

Pangea

Then There Were Four

Sidebar

While not named in this issue, Prince Le'san belongs to House Syngborn, which pays homage to my previous fantasy story, the Hestia series.

As the Elven prince, Omara's future husband, is whisked away by the dark blue dragon, the village of Reaper's Rest is in an uproar. The ominous storm fades as the dangerous sky beast flies away to some unknown reaches of the world, leaving the fires to roar uninhibited throughout the village. Farmers rush to put out slowly spreading flames, while Elven guards convene to plan a rescue.

"Omara Llanos!" Shouts the Elven captain of the guard. "Your pathetic betrothal has cost our kingdom its prince! As captain of the royal guard assigned to Prince Le'san, I am commandeering this village as property of the Elven kingdom of Everglade!"

The villagers' mouths hang open, each and every one of them at a loss for words. Omara speaks first, out of anger and spite. "You come into my home, demand I marry your prince, then try and take my people's land from us because you failed to defend your oh so perfect little elf boy?! I shall not stand for this!"

The royal guard draws their weapons, as do a number of steadfast villagers. The standoff lasts but a moment before a soft voice speaks from the Elven side.

"If I may, Captain," says a younger Elven woman dressed in simple yet stately robes. "The omens spoke not of horrors to befall this day. Thus, this village is not to blame. However, an arrangement may be in order."

Eryk and Vik have made their way to find Omara, standing nearby as the elf girl speaks. The captain of the guard sneers, his anger prominent.

"What would a holy woman know political affairs, child?" Spits the captain.

The cleric bows her head at the harsh words haphazardly tossed her way. "I know little of politics, Captain. But I do know that our prince has been taken. This directly affects the lives of our kingdom and this partnering village. Perhaps a team should be enlisted to mount a rescue? Utilizing members of both parties, of course."

Omara watches the woman with shock. Why should Reaper's Rest risk a single life for a prince that's trying to steal their land?! Vik adjusts his glasses, leery about what might happen next. Eryk snacks on a roasted chicken, not a care in the world. These aren't his people after all.

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The captain sheathes his sword forcefully. “You want them, these peasants, to save our prince? Rescue him from a dragon? These beggars and thieves couldn’t save a large stone from a shallow puddle!”

“HEY!!” Booms Eryk. “You keep stones out of your prissy mouth!”

Suddenly, a thought occurs to Omara. A plan most foul. “I volunteer for the rescue!”

Vik gasps, utterly flabbergasted at what Omara just said. “Omara, you can’t-.”

“I can, and I will. I mean, what use is a wife without her husband, right?” Omara resists gagging at her own words.

“Then... Then I too shall go.” Vik says with a fraction of the confidence Omara possesses.

“Ha! More chicken for me then!” Erik bellows between bites of roast.

Omara shoots an icy glare at the dwarf, and his tone quickly changes.

“I mean, I guess you could use some muscle. Fine, fine. I’ll go too. That prince better pay well!”

“And as a show of good faith between our people, I shall accompany these three,” says the Elven cleric. She approaches them and bows. “Honor to our lords, I shall stand beside you.”

Eryk gives the woman a once over. “And what exactly is it that you do?”

“I am a servant of the Three, the tribunal of Portents that guide the cycles of nature. You may call me Allura Senthris.” Allura bows once more.

Eryk belches from the chicken. “Cool. Now what?”

The captain of the guard slowly approaches, sneering still. “You all may think you have a chance, but I will be sending our best troops to rescue the prince. Should you all fail, this village and your lives will be forfeit to the crown. May the best soldier win. Hahaha!”

Vik wrings his hands, as he is wont to do. “Oh brother. How can we compare to trained scouts?”

Omara smiles, her plan working better than she thought. “Oh, don’t worry, Vik. They might be soldiers, with tons of resources, but we have something they don’t.”

Allura raises an eyebrow but remains silent. Vik watches his friend curiously, while Eryk speaks loudly. “Oh yeah? What? Small numbers?”

Omara snaps her fingers. “Close. We have luck on our side.”



STONEHART

IRON SEA

THE RIFT

AGEA

DRIFT SEA

GREENWOOD

PANGEAN OCEAN

