

Pangea

Bane of My Existence

Sidebar

Eryk and Vik could not be much different. Where Vik loves to learn and study, Eryk prefers a more hands on approach. His approach usually involves ignoring books altogether, a ‘trick’ that bites him on occasion.

Vik eyes the dagger suspiciously. “Omara, are you sure that’s a good idea? We don’t want to cause any trouble, right?”

Omara nods, gingerly taking the dagger in her hands. “It’s an insurance policy. I promise not to use it unless we have no other choice. And I promise to only use it on the worst of the worst. Deal?”

Vik looks at Allura and Eryk, then nods. “I can agree to that. Ms. Allura, are you okay with that?”

Allura’s chest aches at the sight of the dagger, but she resolves herself to being the bigger person. “As long as it stays sheathed unless absolutely necessary, then I can put my distrust aside.”

“Good, I’m glad. I’d hate for this to put a rift between us.” Omara smiles warmly at Allura. “Now, Eldie. Is this enough for the lot of it, or have your prices suddenly gone up since we walked in?”

Eldie blows a bubble with her chewing tar, the ‘winks’ at Omara with both eyes. “You know I can’t say no to your coin! But we’re all settled here. Give me an hour to get the rest of your gang’s stuff situated, then we’ll be all set. And remember! If you got it at Skinforger Runeworx, no you didn’t! Copyright pending.”

Omara slides the purses across to Eldie, who greedily sweeps them up. “So, what do you guys want to do for the next hour? If I might suggest, let’s hold off on the booze. My head still hurts from last night, heh.”

Eryk makes a sour face. “I can’t believe what I’m about to say. But... maybe we should visit a li... Ahem, a libr... I mean one of those places Vik hangs around. Because he’s lame. And uncool. Yeah.”

Vik smiles, a soft chuckle escaping him. “Sir Eryk, are you suggesting we visit a library? Has the world flipped over?”

Eryk huffs. “Hey, you said it, not me! I mean, what would we do there anyway? Learn about Dwarven customs and history that might help us better interact as we try and find Kingshall? Bah!”

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Allura covers her mouth as she giggles. “I think that is a wonderful idea, Sir Vik. Only a bold and well-prepared mind could come up with such an idea, hmhmhm.”

Eryk pulls at his collar, slightly blushing. “Yeah, let’s go.”

The Appenendats make their way to the local library in the market district of Independence City. The smell of old paper and stale ink greets them at the door.

“Ah, just like home,” Vik says with a sigh. “I haven’t been absent from ThereAgain for long, but oh how I miss the grand library.”

“Eryk, any ideas on what subject we should look for first? Folklore, fairytales, history. What do we need to know before we make it to Hadesland?” Omara looks around at the somewhat small library compared to some in the Realms. “Hopefully we can find what we need here.”

Eryk scrunches his nose at the pungent scent of ink. “You could read about Dane and his four sons. Or about Hadesland customs. I don’t know, I just talk to people, I don’t read.”

“That’s quite alright. I think I would like to learn more about King Durgoth and his lineage.” Allura heads deeper inside the library.

After a while, the Appenendats gather around a table with various books to help them on their journey. Allura thumbs through a tome depicting the rise of Dane Durgoth, First King of the Dwarves.

“This is a rather interesting read, Eryk. I didn’t realize King Durgoth was alive around the founding of Cur. This book says he travelled with Damon Cur on his conquest of Agea! Is that true?” Allura shows the page to Eryk, a hand-drawn scene of a great battle occupying the top half of the page.

Eryk shrugs, shoving the book away. “Dane didn’t need to travel with anyone. If anything, that Cur dude travelled with Dane, not the other way around. Besides, a king like Dane wouldn’t have much to do with little humans like that.”

Allura nods sagely, returning to her tome. She reads on for a few more pages, then snaps the book closed in shock.

“Are you alright?” Omara asks Allura.

Allura takes a deep breath, collecting her thoughts. “Sir Eryk, you said Dane Durgoth had four sons, yes? The kings of the Stonehart Mountains?”

“Yeah, everyone knows that. Why?” Eryk raises an eyebrow. “What did that smelly old book tell you?”

“Eryk,” Allura says in a calm, quiet voice. “Who is Bane?”