

Pangea

One Rune, Two, Rune

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!

"Eldie Skinforger, a pleasure as always." Omara stifles a laugh. "Business is good then?" She motions to the trail of blood droplets following the last customer out.

"Oh, don't you know it! People love a good commemorative tattoo with their favorite rune! And once I figure out that magic ink recipe I've been working on, you guys are screwed, with a capital SKAH, ha!" Eldie stashes the payment in the till before kicking up her feet as she plops down on the large office chair behind the counter. "What brings the gods' favorite princess by my shop anyways? You decide it was time to grab that rune I offered?"

Allura snickers, watching the scene play out. While she has not spent much time around a lot of dwarves, it would seem they have more in common than she thought.

"Not this time, Eldie." Omara tosses a small pouch on the counter, a metallic clink playing any business owner's favorite song. "We need some gear for the road, and we were hoping you could set us up with the runes to make it worthwhile."

Eldie tries – and fails – not to seem too eager to snatch up the coinage. She sifts through the gold valors, her eyes gleaming greedily. "What are ya after?"

Omara looks at the group. "Armor would be nice. Maybe something for a weapon or two. What do you guys think?"

Eryk steps up, setting his Hurler's Hammer on the counter. "I've got this beauty. Got anything like it?"

Eldie picks up the hammer, squinting at it. "Dual runes, so the base is at least fine. You've got a Rune of Return and a Rune of Sonic Blast. A lot of dwarves call this combo a Hurler's Hammer. You looking for another thrown weapon with a similar blast?"

"Is that an option? I'm open to something like that." Eryk looks at the weapon, imagining the possibilities.

"Yeah, with a fine tossing mallet, I can set you up with another Return rune and maybe a storm blast. Let you have the full maelstrom spectrum, eh?" Eldie tosses the Hurler's Hammer up a bit, catching it. "Yeah, basically this, but lightningy."

Pangea

One Rune, Two Rune

Eryk nods before Allura steps up. “Do you have anything that would help a priest? I don’t use much in the way of armor or weapons.”

“Says the chick with a deep elf sword at her hip! Haha!” Eldie plays a drum solo on the counter with her hands. “How about something defensive? I’ve got a nice Rune of Bolstering I can slap on a ring or necklace. Buffs those healing spells of yours, helping make you all more resilient. Like a real dwarf, ha!”

“That sounds lovely, thank you.” Allura steps back.

Vik approaches the counter, his interest piqued by the ever-growing list of runes available to them. “What might you suggest for a scholar? I focus on spells far more than weapons.”

Eldie gives Vik a once over, sizing up the small lad. “You look like you could use a set of leathers with a Rune of Fading. If someone gets all up in your business and hits you with the old one two combo, the run will help you dip, dive, dodge, duck, and book it outta there! I can even give you the fancy version that turns you invisible during your quick escape, for a small fee.”

Vik looks at Omara with a raised eyebrow. “Is that-?”

“We’ll be fine. If it keeps us safe, then we can afford it.” Omara shakes her head, readying a second coin purse.

“And for the lady of the house? What are you after, huh, boss babe?” Eldie smacks her tar, taunting Omara.

Omara chuckles, then looks around the room. She ponders what might be available, and comes to a conclusion. “So, I know you. I know you got the goods. So, for a ‘trustworthy’ customer like me, got anything a little more... unofficial?”

Eldie’s eyes gleam at the thought of under the table rune work. Her specialty of course is tattooing, but all manners of runes come and go through her shop. She smiles, clicking her tongue. “That depends, boss babe. You want stuff that’s good? O the ‘good stuff’?”

Omara smirks. “Hit me with the best you got, punk.”

Eldie laughs, then jumps up from her chair. She rushes to the front of the store and locks the door. “Hold on to your britches and socks, because I’ve got just the thing.”

Eldie unveils a dusty book from under the counter. “Behold! The big book of totally not illegal runes!”