Wall Between Worlds

By: F. J. Hansen

A dragon comes to life and hatches from his egg. Told in the dragon's own words.

I RECALL upon a time. A time long before we knew of you Humans, or the existence of life Beyond our world. A time in which I knew of no others. A time before I broke into this world…

In that old world, darkness reigned—a darkness that was darker than would be a starless sky. There was silence, as well, save for the quick thumping of my heart, echoed by four other thumpings, just as quick. Above them all, however, there was a distant, stronger thumping. I seemed to float in that world, in an envelope of warmth and comfort.

That world, however, did not remain dark for long. Faint outlines of shadows soon appeared on the wall that enclosed me. There was no thought in my mind wondering about those shadows. Neither a thought nor a dream occurred to me at that time as to what was beyond that wall. Nor was there a thought or dream in my mind that there even existed something beyond that wall. *This* was my world—*the* world. And it ended at that wall. I was its sole occupant.

There were other things, though, that I began to notice in time. Things that were attached to me. They twitched—four legs, my tail—in a reflexive test movement. I began to hear voices. I understood not what they were saying, but the comfort that accompanied the voices rivaled that which enveloped me in this world. A gentle croon rumbled against my world, the soothing vibrations rippling around me. I tried to call back, resulting in a sharp *peep*.

One of the voices said something. Just as before, I understood not what it said. I did, however, understand the ever-so-soft cushion of love that swept over me. I basked in it as I went to sleep.

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The world soon became too small for me. I became cramped against the wall, my head pressing against it, trying to make my world bigger. I struggled even as I heard within my mind those same voices as before, accompanied by those same feelings of comfort and affection. Encouraged by those voices, I continued to struggle against the wall until a sudden *crack* exploded around me and my head pushed through.

From that first break, what remained of the wall followed—the wall that had been the limit of my world—shattering around me. I was released onto something warm and soft. I squinted against the sudden brightness in an effort to take in my new surroundings. I hardly knew where to look first. The warm-glowing, sand-carpeted nest, the ragged stone walls with certain areas providing light. Having accepted that old wall to be the extent of the world, with neither a thought nor a dream of what laid beyond, I was overwhelmed at the sudden revelation that there existed a much larger world. I looked down, confirming with the sight of the fragments of my old world that I had indeed broken out.

I turned my head about from where I laid on my belly, wings too small to fly glistening in the light drooped to the sides. I found four others like me around the chamber. Two of the others lay together while the other two were busy munching on the old walls of their own worlds.

Then, I heard the voice again—the same as I had heard from within my old world. I still could not understand what the voice was saying. Except for the last word: “Varthikes.” I simply knew it was my name.

From my clutchmates I raised my eyes to see two much larger versions of the others. The voice spoke again as they looked down at me through glowing, golden eyes. And, from those eyes poured forth the same soft feelings of comfort and affection as had I felt from within my world.

I chirped in reply, and sent back my love and security. Just as I had recognized my name, I knew these two were my *virsem*—my “parents.”

As a second voice spoke, I became aware of an ache in my stomach. I was hungry, and I was now cut off from the continual nourishment I had received from within my world. I found on the nesting sand the fragments of the wall of my old world. I pounced on them and devoured them. I used my small teeth for the first time to break the larger fragments into manageable pieces, moving my flexible tongue to transfer the pieces to my throat, which stimulated the muscles there to greedily send the pieces down to my begging stomach.

Soon, all the sizable fragments were gone, and I was exhausted now from the efforts and excitement of breaking out of my old world. I gathered myself with my four clutchmates. Resting my head on my forearms, I closed my eyes and slept for the first time in this new world.

I would, in the cycles to follow my hatching, discover just how much bigger was this new world than my old world. So much bigger, and so many others like me. I would learn also of the abundance of life that shared this world. A wall of its own I would discover this world to have. And, like the one that had enveloped my old world, this wall would one sunrise—one day—be breached.