The Ever Vigilant Rabbit

By Crescentius
Once upon a time, beyond the surrounding valleys, there was a beautiful forest, known to the townsfolk as the Amicus Woods. In this forest, there lived rabbits, wolves, bears, foxes, and birds, all living lives of halecyon harmony. As long as Sol and Luna watched over this forest, the harmony was never disturbed. The animals communicated freely and shared their forage with each other. And if there was ever disorder, it was stopped by Bericus the Eagle, the wise judge of the forest. But trouble was only a rare occurrence. Most of the animals lived cordially under the dark canopies of the sylvan trees.

One of the residents in this forest was a gray rabbit named Pétar. Pétar belonged to a family that believed in success for its people. Sometimes they would compete over who would collect the most bark, carrots, and cabbage for the autumn harvest. Other animals, particularly the squirrels, would often collaborate with the rabbits and give them certain grasses and bark for a surplus in their food supply. For a year old, Pétar was a loyal one. He would collect as much bark as he could because that his younger sister Niamh, who was only six months born after him, would never starve, because he always feared that she would starve in the winter and he would not have a sibling to play games with. Ever since then, he would collect as much bark and herbs as he could for the rabbits’ corn supply.

On days when the rabbits were not collecting, they would play in the trees with the birds. Pétar’s longtime friends were brother and sister Nuallán and Blannid, two robins who were always playful and supple. Sometimes Niamh would pretend to fly, and Pétar would have to catch her before she got hurt or worse. Pétar would sometimes chase the squirrels with the help of his bird friends. They would even play hide-and-seek with the foxes and try to outsmart them. And at the end of a day of play, the rabbits would stare at the sky and imagine the wonders of soaring through the heavens on their backs.
On another side of the forest was a lone deer named Luíseach. She was a fine doe: Beautiful fur on the outside, and a likable disposition on the inside. She would oftentimes wander through the breezy days in the forest humming lovely songs. Some animals called her the “Siren of the Wood” because of her haunting, affective melodies.

It was maybe coincidence that Luíseach decided to migrate to the opposite side of the forest, where Pétar and company lived. Luíseach was always an explorer and wanted to find something new in her life. Before setting off, she asked Alastriona the Wise Elk for her consent.

“Are you sure that you want to move forward, child?” asked Alastriona.

“That is what I want to do, Sage One. If you only grant me permission,” replied Luíseach.

“Yes, that is what you shall do. It is your destiny. Go forward.”

Before Luíseach turned around and started prancing, Alastriona uttered, “One more thing.”

Luíseach turned her head with a puzzled look. “What is it, Sage One?”

“I want you to seek a certain rabbit who would appreciate your company.” Alastriona looked up. “You see, he has reached a point when the wild bunnies must undergo the trials of maturity. I think someone as adolescent as you can help him go the distance.”

Luíseach paused and bowed her head. “It shall be a pleasure, milady. Who is the rabbit in question?”

With a short, positive breath, the Elk uttered, “Pétar.”

Luiseach clicked both her hooves, bowed in valediction, and took off for the other side of the forest. She was running fast, eager to start anew like a growing doe. She grew curious about Pétar as she blitzed across the peaceful brook. She wondered if the wildlife were just as humble as her own kind. All these questions raced through her mind as she ran on.
Meanwhile, Pétar and Niamh were glancing at the beautiful, crimson sunset over the blue-tinged mountains. He never saw such a scene. It was like the spirits of the forest had spilled their blood to create such natural beauty. Niamh was in awe. She stared attentively as the sun disappeared over the horizon.

As it became dark, Pétar turned around and headed back towards his burrow. “Come, Niamh, time for home.”

Niamh got up and followed him. “Beautiful sunset, huh?” asked Pétar.

Pétar sighed happily. “Yes—it was. I hope the next dawn is the same.”

Pétar was an admirer of the forest skies. Sometimes in the morning, the sun’s rays would breach opaquely through the canopy; Pétar and Nuallán considered them safe havens during games of tag. His favorite sky, however, was the night sky on an overcast day, showing off blood lavender exquisiteness through the brume.

Pétar and Niamh hopped peacefully home to their burrow beside the huge spruce tree. It was a big tree, covered with emerald-covered leaves and home to the squirrels and owls. One such owl, Niall, resided in the one of the higher branches, overlooking the flowing river. Niall was a reclusive bird, not relying much on the other animals other than him. If he had to fly to catch food, however, he simply dropped by and saw what the others were up to. But he lived solitarily in the upper portions of the tree, not making a sound but inducing meditation.

