Sidebar

The Solare fire ants are one of four main insectoid Awoken clans. the others include the Terrestra stag beetles, the Keraunos lightning bugs, and the Brumata frostmoths.

As the Appenendats and Rakesh are being escorted out of the Solare colony, Rakesh can't help but chuckle. The sound is that of a cat's purr coming in short bursts.

"Huh huh huh huh, this is quite strange," Rakesh says with a bemused look as daylight greets the group once more. "Usually, the four clans get along well enough. Although, tensions are always high to some degree. These poor people, so tightly wound, huh huh."

Omara wipes some of the dust from her brow, surprised at how comfortable the underground was for such a short time. "Has this Brumata clan done something like this before, to your knowledge? Queen Solare seems more than convinced that this water debacle is on purpose."

"That is hard for me to say. I have not had many dealing with the bug clans. Some, but not many, you see." Rakesh wipes off his cart, checking to see if Pan is still comfortable. "I thought the bugfolk took their water from an underground spring to the east, but I could be wrong."

Allura blinks away the haze. "Can you take us to this spring, Sir Rakesh? It might hold some answers that we need."

"But of course! It is basically on the way anyway, so it is no trouble at all." Rakesh hikes up the cart and begins trekking along. "It is maybe a half hour march from here, so we will be there in no time."

"Onwards then!" Omara points forward and skyward, ready for adventure, as always.

With a tallyho, the group makes their merry way toward the spring. With some idle conversation surrounding bugfolk culture and Awoken society as a whole, the journey springward is entirely uneventful.

"Here we are, queens and toms," Rakesh motions to a crack in the ground. "If memory serves, this is the closest spring to the four clans. Expect to see others while we are down there."

Eryk eyes the medium sized hole in the ground, none too pleased with having to squeeze in and out of tight spaces too many times. "Maybe I should just wait here. You know, for protection."

Allura giggles. “You aren’t becoming claustrophobic, are you, Eryk? Hmhmhm.”

Eryk sticks his tongue at Allura, then coughs as dust gets on it. “Ack, plew! Eat granite, you darn, darn… you!”

Omara smirks as she starts to climb down the hole. “If you can manage, we should be on our best behavior. There’s no telling what we might find here.”

The group descends into the underground, the air cooling quickly as moisture hangs heavily around them. Even with a short climb, small ice crystals form on the stone walls as they progress deeper. Eventually, the sound of bubbling water greets them. As does the sounds of raucous chittering.

“That sounds like an exceptional number of displeased bugfolk,” Vik says with a timid sigh. “Whatever is going on, we are close to the source.”

The Appenendats and Rakesh progress forward, only to be greeted by a sizable gathering of stag beetles, fire ants, lightning bugs, and frostmoths. The frostmoths guard the bubbling spring in all its brackish glory, with knives and spears made of solid ice to defend themselves. The other clans are armed in their own right, with the beetles carrying flails of solid stone, the fire ants wielding flaming fists, and the lightning bugs readying bolts of lightning like arrows.

“HEY!!!” Omara shouts over the sound of all the bugs clicking at each other. “What in Sin City is going on here?!”

One of the frostmoths pushes through the crowd, an unpleasant look plastered across its face. “Bigs. Fuzzy one. No water, no good.”

Omara looks past the moth at the discolored spring. “Rakesh, can you get more info from them?”

“But of course.” Rakesh bows to the moth before clicking back and forth for a moment. “Ah, I see the problem.”

Omara raises her brows expectantly. “Well? What’s going on? Why won’t they let anyone take water from the spring?”

“The spring is unhealthy. The water is making people sick. Something has tainted the spring, so the moths are trying to stop the other clans from getting poisoned. It is actually quite nice of them.”

Allura eyes the water, same as Eryk and Vik. For a source of this size to be corrupted, something bad had to have happened.

“Alright, good. Rakesh, help the clans understand why they can’t take from the spring. We will try and find the source of the problem.” Omara rolls up her sleeves, ready to get to work.