Sidebar

The Cur Empire built many grand inventions, from laser weaponry, to flying fortresses. One of their grandest inventions was robotics, during Farrah Cur's time on the throne.

As the Cur droid sits wedged in the crack feeding the bugfolk's spring, the Appenendats debate what to do. Without the ability to talk, this mission is just a little more difficult.

Eryk swims closer, his eyes and lungs stinging from the rancid oil spewing from the wrecked body. The droid is really crammed in the hole, with no sign how it got there. Eryk takes out his hammer, moving as quickly as he can while underwater. With a careful smack, he breaks an arm off the droid.

Omara moves in beside Eryk, equal parts impressed and concerned. If the spring only recently became corrupted, then the droid hasn't been here long. Meaning it was either placed here not that long ago, or it wandered here of its own accord. This requires further investigating!

With tears mixing with the spring water, Allura swims up to the droid and tries to cast a cleansing spell on the area. Most likely they will have to remove the droid in order to clean the spring, but if she can stop the flow of oil, that should help plenty.

In Vik's mind, a thousand thoughts rush back and forth. How did the droid get here? Where did it come from? How long has it been here? So many questions in need of answers.

With a careful heave, Eryk tugs the droid's corpse out from its underwater prison. Motioning to the others, he begins swimming back to the surface.

A hefty splash greets the eagerly awaiting bugfolk as the Appenendats return. Eryk hoists the rusted, broken droid onto the shore, coughing up rancid water as air greets his lungs once more.

"We found this in a crack in the wall," Eryk says through strained breaths. It will take a while to fully clear the water from his system.

The small bug people cautiously inspect the large, metal contraption, a device so much more advanced than anything they could come up with. Rakesh looks on from the back of the group, curious, but holding his tongue to avoid causing any untoward discontent.

The frostmoth that spoke with the group before closes ranks, eyeing the dangerous machine with disdain. Oil oozes from its rotten corpse, tainting the soil next to the spring. "You kill? Spring fixed?"

Omara sputters out some more water, ever thankful for Allura's healing spell keeping them from falling ill. "We only found the one, and if we take far away, the spring should clean itself. If you can wait a few days, your spring should be back to normal.

A chorus of gleeful chittering rings out from the bugfolk. The frostmoth bows its head in thanks. "Saved us. Not forgotten. Bug Friend."

Rakesh smiles warmly, giving a thumbs up to Omara and the gang. "You are a friend to the bugfolk now. They won't forget this kind deed."

Allura squeezes some of the oil-infested water out of her hair, grimacing as the dark liquid oozes off of her. Forcing a smile, she bows to the bugfolk. "Thank you for your kind words. It is always an honor to help those in need."

"Should we deal with the droid now?" Eryk asks, giving the corpse a soft kick. "Can't imagine this hunk of junk is doing any good sitting around here."

Taking out a rag from his pack, Vik wipes clean his glasses. With them seated firmly back where they belong, he nods affirmingly. "Yes, we should move it away from the water source. Somewhere out in the surface should be fine. I don't figure it will do any more harm out in the desert."

The group says their goodbyes and picks up their catch before heading back to the surface. Out in the desert, as evening begins to approach, Rakesh picks up his cart and continues on.

"We will get close to the Rift soon, if you want to dump that thing in there. It shouldn't do any harm from the bottom of the world's deepest hole, yes?" Rakesh chuckles to himself. "It would be funny to put it back where it belongs, hehehe."

Omara nods along, squinting as desert dust clings to her wet form. Despite enjoying a good adventure, the cleanliness on the road can be an issue. Just one more thing her fortune tried to avoid.

As night falls, the group sets up camp. Pan circles the camp, summoning forth a clean oasis for the Appenendats to wash off in. Eryk sets down the crumbling corpse of the ancient droid before leaping back with a start.

Through half broken lenses, a warm, red glow comes from within the droid's eyes.