The next day, Pétar hopped out for a morning swim in the shallows of the river. It was a perfect day to do it; the sun was shining brightly, heat tanning the furry faces. He was aware of the bears fishing along the shore though, so he was discrete about his decision. He asked his sister if she would care for a swim, but she said she felt too tired to play outside at the moment. And so, Pétar walked to the stream alone.
It was midway through morning when Pétar reached the stream, several kilometers from home. It was flowing serenely like a sleeping child. And no one else was around, except for the bears, which were luckily far away from where he was. He stuck his foot in the water to make sure it was not too cold. And then he splashed in, water drenching his gray fur under the sunshine.

Then he saw a silhouette across the river. It resembled a deer of some sort, grazing in the tree mist. Pétar was hesitant at first. He did not know if the deer was hostile to rabbits. So he approached slowly, stealthily, trying not to step on fallen twigs or anything similar to alert it. Pétar was somewhat nervous for his life. He could not have the courage to see himself in the presence of someone more gargantuan than him. But he hoped that he could immediately establish friendly terms.

The deer’s head immediately turned towards Pétar. He was intimidated. But there was consequently nothing to worry about, for the deer’s silhouette was Luíseach. She made it to Pétar’s homeland after one travel’s day. She was feeling exhausted from her trip, willing to rest, but was still happy to meet a loyal companion within her radius. Luíseach examined Pétar closely, trying to recognize his identity. After doing a thorough search, she quickly responded, “Are you Pétar?”

“…Yes. It’s nice to meet…uh…you. You are not an enemy, are you?” asked Pétar, still hesitating.

She softly chuckled. “I’m not like them. Trust me. Luíseach’s my name.”

“Pleasure to make your acquaintance, Luíseach. I welcome you to this side of the woods. I haven’t seen a face like yours so I am assuming you come from the east.”
“You assume correct. I come from across the peaceful brook a hundred dozen meters from where we are.”

Pétar knew what she was talking about, since he and his friends sometimes travelled over there to throw pebbles across the steady rapids. And now he knew a little about Luíseach; he felt more open and less nervous about her presence. In fact, she looked more comely to his eyes as he became more courageous. He knew he should not let her pass without being his friend first.

“Will you be my friend, fair deer?” asked Pétar, politely giving out his hand in goodwill.

Luíseach eagerly responded, “Sure!” Pétar then hopped on her back and volunteered to give her a tour of his playground.

They both traveled in unison. Luíseach was interested in the inhabitants of the area while Pétar showed her the numerous trees, mounds, and burrows along the tranquilities of the white river. She found her journey helpful, and was glad to hold her sacred trust in Pétar. Because of this loyalty, she made friends in both high and low places. Niall and Nuallán were easily happy in making friends with a humble deer. And Pétar’s sister also grew fond of Luíseach’s charming and artistic nature. She could paint a canvas of rainbow with her antlers. She was liked by many, except for the bears, who were absolute hunters.

The animals partied with Luíseach until dusk. As the sun was setting, Luíseach stood on a tree stump and sang a haunting tune:

Though sun falls deep,

And thus must sleep,

O Luna shall leap,

O Luna,

O Luna,
Sol awaits ever your glow,

Make it flow,

Never low.

Everyone clapped for the song as night crept. They came up to Luíseach and welcomed her as an honorary citizen of the western woods. Afterwards, they asked her if they would stay for the night banquet. She felt honored and accepted the invitation, and she was even granted the chair’s seat.

The dinner was delicious. It was a feast worthy for a duchess. Luíseach had never seen that much hospitality before; the mayor gave her a special commencement, the animals shared a toast, and allowed her to join in the festivities. It was indeed a special night. For the first time in their lives, the little animals were not afraid of welcoming a deer into their company.

The sky was now dyed a deep azure. The animals then ended the party, still jovial after holding such a fulsome meal. Everyone retired to their homes, while Pétar and Luíseach were still walking the field at night. They enjoyed each other’s company, even if it was still unusual for a small rabbit to make friends with a ferocious-looking creature. But Pétar let all that go, and he felt secure about Luíseach. She was after all really humble, beautiful, poetic, and kind.

