

TALLEIÁ (STORY NAME PENDING)

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LIBRARY NOTICE

The following book was discovered wrapped in a leather parcel and submerged in a lake in the
Mountain's Mire.

The leather pouch itself was unable to be recovered, however, the gold engravings on the front
lend an idea to the title of the book— “Encyclopedia Talleiá.”

Numerous pages are missing or illegible, and many seem intentionally removed.

A table of contents updated with the removed pages has been added for ease of the reader.

The purpose of this book, its author, or how the author had such intimate knowledge of the
peoples mentioned is unknown.

Discretion is advised.

Table of Contents

The State of Talleiá	—	4
A Brief History	—	5
Myth of Talleiá's Rise	—	5
Myth of Talleiá's Fall	—	7
People of Interest	—	10
The World of Talleiá	—	15
Our Continent	—	16
The Nations of Talleiá	—	18
The Talleiá Species Registry	—	20
The Talleiá Bestiary	—	26
Cayah's Story So Far	—	28
Overheard Conversation	—	29
Image Citation	—	33

THE STATE OF TALLIEÁ

Thousands of years after the death of its creator, the world of Talleiá continues to change rapidly. Following the illegalization of the arcane, industrialization speeds its pace: trains replace horses, machines replace soldiers, and mages stay underground.

On the brink of a great war, a young Drow thief by the name of Cayah accidentally steals an antique compass from an Elven shipment. Running from town to escape punishment for her crimes, she opens the compass and is found by a magic librarian named Raine who provides her with her only quest— find the Twelve and set free the Gods.

Librarian's Note: Whoever this author is, they certainly shouldn't know my name.

A BRIEF HISTORY

Through my years of watching this world, I know the story told here to be accurate. As such, these myths have been transcribed here exactly as they have always been told.

THE MYTH OF TALLEIÁ'S RISE

In the beginning, there was Nothing. A great sea of vacuous mass.

In the sea of Nothing, there was Klepsis. A caring energy, an Architect.

In the heart of Klepsis, there was Will. A will to create something larger, no matter the cost.

In that Will, a Plan was enacted. A plan to create something beautiful, even if it meant their own demise.

In that Plan, a World was constructed. A world known as Talleiá.

In that World, a wellspring of life shot forth. A life that took on many shapes and sizes, many beautiful creatures emerged and Klepsis was Happy.

In that Happiness, Klepsis shed 12 tears. And on that day, the Architect died.

In their ashes, two beings emerged; a brother and sister meant to keep balance, and so they did.

In that Day, a great fire rose to the heavens. He gifted the people of Talleiá with light's warmth, logic, and knowledge.

In that Night, a great spirit rose to the heavens. She gifted the people of Talleiá with love's embrace, emotion, and arts.

*In this Age of Balance, the twins fostered the rise of society, the creation of cities, and
the advents of magic and science.*

In the Dark, however, a Remnant of the Nothing remained.

In the Remnant, a hatred grew. A longing for its infant domain.

In this hatred, it struck and split the world into three adrift echoes.

*In their drift, two of the echos strayed, singed by the inferno and touched by the light
of grace.*

*In a desperate action, the Envoys of Sun and Moon took chains to the worlds adrift, but
the influence of the departed had altered them forever.*

*In the first world, nothing seemed awry. Leafy trees swayed in the breeze, birds called
out in song, and the sky was a sea of blue adorned with puffs of cloud.*

*In the second, the light's touch blurred sensibility. Flowering vines crept through the
land, great Fey beasts took flight, and a ring of luster shone across a kaleidoscope sky.*

*In the third, the inferno's flame burnt away soul. Black crags towered over the land,
fiends slithered through the cracks of the world, and the sky was hidden by an ashen
black fog.*

*In the crisis, the twins used their power to seal the Remnant in an unreachable place,
unknown to mortal eyes.*

*In lock and chain, the Remnant screamed and lashed out with what little strength it still
possessed. The twins too were split in three.*

In the end of the Age of Balance, six Gods emerged, and Talleiá plunged to chaos.

THE MYTH OF TALLEIÁ'S FALL

Chaos, thick and swirling.

War, unjust and cruel.

Unyielding and immutable.

In the ash of the Age of Balance, the three worlds fought for dominion.

The first, the Origin Domain, bright and scared. Its era of control coming to an end.

