The Forest

certifiableGrimalkin

She slowly woke up, her nostrils filling with the scent of damp moss. Her eyelids fluttered, and she recognised a faint light, coming through a canopy of leaves and earth. She tried raising an arm. There was some resistance, but she soon heard the sound of vines and stems snapping, and her arm creaking up, with the sound of an ancient tree in the wind. A slender hand smushed away the soil and undergrowth from her face. The light hit her eyes with a painful intensity, that was only slightly hampered by her eyelids, once she closed those. Her arm brought her some relief, shielding her eyes more adequately. She moved her other arm, hearing the gentle snapping of the plants that have been covering it. Then a leg, and another, was freed, as well. Still raising her one arm in front of her eyes, to shield them from the sun, she propped herself up with her other hand, and shakily stood up.

Something had called her. She looked over the clearing she was standing in, and over the tops of the trees. Something has awoken her. Her steps heavy, her movements creaking and cracking, she started moving forward. There wasn't a direction. There was a feeling of where she needed to go. Which steps she needed to take. She passed among the trees, brushing the branches to the side. She passed creeks and riverbeds, the water flowing gently through her talons. Stone crumbled under her, and animals flocked behind her, as far as their attention would lead them.

Once she reached the edge of the forest, she sat down again, and waited. The trees grew around her, the grass and moss fighting for light and moisture. It wasn't long, before she stood up, again. This time, the plants were smaller, weaker. She was not fully covered. It was a lot easier. And she had heard the call again. She knew where to go once more, but it was out of the forest, which angered her slightly

Still, she took her steps, heavy as they were, with a tower appearing and closing in on her range of vision. The tower from which the call came. She looked up, at the crooked, fragile build, and dug her claws in one side of it. She gently removed part of the wall, to look inside, causing some of the stairs that were there to crumble. There were sounds. Creatures. Scrambling around throughout the tower. She took a deep breath, and let her arm grow through the stones of the tower, vines and roots growing upwards. The stones screamed, as did the creatures, and the building collapsed on top of her.

It was quiet, calm and cold, under the rubble. She lay there, her mind once again quiet. She would wait. The forest would come to her, with time. She could fall asleep, again.