“The evening was nice. I will now turn in, Luíseach,” Pétar said as he was starting to yawn. “I thank you for attending this wonderful feast held in your honor.”

Luíseach bowed gracefully as she clicked her hooves. “It was an honor indeed. May my presence forever satisfy you, Pétar.” Luíseach slowly walked towards a shadowy silhouette of trees that were a few kilometers from Pétar’s house. “I will make my stay here. At cockcrow, we will go out for a swim and sing.”
Pétar yawned yet again. “Sounds like a deal. I will rendezvous with you and a few others at sunrise.”

The next morning, Pétar and Niamh came out of the burrow over to the birds’ home.

“Nuallán! Blannid! Time to rise! We are playing with the doe today!” they both exclaimed, loud enough to wake the lethargic crows. The birds slowly rose out of their nest, a tad awake. They felt reluctant to go with them at first, but they thought a little exercise might quickly wake them up.

“Where to, this time, Pétar?” asked Nuallan, still barely awake. “Are we playing with Luíseach?”

Pétar nodded. “That’s the plan—we are to meet her over by the brook.”

Nuallán yawned. “Splendid,” he said. Blannid also nodded along with her brother, eager for some free morning time.

The birds were given a head start there, immediately soaring off. “We will see you there, Pétar, Niamh,” they both shouted together.

The rabbits made it to the brook by eight o’clock. They saw Luíseach dive in for a drink as they approached her, while the birds unconcernedly watched her. She then turned her head towards them and smiled. “Hi Pétar! Niamh!”

“Hi Luíseach!” greeted Niamh. “Hope you’re fine this morn.”

“Oh, it’s a fine morning, indeed. Very calm,” she replied as she looked around her surroundings. “Is everybody ready for a swim and a song?”

Everyone nodded. They loved hearing Luíseach’s singing voice. She had a three-octave soprano voice ranges whose tones sounded much like a mellow violin. She would be a great addition to the wood choir. But besides her singing, she was also a brave spirit. She was capable
of numerous activities, taking them on one by one even if it was one of her greatest enemies. She
was a conqueror of her fears, always willing to try something new, like swimming in a deep
river. Her courage, albeit risky, was admired by many of her neighbors in the east, and also
seemed to set an example in the west.

“Let’s swim!” Luíseach cheerfully said.

“All behind you!” shouted the rabbits in unison as they accompanied the doe into the
brook. The birds decided to stay near the shore so they would not get their wings soaked.

The bunnies had fun. They enjoyed a splash from Luíseach’s antlers. They also slid down
to bathe, while also getting splashed by the rabbits in response.

“You guys are no fun,” dismissed the birds. After a few more splashes, the birds relented
and joined the fun, madly making waves in the water to splash the others.

Everyone had a laugh. The rabbits were soaking in the peaceful sprinkles of the spray.
Luíseach chuckled as she splashed her friends. They all got closer to one another, developing an
everlasting relationship with each other. It would be a wonderful day to remember.

Once the day was done, everyone gathered in the clearing to hear Luíseach sing more
songs. This time, she sang a melody in a rather haunting voice:

*The twain sits together by the pond,*

*Reminiscing about the memories they had,*

*They were reveling happy,*

*They were never sad.*

*But as she takes her leave,*

*The glow of the water sleeps,*

*She will forever leave him be,*
He will wilt as he weeps.

Some of the animals faintly cried as Luíseach’s voice delved deep into their hearts. Bericus never heard such a song. The song made him evoke about his long lost wife who was shot down and slowly died. Pétar worried that it could happen to him or that something could happen to his sister, or even a close friend, which he seriously tried to hold back his tears as he sniffled. It was a doleful, yet beautiful, performance.

After the audience clapped and gave trilled bravos, Pétar came up to the wooded stage and complimented her on a fine performance. Pétar was astounded at how her voice carried the audience away while still trying to balance his emotions. He still forebodes something might happen, but he easily dismissed the idea and thought it would be best to let it go because at least he has a friend in her. He still thought of her as one in any case.

“That was beautiful,” complimented Pétar as he continuously warbled.

Luíseach hugged him with her antlers. “Aw, thank you, Pétar,” she said as she gave an inaudible shuddered sigh. “You are sweet. You guys are some of the most terrific creatures in the forest.”

