

Pangea

Making Waves

Sidebar

In this issue, Raziel utilizes the Song of Creation to warp reality. As a Portent, his control over the Song is intense. However, he does not have the same control that other, higher, beings have.

The group jumps up, their eyes wide as Raziel steps into the light of the fire. He smiles at them, just a few too many teeth showing. Raziel claps thrice more, and the night air grows still.

“I’m a rather patient man, Loves, but even I have my limits. Now, be a good little trope of boys and girls, and hand over the Score. I assure you, little treasure seeker. The reward I offer leaves with me, should you refuse.”

Omara swallows hard, the Score tucked behind her back. Vik stands at her side, prepared to fight for his friend. Allura and Eryk stand at the ready just a single pace back.

“I think we’re going to hold on to this. You know, a little keepsake.” Omara forces a smirk, but her words falter. The sharp eyes of this evil god pierce into her soul.

“Tsk, tsk. I must confess my disdain about your choice, Love. But it wouldn’t matter anyway. You brought it out here. Now, it is mine.” Raziel smiles, then begins to sing.

The ground around our heroes distorts, rolling like waves on the open sea before crashing down with the force of a storm. The air grows hot, choked with ash and hellish flame. Raziel raises his hands, his voice carrying through the night on the dead wind, frozen in time by his own power. The waning moon overhead turns red, like a bloody smile piercing a jet-black veil.

Omara loses her footing, the Score falling to the ground behind her. As the oceanic plains continue to rise and fall, she crawls toward the orb. Omara’s hand brushes the smooth crystal, the ancient artifact nearly in her grasp. Then a new wave rises and sends the Score flying away.

“No!” Omara shouts, lunging forward to no avail.

Allura draws her Deep Elf blade, the sword aglow with silver light in the presence of such danger. Using the magical blade, she climbs the ever-changing plains as the shift and morph at the will of Raziel’s voice. As the Score flies past her, Allura grasps at it, only for her fingertips to scrape at the surface.

Eryk’s stomach churns as he is bowled over time and again. His hands fight for purchase on anything that resembles solid ground. Then, despite his displeasure with thinking, an idea comes to him. He grasps the Hurler’s Hammer, awaiting his chance.

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Raziel's voice crescendos, the waves beneath the plains coming in quicker succession. He smiles as his divine words reach the heavens, caring not what might be listening.

Vik angrily slides down a wave, his glasses lost in the rolling nonsense. Squinting in hopes of eyeing his target, Vik readies a blast of magical energy to disrupt the god's performance.

Yet, before Vik can complete his spell, Eryk lets his hammer fly. The well-crafted tool soars through the air on a thunderous whim, arching high above the grassy waves Raziel has conjured. With a momentous clap of thunder, the hammer comes crashing down at Raziel's feet.

The force from the shockwave knocks back the Portent, ending his boisterous song. The ground falls still once more, as if nothing has happened.

"Ha! Take that, you wad of outhouse paper!" Eryk beams with pride, only to be met by a growl.

Raziel rights himself, floating up off the ground until he hovers a few feet above the grass. "You insolent fools! I will have my reward! And there is nowhere you can hide where my eyes won't be on you."

The air begins to move once more, as if the world itself had held its breath in Raziel's presence. Where once the Portent had been floating, empty space remains in the blink of an eye.

Allura puts her sword away, taking a moment to steady her balance. Eryk falls down, his stomach still roiling from the excursion. Vik crawls toward Omara on all fours, not yet ready to stand. Omara clutches the Score with both hands, breathing slowly.

"Omara? Are you okay?" Vik asks, his color returning.

Omara sits for a moment, the coolness of the crystal orb against her hands and chin. For a moment, as she sits in stillness, Omara's mind wanders to home. She shakes the thought, vowing to move forward.

"Yeah. Yeah, I'm... I'm good. We're all good. But, uh, let's not go sailing for a while, okay?"

Vik laughs, losing his balance as he tries to stand and falling face first into the grass. His hand brushes something hard. His glasses. "Deal. Now, can we sleep? We still have a few days of travel before we get to Independence City."

Omara nods eagerly. "Bedtime."

STONEHART

IRON SEA

THE RIFT

Mt.
STORMBREAK

REAPER'S
REST

AGEA

DRIFT SEA

GREENWOOD

PANGEAN OCEAN

