

Is There Wump on Mars?

The Meeting

It was a normal day for Mars, taking their morning stroll through the woods. They liked to use the time to contemplate their life and clear their mind before the day ahead. Unbeknownst to them, the day wasn't going to be normal for long.

Walking through the dense copse of trees, Mars noticed a dim light ahead. Perplexed, they slowed their steps and began to talk toward it. Even more perplexing, the light didn't grow brighter. Mars knew they were walking towards it, surely it should be growing by now. But instead, they began to hear a ringing noise sounding through the forest. Louder and louder it got the closer Mars got to the dim light. Suddenly, when it felt like they had been walking for miles, the ringing hit a fever pitch and there was a bright flash of light. Mars stumbled, falling back in awe as the light coalesced into a beautiful figure.

"Who are you?" Mars asked breathlessly.

"Wumpy." the figure made of light replied. Their voice was so beautiful that it brought tears to Mars's eyes. "And you..." the figure continued, "You, Mars, are the chosen one."

"Me?"

"You." Wumpy confirmed, "I have watched you many moons. The way you walk about the forest delights me. Your calm exterior and fiery, inner passion for the forest has called me to you. And not together, we can embark on a journey and bring forth the prophet." Wumpy reached his hand out to Mars who accepted it gratefully.

"The prophet of what?" Mars asked as they were engulfed in a blinding light once again.

"The prophet of Wumplife."

The Prophet Rises

The Story Continues