



The Cape Behind Him

Carmen Sullivan



Arthur sat on the cold, cracked ground, pulling his knees tightly against his chest. He felt small and completely invisible in the vast, empty gray world around him. He wrapped his thin arms around his legs, wishing he could just shrink away from his troubles.



A soft breeze began to stir, rustling a vibrant crimson cape attached to Arthur's shoulders. The bright fabric danced beautifully against the dull sky, though Arthur kept his head down, completely unaware of its presence. It waited patiently for him, a silent promise of the strength he carried.



The shadows around Arthur grew longer and darker, stretching across the ground like heavy velvet blankets. Yet, the red cape seemed to catch a hidden light, glowing softly in the twilight. It stood as a bold contrast to his posture of defeat, whispering of adventures yet to come.



A tiny, luminous butterfly fluttered out of the darkness and landed gently on Arthur's knee. Arthur tilted his head just enough to peek out, watching the fragile creature brave the cold night air. For the first time, a spark of curiosity flickered in his sad eyes.



Inspired by the little butterfly, Arthur slowly loosened his grip around his legs and lifted his head. As he moved, the great red cape rippled behind him like a sudden flame in the dark. The weight of it on his shoulders felt grounding, warm, and surprisingly comforting.



Arthur placed his hands flat on the earth and pushed himself up, his long limbs unfolding with newfound determination. The cape caught the rising wind, unfurling to its full, magnificent length behind him. He was no longer just a figure on the ground; he was standing tall.



Looking out over the horizon, Arthur saw the sun beginning to break through the heavy clouds, painting the sky in streaks of gold and purple. The world didn't seem quite so terrifying anymore now that he was looking it in the eye. His cape snapped proudly in the morning breeze.



Arthur took his first bold step forward, leaving the dark, lonely corner behind him. With every stride, his posture grew more confident, and the cape billowed like a sail guiding a ship through a storm. He realized that the courage he needed hadn't come from the outside, it had been with him the entire time.



On his journey, Arthur encountered another lonely stick figure sitting in the shadows, looking just as lost as he had been. Arthur paused, a gentle smile forming on his face as he reached out a supportive hand. His red cape wrapped around them both, sharing its warmth and hope.



Together, the two friends walked into a bright and colorful landscape, ready to face whatever challenges lay ahead. Arthur's crimson cape fluttered joyfully in the wind, a beautiful symbol of the hero that lives inside anyone who finds the strength to stand up.