*The second, the Whimweald, a prism of emotion. Tendrils of joy strangling the motley
plane.*

The last, the Deadlands, a jagged wasteland. A fog of desolation hangs in its air.

People of all races take up arms in the fight against their mirror image.

*A husband fought a wife that was not his own, and a mother killed by a child that
wasn't hers.*

The death toll rose to unmarked heights as the 3 sides struggled to stay alive.

The other two were the invaders.

The other two are the enemy.

The other two are the echoes.

We are the true Talleiá, and they seek to take our home.

Even the power of the Twins, Sathos and Delena, wasn't enough to stop it.

United with a common cause, a group of mages gathered and an idea formed.

The Twelve Tears that Klepsis shed, baked into the blood of twelve beings.

Twelve bloodlines, imbued with the power of Talleiá's creator.

The mages hunted the Twelve, and drew their blood.

A single drop of each was more than enough.

And in their tower they huddled, unprepared for the consequence to come.

With the blood of the Twelve, they unleashed the architect's strength.

A power their bodies were not meant to handle.

*Their hair streaked white, their skin burnt blue, and with sickly breath they cast their
final hope.*

Talleiá was sealed.

Sealed away from the Light.

Sealed away from the Dark.

Sealed away from the Gods.

Sealed away from the Monsters.

And so the Age of War ended, not with a flash, but with a whimper.

The mages, Talleiá's saviors, were cast off into the wastes, left to die from their sickness.

Their practice was outlawed and their arts were forgotten.

*From the remains, the Empire of Luminere rose, its glittering spires caked in the blood
of its own.*

And so Talleiá ascended into a New Age— Godless, maimed, and alone.

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

CAYAH



Although her last name and heritage remain shrouded even to me, her skill is no mystery. As a young Drow thief of notability to the local law enforcement, she covers her face in a black bandana, sunglasses, and the hood of her parka to not only conceal her identity, but to block her skin from direct sunlight as well. Her most obvious weakness is her sunlight sickness—growing nauseous and fainting when exposed to direct sunlight for too long certainly sounds like a bit of a problem to me at least.

Deep blue skin and shoulder length shock white hair, without her facial coverings Cayah easily stands out in a crowd. A nasty scar crossing her left eye remains hidden by a long lock of hair that she drapes across her face. She wears black jeans and a parka equipped with a hood, not only to keep her warm at night, but also to keep her skin from burning in the sun. She wears stolen golden earrings, possibly as trophies from her various successes.

Born and raised in Luminere's slums by her foster mother and brother, Cayah cares about her family over anything else. I presume she took to her thievery to support her family, and quickly became adept with the needed skills. Lock-Picking, parkour, breaking and entering undetected, and ruthless hand-to-hand combat are only a few examples of feats I've witnessed her perform with expertise.

Cayah is a kind individual with a strong moral compass and a swiftness to take action, especially when it comes to protecting her family. It's no wonder that she's become the one tasked with righting this world's wrongs.

Fleeing Luminere was not a choice that came lightly, but considering the trouble that would have followed her if she didn't, she had no choice but to flee for her family's sake. Following her encounter with the librarian known as Raine outside of the city walls, Cayah learned of the steps she must take in her quest, and has made great haste on her long trek north, encountering a good deal of friends along the way.

MOSS



A small and unruly critter, no more than a meter tall but filled with such a volume of energy. This little Kobold always has a smile plastered on his face and something in his hands— whether that be food, a weapon, or just something shiny he nicked from someone's cart.

Initially met by Cayah during her stint trapped in the cage of a Kobold tribe, the two became friends as Cayah tempted him with one of her shiny gold earrings and got him to let her free. Knowing he would be exiled by his tribe for letting a prisoner go, he followed Cayah in her escape, and he will now follow her to the very edges of the world.

GRID



A gentle and loving soul, equipped with an Orcish-steel Battleaxe. She is watchful and protective of those she perceives as weaker than herself— which is nearly everyone apart from her other tribesmen. Grid is a half-Orc warrior in her 30s, hardened by her nearly two decades of defense against expanding Luminere influence.

Initially met by Cayah and Moss as they ventured into the Longhorn Nest, Grid took a liking to the two's shenanigans and developed a sympathy for Cayah's cause. As such, the noble warrior decided to leave her home and provide her strength fully to Cayah's quest.

