

Sidebar

The Red Desert was the site of the Blood War mentioned in Arc 1. It was a bloodbath that cursed the very land itself. Some say the red haze and sand is a result of just how much blood was spilled during the war.

“You made it back!” Eldie slaps a bundle of items on the counter. “Got you fixed right up. Ain’t a runesmith alive that can do my kind of work!”

“Yeah, just dipped out for a bit to do some reading. Those our goodies?” Omara eyes the bundle eagerly. “Looks like some fun toys from where I’m standing.”

“Don’t you know it! We got your dual Hurler’s Hammer, your Ring of Bolstering, and your Girdle of Fading! All paid for, so you lot are good to go!” Eldie slides the goods over. “Don’t forget to drop by again when you need something! Maybe next time I’ll have those magic tattoos ready and raring to go!”

Omara hands out the supplies to their rightful owners, then nods to Eldie. “You can expect us back first chance we get. Like you said, not a runesmith alive that can match you, haha!”

The Appenendats exit Skinforger Runeworx and head toward the gates.

“Well, Eryk. Where to first?” Omara asks as she set her sights eastward. “Hadesland is a good way off. Sure you don’t want to stop at Baneland first? Might save us some time, you know?”

Eryk sneers, sinching his new hammer to the opposite side of his belt from the other one. “Not sure what you expect to get from Baneland. As if they’d even let us in in the first place.”

“Why do you say that? Are they not very welcoming?” Omara almost chuckles, purposefully poking the bear.

“No, not exactly. Baneland is closest to here, but they don’t exactly like visitors.” Eryk shrugs. “Hadesland is our best bet.”

“I wholeheartedly disagree, Sir Eryk.” Allura crosses her arms. “Baneland is closer and has just as good a chance of helping you find Kingshall as any other Dwarven kingdom. We should start there, if for no other reason than to save time.”

Vik nods hesitantly. “I have to agree with Madam Allura. Based on that map, Baneland is on this side of Northern Agea. If we travel all the way to the Stonehart Mountains and learn we have to visit the Banish dwarves anyway, we will have lost precious time. And besides, I think it would be cool to travel through part of the Red Desert.”

Pangea

Cat's Out Of The Bag

Omara starts a soft whistling, an old tune from her childhood. "You know, I think the Red Desert gets a bad reputation. Has anything actually happened there since it became the Red Desert?"

Vik turns his gaze to the north, in the direction of the Red Desert. "Not to my knowledge, no. It is just uncomfortable for most mortals to live there. The haze that covers the sky isn't entirely safe to breathe for long periods of time, and there is very little clean water."

"I've always found it an interesting place for nature," Allura says with a calm tone. "The Awoken that call it home are often from Greenwood, so it has a sense of familiarity to it."

"Have you been to the Red Desert before, Allura?" Omara asks, surprised.

"Oh, goodness, no. But I know delegates who have, and they all speak of it the same way." Allura stares off dreamily. "Perhaps it is as nice as they say."

"So, we are decided then?" Omara points north as they exit Independence City. "Red Desert to Baneland, then see where that takes us."

Eryk sighs loudly. "You guys aren't going to let this go, are you?"

Omara chuckles, playfully pointing at Eryk. "Hey, someone has to keep us on track. And Vik and Allura are right! Baneland is a great first stop. We might get all the answers we need before we would even reach Hadesland. How cool would it be to find Kingshall that quickly, yeah?"

Eryk huffs, crossing his arms. "Fine, but if they kill and eat us, don't say I didn't warn you."

Vik laughs nervously as the group begins their long trek northeast. After a few days of travel, the red haze of the massive dust storm greets them on the horizon.

"The Red Desert, in all her glory," Omara says with an excited glint in her eye. "I can't wait!"

"Maybe we should have prepared better," Vik says with a heavy tone of trepidation. "We aren't sure what lies within."

"Oh, just the usual lot. Big monsters, big holes, dry land as far as the eye can see," calls a voice from a small distance away.

The group looks over to see a catfolk pulling a small cart toward the wall of haze. He waves, followed by a Lung dragon flying out of the cart.