

Pride and Logic

The world rumbled, contracted, then spasmed.

And there he was. Pride looked thoroughly at himself for the first time. Green seemed to permeate his fur, leaving only few pink spots to be seen in an ocean of green. Just one limb, jointed in four places and a disfigured head, enabling him to see all that happened around him.

He currently floated on an island amid nothingness, one made from stone and grass and earth and Stability.

Odd, he thought, that I should exist. He raised his paw. It had three fingers ending with pointed claws, and another one, dull but filled with beautiful, beautiful memories.

With emptiness around him offering little in terms of interest, Pride focused on memories contained inside of his finger.

There weren't many. Most of them provided only sounds, coming from outside the boundary of Stability. Only the most recent ones, now being born by the second, brought innovation. White. So much white. And also ... red? What was that crimson expanse on the bottom, always accompanying eyes?

He did not know.

"I hereby announce," a voice pierced the quiet. "that the field of red beneath us is our body!" The statement surprised Pride, but he found himself muttering approval for the revelation. Who said these words? His head only now caught a shape rising behind him.

An island had appeared from the void when he was so absorbed with memories. Similarly to his piece of land, it had a creature perched upon its peak. But the beast differed from Pride. It was larger, better built, fancier coloured even. In place of green-pink fur, a body in various shades of grey shined with its lack of hair.

"I hereby announce, that I am Logic!" the creature shouted. Pride looked around himself once again. Was he the only recipient of these words?

No. There were other islands rising from the void.

Amidst such a crowd, it'd do me well to have someone loud by my side.

He could not explain how, but with these thoughts in mind his land moved, floating to the vicinity of Logic.

Pride watched carefully how the situation unfolded. Other creatures joined them one by one, their islands settling in after achieving appropriate height.

They were ... colourful. Extraordinary. But most importantly, different.

Each of them had purpose.

Each of them had meaning.

Each of them would help achieve Stability.

What a wond-

"I hereby proclaim," a voice interrupted his reverie. "that we ARE."

This time a loud chorus of cheers followed the statement, and even Pride's own heart was moved.

If we ARE, if our body IS as well ... doesn't existence imply importance? And as only we exist ... aren't we one most wondrous creature of the most grand significance?

He felt a part of his reasoning reverberate within his being, growing stronger and stronger, until it shook both him and his isle.

WE ARE ONE.

It claimed, insistent on being heard. But Pride was too meek, too quiet to pass it onwards. It dwelled inside his rock and refused to stop existing. And Pride, knowing the plight of those that exist, thought of Logic, a perfect vessel for the message.

And his island moved, touching briefly the grey giant's habitat. That was enough. The vibrating passed. It climbed into Logic's throat and shot out of it, propelled by his booming voice.

"I ... WE ARE ONE," he spoke.

Pride could feel the truth of these words reach the others. They were confused at first, then happy, then elated. Pride was content as well.

And angry, that the rest of his words did not have such power. He glanced at Logic. Maybe–

The ground shifted. Islands, the beacons of Stability, prodded shouts of surprise as they went on their own and started pushing into each other. The impacts were negligible, as Pride almost couldn't feel as his home rammed into other rocks, but brought islands together.

Now joined, the grouped rocks continued to move and connect with their neighbours, growing in size but shrinking in number.

It didn't take long for the final result to appear.

Land. Firm ground which connected all of them, from the smallest beast to the largest.

Some were quiet at this event's outcome.

Some expressed their feelings as loud as they could muster, but few were powerful enough to influence others.

Who takes command now becomes king.

Pride knew what he had to do. He wanted to be heard, to show the rest what they truly were. There was one way to make them listen. Led by his instincts, Pride stretched his limb across the ground, pulling himself forward bit by bit. He could still see and hear confusion from all sides, his brethren unsure of what to do.

All the while he crawled forward, nearing the grey mountain of flesh sitting immobile in front.

Logic did not move in the slightest since the islands had joined. Was something wrong? He couldn't use him in that case. But he had to try.

Pride clasped his hand around Logic's leg and pulled himself closer. And closer. And closer yet. He entered the powerful body, throwing himself into the vortex of Logic's being. Their essences merged and became one. He encountered no resistance.

I'll take it from here, friend.

Ambition tested the many limbs of his new body and marvelled at its prowess and beauty. A worthy tool. Then, he spoke:

"Brothers and sisters," heads turned at his now dominant voice. As they should. "I bring you the truth. We are tasked with maintaining Stability, with protecting our body. And as we and our body ARE, aren't we the most important thing in the world?"

The creatures cheered, although admittedly less than before.

No matter. I have them.

Ambition took a big breath and gave an order.

"Let's shout, shout for we deserve to eat, eat and live!"

The little one started crying again. She held him closer to her chest and rocked him a little.

"What's wrong, baby?" she asked her weeping miracle.

"He's hungry," her husband said. She smiled at him.

"An appetite like his father's," she commented while undressing. A thought came to her as she stared into these cute eyes.

"Just look at him. Isn't he the most innocent creature in the whole wide world?"

"Yes, yes he is."

Filip Samek