

Faun On Ice

It was a crisp winter day in the mythical woods. The trees were frosted and the ground was blanketed by the new fallen snow from the night before. Not a single creature had disturbed the seemingly endless expanse of whiteness that claimed the magical forest, even as the Sun hung at a shallow angle in the sky a few hours into the morning.

It was at this point that a creature finally ventured out to leave hircine hoofprints in the new fallen snow. It was a relatively young female faun with shiny black cloven hooves and chocolate brown fur all over her body, with the exception of the fluffy cream colored fur on her chest and lower body to protect her modesty. The short fur in her face was a lighter shade of tanish-brown, which was the same color as the inside of her ears. Her hair was on the short side, rather mopy with several chaotic bangs that she never even tried to tame. It was much easier to simply brush the hair out of her hair every so often, to her at least.

In spite of the freezing surroundings, the faun was feeling as warm as her big brown eyes. Whether it was because of her fur, her attitude, or simply magic; not even she knew for sure. Nevertheless, the faun admired the winter wonderland her woods had turned into with a smile. She already had her flute in her hands as inspiration for a song quickly came mind.

As she lifted her flute to her mouth, a single snowflake fell off of a nearby tree and fluttered all the way down to land on the tip of her little black nose.

The faun's eyes crossed to look at the snowflake on her nose, and then her nose began to twitch. Then, the faun suddenly let out a loud and unexpected sneeze that blew the flute out of her relaxed hands and onto a nearby frozen lake. The flute slid across the ice quite a distance until coming to a stop at was pretty much the center of the large frozen body of water.

The faun rubbed her nose a bit, then looked up to see where her flute had landed. She gasped and brought her soft hands up to her mouth in horror. A faun's flute is very precious and important to a faun, and she was no exception to that rule. So, she quickly brought her hands down and clenched them into fists, and then ran off towards her flute with her little white dot speckled brown tail swinging behind her.

When her shiny black left goat hoof made contact with the ice, it immediately slipped backwards, causing the faun to fall forwards as her right hoof followed after its partner. Her right hoof also had no traction, but ended up slipping forward instead. This allowed the faun to stop herself from falling forward and landing on her face, as she put all her weight on her right hoof and pushed herself up into an awkward standing position.

The faun looked down at her hooves nervously as he stood with her legs opened a bit wide. She then carefully put a hand on each of her hips and gently pushed inward until her hooves slid closer together. Once that was done, she carefully took a step forward with her left hoof. As soon as the cloven appendage touched the ice, it immediately slipped far to the left, spurring the

faun to wrench back to the right. This caused her left hoof to collide into her right hoof, which was sent to the right as the left hoof slipped backwards again.

The faun panicked and immediately tried to just run forward on her slipper goat hooves, but this only caused her legs to tangle amidst all the sliding, which then caused the faun to fall backwards onto her rear.

She sat on the snow, frustrated and irritated by this obstacle. She looked down at the black cloven hooves on the end of her legs. She gave the four collective digits she possessed experimentally as she stared at them. She'd always been so proud of them before, the way they daintily left footprints in the soil and grass yet clacked adorably on mountain rocks. Their lack of traction on ice was never an issue for her, until now.

Still seated, the faun lifted up her right hoof and brought it down onto the ice. She pressed down and moved it over the ice. Within seconds her hoof began sliding wildly left and right, forward and backward. Her eyes widened as she tried to make it stop, pushing down harder. She sat up straighter, then leaned forward towards her hoof. Then, the hoof suddenly slipped back upward, bending her leg back at the hip and sending the hoof right into her open mouth.

The faun sat in shock, her right hoof into her mouth and both eyes open wide. After several moments of processing what had just occurred, the faun finally grabbed her right leg with both hands and started to pull. With the cloven goat hoof filling her mouth, the faun reluctantly licked at it to try and make it a bit more slippery. Then, with a loud pop, the hoof was pulled out of her mouth.

The faun gasped and looked away as she gulped down air, then she looked back at her saliva covered hoof. The faun grimaced in disgust at her spit covered hoof and shook it wildly until most of it was off. She then looked angrily at both of her hooves, mentally berating them for being so slippery.

Her brown eyes lit up as an idea came to her. She just needed to make her hooves less slippery.

She crawled backwards into the snow and got up, and she ran over to one of the trees. It was a big tree with a thick trunk, perfect for what she had in mind. She lifted her right hoof upward and ran a finger down points of the cloven appendage, looking at the two points and testing their sharpness. The faun smirked impishly as she put her hoof back down. Her tail flicked twice, and she bent her legs slightly, and then leapt forward while swinging her right goat hoof at the tree.

With a solid crack, her hoof dug right into the side of the tree, sending bark and bits of wood flying. The faun grinned as she stood on one leg, with her right hoof deep in the tree. She then pulled it out with a jerk, and triumphantly beheld the tree sap that now coated the bottom of her cloven hoof. She wiggled it a bit, staring at how it oozed stickily between the split in the hoof. She put the hoof down, and then raised her left hoof and stuck it into the hole she had kicked in

the tree. Once her left hoof was also coated in the tree sap, she eagerly turned and skipped through the snow back to the frozen lake.

