

The Saga of the Wakiwana

by Jan Bloom



The Wakiwana is a bumbling imbalanced beast on a perpetual pointless quest for which she is sadly unsuited. Wobbling as she goes on tentative tentacled toes, her path weaves over broken ground of slippery slopes, treacherous tarpits with noxious toxins, eerie fire swamps, even brier patches!

After a day's slow, scary slog, she tries to avoid threatening weather by seeking shelter; instead, stumbles blindly in the dark and tumbles into a slimy stinky slough. Gagging and gasping, with howls and growls, she writhes, struggling to avoid being sucked into the muck. Stuck, the creature screams uselessly until spent and slack, lacking the will to go on... but go on she must! There is no way back, only beyond.

At first weeping, then crawling creeping, next leaping – and falling – with furious effort she forces herself forward. Slowly, without grace, shakily grasping upward to the elusive edge, she gains rocky ground. At last, unfurling wavering wings, the Wakiwana staggers unsteadily and with a desperate lurch lofts oddly airborne into the lightning sky, to journey on.