SÜ'ZHEE



An old and reclusive crone, Sü'zhee is rarely seen by anyone. This Krait isn't known for kindness, nobility, bravery, or any redeeming quality really. She is a spiteful old swamp hag who keeps herself looking young by practicing the forbidden arts of Thaumaturgy and Enchantment in her little hut on the edge of the mire.

Initially met by Cayah, Moss, and Grid in their evasion of a Wyvern, Sü'zhee made quite the stunning entrance in her effortless triumph over the beast. Upon slithering back to her hut, she was cornered by our 3 protagonists for questioning. While initially hostile, it seems that little Moss put some warmth back in her cold, dead heart. The two now share an interesting bond to say the least.

Librarian's Note: A single entry was torn from the end of this section. Inference concludes there is, was, or will be a 5th person of interest.

THE WORLD OF TALLEIÁ



Librarian's Note: Attached is a recreation of one of two sketched drawings recovered from the leather parcel. It appears to be a map of a rather small snippet of the Great Northern Continent, focused mainly on the Rolling Pastures. The rest was torn off, and what little was left was badly stained. I've recreated it and all of its points of interest above.

Ah, Talleia truly is a wonder. So many diverse ecological regions. Even if the ones that Cayah has visited so far are a little plain, I still find the simple beauty of rolling grassy hills or forest thickets to be so graceful.

OUR CONTINENT

ROLLING PASTURES

Defined by fields of grass, the Rolling Pastures are among the most peaceful of the regions of Tallieá. Filled with small patches of flowers, lone trees, uneven hills, and fields of wheat to feed the ever-expanding Kingdom of Luminere. This land is that which a few species call their home, including the Baskers, Hill Giants, and Orcs.

NARROW TIMBERLANDS

Defined by dense clumps of trees, the Narrow Timberlands are but a gateway to the larger forests of the north. Home to many species, like the Petali, Wyverns, and Painted Elves. Luminere logging camps seem to have set up on the border of the forest, although I'm unsure if Luminere is prepared to wake up what they will if they continue.

FREEROCK EXPANSE

Defined by dried grasses and rocky outcrops, the Freerock Expanse acts as a sort of hospitable transition to the harsher Sandy Frontier to the east. Known as a grazing plateau for Gazelles, Elephants, and Wildebeest, the Freerock Expanse makes a good home for its more sapient residents; the Goblins, Orcs, and Beastborne.

THE MOUNTAIN'S MIRE

Defined by patches of mud and water interrupted only by reeds and great willow trees, the Mountain's Mire is an interesting location for certain. It is unknown how this land gets the moisture it does, the native Grippli are certainly thankful for it.

THE IRON SUMMITS

Defined by stone and crag, these tall peaks form the perimeter of the Mountain's Mire. I know little of these lands or its inhabitants, I only know them to be populated by the race known as "Aven." More observation in these parts is needed.

THE WALLED BASIN

Defined by its mountainous walls and sparkling blue waters, the Walled Basin is the main shipping port of Luminere. The Walled Basin separates its own waters from the surrounding Great Tides, providing a great defensive wall for Luminere. Home to the Sprite Elves and many other creatures, the Walled Basin acts as a sort of safe hideaway from the terrors of the Great Tides.

THE GREAT TIDES

Talleia's one and only Ocean. A boundless domain of great blue waves and creatures of unimaginable threat. The only people willing to make the journey across the Tides are the brave, the stupid, and the desperate.

THE NATIONS OF TALLEIÁ

LUMINERE

Glittering spires of marble and gold, a great white palace, and rickety old slums to match. The class divide in the Kingdom of Luminere physically couldn't be wider, and the xenophobia against outside races is extreme enough to match. Like most of Talleiá, the practice of magic is strictly forbidden within its walls, and those caught with the proper equipment are often put to death.

The city of Luminere itself can be divided into four sections; the Inner City, protected by its walls and home to the rich and famous. The Slums, home to the many Painted Elves, Orcs, Goblins, and Baskers displaced by Luminere's expansionism—turns out the Pure Elves aren't as xenophobic if they're getting free labor out of it. The Crystal Bay, a bustling underwater city of teal and pink steeples of coral filled with Sprite Elves. And lastly, the Undercity, ramshackle iron housing constructed along the sewage lines underneath the city; home to races that even I know very little about, such as the Myxapia.

