

Olive's Ocean Expedition

A little green Puptual was let out to see this brand new world today. The Willow that greeted them, Ganoderma, said she would get them "all nice and pretty!" before sending Olive to see the town, and by proxy the lands outside. They gave the Willow a little happy yap as they were carried to a tub. Water. Olive always loved the way it rippled and felt against skin, but not necessarily the weight on their fur. Nevertheless, the water was pleasantly warm, a little clap of glee from Gano as she gave Olive another pat.

"Well aren't you a little fish? I left the brush in the other room, you wait there little guy!" She turned on her heels (or rather, her tail) and went inside. This left Olive to bask in the comfort of the bath. The pup closed their eyes and sank in just enough to leave their head resting atop the water, suspended by the unbroken tension under Olive's chin. Every motion in the soapy depths could be felt all around, in a rather soothing, rocking motion. The water did not, however, taste pleasant. That was okay, Gano had returned as fast as she left.

She cooed, massaging and brushing the suds into Olive's fur, complimenting their well-mannered attitude. The Puptual soaked it all in, putting a paw up and leaning into her touch. Soon, Olive was nice and cleaned up, ready to leave the tub. They shook as soon as Gano removed them from the water, removing the weight of the water catching in their fur. With a soft sigh the willow towed the pup down, not surprised by the behavior. It didn't take terribly long with Olive's short fur and calm attitude, a break from the more rowdy Puptuals that came through her watch. With a short brushing session, Gano scratched behind Olive's ear. "There, all clean! Now..."

The willow scooped up the pup once more, setting them down just outside. "It's time for you to explore!" Olive tilted their head, looking back at Ganoderma, confused. "Go on, you're free to find a pal, see the sights, whatever you want, dear." Olive finally understood, giving her a bark and a little lick before deciding to run to their heart's content! Following the gravel dotted dirt track, Olive enjoyed feeling the free breeze that rustled the bushes and trees. Steering clear of the desert nearby, Olive soon found that the trees of the familiar variety thinned, and in came trees with thick, winding roots. The trees before were tall, thin, and kept large leaves at the top. These new trees almost looked like tall bushes.

Olive slowed, sniffing the trees as they continued on the path. Though unfamiliar, the Puptual found beauty in the whimsical nature of it all. They had never seen anything like it, and the wooden stack next to it was also new. It smelled foreign, like the wood was from somewhere else, brought here to support the trail. Beneath the wooden path water trickled freely, putting a break and a fork in the road. Olive watched the trickle of the water roll lazily over the rocks, flowing unhalting downhill. It beckoned them to follow, splashing against rocks like a gesture willows would make. Come along! Follow me! Adventure this way, and we think you would like it... That's what the water seemed to say. That settled it!

Olive took the path of the sea, trotting along as if the river was a friend bringing them to their favorite place. The path was entirely marked by the ebbs and flows, water winding through the vast root networks of the trees the pup would describe as magical. Stopping frequently, the friendly river would offer a drink to Olive as well as a chance to clean those muddied paws. Olive was so excited they hardly noticed the wet mud against their feet, undoing all that hard word Gano put into scrubbing them down in the first place! That mattered little to the puppy, who was just happy to follow their new best friend.

The sun was reaching the edge of the horizon as soon as a sharp wind whipped by. The sounds of crashing sea met their ears, grew as the river led them along. The rocks and trees grew sparse as Olive was met with a sight of utter beauty.

The sky being painted orange, red, blue, and purple. Fluffy pink clouds complimenting the sun's yawn that swallowed the vast, endless blue ahead. The fine, soft sand felt familiar underpaw as Olive stepped forth. The river fed into a much greater sight, as if wishing to show off a new outfit, a final form. The ocean. They remembered when little willows would read to them. Tell them about a wide, open body of water that stretched forever into the sky! This had to be it, the place they were told about. Olive never fully understood what willows meant until now. It was unreal. The smell of seawater permeated all around the cozy, warm sand greeting young paws to the sight.

Along the shoreside were piles of worn wood beneath the cliffside nearby, not unlike the smooth rocks found in the river before. Peeking through the wood was an unknown figure. The Pupual approached, before finding nobody was where they had last seen. The sands were still warm though, and the sun was soon to reach the end of its daily journey, to sleep beneath the great beyond. So, they found a nook in the worn wood, the roofed structure providing cover overhead and blocking most of the ocean's sighing breaths.

Olive had a great day, and there was no better place to end it than the sounds of crashing waves and the fabled ocean. With tired paws, Olive laid their head to rest in the sands, watching the sun dip out of sight, finding themselves just as tired and drifting off at dusk.