

Pangea

Lost and Found

Sidebar

Eryk's last name, 'Steinn', comes from the Old Norse language. In English, our equivalent word is 'stone', an homage to Eryk's dwarven nature.

Omara and Vik stop in their tracks. A person? Here? I mean, sure, they are here. But who else could be here, and in front of them? Omara ducks down, compacting herself to ease in hiding. Vik... tries his best.

"Stupid! Rock! In my! Stupid! Way!" The thunderous voice booms from just behind the rubble. "Who doesn't upkeep their homes??"

Omara catches Vik's eye, motioning for him to stay low. Then, she approaches the rubble pile. "Hello?"

"Heavy hammers!! Who goes there?!" Shouts the man.

"Who am I? Who are you?! These are our ruins for exploring! Go on, shoo!"

A loud crack rings out as something big hits the rubble blocking the path. A thin layer of dust cascades downward from the heavy impact. A second thump and the wall gives, if ever so slightly. A third and bits of rubble come loose.

"H-hey! Stop that!" Omara squeaks hesitantly. "You'll break something!"

"Omara," whispers Vik. "Should we... run?"

Omara waves a dismissive hand at her friend, though she does back away slightly. Another crack and the rubble crumbles away, unblocking part of the path. There, behind the several tons of rock and steel, stands a towering dwarf. Omara, Vik, and the dwarf lock eyes, each one unsure of the others.

"You aren't dwarves!" Shouts the heavy-handed intruder. "What are you doing in underground ruins?"

Vik adjusts his glasses. "Um, if I may, kind sir. We've been exploring these ruins since we were kids." He lowers his voice, mumbling to himself. "Much to my dismay."

The dwarf stares at the frail young man that Vik is, then let's out a roaring laugh that shakes the walls. "Haha! What? Can't find the exit? Stupid humans, haha!"

Omara's brow furrows. How dare this oversized wall of muscle insult her? What does he know about this place anyway? "Says you! What are you even doing here, huh? You're hundreds of miles from a dwarven settlement!"

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“Ha, as if. We’re in the Stonehart Mountains, inside one of the old dwarven settlements. What are a couple of humans doing in dwarf territory?” The dwarf seems confident in his response.

Omara pauses. Did this dwarf really think he was in the Stonehart Mountains? How is that possible? That’s at the far end of the continent! “We’re near Reaper’s Rest, not Stonehart. You’re about as far from home as it gets, big guy.”

The dwarf’s smile slowly fades as he begins to consider Omara’s words. “That’s... that’s impossible. Impossible! I went through the mines in Hazahan! I don’t even know where Reaper’s Rest is!”

“What’s your name, sir?” Vik asks while wringing his hands. The ruins were frightful enough as is, but now to throw in random teleportation?

“Eryk. Eryk Steinn, from Gorm. You... don’t know where that is, do you?”

“I’m sorry, Mr. Steinn. I don’t. I’ve never left Central Agea.” Vik lets out a quick sigh. “Omara, we should head back. Everyone will start to worry.”

Omara stares at Eryk, her mind racing at all the possibilities for him being here. “Sure, just a minute. Eryk, how did you get here? Like, specifics. What were you doing before you got here?”

Eryk thinks for a moment, trying to recall what could have gone wrong. “I was passing through Hazahan, heading back to Gorm. I took a detour due to a new section of the mines being opened. Found some dilapidated tunnels that had clearly been lived in, but didn’t think anything of it. Went inside, and next thing I knew, you were shouting hello! How does any of that work?”

“Hmm, I don’t know. But we could ask back at the village.” Omara mentally takes note. “I’m sure one of the elders might know.”

Over the next few minutes, the three of them clear the rubble enough for Eryk to enter the safe part of the ruins. Then they all make the trek back to Reaper’s Rest, taking the long way around, instead of climbing the cliff again. Vik offers a silent prayer to the gods, thanking them for avoiding that swift death.

As the trio approaches Reaper’s Rest, the decorations of a festival are strewn about in full display. The light smells of cakes and roasted meats hit the nose before they even reach the outer farms.

Eryk perks up at the sights of a party. “What holiday is this? Smells great!”

Omara kicks a small stone, head hung low. “My birthday... and my wedding.”



STONEHART

IRON SEA

THE RIFT

AGEA

DRIFT SEA

GREENWOOD

PANGEAN OCEAN

