

## A story of a Plumant

Their finger tips traced through the fiddleheads, taking one on the back of the wrist between right thumb and forefinger and gently rolling it open and close. They looked down at the back of the hand, the arm, all the fiddleheads were furled up for the night. The fronds on the back, thighs, stomach and chest wouldn't furl up for the night, they were too big for that now. Instead they would curl the edges of their leaves in slightly and they would wrap some of them around their head so that it was darker over the eyes and small amounts of the oxygen released from the leaves would enter their nose directly. This was not necessary but comforting. The rest of the fern like leaf emissions would mix into the air in the immediate near.

Still looking at the hand their fingers stroked the inside of the almost smooth palm, frond free and not nearly as green as the thicker foliated parts, it had a slight green taint to the pink membrane there, the edges of the fingers were brown, and slightly crackly though. Tomorrow they would need to spend more hours in the sunlight, the chlorophyll production was low. It had been overcast the last week and they busy. Normally they would need to go to one of the Saturation areas and allow themselves, all their fronds to extend and expand, like this they took up an area of approximately 20 sqm and if they allowed it would have time to stay like this slightly rotating each part of frond and fiddlehead so that they got the most light.

It was only since a 3 months that their foliage had reached the size, that if needed they could rely on it as an on going source of oxygen. They noticed the difference when in a closed in space, no longer did they get distracted and slightly dizzy after a few hours (depending on the size of the space) but there would be a continual feeling of being uplifted, replenished. Which in fact they were. With every exhale from the flesh lungs the millions of fronds covering the body would inhale the carbon dioxide synthesise it and exhale oxygen back out through their fillocles.

This had it's advantages. It also had a slightly druggy effect on other beings. Since some time now other beings would always gravitate a bit closer to them. They were not sure how much of this had to do with the oxygen they emitted or the nature feeling they gave that provided that they would be still subconsciously perceived as part of the natural surroundings and therefore other beings would obey different rules of approach, proximity and 'personal' space. They didn't mind this though. It was more a curiosity to them.

Stopping to stroke the fiddleheads, they slowly uprighted themselves and made their way to the Mista. The doorway like structure was half a metre deep and would effuse a very thin water, nutrient light mist from all sides toward the center. They would stay here for 2 mins to allow each part of the fronds to receive some. Due to their expand this took also a careful process of rotating, picking up, curving and curling of the fronds and limbs much like during Saturation sessions. Carefully, furling, curling, rotating and reaching out continually responding and adapting.