

Pangea

Under The Table

Sidebar

Runes are how mundane items become magical in Pangea. Depending on the quality of the base material, an item can hold one, two, or three runes. Some runes are designed for weapons, while others work better on jewelry.

“Um, Omara?” Vik asks with a nervous chuckle. “Is that, uh, safe? Or legal?”

Eldie dismisses him with a pop of her chewing tar and a wave of her hand. “You don’t get the good stuff playing by the law of the land, now do ya? Nuh uh! You only get the fancy toys if you aren’t a scared little toe hair!”

“I have no idea if that was an insult or not. Eryk, can you translate?” Vik, usually the smartest one in the room, is at a loss for words.

Eryk chuckles. “She basically called you a doozer’s cleft chin. Real fighting words if she weren’t gravel chuck.”

“That doesn’t explain anything!” Vik throws up his hands. “How do we speak the same language?”

Omara shakes her head with a smile. “Don’t be such a frazzle frog, Vik. Lighten up!”

“Not you too!” Vik puts his face in his hands. “Of all the shops...”

“So, anyways, I started selling!” Eldie mimes rubbing a coin. “You want to see the real goods or not? I got some real nice stuff since you were in last. Things best left away from prying eyes and nosy muck buckets. Wanna see??”

Omara laughs once more. “Hit me. What are we working with here? Oh, and before I forget,” Omara sets an old, black dagger on the counter. “Can you add it to this?”

Eldie eyes the implement carefully, yet the glint in her eye betrays her calm demeanor. She gingerly picks up the dagger, inspecting it. “Oh, girly, where tha heck’d’you find this?! This is some top-notch work, herra! Masterwork base, but it only has two runes on it. And boy howdy! Those two pack a punch that would level a mountain!”

Omara smirks. She knows when she has something good. “I know this is nice but tell me what it does and what you can add to it. We’ve seen a little of what it can do, but knowing for sure would make a world of difference.”

Allura takes a half step back from the dagger. Her hand idly moves to her chest where the scar still sits. Six months is enough time to stay busy, but not to forget what death feels like.

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Eldie slaps on some spectacles that are missing the lenses. “You see, this is old metal, but not a lick of tarnish. And the runes, oh man. This one, carved into the base? That’s the Rune of Unerring. This bad boy can cut through anything. There isn’t an armor or magical barrier around that this can’t slice through!”

“And the other rune? You said there were two.” Omara is trying not to show how intrigued she is.

“Yeah, that’s the real star of the show! The other rune runes along the blade. That one is the Rune of Soul Snatching! Anyone that’s killed by this knife has its soul slurped out and fed to something on the other side. This is some bad news, boss babe! I love it!” Eldie sets the dagger down, barely containing how awesome she finds this.

“Any chance it’s a dud?” Eryk asks, nervously pulling on his collar. “I mean, how fast does it work?”

Eldie chews on her tar for a bit, looking it over. “Based on how strong this rune is, it should be instant. I mean, I guess it could be slower given how old it is, or if the receiver were broken. But even then, this is a crazy weapon!”

“And you can add something else to it, yeah?” Omara sets another purse on the counter. “Something... fun.”

“I think I’ve got just the thing! You hang tight. This won’t take long!” K, byeeee!” Eldie rushes to the back room, dagger tucked under her arm.

Allura stares a hole in the back of Omara’s head. Or she would, if such a thing were possible. “Anything you would like to share, Lady Omara?”

“Hmm?” Omara turns to face the group. All of them are staring at her with various degrees of fear, concern, and disdain. “Oh, you mean the Halafalala dagger? It’s nothing, I promise. I just held onto it during our time away. It came in handy a few times while I was... doing stuff.”

Vik looks at the three coin purses on the counter, each laden with gold valors. He looks at Omara and her finely crafted armor. He thinks back to the tower, the wine, the servants. “Omara?”

“Yeah, Vikkie?” Omara asks, trying to downplay the situation.

“Who did you kill?”