While nominally ruled over by the king in his castle, it would seem that in recent years the king has continually lost more and more of his control to the Luminere military. It wouldn't be a stretch to say that the Chairman of National Defense holds significantly more power than the king in this kingdom, even if their identity is yet unknown.

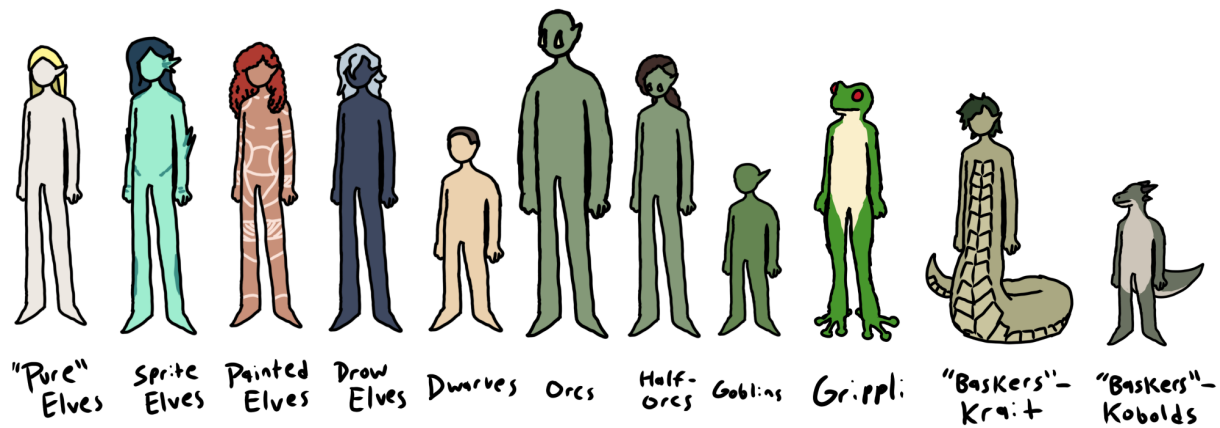
THE KEEP

Carved into the rock of the Iron Summits, the Keep is the nation of the Dwarves. Defined by its awe-inspiring stone architecture of colossal scale, the Keep is a sight to behold. Unlike Luminere, the Keep is not burdened with a great class divide or crushing sense of xenophobia. Instead, it would seem the main goal of this society is simple improvement.

The forge and the act of creation is a near sacred act to the Dwarves of the Keep, and the progress of technology is as fast as clockwork. In the large forge hall, statues of the Twins, the original Gods of Talleiá, brace the walls. Even if Luminere has forgotten its Gods, it would seem the Keep has not. While magic here is outlawed for civilian use, there is still a subsection of researchers dedicated to discovering its technological uses.

Ruled over by a grand council, there is no single ruler or figurehead of the Dwarves. While this can sometimes lead to indecision and a sluggishness in action, it does have a profound effect on the happiness of the Keep's residents, and the overall satisfaction with the council is still at an all time high.

THE TALLEIÁ SPECIES REGISTRY



Librarian's Note: Attached is a recreation of the second of two sketched drawings recovered from the leather parcel. And, okay, listen; I never claimed to be an artist, this was the best I could do in my recreation. It appears to be a size chart and sketch of the various races that can be found in the same swath of land from the attached map. This lends credence to my theory that the encyclopedia simply wasn't finished when it was discarded or lost.

ELVES - ("PURE" ELVES)

The Talleiáen species most like myself, the "Pure" Elves are characterized by their pale skin and typically pale yellow hair. Similarly to the other true Elven species, the "Pure" Elves possess long pointed ears and a normal biped body shape.

While those living in Luminere pride themselves on their "purity", there is honestly nothing much of note to them. Pure Elves found in other parts of the world tend to be able to fill nearly any societal gap without much issue.

ELVES - (SPRITE “ELVES”)

Ironically, the Sprite “Elves” are no Elves at all. As they had witnessed the brutality that the “Pure” Elves treated other non-Elf species with, when they were initially met by the “Pure” Elves, they lied and called themselves Elves. In some strange turn of events, it would seem that the “Pure” Elves actually bought this lie, and as such the Sprites have now taken to be called the Sprite “Elves.”

