

Broken: rock, paper, scissors

Paper's Setting Description.



Stone mountains stood like waves frozen in time, surrounding the abundant woodland. The grey rock was full of hidden, muted colours, visible to those who cared to notice it.

Trees peppered the landscape below these vast rocky giants. Sometimes their branches reached out to one another forming maze-like pathways for the tree top birds and creating large patches of shaded undergrowth for the insects and fungi.

The forest floor, though seemingly carpeted with grass, was made from a hundred different species of wildflower; green in their tender youth. Where the sun dappled its light and warmth for most of the day, flowers were in full bloom. They whispered their perfume into the air and rolled their delicate heads in the breeze.

Fallen rocks had been reclaimed by the forest's plants to become mossy bridges and platforms. Vines and creepers circled them, cuddling tight and popping open their purple flowers. They were welcome.

