

Pangea

Twist It, Pull It, Push It

Sidebar

Dragons have a history that puts them near the beginning of Pangea's existence. In a rough draft of the lore, dragons were one of two mortals species to first populate the world. Based on what you know about dragons, can you guess who made them?

As the morning sun rises in the east, the first signs of wakefulness plague our heroes' camp. Eryk's stomach growls as if the four voles he inhaled the night before weren't enough. Just one of the many perks of being eight feet tall. Vik and Allura break down their respective camps, preparing for the day ahead. Omara, however, is restless, the events of the night before replaying in her mind over and over again.

"Hey... Vik?" Omara asks tentatively. "You got a second?"

Vik ties the final knot in the sinches binding his bedroll to his pack, looking up at his friend with a curious nod. "I have as many seconds as you need. What's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing's wrong, per se. I was just... curious. Yeah, curious. You got that little cube thing from Zzastigeth's lair, yeah? Have you had a chance to look at it yet?" Omara shifts her weight back and forth, eager for an answer yet hesitant to give away too much information.

Vik watches Omara and her shifty behavior. Something is indeed off about her, but what that may be exactly is beyond him. "Uh, no. We just climbed down the mountain yesterday and marched for a while before making camp. I haven't really had a chance to look over too many things yet. If I can ask, why?"

Omara tugs at a loose curl hanging in her face. "No reason. Just figured, you know, it must have been important for a dragon like Zzastigeth to have it in his lair, so I was wondering what its purpose might be. Why don't you spend some time with it while I go catch us breakfast, yeah?"

"Um, sure? I guess I can take a moment to look it over." Vik tilts his head to the side a few degrees, narrowing his eyes slightly. "Are you sure everything is okay?"

Jumping up, Omara grabs her swords. "Absolutely. You'd be the first to know if something was wrong. Promise."

Vik opens his mouth to say more, but Omara bounds off into the wilderness before he can speak. "Oh well. I'm sure she's fine."

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As Eryk and Allura sit in awkward silence as Vik begins fiddling with the small puzzle cube, Omara runs off into the wild in search of food. The plains of Agea are abundant with voles, quails, hares, and more. Small game is easy to come by, even for untrained hunters. And larger game, such as deer, elk, and even bison roam freely. After only an hour, Omara returns to camp with enough food to prepare the group for the day.

“Made any progress?” Omara asks as she dumps a dozen or so small game next to the campfire.

Eryk blows a raspberry, then sighs loudly. “This is so boring! Why do we have to sit here and play with random boxes when we could be out killing dragons and cultists?”

“While I am not one for violence, Sire Eryk, I do believe you will have your chance to strike down a foe or two before long. This is only a minor delay.” Allura says, trying to comfort the dwarf.

Omara chimes in, keeping one eye on Vik. “Yeah. This doesn’t put us behind by that much. We’ll be on the road before long. I just figure that whatever is inside the puzzle cube is worth spending some time getting it out. Right, Vik?”

Vik slides a bar on the underside of the cube, which twists in place to unhook a latch on the left side. That latch pulls back, revealing a button. When pressed, the button opens a panel with an intricate pattern underneath.

“I think I almost have it. This is a truly intricate device. The bronze bends and twists in ways I didn’t think was possible for metal. But then, you never really know with these things.”

Eryk grumbles, displeased with waiting. Ever, much less now. “Just smash it open already!”

“Doing so might damage whatever it contains,” Vik says matter-of-factly. “Bear with me just a moment longer.”

Omara watches with bated breath. Raziel said the puzzle box contains a key to a vault, so all they have to do is get the key and find the vault. How hard can that be? It isn’t like treasure troves are hidden all over the continent, some being lost for thousands of years. Oh, wait.

“Got it!” Vik exclaims as the final piece falls in place. However, instead of opening a secret hatch with a well-guarded stash, the device whirs to life, and a blinding flash of light emits from the cube.

When the light fades, our heroes and the cube are gone, leaving no sign of them or their camp behind.



STONEHART

IRON SEA

THE RIFT

AGEA

DRIFT SEA

GREENWOOD

PANGEAN OCEAN