Defined by slippery and iridescent scales, the Sprites are the only purely aquatic race I’ve seen in Talleiá. They can be found in teal, pink, yellow, red, and many other colors beneath the waves of the Walled Basin. However, those born and raised in the deep waters of the Great Tides tend to be grey or deep blue in color.

ELVES - (PAINTED ELVES)

The only other true Elven species besides the “Pure” Elves, they seem to have evolved from an extinct common ancestor. Painted Elves can typically be found in the forests of Talleiá, typically isolating themselves to tribes and fighting for the safety of other species in their sphere of influence.

Although they can be defined by their curly hair and tanned skin, their most interesting feature and their namesake is their stripes. While it may seem as if these pale stripes are “painted” onto their skin, they are actually a biological feature similar to that of a Zebra. No two Painted Elves have the same set of stripes, and they can be used to easily identify any specific Painted Elf individual.

ELVES - (DROW ELVES)

Originally a corruption of “Pure” Elven mages, over time it would seem as if the Drow became their own race. Although the world at large thinks they’ve been extinct for centuries, Cayah is proof of the opposite. However, where they make their home is still a mystery to even me.

Defined by deep blue skin and stringy shock white hair, the Drow Elves have a strange affliction that has been dubbed by Cayah as “Sunlight Sickness.” It would seem that when a Drow Elves’ skin is in direct contact with sunlight, they become tired and nauseous, often completely unable to move after extended periods of exposure.

DWARVES

While it would seem that the Dwarves share their common ancestor with the Elves, their shorter stature and rounded ears put somewhat of a dent in that theory.

Typically small and very muscular, Dwarves possess an extremely efficient center of mass. It's almost as if they evolved with the very purpose of creation.

ORCS & HALF-ORCS

While initially large and intimidating, Orcs are a very loving race. It seems as if there’s something in their instincts to care for creatures smaller than themselves, and as such Orc Tribes are rarely composed solely of Orcs.

Muscular, greyish-green, and equipped with two large tusks; Orcs easily give off the wrong impression. They seem to possess the opposite trait of the Pure Elves' Xenophobia, and will often create offspring with the other Talleidén races. These offspring are known as Half-Orcs, and are typically smaller in stature, slightly less muscular, and equipped with shorter tusks. However, with these losses, Half-Orcs also gain a significant boost to agility and swiftness that their larger Orc counterparts lack.

GOBLINS

At first glance, Goblins can be mistaken for Orc children, and perhaps they are distantly related in some way, but Goblins are indeed their own species. Extremely small, green, and hyperactive by nature; the Goblins can easily be written off as an immature or child-like species. However, that assumption would be dead wrong.

Regarded by scholars as among the most naturally clever of the races, they put their small stature to good use in their construction of traps and other hunting equipment.

GRIPPLI

One of the few races capable of making settlement in the hostile Mountain's Mire, the Grippli are an amphibious race characterized by their long leaping legs and their seemingly natural ability to camouflage in the mud or in foliage.

Grippli craftsmen are among the most well regarded in the land, and a weapon created by the hands of a Grippli is often a hot commodity.

BASKERS - (KRAIT)

Baskers, named for their need to bask in the sun to keep their body temperature up. They are one of very few cold-blooded races in Talleiá.

The Krait are one of five of the Basker subraces; they are one of few Talleiáen races to possess no legs at all, instead opting to use their long muscular tails for mobilization. Although, Sü'zhee is the only Krait I've had the opportunity to observe. And given that she is a witch, I have no idea what the top of a Krait's head looks like. Perhaps she grew her hair with magic? In my sketch I opted to give them hair, but I'm unsure on how accurate that is.

Krait typically prefer solitude, and they do not get along with others of their kind. In a fight, Krait are able to use their tail as a choking weapon; wrapping themselves around their prey and constricting the air from their lungs.

BASKERS - (KOBOLDS)

Baskers, named for their need to bask in the sun to keep their body temperature up. They are one of very few cold-blooded races in Talleiá.

The Kobolds are one of five of the Basker subraces; they possess the same hyperactive traits as the Goblins, just without the natural born cleverness. Kobolds are

not the brightest species on this planet, and will oftentimes fight with each other over things as simple as sticks or stones.

