

Cliff trots about with food on the brain. He spies something fruity-scented and tasty up on a tropical tree branch and sates his hunger immediately! A thick yoshi tongue flies out, loops around the meal-to-be, and drags it in. Cliff greedily shovels the squirming snack into his gob, boots and all, slurping up the tail last. His cheeks bulge a little, though this youthful meal isn't quite so big. Cliff murmurs and happily tastes his snack, muffled whines ignored, and swallows without a thought. Cliff adjusts his round, gone-askew glasses with thick stubby digits, and continues his walk, the struggling meal in his belly hardly making a dent in the big yoshi's stature.

This is Cliff, a big bright orange yoshi who, when hungry enough, can eat just about anything, or anyone! Standing a head taller than other adult yoshies and sporting a girth enhanced a hefty tummy with wide body and tail, one would think he'd be intimidating! But, the cheerful yoshi wouldn't harm a fly and would in fact go out of his way to save *you* from a mean bully should the situation arise. Cliff continues his walk, merrily humming, eyes appearing bulgy thanks to the thick lenses on his big round-rimmed glasses precariously balanced on his bulbous yoshi snout. A thick tail, adorned with bright spots atop it, gently sways to his wobbly gait, and the sated stomach gurgles his recent meal quietly away. Just another normal afternoon for a happy yoshi on a lush, tropical island, filled to the brim with the potential for adventure and fun!

Cliff isn't done snacking on his walk, though, the yoshi bringing a stubby arm up to focus on a dangling melon on a branch too high even for his lengthy tongue to reach: With a simple gesture, a flicker of light is produced, and a triangle-circle-square effect flies up to the unsuspecting melon! This bit of prestidigitation snaps the lone stem in twain, and the melon plummets down to the awaiting Cliff. He leans his head up, opens wide, and the juicy treat slams down into his maw. He munches and chews delightfully before gulping down the fruit, wiping his mouth with an arm after and continuing on. He couldn't do much with the ways of magic, but Cliff always had a few tricks up his sleeve.

Not that he was born with innate magical ability. That was learned later on. No, this plump yoshi was born with nothing but a saddle on his back and boots on his feet... and the glasses he wears to this day! He's nearsighted to the point where if he isn't wearing his glasses he can't see much beyond his snout. His egg was nothing out of the ordinary, save perhaps for the size: A white shell with orange spots sat comfortably in the nest of his parents' home, way back when. They were not surprised at all to find

themselves caretakers to a rather large baby yoshi when Cliff hatched. They loved him and raised him in his infancy, and Cliff still remembers aspects of them fondly for their short time they had together.

Cliff always had a big appetite when hungry, even back then. While this isn't atypical of a young yoshi, Cliff didn't seem to mind what, or who, could satisfy his hunger. One morning, Cliff was alone with Papa while Mama was out. Papa had neglected to snag anything for the hungry tyke, assuming Mama had already fed him. Unfortunately, a yoshi's hunger doesn't wait for the right kind of food to be available. Cliff, sitting innocently with his big round glasses-enhanced eyes, did smell something tasty in the home: Papa! Cliff whipped his tongue out and clasped around Papa yoshi's tail. He had no time to react before getting greedily gulped inward, soon nothing but a head sticking out of his son's slobbery maw. He uttered a squeak of surprise and despair before Cliff finished the yoshi off, gulping thickly, belching and enjoying the swollen belly he now possessed. What a meal! Cliff would be found by Mama yoshi late at night when finally getting home, but by then his gut had softened and the ever-hungry bright orange youth was ready for seconds. A few minutes later his mama's thick tail swayed haphazardly from his mouth, which he slurped up and swallowed down without hesitation. A loud, long sigh followed many nights of content food-coma rest for Cliff, his yoshi parents digesting and becoming nothing but thick layers of pudge on the young yoshi.

Of course, a youth can't live by himself for long! At least, not in the beach tribe he was born into. The case of the missing parents spread through the tribe like wildfire, as this tribe in particular was pretty good about not losing inhabitants to the dangers of the wild (large hungry fish, carnivorous piranha plants, what-have-you). On top of that, these yoshies didn't tolerate eating their own kind and made a point to teach their young this very important rule.

The lessons on this topic never quite sunk in with Cliff.

