

B&B Tidbit (100 words)

by Zara Wilder

Hole in the Ground

From boyhood he'd trained himself to name it a hole in the ground—when he remembered his origins at all. He guarded his contempt, always insisting that he'd long since attained vastly more than he'd ever lost, those twenty years ago. By day, this was his most convincing con.

Whenever night arrived, the contrivance unraveled. Dreams dissected his identity, left him breathless and shaking, thirsty for water from the Chamber of the Falls. In slumber he raced, youthful and fearless, through winding tunnels and windy caves. Waking, he could sometimes still hear his brother's lion-cub cry.

Devin.

Devin.

Come home.