life carries on, yes. Yvel made himself a new cabin on the floating chunk of island he was stranded on—far from anyone else. This wasn't even that bad, honestly. His presence on the small floating island inspired the familiar purple clawed and tall trees to grow quickly to hide everything atop the island.

His new cabin was a lot more purple than the last, and he'd lost all of his pelts. But, he had all of the time in the world to gather more. But his little plan to stay alone and happy on his little island was ruined.

He'd seen this cccat before, hadn't he? A cccat who had a horn lit aflame with fire that crackled with a magical essence—a strange sight, one with a sort of giddy energy to them. One he'd had to assist when the fissures had originally rippled all around skire. He didn't know their name, no, but he'd recognize their stupid toothy grin anywhere. Speaking of stupid toothy grins, he was getting one right now as they noticed him from across the island.

"Hey friend!! Looks like we're back together!" They shouted out, hands on either side of their curled-up lips to enhance the already loud noise they were making. "Ah, it's you. Leave." Yvel groaned out, gathering and chopping more trees to continue building up his sizable cabin. "Oh, I would, but I'm actually stranded here now. Looks like we're survival buddies now!" Zenith shouted out, skipping towards Yvel, examining the chopped-down trees surrounding the two cccats.

"Wow you've really been going at it, that's a lot of deforestation," Zenith commented, hands on his hips as his hooked tail swayed around. "They will all grow back, you will see." Yvel mumbled out, splitting some of the bigger logs in half with his tail, creating loud cracks and thuds. He heaved them back to his cabin, building a small building off to the side—someplace he'd made into a shed. Or at least, he was planning to.

"Aw, you're already making me a house!" Zenith called out, clapping his hands together, bounding towards the half-finished shed. "Ah, no—" Yvel tried to clarify, but Zenith was already sitting in the shed, grinning. "...Whatever." Yvel would just build another shed.

Zenith watched as Yvel finished constructing the original shed—now turned into Zenith's house. "Have you ever thought of working for a construction company? You're pretty crafty." Zenith called out, resting his head in his hands, elbows on his knees.

The eye in Yvel's horn spun around, almost glaring down at Zenith as he replied almost instantaneously. "No. I do not work for anyone." Zenith didn't seem phased though, ending up hopping out of his little self-proclaimed house to play with the loose bark on some of the logs.

"Really? I mean in all of this chaos you'd be pretty helpful." Zenith continued. the fire on his shoulders flicking in the small bits of daylight that shone through the canopy above them. "I'm quite sure." The reply was blunt, and to the point.

"Ya think anyone's gonna come and like, rescue us?" The brighter cccat's claws tapped and clicked together anxiously as his excessive energy seemed to soothe. "Most likely not. I do not want 'rescue' anyways." Zenith let out a small sigh as he explored the island a bit. "Well, at

least we've got some food!" He smiled, picking out a few berries from the bushes nearby.
"Those are poisonous." Yvel replied, a small grin on his face.

"I hope someone comes for us soon." Zenith murmured quietly, sitting down on the grass near Yvel. "Let hope be on your side, then."