

Pangea

Punk's Not Dead

Sidebar

Today's guest star is another loaner character. Much like Grizzwald, Eldie belongs to a dear friend and fellow writer. With their permission, Eldie makes an appearance here. She even has a deeper role than meets the eye!

Raziel smirks, a low rumbling laugh building in his throat. "Good lad. I always knew you were the smart one."

"Just get on with it. I need sleep before we set off for Hadesland." Eryk huffs, still towering over Raziel. "You want your rock or not?"

"Hmhm, indeed. I know this tower has a secret room hidden in its design. One built for the sole purpose of hiding things best left away from prying eyes. Drag that secret out of her dying corpse if you have to but find me the Score at any cost. Then, and only then, will our deal be done."

Eryk nods, letting out a long groan. "This will take time. You'll get your prize in the end."

Raziel nods curtly, stepping back toward the shadows. "Do not fail me, boy. My ire can be endless." And with that, he fades from existence.

The night continues otherwise uneventfully, with the Appenendats rising the next morning to a small breakfast spread. Tea, toast, fruit, and eggs await then as they ascend to the breakfast nook to dine before their journey begins.

"You sleep alright, Eryk?" Omara asks through bites of buttered toast. "I could have sworn I heard your voice carrying down the hall late into the night."

"Yeah, yeah," Eryk lies. "Just got so used to noise that it's hard to sleep without something going, you know?"

Allura nods in agreement, while also trying to cover up her part in his wakefulness. "I know that well. The forest is a lively place, even at night. Trying to rest without some night bird singing, or the small bugs chirping, or even just the wind in the leaves, it is quite the challenge. The sounds of the city aren't the same, but they do offer a break from the silence."

Vik sips his tea, rubbing the headache building in his temples. "ThereAgain has strict quiet hours after dark, but that doesn't stop everything. And besides, the low hum of the Song Nodes is enough to keep even the deepest sleeper from resting."

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"I don't know anything about that." Omara laughs. "I can sleep through pretty much anything! Just part of what makes me so awesome."

"Yeah, sure." Eryk shovels some eggs into his gullet. "So, we were talking about getting some gear for the road, right? Any idea where to start?"

Omara snaps her fingers before tapping a tune on the table. "I have a good idea where we can get some gear. There's this dwarven girl in town that handles a bunch of rune work for small projects. Real lively one that. She doesn't open until noon, but I bet she'll cut us a good deal if we buy in bulk."

Eryk shrugs, although the thought of buying gear from a dwarf is reassuring. "Sounds good to me. Let's head out as soon as she opens."

The morning goes by peacefully, with the Appenendats spending more time catching up through idle chatter. Around the twelfth hour, they head out.

Once back in the lower city, away from the noble manors and hoity towers, the Appenendats make their way to the market district of Independence City. Through some back alleys, Omara leads the group to a small storefront with darkened windows and an iron door.

"Well, this is the place. Skinforger Runeworx. You ready?" Omara asks the others.

Vik shoots a wary glance at Omara, but nods. "Ready as I'll ever be."

The group enter into the dark interior of the shop, with the sound of screams and laughter radiating through the walls.

"Hold still, you little bugger! Gonna make me slip! You wanna end up with the rune for baker's flour, or the rune for family?! HOLD STILL!!!"

A spritely Dwarven voice echoes through the small store, as the sound of metal on bone rings out periodically.

"Almost! Done!!!" The woman shouts with maniacal laughter. "What, you want a cookie? Pay up and get out!"

Shortly, a man with an open wound on his arm scurries out of the back room before exiting. Not far behind is a female dwarf with messy brown hair. In very abnormal fashion for a dwarf, her beard is shaved except for braided mutton chops on the side. She wipes her ink-stained hands on an old apron she wears, smacking on a piece of chewing tar.

"Look what ding bat dragged in! Ha! You finally ready to take me up on my offer?" The dwarf leans on the old counter, blowing a bubble with her tar. "Eldie Skinforger, in the flesh."