

Sidebar

This issue is dedicated to the Grizzwalds in our lives. To the ones that work tirelessly to share knowledge, entertainment, and good will with the world. To the ones that remind us good exists. This one is for them.

Three days of travel, hunting, and camping pass before our heroes spot small smoke trails creeping into the sky beyond the next hill. They pause, taking a moment to discuss what to do.

“We’re too far out for that to be Independence City,” Vik says a bit timidly. “It’s likely to be a camp of some sort.”

Omara makes a face, remembering the last camp they stumbled upon. “What are the odds it’s worse than the cannibals?”

Vik lets out a nervous chuckle. “There are quite a few variables. Suffice to say, we should proceed with caution.”

Omara nods, taking point as the group climbs the hill that separates them from whatever lies beyond. Upon the hill’s crest, the group has a clear view of the source of the smoke.

Wooden towers with rough hewn walls of old log and mud stand a few miles further down the plains. The make is crude, rudimentary even. There is no mistaking this camp for anything but what it is. Goblins.

“A Goblin camp? This close to civilization?” Omara looks down at the camp, a look of confusion plastered across her face.

“Well,” Vik starts, “we are still a few days from Independence City. I don’t imagine it’s impossible for Goblins to be here. I just hope they are eager to receive guests.”

Eryk takes a deep breath, exhaling loudly. “Smell that? That’s roast! Looks like we walked in on a party!”

Allura clutches her staff close to her chest. While she may be a Wood Elf, such dirty living is not for her. “I only hope they clean better than it looks.”

Omara leads the group down the hill towards the camp. As they approach, the sounds of a boisterous party reach their ears. Drums, horns, all accompanied by hollering and off-key singing. Despite their appearance, Goblins seem to know how to celebrate.

Pangea

Greetings, Fire Man

As the group nears the gate, a Goblin watchman spots them, blowing a horn in warning. “Hey! You! Halt, or something!”

Omara motions for the group to pause. “Hi there. We’re just passing through. We don’t want any trouble.”

Eryk shouts past Omara. “What are you celebrating?”

The Goblin hollers back, beaming with pride. “It’s Komfortabel! We always party on Komfortabel!” He does a little jig on top of the watchtower. “You ever celebrated it?”

Eryk sniffs the air, taking in the smells of fresh roasted game. “I’m a believer now! Can we join?”

“Lemme ask da boss!” The goblin turns around and shouts at the top of his lungs. “HEY BOB!!!”

A moment passes as a slightly taller, bronze Goblin climbs the tower. He looks over at the group, where Eryk is waving. “I’m Bob da Boss! Who you?”

Vik hushes the group, speaking in a low tone. “Are we sure we want to spend time here? I mean, I’m all for a party, but we are sort of short on time here.”

Eryk laughs, his voice booming in the open plains. “Excuse me, but I have a hard time picturing you as a partier!”

Omara hushes them, responding to da Boss. “Mister Bob, hi! We’re just a group of travelers from the southeast of here. We’re on our way to Independence City, and our path just so happens to be taking us past your camp. We don’t mean any trouble, but my friend here was wondering if we could share a meal together.”

Bob da Boss ponders for a moment, then smiles a very wide, Goblin-tooth smile. “What kinda da Boss would I be if I said no to food?! Open the gates! And fetch the fire man!!”

“Fire man? Um, Omara?” Vik squeaks out, more than a little concerned. “Is that something we should worry about?”

Omara shrugs. “Beats me. Let’s just roll with it for now.”

The wooden gates slide open, allowing the group entry into the heart of the Goblin camp. The inside is lively, with maybe forty Goblins running around in celebration. The buildings are as crude as the defenses, however that is not to say they are unwelcoming. There is a bunkhouse where the Goblins sleep, next to a bathhouse. Across the camp is the dining hall. And at the far end of the camp is a smaller building with a slough of adornments, most likely the Boss’ home. As the group enters, taking in the sights and smells of the crude yet clean little creatures, a Human man walks out of the Boss’ house.

“Greetings. I’m Grizzwald Blazesnow, Inventor by trade. Pleasure to meet you.”

THE RIFT

STONEHART

IRON SEA

Mt.
STORMBREAK

REAPER'S
REST

AGEA

DRIFT SEA

GREENWOOD

PANGEAN OCEAN