Pétar blushed as he escorted her to dinner. Dinner once again was good. There was a cornucopia of foods, ranging from fresh fish to Granola Grandiose, a cake made of granola nuts, apples, and boysenberries which is said to be the west’s signature dessert. Everyone enjoyed the feast: The rabbits talked about their swimming, the owls talked about the upcoming festival to honor Aghna the Wise, the greatest owl who had ever perched, and the wolf talked about befriending a humble cougar who only became friends after an intense fight. There was such revelry at the feast that it drowned out the other creatures’ stories.
Once dinner subsided, the two took a walk in the forest, passing the fireflies while looking at the brightness of the moonlight blend with the clouds looming overhead. By this point they became really good friends and enjoyed each other’s company. Pétar gave her a tour of the forest’s rims, showing her the flora and fauna that inhabited the lands after dark and Luíseach smiled and shared her insight with him.

Luíseach felt a little tickle from a firefly who took a liking to her. She tried blowing it away, but eventually gave in to its attractiveness. “The woods certainly have some really interesting creatures,” she said as she quietly chuckled.

“The fireflies are some of the prettiest things you will see here at night,” Pétar responded, surrounded by two fireflies of his own.

Pétar successfully grabbed a few of them and allowed them to dance in his hands. Luíseach was awestruck. “That’s so beautiful,” she said in awe.

The act was not over yet. Pétar then stirred the fireflies with his fingers, scrunched up his hands, and tossed them lightly into the air. Luíseach laughed with great wonder as Pétar turned the fireflies into a hot pink glowing aura above. Never did she see such a sight. She was enthralled by the elaborate glow that shrouded both animals under a canopy of pink and purple hues.

Pétar immediately shouted, “Come Luíseach, this way, and the fireflies shall follow us in the direction we go!”

Luíseach took heed and ran with the happy rabbit as they both ran with the fireflies that still covered them underneath. They both ran and sang as they reached to the top of Sage’s Summit, a large, expansive hill that overlooks the horizons of the forest, with a beautiful view of the mountains. Luíseach felt interested, still having fun with the fireflies as she looked around.
“I wanted to show you this,” Pétar said as he sat on a rock. “This is Sage’s Summit, a large hill where Niamh and I would often take a look at the view of the other areas of the forest. A gorgeous angle of the sky here.”


Pétar pointed his finger towards the mountain range’s apex. “That is the highest mountain in the land. We call it Unicorn Peak, because of the way the mountain spikes.”

“Oh, so that’s what it is. Pretty looking mountain. You could probably try to picture a unicorn with those mountaintops.”

Pétar chuckled. “Never thought of that. But anyway, everyone here considers these mountains sacred, and so if we ever get lost, we just follow the unicorn, because it will always be our guide.”

Luíseach slowly nodded. “I will remember that the next time I embark another journey.”

Pétar worried at the fact that Luíseach might eventually leave, because he was starting to get to know her. He also foreboded that she would leave her new friends behind because they too were trying to get to know her well. “Hope you’re not leaving so soon. We feel like close friends all ready, I don’t want that flower to wilt.”

Luíseach stopped smiling. She was trying to find a way to not hurt the little rabbit’s feelings, but she fortuitously thought of something quick so it would please him. “I will eventually go, Pétar, but I won’t be gone long,” was her answer.

Pétar began to stutter, “W-where? Why?”

She quickly turned towards the mountains. “There, past Unicorn Peak. I have always wondered what’s past these lands.” She paused briefly. “You see, I am an adventurous type of
deer. I always like exploring new lands. The earth’s always calling my name. If I don’t chase after the world, the world might chase me. Understand?”

Pétar still shuddered at the thought, but he reluctantly said, “I suppose. I mean you’ve made my home so very happy. I’m just worried I will lose you as a friend. We all will.”

After a long breath, Luíseach stared at the horizon over the mountains, fervent at her decision, and told Pétar these words: “Friendship never dies. I may die, you may die, but the spirit of it lingers.”

These were compelling words. Pétar did not know how to express himself. All he could do was nod and watch the evening sky with Luíseach, observing the sky turn from sherbet crimson to deep azure.

After a short while, Luíseach looked at Pétar. “Understand now?”

Pétar still foreboded the future, but he slowly nodded.

They both evacuated the hill and went back to the village. Pétar went back home, while Luíseach retreated to her temporary spot beside the small oak overlooking the river. It was a long day, and Pétar was looking forward to spending another day with his companion. He hoped that his apprehensions about her possible leaving would subside by taking a fresh start.