The mystery of where Cliff's parents ended up went unsolved. Thus far, the big orange yoshi has never gotten caught in his yoshi-eating escapades. The disappearance of his parents was eventually written off as them becoming the victims of one of the many predators found deep in the jungle. Little did the tribe know one such predator, happy-go-lucky and friendly as Cliff was, lived among them!

Though Cliff's inheritance of his parents' former home was complete and he was still allowed to live there, he spent the rest of his youth tended to by others. It takes a village as the saying goes, and Cliff was a more literal example in this case. He played, laughed, swam, had fun with his peers (who he'd outgrown pretty quick), and did all the other fun things young yoshies did on that island. By day he was taught the aforementioned basic etiquette and how to survive (said education being a big factor in the tribe's high survival rate in general), and was impressed time and again to not his fellow yoshi. (A lesson continually ignored by Cliff due to early formation of his habit, as food was food after all!) Nights were spent at home, a sizable hut built for a family giving him plenty of space. He spent most nights reading, a hobby that quickly became the big yoshi's favorite pastime.

They grow up so fast, though. Literally, in a yoshi's case. Adulthood is never far off for the pastel-colored dinos, and Cliff was no exception. As he grew into and out of adolescence, Cliff picked up another skill in addition to those nature granted to yoshies: Magic! It was a fascinating subject that he was surprised so few took up. The tribe didn't have much knowledge in this area, but after a while Cliff could do quite a few neat little party tricks, some of which could be used when in a pinch.

Which Cliff found himself in from time to time, the adventure seeker often going out into the jungle to search for fun! He's had a couple close calls, but his large physical presence was more often than not an advantage. He was a natural sprinter (even when filled with a sprawling gut), good to get away from things, provided he didn't have to go for long. And, as with other yoshies, his tongue was formidable: In a flash he could whip it out, and either toss a villain away, or swallow them down! Letting them out was dependent entirely on how hungry Cliff was. Sometimes it wasn't worth the added weight, and one grunt and pop later there'd be a thick-shelled squirming egg on the ground. Whoever was encased would have to work to break through Cliff's eggshell, it being sturdier than most, but the longer time went on, the easier it became.

From adolescence to adulthood Cliff was no stranger to exploring the full capabilities of his matured body, including getting it on with yoshies of the female persuasion! His earlier premature times had him chasing every tail raised his way, but these days he was more measured and calm about such affairs. He had no qualms with one night stands and hooked up not-infrequently for a good time. Sometimes even getting a big

bonus breakfast the next morning! (Extra rowdy evenings tended to leave the chubby yoshi rather starved by the time he got up. And with a pleasant meal snoozing next to him, who could resist?)

Cliff returns home after a nice long walk, night time settling in over the island. He waves to a few friends and acquaintances before heading inside, ducking his head to make it through the door. He stretched and settled in, giving his ever-protruding belly a gentle pat before retrieving a book from a modest bookshelf. Book chosen, he made to sit on his extra wide reclining soft chair (modified such that a tail could comfortably poke through the back). A writing desk was nestled in that cozy area with a big cozy ottoman of its own, where the well-fed yoshi kept a diary documenting scrumptious meals of the day. His home hadn't changed much since it belonged to his parents, with a big bed off on one end, food and fruit stored in a kitchenette area on the other. On the whole it was roomy, enough for multiple bookshelves to the side, with clivia plants growing in small bunches at each of the hut's open windows. Cliff's stomach was quieter now, the simple snacks from earlier long-since digested. He took a seat in the squashy chair of his, feeding his tail through the hole in the back, and sat with legs upright on the cushion with belly resting between them. The large yoshi adjusted his glasses and got to reading, which he'd do for some time before settling in for the night.

Where will Cliff's life take him from here? The nearsighted yoshi not-infrequently put himself in harm's way, so perhaps he'll end up as a squirming meal for some hungry predator. He himself did have a rather sweet taste, bearing a sour-sweet flowery flavor, with a dominating pineapple mango accessory. Not that he knew, as he hasn't so much as nibbled himself! Or, maybe he'll have himself the lunch of a lifetime, enjoying the fruits of some daring adventure and sending the villain of the day down his gullet. Perhaps a one night stand goes the other way and he's the breakfast-after-bonking! The perils and pleasures of a yoshi life are part and parcel to the big yoshi reading cozily under the candlelight, on a tropical island with ocean waves soothingly lapping against the beach.