

The Dream

Swift Feet woke from the emptiness of dreamless sleep, and found himself
on a dirt path.

Behind him, the void of sleep persisted, inviting him back.

But in front of him, the path was beautiful.

To the sides of the path, clear water spanned as far as his eye could see.
The young boy stood in wonder for a moment, then began along the path.

The path continued unwindingly, and after what felt like eternity,

Swift Feet arrived at a small island.

As he stepped onto it, the boy's awe of what he was seeing only grew.
The island was a massive meadow. The flowers it bore were unfamiliar, and
more vibrant than anything he had ever seen.

He wandered for what felt like hours, taking in all that he could.
His wandering ceased when he saw flowers like the ones his mother grew
outside of his home.

As he reached to pick one, he heard a deep voice in his mind.

"Welcome, Swift Feet of Rusva. I have been expecting you."

The boy's eyes darted around him,
until his vision focused on a golden butterfly sitting atop the flower he was
about to pick.