

Sidebar

Since being in the tower, the party has encountered references to things from other stories of mine. Some of which, you can catch. Others... not so much. Can you tell the difference?

Eryk skims over the other shelves, looking at random books. Grizzwald's Guide to Ghosts and Goblins, Cowl's Sample of Scions, How to Serve Humanoids, and so on. A few historical tomes dot the shelves, from biographies on kings and queens, to family lineages, to trade agreements penned during war time.

"This place is awfully boring!" Eryk booms. "It's all books and magic-y nonsense!"

Vik is lost in wonder, staring at the Black Book. "I can only imagine..."

"Eryk, what tools have you trained with?" Omara asks, seemingly out of nowhere.

"What? Why does that matter now?" Eryk tosses a book over his shoulder, the pages furling in a crinkled pile.

Omara offers her dwarven friend a soft yet knowing smile. "Just answer the question, please."

With a resounding huff, Eryk responds flippantly. "Stonecutter tools, smithing tools, things like that. You know, typical Dwarf stuff. Why do you care?"

"You commented on the stonework when we first entered the tower. Does it look the same here?" Omara motions to the domed walls surrounding the group.

Eryk looks around, grumbling. Then, he stops. He stops and looks harder, more intently. Eryk moves to a section of wall with little occupying it, running a thick finger over the stone.

"This is seamless. Like it was carved from a single rock. How is that-?"

"Magic," Vik says, clutching the Black Book tightly. "That's always the answer with Cur, isn't it. Magic."

Omara snaps her fingers, pointing at Eryk. "You know what that means, big guy? Means we could all learn a thing or two here."

Eryk wipes his hand over the stone wall, feeling for any imperfections. "Yeah, maybe."

Pangea

Paper, Stone, Metal

Allura, ever vigilant, keeps her eyes fixed upon the abandoned corpse in the corner chair. Her gaze runs over the entire thing, searching for any sign of life. Anything strong enough to kill a Quasi-Lich is far beyond her skills at this time. Yet, Allura cannot part with the belief that some portion of a soul resided within the constructed husk of a body. If the forces that make life are in all things, then are not all things alive? She shakes her head, banishing the blasphemous thought to a part of her brain where she will never think of it again. To think Animistic thoughts, Allura shudders at what the small waver in her faith could mean.

“Might we hurry this along?” Allura asks with a slight quiver in her voice. “I’d rather not reside here much longer.”

Omara nods, sucking her teeth. “Yeah, sure. If we don’t find anything else soon, we should head on. We still have a prince to save, or something.”

Vik stows the Black Book in his satchel, far more than eager to dig into the pages contained within dark, stiff leather. “I’m good to go whenever. I already found the best thing ever.”

Omara leans against the alchemical desk, nodding along. So much trouble, and for so little. Omara struggles to hide her discontent, as her mind wanders to treasure troves stacked floor to ceiling with gold and gems. Such a hard-to-reach place as this Curran tower, you would think it would house more.

The group prepares to leave, and as Allura reaches for the door, Omara bumps a shelf. A few books enter freefall, landing haphazardly on the ground. However, among the books lies a token. A silvery white metal, imprinted with a sunny beach scene on one end, and a stormy forest on the other. Omara stoops and picks up the alluring token, its cool metal sending shivers up her arms. The token weighs heavier in Omara palm than a coin of this size should. And at the edge of her mind, Omara feels that treasure hunter itch being scratched.

The group exits the tower, returning to the rolling hills of the open plains of Agea.

“Ah!” Allura sighs, breathing in as if she had held her breath far too long. “Fresh air, and clear skies, once more. Well, mostly clear.”

Allura raises a hand, pointing to the north at the horizon. A storm cloud rolls in the distance, a solitary battle in a peaceful sea of blue.

“Should we be concerned with that?” Allura asks, taking in breaths of clean air.

Omara steps forward, sniffing the air. The scent of rain wafts on a southward breeze, carrying with it the taste of iron. “That’s where we’re headed. I can almost taste the dragon’s energy from here.”

“Onward then?” Vik asks, one hand on his satchel.

Omara takes a breath, adjusting her swords on her hips. “Onward.”



STONEHART

IRON SEA

THE RIFT

AGEA

DRIFT SEA

GREENWOOD

PANGEAN OCEAN

