

Qyllscape

Version 1.0.0

What Mildew Did There

Raindrops as big as Mildew herself continued to fall, and she held tight to the thick red fur of the wolf. Each strong step he took over the rocky terrain forced her to tighten her grip once more.

"Have heart, little mouse," said the wolf, "Do not fall. The storm is bad enough, but if another wolf sees you, it will be trouble for us both."

"More trouble for me, I imagine," said Mildew.

"Indeed," said the wolf, and ran on.

The storm did not last forever, although it might have if they had stayed where they were. Eventually they came to a calm outcropping, and although it was dark and a little cold, Mildew could relax as the wolf slowed to a stop, and the sounds of thunder were far away at last.

"Thank you," said Mildew, "You did not have to help me."

"I only helped you because I saw that if you had been big enough, you would have carried me," smirked the wolf as it shook the water from its fur, "One cannot let a mouse be braver than a wolf."

"To not have the ability to help and the desire is one thing," said Mildew, "But to have the ability and choose to use it is truly noble. I'll thank you one last time."

"Well," said the wolf, changing the subject, "Where are you off to next?"

"I must make my way to the sea," said Mildew.

Only a little is known about the world darker than it had ever been to herself.

Some say it was dark because
 using the face of a giant fox.
 into the sea, and mighty w

Mildew's mother says that
her daughter's face.

"Mother," asked Mildew

"Listen to me," whispered

Mildew's mother placed

"When you were born, I
yours for myself. So, when
chest, and you will know t

Mildew smiled, and both

