

Kraggbury



Krrumble

by *Kelly/Shikawa*

On a world of softness come crowds of clamberberries. Hairy or scaly or slippery; they had no sight or bite. Only stilting roots propelling them over all terrain. Calm in bright skies, but clamorous under cover. They pummeled each other aside scaling tree or tower, seeking a way past the clouds. But nothing was so tall in this town. The berries couldn't know, so they kept on climbing. No brain, no reason; just an interminable frenzy towards sunlight. They scattered roof tiles, shattered parapets, sheared off branches. Stairs, walls, ramps—all stamped, scrambled, undone. People fled and watched from afar.

Finally, came help. A woman with sway over them. From another world, wielding flinty foliage, garbed in glistening gear. She waved her leaf-swords, which beamed a brilliant blush. Tunes echoed off rubble and ruin, and the berries halted climbing, jostling towards the woman instead. Kraggbury Krrumble. Face maned in horn-like thorns, golden hair crowned in the same berries' seeds, she lead them away, piping petals held up high. Seemed she'd be swept away, as the berries clambered up, on, and around her. But she was incredibly strong, striding steadily on, with pampering patience.

Off to the weird, wavy fields far afar,
where the townsfolk knew never to go.
For mysterious, magic meandering
that would take them away and home.

