

# Pangea

# The Things We Do

## *Sidebar*

Scholars on Pangea often refer to Halafalala as being ahead of his time. He studied magic in ways most people failed to imagine. It is impossible to recollect all of his studies in this box of text, but suffice to say, he was a very busy man in life.

Vik backs up from the magical cage. The figure held within smiles at him. “No. It... It can’t be.”

Omara looks between Halafalala and Vik. “Why does his name sound familiar, Vik? Where have I heard that before?”

Moving at the pace of a snail stuck in frozen molasses, Vik pulls the Black Book from his bag. “Halafalala wrote the Black Books. He was Farrah Cur’s most trusted advisor, and a top-tier scholar as well.”

“Speaking of which,” Halafalala says with a smirk. “How is dear old Farrah these days anyway? Rotting beneath Sin City, I hope, hehehe.”

Allura holds her staff tightly, the sheer evil radiating off this man nearly bowling her over. “The Curs are dead.”

Halafalala chuckles a raspy, broken laugh. “Too bad. I’m sure Farrah would have loved you. Now, as fun as this is, my itty-bitty living space is just a tad cramped these days. Be a doll, elfling, and release me, hmm?”

Both of Eryk’s brain cells begin to click together as he remembers the group’s arrival into this prison. He stands between Halafalala and Allura, his furry brow furrowed in anger. “She’s not helping you with anything, muck bucket. Not after the crap you pulled with the entryway.”

“Hmm?” Halafalala muses. “Oh, you mean you found one of the puzzle cubes. Heh, if you landed in one of the lock boxes, then you clearly didn’t use the cube correctly. Finicky little buggers, I assure you. Really take a special kind of mind to know how they work. I’m sure you wouldn’t understand, hehe.”

Vik paces around the circle, lost in thought at what to do next. “How do we return to where we were?”

Halafalala laughs a crackly bellowed laugh. “I’m afraid you can’t. Only I know where the exit is here, heh. But I’m sure if you wait around another few hundred years, someone will find you. You can wait that long, right? Hehehe.”

Eryk’s throat burns as anger boils inside him. And worse still, a small sliver of ancient history burns a hole in his pack, calling to him. Eryk’s mind wanders as images flood his vision. Images of Eryk thrusting that small, black dagger into Halafalala’s chest. ‘Consume. Defile. Defeat.’ It calls to him, eager for blood of the bloodless.

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Omara toys with her chin, wondering what to make of this. “What will you trade for the knowledge of how to leave?”

Halafalala smirks, his flaming eyes burning into Omara’s soul. “It’s simple, really. If I am free, then I can guide you out of here. That is my offer, heh.”

Allura looks past Eryk toward the wizened figure trapped in the room. Her holy symbol burns against her palm as she grips it. And only because her mind is fearful does she notice Eryk’s movements.

Eryk slowly reaches into his pack, drawing the cursed blade he took from the Lich’s tower. In Eryk’s hand, it almost oozes a black, ichor-like venom. It hungers for evil flesh, for the soul of a vile man. Eryk, of little power of his own, raises his hand to strike the Lich.

Allura puts her hand on Eryk’s arm, small as it is compared to his Dwarven stature. “Sire Eryk,” she whispers, her words only for his ear.

The dagger pulls at Eryk’s hand, yearning to feast. Eryk’s eyes glaze over as the blade takes control. One step, two steps. Closer the dwarf moves toward his target.

Halafalala eyes the looming figure approaching him, a sick grin creeping across his face. “Do tell, shorty. What are your intentions, hmm? Hehehe.”

“Eryk!” Omara shouts as she tries to interpose between her large friend and the magical cage containing this great evil. “Put it down, now!”

Vik watches in horror as Omara and Allura hang off Eryk’s arm, their small frames slowing the mountain of muscle not even a bit. Vik flips through his spellbook, hoping some answer lies within the fragments of magic contained within. One such spell strikes him as an option.

“Eryk Steinn! I command you to STOP!”

Waves of magic erupt from Vik’s mouth as his spell spirals in a swirl toward its target. The magic grips at Eryk’s core, yet he shrugs off the effects. Not on his own, but by the will of the black dagger in his hand, drawing him closer.

“Yes, my boy. Yes! Have at thee!” Halafalala taunts.

Eryk continues his slow march toward the monster, his hand raised higher and higher as the dagger glistens in the ethereal light. Eryk stops, just in front of the magical barrier, with Halafalala staring up at him eagerly.

The dagger lunges forward, cascading down toward the barrier. And plunges into something solid.

Allura stands in front of Eryk, the black dagger buried in her chest as the light returns to the dwarf’s eyes. “Eryk...”





PANGEAN OCEAN

