Sean looked up from the potatoes he was busy pulling to see Seamus lumbering down the row of crops towards him, his heavy feet plowing deep depressions in the rich, moist dirt. Sean glanced around in panic to see nobody in sight, nothing but rolling green hills as far as the eye could see. Seamus sauntered up and tore the basket from his grip, towering above him. Sean snatched at the basket as Seamus swiveled away, tumbling into the soil as his fingers grasped at air. Seamus fled quickly, leaping over rows of yet unpicked crops. Sean sat where he had fallen, kneeling with his slim wrists buried in the ground. He sniffled once before pulling himself to his feet and sprinting away, his vision blurring slightly as his eyes welled up with moisture. He wiped the tears away with his muddy hands before jumping over the crest of a small hill, jumping down and turning just in time to see a middle-aged woman with brilliant red hair emerging from a squat doorway built into the face of the hill.

“Sean Finian Murphy!”

She shrieked as the fright tore the laden tray she bore from her grasp, an assortment of root vegetables scattering across the ground.

“What ave I tol you bout jumping over the roof of the ouse!”

She knelt down and smacked him soundly across the back of his head.

“Get this lot picked up and take em down to grandfather with the rest of his supper!” She pointed towards a wheelbarrow weighed down by an assortment of bundles, sausages peeking from one and a mysterious purple vegetable peering from another. A large, covered pot sat nestled amongst the other parcels, wafting steam into the chilly air.

Sean collected the scattered vegetables and placed them precariously on top of the rest of the food before hefting the wheelbarrow and setting off at a slow trundle down the sloping hill. At the bottom of the hill, nestled between one and the next, Sean turned towards a dark rift burrowed into the lush grassy face. Gnarled roots grasped at the edges of the opening, lending it the appearance of a grisly maw. Sean paused at the entrance to rest his aching shoulders. He gazed into the mouth of the cave before calling out.

“Grandfather, I ave your super for you!”

No response came from within the darkness so he tried again.

“Grandfather…? Papa…?

Only his own voice echoed back out to him so he hefted the wheelbarrow once more and backed slowly into the cave, not wanting to trip over a snagged wheelbarrow in his path. He shambled slowly along as the mouth of the cave shrunk away from him, the cumbersome cart dragging heavily as he backed his way down the cave.

“Papa…?”

Finally, Sean’s back bumped into a wall and he turned to feel about in the pitch darkness. His hand groped out and met a familiar pliable surface, smooth but surprisingly tough. He reached above his head and felt a smooth arc, harder than the area around it. With confidence born from experience he moved laterally, keeping his hand lightly against the undulating surface. He continued on until his hand met a soft, membranous section that fluttered against his hand. Sean scratched at an area tucked behind the fleshy membrane and spoke clearly.

“Papa, wake up.”

Slowly, arduously, a great platter of an eyeball was revealed as a heavy eyelid slid open. The massive eye swiveled to look down at Sean, its green bioluminescence illuminated even more of the huge reptilian head. A broad, rounded face covered in pale green skin rested on the soft earth. The great round eye that Sean could see seemed almost diminutive in the mostly smooth face. Three frilled appendages thrust out up and to the side from the base of the skull. He twisted away from Sean slightly as his visible eye tried to focus on him. After a moment, he spoke in a deep gurgling voice.

“Why, if it isn’t young Sean! It has been ages since you last visited my boy!”

Papa grinned in his own peculiar way, revealing rows of strange, rounded teeth.

“I brought you your supper just yesterday Papa.” Sean scratched the area behind the membranous frills again and Papa leaned into the attention.

“Hmm, that can’t be right, I swear it was…”

Papa trailed off into an incoherent rumbling as the thought drifted from his mind.

“I have your supper here Papa.”

Sean pushed the wheelbarrow into the hazy light of Papa’s gaze. The eye lit up even brighter as he appraised his bounty, making no delay to snap up a bundle in his jaws and empty it down his gullet. He moved swiftly through the packages until he finally came to the steaming pot in the center. His fleshy gums could not gain purchase on the smooth porcelain, and any attempt made with his teeth would set the pot wobbling precariously. Papa halted his feast, staring down at the pot, slightly perturbed. Sean, who was still waiting in the wings, stepped forward and picked up the pot, heaving its great weight above his head to slide the contents into Papa’s mouth. Papa gave a content burp as Sean dropped the cauldron back into the wheelbarrow.