She stopped at the edge, then raised her right hoof, and set it down on the ice. The faun's face was filled with glee as she felt her hoof adhere to the ice. She then proceeded to walk across the ice, putting one hoof in front of the other as she made her way towards her flute.

She took a glance behind her and giggled at the trail of sticky cloven hoof prints she was leaving behind on the ice. Then she looked back at her flute and continued to walk on towards it.

Then, when the flute was only three yards away, the faun was suddenly brought to an immediate halt. She blinked, and she tried to take another step. When her hooves did not move, she looked down and saw that the tree sap in her hooves had frozen solid to the ice.

The faun gasped, and she bent down and started blowing on her hooves. She rubbed at them frantically in an attempt to free herself, but she had no way of getting at the underside of her hooves. She stuck her fingers into the split in her hooves and rubbed in between the cloven space, but this did little to nothing either.

The faun grunted as she tried to lift her hooves off of the ice. She grabbed her left leg with both hands and pulled while at the same time lifting her leg. With a loud crack, her left hoof broke off of the ice, the frozen sap shattering and breaking apart.

With her left hoof free, the faun moved on to her right leg, gripping it tightly and stabbing the two tips of her left cloven hoof into the ice. She closed her eyes as she grimaced and pulled her right leg with all her might.

With an even louder crack, the faun went flying forward and landed flat on her chest, sliding forward until she slowly came to a stop. Her nose twitched once, and she opened her eyes to see her flute right in front of her nose.

The faun laughed with delight, and she snatched up her flute and jumped back up onto her hooves. She stood looking happily at her flute for a moment, until she noticed that she was standing slightly off kilter. She looked down and saw that her right hoof had a large chunk of ice attached to the underside of it. Confused, she lifted her hoof and pulled the chunk of ice off. At that moment, she heard a loud cracking sound that led her to look towards where she stood a moment ago.

When the faun had pulled her right hoof free, it had actually ripped a chunk of ice out of the surface of the frozen lake. What's more, now cracks were forming and snaking across the surface, and one large fissure was headed right to her.

The faun gasped, and she turned to run, only for her hooves to slip wildly on the ice. She twirled around a bit until she was facing the approaching cracks. The faun's chest heaved up and down

fearfully, and she looked down at her hooves nervously. She gulped audibly, and then raised her flute to her lips. She then began to play a tune as she moonwalked away from the approaching cracks. She closed her eyes as she swung her head, playing her tune as her hooves glided across the ice, sending her backwards towards the edge of the frozen lake.

The faun was almost to the edge of the lake when her right hoof struck a rock sticking up out of the ice. This caused her to suddenly trip and fall backwards, losing hold of her flute. She landed back into the snow and laid there panting for a moment, then she raised her head and brushed the hair out of her eyes. Fearing that she chipped her right hoof, she grabbed her leg and pulled her hoof in for a closer look. She ran a finger along the cloven goat hoof and gave it another wiggle, opening and closing it. She sighed with relief at seeing it was undamaged.

She let go of her hoof, and then moved both of her cloven hooves out of the way to see her flute seemingly moving away from her. She gasped when she saw that her flute now lay on a large piece of ice that had fragmented amidst the rest of the ice and was floating away.

She jumped up and ran onto the ice and slid right to the jagged edge. The faun could see the ice floe carrying her flute floating away. Unable to swim, even in warm water let alone icy water, the faun began to panic as her flute inched further away. So, in a moment of desperation and lack of thought, the faun bent her legs and jumped up high in the air. She flipped once, did a half turn, and performed a mid air split as she came down. She landed with one cloven hoof stuck into the ice at the lake edge, and the other cloven hoof stuck onto the ice floe with her flute on it.

The faun grimaced as she closed her legs, pulling them in, along with her hooves and the pieces of ice they were holding onto. She put her leg muscles to work as she pulled the ice floe with her flute close to her. With great effort, and with muscles bulging in her fetlocks, the faun managed to pull the two pieces of ice together like two pieces of a jigsaw puzzle.

The faun breathed in and out heavily, and the ice leaned to one side with her arm outstretched. She then snatched up her flute and held it close. She sighed with relief, only for concern to promptly return when she found that she could not move her hooves. She looked down and saw that her hooves had dipped into the icy water and had frozen together.

The faun growled, and she put the flute into her mouth, holding it in her teeth. She then bent over and placed the palms of her hands onto the ice. She then pulled her hooves out of the ice and walked on her hands off of the ice and into the snow.

She approached a large tree, looking at it while upside down. She then moved her legs back, and then slammed her hooves against the trunk of the tree. The ice shattered, and the faun wiggled her hooves in relief.

Then all of the snow on the tree fell on top of her, burying her completely.

A moment later, the faun popped out of the snowbank and shook the snow out of her fur in hair. She brushed the hair out of her eyes again, and let out a sigh. Then her eyes widened when she saw she had lost her flute in the snow.

The faun whirled around and stepped back to the snow bank. She nervously raised her right leg and goat hoof and stuck it into the snow. She wrung her hands nervously as she felt around the snow with her hoof. Then she smiled and pulled her leg and hoof out to see her flute in the split of her cloven hoof.

The faun clapped happily and pumped a fist victoriously.

The End