The next morning, Pétar woke up to a calm day. There was not much activity going around. He hopped out of the burrow to the river. The river was flowing quietly, only accompanied by birds chirping. Blannid was one of those chirpers; she was one of the head sopranos of the dawn chorus. Pétar took a look around the riverbed, silent as a dove. He decided to just lie back on the bank and look at the sky as Síthmaith the dove was peacefully flying over the forest.
After the nice rest, Pétar went out to look for Luíseach. It was a great day to go play, so he thought it was a great idea to call her out. He checked the area where she had lodged, but she was not there. He checked the village: She was nowhere to be found.

Pétar grew concerned. She seemed so happy last night that she was eager to spend some more time with him or his neighbors. He kept yelling, “Luíseach!” as he desperately searched the whole area out. He even asked Niamh to help him out when it all seemed hopeless that she vanished completely.

In just a short while, Pétar wore out his voice. He ultimately gave up looking for her alone. This was exactly what he feared. He was afraid that his newly-made friend would leave the woods without notice. No reminders. No farewells.

However, he did not give up hope. She may have been foraging berries in the forest without her telling him. He asked some of the locals if they had seen Luíseach lurking about. He mostly received nothing. The whole search was worthless.

Even his two best friends did not know where she was. “We haven’t seen her, Pétar. She must’ve gone without telling us,” said Nuallán.

Pétar was very sad. She seemed so excited to stay with his friends for a while, and then she just immediately runs off unceremoniously. She never even said goodbye, which made Pétar a little bitter inside.

At least he was not alone. His friends were both sad and frustrated. Their time with Luíseach was very short, and they wondered why she would just prance off. It was very heartbreaking. It was like losing a best friend for nothing. And now, they will never hear that friend sing a beautiful song again.
Pétar never gave up hope though. After dinner, he would climb up Sage’s Summit and sit on top of the small rock that overlooked Unicorn Peak, waiting for Luíseach’s return. Day after day, night after night, he waited. And he waited. And he waited. And, a month would go by, and he still waited.

Months passed and Pétar still waited for Luíseach on that very rock. He sighed hopelessly, but he was still determined that if he remained vigilant, then his friend would return to the forest, because that is what he thought friends do for others. If he did the opposite, then he felt like he was abandoning Luíseach in spirit. So he everlastingly waited until the sky grew old on him.

Pétar was still on the rock two years after. By this time, he and Niamh had mated with other rabbits. He still spent some of his company with the birds, and after dinner, he asked his wife to wait for him after his five-hour watch for Luíseach. She still never returned.

One more summer passed and Pétar still constantly stared at the sun pass over the mountains, hoping that Luíseach would return, if she was still alive. Pétar’s sighs were longer now, now that his body was frailer than in his youth. Senescence became his new friend. He still followed her wisdom, smiling as he still remembered her words about friendship, but he almost thought about giving up. She is never coming back, he thought. No matter how I wait, it is wasting my time. He sighed frustratingly. At least I can still talk to the sky.

A couple hours after nightfall, Pétar heard the flaps of an owl from behind. “Pétar, I don’t think she’s coming back,” said a voice.

He could not believe his eyes. It was Niall, the owl who rarely left his home. Pétar was wondering what he was doing out, because everyone thought of Niall as a recluse who only
looked for food at the dead of night when all eyes were dead. But here he was, outside at only eight o’clock in the evening. It must be serious for him to fly over to the summit.

“Niall? What are you doing out here, this early I might add?” Pétar asked, his legs trembling in the wild grass.

“You better face it, my boy. She will never come back. Come home, we all worry about your health,” said Niall.

Pétar paused, looking down, not wanting to give up. He had waited all this time, with memories flashing in his mind that Luíseach is still out there and will come back. A tear then started coming out of his eye as he evoked shades of his past.

“You know I miss her. We all do. I never met her, to be sure, but I had observed her comings. Brilliantly natured doe.”

Pétar then looked up again. “Yeah, I suppose. I miss her voice. I wish she would just shout at least something to let me know she never meant abandoning us like this.”

“Well, it was her decision. It was not your fault,” Niall assured him as he put his left wing over his back. “Come now, we have a feast for your fifth birthday. I will meet you down at the table.”

