ZEPLIN

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Chapter 1

Like any other tale that touches the hearts of children and adults, the story of Zeplin starts in a far off land. Through woods, over rivers, over the tops of the highest cliffs, in a mother’s arms in a small baby boy. It isn’t a normal baby boy, for this boy is a goblin. Abandoned by family and tribe on the doorstep of a family farm house, in hopes of a better life.

But that is only the beginning of the tale. We will start a little while in the future.

Zeplin, our orphan, is in the field with his adopted father picking weeds form their horse radish field. He is hopping back and forth from weed to weed, pulling htem out and shoving them into a large burlap sack. His father just shook his head, it had been hard raising him.

The sun started to set, and his father grabbed hold of Zeplin shoulder, “time for dinner,” he said. “Dinner,” asked Zeplin, looking at his dad with huge yellow tinted, globe like eyes. His face deformed and green tinted, with an elongated nose, high boned cheeks, and drawn back eyes. His hair greasy black and pulled into a tight pony tail. His ears sticking high above his head, the tips little triangles of flesh, but with a wide and open smile. His innocence radiating from him. His dad nodded, gripping his shoulder tighter and led him out of the field towards their riticky cabin.

They entered the cabin and the door creaked a little. His father kicked it, shaking the cabin and some of the patch falling in from the roof. He breathed a long sigh and shook his head, then looked up at his beautiful, wholesome, and a wonderful life long partener. Zeplin was already in her arms, and she kissed his forehead and undid his pony tail, “there you are sweetie, you have the most georgious head of hair,” her accepting smile wide and bright as the morning star. “So what’s for dinner,” asked Zeplin? “Well dear, I’ve gone ahead and made our favorite,” she made a silly face, “horseradish stew, but I did have to cut back on the horseradish a little,” she said while giving him a stern look. She pointed at the half empty basket of horseradish’s. “I am sorry,” blurted Zeplin, “I just get so hungry at night.” When his father heard this, “Zeplin,” he yelled harshly.

Zeplin slowly walked over lookind down at the dirt floor, moving his holey leather shoes back and forth in the dust, making small piles near his feet, “yes father,” he questioned, knowing he was in trouble? “What happened to those radishes, what have I told you about eating our food,” his father breathed almost vehemently. That very moment, Zeplin coward and dove away from his father, he had never hit him, but Zeplin was a scared creature, a trait inherited in his people, even the brave warriors when faced with extreme danger ran in battle.

He managed to wiggle himself under his bed before his mother could make it over to him. She looked at his father sternly, and then turned her attention back to Zeplin, “honey, its ok,” she was silent for a moment, “your father is just angry, because again, you ate the food we have set aside to last us all winter.” Zeplin peeked out from under the bed at her, his eyes glowing a little with the dark vision that his people inherited from each other, “I am sorry,” he started to cry, big sobs, filled with crocodile tears, leaving small splashes on the floor. His mother reached a reassuring hand under the bed, caressing his hair, “its ok dear, come on out and lets eat ok, all is forgiven.” He crawled out from under the bed, his clothes covered in dust bunnies and earth. He looked down at himself and sighed, he figited with his clothes a little trying to make himself clean, but just getting dirtier by trying. His mother had to laugh, “go wash up in the troth outside, I will fix your bowl for you.” He nodded and ran out the door.

She turned her gaze on his father, “Fred, you know how sensitive he is, why can’t you be more compassionit, he is our son, we,” she thought for a second, “yes, we, you and I both agreed it would be best for us to take him in, he is our son, you need to treat him better, he looks up to you, respects you.” Fred took his berating, and nodded, “you are right love, just sometimes his actions hit me deep, I do love him,” he trailed off with a few mumbled words of embarrassment for the way he had been these last few years. He walked out to the troth just in time to see Zeplin ungracefully fall into the troth, splashing water on the nearby cat, who hissed vehemently, and scurried off into the brush. He walked over and lifted Zeplin out of the water, “thanks dad,” beamed Zeplin, almost as if the earlier incident had never happened. This touched his fathers heart so much that he just smiled and shook his head, “your welcome son, but I don’t think Kalid liked it very much,” pointing to where their farm cat had run off into the woods. Zeplin just laughed.