

Sidebar

Reaper's Rest is called such because of its heavy farming background. More than 70% of the jobs in the entire village are based around farming.

Eryk practically tumbles over at the sound of that.
“Wedding?! Bahahaha!! How did you land a husband?”

Omara makes a face, daring Eryk to continue. “Trust me. It wasn't my choice. Let's go before they try and kidnap me for the festivities.”

Picking up the pace, Omara, Vik, and Eryk enter Reaper's Rest, passing by booths and displays adorned with wedding decorations. As Eryk ducks beneath some low hanging signs, a curious banner catches his attention.

“What language is that?” Eryk asks, jabbing a thumb at a velvet banner with golden script. The words ebb and flow, like waves on the open sea. Indecipherable scrawling to a lesser educated man.

“Oh, that's Elvish,” says Vik while adjusting his glasses. “I believe it's a phrase used during weddings, which is aptly fitting, given the day.”

Eryk sneers. “What are fancy pants doing here? Or are we really that far south?”

Omara pockets an apple from a nearby Elven display, looking back over her shoulder. “We are a lot closer to the Greenwoods than you were back home, but that's not why they're here. They're here because-.”

“OMARA!!!” Shouts a middle-aged woman from a house just up the road. “Dios mio, are you trying to give me a heart attack? Why have you been?!”

Omara sighs, biting into her apple. “Hola, Mama. Vik and I just went out for a stroll. You know, for old time's sake before you ship me off with a husband I don't want?”

“Watch your tongue, young lady!” Omara's mother hisses. “You know this marriage will save the village. Where is your sense of community? I swear, ever since your father-.”

“Don't even mention him, Mother! At least he did right by me!”

Vik and Eryk hang back, more than a little uncomfortable from this conversation. Eryk scans the street, more out of idle boredom than anything.

“Hey, Glasses. What's there to even do here?” Eryk asks, his words laden with disdain.

Pangea

Festive Family

“Oh! Um, well. Most everyone is a farmer, or some type of craftsman. My father is a book binder, and my mother teaches at the local schoolhouse.” Vik recounts nervously.

“Bah! I don’t care about your family, or these lame boring jobs! What is there to do for fun? You know what fun is, yeah?” Eryk snorts. “Books. Ha! Paper is meant for the outhouse, nothing else!”

Vik wrings his hands while biting his lip. “W-well, um, with the festivities going on, there should be party games.”

Eryk clasps his hands together loudly. “Now that’s what I’m talking about! Come on, Glasses. Show me some games!”

Vik and Eryk depart, leaving Omara trapped with her mother.

“That man was nothing but trouble, Hija! And you know it! Filling your head with stories of adventures that never happened. The best thing he did for us was leaving!”

Omara’s eye twitches, her temper rising. Venomous words bubble up to the back of her tongue, ever so dangerously close to spilling out. “I bet you’ll be glad when I’m gone too! Then you’ll finally have the peace and quiet you always wanted!” Omara storms out, her mother left fuming on the porch.

Darting between carts and tables, Omara sprints from her home. Curse her mother! Curse this village! And curse whatever ‘Elven prince’ her mother sold her to! Omara runs, faster and faster, tethered by the chains of duty.

The sky grows grey with clouds, a storm rising much too quickly. Omara fails to notice this, not before it’s too late. Dark clouds hang over head, and the first drops spell dome in the muddy fields. A biting wind blows from the northwest, with a sharpness to the air. The village of Reaper’s Rest seems to slow down, as if frozen in time. Right before the first strike.

A bolt of lightning pierces the sky, erupting a wheat field into an instant inferno. The second bolt strikes the bell tower, and then the source is clear.

Omara looks up at the sky as the storm cracks open. Dark scales glisten in the rain. “DRAGON!!!”

The village erupts in a chaotic mess as the scaled doom descends upon them. With claws like field plows, the mighty harbinger of death tears roofs off buildings as if they were made of rice paper. Another bolt of stormy energy cascades into the village, unerringly striking the Elven caravan. One more swoop, and a young man adorned in gold and silver is snatched up by the dragon, carried away into the distance as the sky settles once more.



STONEHART

IRON SEA

THE RIFT

AGEA

DRIFT SEA

GREENWOOD

PANGEAN OCEAN