Pétar was reluctant to climb back down so soon, but he knew that Niall was right. The friend that he had just acquainted with over four years ago is never coming back. Whether she forgot all about the creatures she had met, or if something happened to her during that span, it was hard for Pétar to ponder. But he definitely now knew that sitting on a lonely rock would never summon Luíseach back. He had fooled himself all this time, and he concluded that the deer did not wish to spend any more time with his community. They were no longer a part of his life, which made him both doleful and bitter.
But before he decided to return to the village, Pêtar started to sing. Although he had sung with Luíseach, he was never a good singer and often hesitated. So it was fairly unusual for him to sing aloud alone. It started off pianissimo but gradually crescendoed until it became tearfully strong and on-key.

*Friendship is the flower,*

*It is the garden to our strength,*

*It blossoms like the spring,*

*And at such a length we let it bloom.*

*Bloom o’er me!*

*Friendship is like love,*

*The hands to the hearts,*

*Flowing naturally like a calm stream,*

*And even when it departs we let it bloom,*

*Bloom o’er me!*

*And when a flower dies,*

*The petals blow like a summer breeze,*

*So I hope you see my petals, Luíseach,*

*It will put me at ease.*

*Like a cool summer breeze.*

*May thy reminiscence bloom,*

*Bloom o’er me.*
“Forget me not. Farewell,” whispered Pétar in valediction.

As Pétar slowly climbed back down, the silhouette of Alastríona the Elk overlooked the sad rabbit from atop another hill. She kept eyeing him, just when Pétar was about to go to the party.

At just about the right second, the elk jumped down to his path. She felt stern, ready to offer some wisdom to the sad rabbit.

Pétar felt stunned, at first, not recognizing the silhouette at first, but at second glimpse now knew it was the Great Elk. “Oh, it’s you, Wise One. Forgive me; my eyesight is not as good as it was a year ago.”

Alastríona solemnly chuckled. “You are seriously getting old, little bunny. Tell me, did Niall tell you what was to be said?”

Pétar now knew that Alastríona sent the reclusive owl. Niall never really left on his own instincts, other than to hunt for food when everyone else was asleep. But he also knew that she and Niall were once good friends who used to play with one another and share anecdotes. He now understood why Niall would directly tell Pétar that he should face up to the truth and go to the feast.

Alastríona then sighed, knowing what to say to him though it was always never easy. “I know why you weep. You are thinking of Luíseach’s sudden departure and you want answers, correct?”

“Well, yes,” Pétar said.

“I forsooth do not know the correct details of the matter. But I think the reason why she left everyone was because—of fear. She was afraid. You see, I think after a few days of your hospitality, she called this place home and wanted to stay—but she felt like she was too good for
everyone. So she pranced off, and in the middle of her journey, she suddenly developed a certain amnesia and never looked back.

“I know it may be hard for you to accept, Pétar, even in senescence. But I think what is best is to let it go. She felt too embarrassed that she couldn’t escape her greatest fear, to feel evermore included, so she disappeared without a trace.”

Pétar probably felt worse from this news more than Niall’s perspective. He suddenly cried, letting the tears rush down his soft, furry skin. “No, I mustn’t. She once told me that friendship never dies. So now that she has deliberately forsaken us, you expect me to let that go?” Pétar angrily tried to hold the tears in. “Wise one, how can I believe that she would turn hypocrite and vanish without ever saying farewell? I don’t see the logic in that.”

Alastriona immediately affirmed, “You’re right, that’s just that. It’s completely illogical and doesn’t make sense. Why would this deer befriend you only to belittle you henceforth? I understand she was your friend, but for some reason must now abandon you cold. Making thou solve a cryptic riddle only to depress thee. What’s the point in trying to solve it when it shoves you into the grave?”

Pétar thought for a moment, still sniffling. “You mean, I answered my own question?”

“I think you have. Now you have to play ball with that riddle and leave your opponent the loss. Come, there’s a feast in your honor. A rabbit that doesn’t show up to his jubilee doesn’t have the courage to prolong his life.”

Pétar reluctantly agreed, still distraught at hearing those words, but knew there was nothing he could do. His ephemeral friend was gone. All he could do now was follow Alastriona to the feast and celebrate whatever life he had left. At the same time, however, maybe he was
never abandoned. Maybe that “friendship” never died. But one thing he knew for sure: Unicorn
Peak dimmed completely as his journey was at an end.