

Sidebar

Major cities are few and far between on Agea, but they are slowly popping up. Ever since the fall of the Cur Empire, people have been afraid to unify under a single banner.

“Ah, Independence City!” Omara beams up at the white stone gates greeting the group as they approach. “Man, we finally made it.”

After another week of travel after leaving the Goblin camp, our heroes arrive at the center of humanoid concentration on the continent. Independence City, where dreams are made in the modern era. A place of warmth, welcoming, and comforts.

“Move it, people! Orderly lines!” A guard at the east gate shouts through a bullhorn. A line of thirty or so people take an orderly position in line.

Merchants, caravans, small families. All sorts of people stand waiting to enter the big city. Slowly, one by one, the guards check bags, packs, and carts. The line moves at a snail’s pace, with the warm, mid autumn sun shining down upon the newcomers.

“Well, not quite the greeting I was expecting.” Eryk bites one of his fingernails, spiting it haphazardly off the trail. “This is a far cry from the superior Dwarven order!”

Allura giggles, bemused by the comparison. “The Greenwood doesn’t bother with such antics. We often find it better to let wrongdoing reveal itself in due time.”

“That honestly work out for you?” Eryk asks, not with his usual bite or snark, but with a genuine sense of curiosity.

“It has worked thus far,” Allura says with a warm smile.

“Man! Can these guards hurry up? I got business to do!” A man with a pull along cart barks from the spot in front of our heroes. “Lazy no-good bureaucrats!”

Omara leers, displeased with the man’s tone. “Hey! They’re doing their best. Lay off them, will you?”

The man sets his cart down, turning to face Omara with an angry glare. “And what gives you the right to talk to me that way, huh? Little punk and your punk friends.”

Vik raises a hand between Omara and the man, placing himself between them. “I’m sure we’re all equally eager to get in the city. Let’s not stress ourselves over the wait, yes?”

Pangea

Gates To Independence

A glob of spit lands on Vik's shoe as the man angrily snaps at him. "Four-eyed bookworms like you are why we're in this mess! City was nice and busy before you wishy-washy, singsong types came along."

Eryk straightens up, looming over his friends and the man alike. "I don't like your tone, muck bucket. You best be apologizing, if you know what's good for you."

"Enough, all of you!" Allura pipes up from the back. "Please, we all want the same thing. Petty squabbles over things none of us can change won't make a difference. I implore you, all of you, be civil."

As the line moves forward, the man smirks. "Leave it to a pointy ear to have some fancy words. You'd be better lying down than standing up for yourself."

A thought crosses Eryk's mind. A kind, pleasant thought. The type that makes a Dwarf smile. As such, Eryk acts on this thought, reveling in the small victory that is his ancestral right.

As the man's cart goes flying far off the road, the man squeaks in shock as he follows after it. It would seem that tying yourself to your cart to avoid theft is a fine thought: As long as you don't irritate someone strong enough to throw you and your goods.

"Hey, look. Line's really moving now," Eryk says, taking the aggravating man's spot. "We'll be inside in no time!"

Allura pauses for a moment, her mouth agape in shock of what Eryk did. Then, with a moment to process, she bursts out laughing. "My, my. Sir Eryk, you truly continue to amaze me."

Eryk hides a sheepish smile as the line continues to progress. Over the next hour, the group finally reaches the gate.

"Name and purpose of visit." The guard at the front says with a monotonous tone, weary from a day's work.

Omara goes to open her mouth, then realizes something crucial. "Guys, we don't have a group name."

Vik looks to the guard, then in an effort to buy a moment's time says, "Put a pin in that, good sir."

The guard nods, jotting something down. "Appenendat, got it. Purpose for your visit?"

Eryk bites his lip to avoid laughing in the guard's face. Small misunderstandings always strike him as hilarious.

Omara looks over the group, more than a little amused at their new name. She remains stoic in the face of a challenge, however, answering in like kind. "Business. The kind only Independence City can offer."

The guard nods again, jotting that down. "Welcome to the city."

THE RIFT

STONEHART

IRON SEA

Mt.
STORMBREAK

REAPER'S
REST

AGEA

DRIFT SEA

GREENWOOD

PANGEAN OCEAN