Defined by their small stature and the horns on the back of their head, Kobolds are seemingly a small and feeble opponent in battle. However, a Kobold is never without its pack.

THE TALLEIÁ BESTIARY

DRAGONS - (RED-TAILED WYVERNS)

A Dragon is very simply classified as “any creature with blood of gold” and as such, Dragons can be surprisingly puzzling creatures. Depending on their subspecies, their entire physiology can change drastically. The mammalian woolen drake, the avian feathered ampithere, and the annelidean great wyrm all share the classification of “Dragon” simply because of their golden blood, even if they share no other traits.

The Red-Tailed Wyvern specifically is a species of dragon known to live in the Narrow Timberland, often calmly sleeping in the sun of forest clearings. These Wyverns aren't usually to be feared, and travelers can easily pass them by without worry. However, should their habitat be threatened as it is now by Luminere's loggers, they can become very easily agitated.

In their rage, their true draconic power is unleashed, and they can reduce entire cities to ash and cinder with little more than their breath.

GIANTS - (HILL GIANTS)

Large bipedal creatures, similar in stature to an Orc but much taller. Clocking in at around 7 meters tall, these beasts have traded intelligence for size. Able to pick up and use tree trunks themselves as clubs, Giants are not a species to be trifled with.

The Hill Giants make their home in the corners and crevices of the Rolling Plateau, and are typically only hostile if rudely awoken from their slumber.

LONGHORNS

Massive beetle-like beasts. They act much like ants or bees, in a hivemind to serve their broodmother. Sightings of these big blue brutes are far and few between, however the ones that have been sighted are always around the border of the Rolling Pastures and the Mountain's Mire. If I had to hazard a guess, I'd say these monstrosities have made their hive in a deep cave somewhere near that border.

CAYAH'S STORY SO FAR

Following her escape from Luminere and encounter with Raine, Cayah set out into the wilds on her own to find the 12 tears. Lost and alone, she stumbles into the den of the Kobolds and is thrown into a cage. She convinces her warden, a Kobold named Moss, to let her out and flee with her.

The two wander their way north, where they find an encampment of Orcs. There they try to ask for directions, but it seems as if everyone is too busy and frantic to help. They soon find out that the tribe's entire stock of cattle seems to have gone missing overnight, and the warriors of the tribe are getting ready to set out for war against a nearby group of giants.

Grid, a young half-Orc warrior, doesn't believe that the giants are the ones responsible and wishes to form an expedition to the abandoned mines to the north to find the true culprits. Cayah and Moss offer their help to her, and the three head into the mines and defeat the Longhorn Broodmother.

Following this ordeal, Grid decides to help Cayah and Moss in their quest and she tags along with them north. As they make the trek into the mire, the group incidentally crosses paths with a raging Wyvern, who is subdued by a hermit Krait Witch known as Sü'zhee. Sü'zhee forms an immediate bond with Moss, and the four head north towards the Dwarven Keep.

It is here at the Keep where Cayah's resolve to finish this quest is tested, and where she ultimately makes the decision to truly forge onwards.

OVERHEARD CONVERSATION

Slam! The wood and metal barricade clattered to the ground, trapping Cayah in a dusty cell.

The two large grey Kobolds that dragged her in here sneered and cackled as they made their exit from the room, shoving past another Kobold on its way in.

The meek green Kobold stumbled its way into the room and sat itself intently on a rickety wooden bench, armed with a single sharpened stick.

Cayah groaned and dusted herself off, shifting herself to sit up in the small pile of bones that covered the floor of the cell.

“Oh, well that’s a good omen,” Cayah said.

She sighed and stood up, glancing over at the Kobold on the bench.

“Hey, what are you supposed to be?” Cayah asked.

No response, the Kobold just continued to stare wide eyed at the wall, shivering a little.

Cayah sighed, rolling her shoulder in her socket and massaging it a little.

The barricade on this thing was primitive to say the least. Just a bunch of loose, ramshackle pieces of wood and iron slotted together to make a sort of fence.

If she had to guess, this cell was made to hold animals, not something as big as her.

This generated an idea.

Cayah raised her bruised leg and kicked at the door full force, splintering the wood and shattering one of the bars.

The little Kobold jumped and let out a small shriek, pointing the sharpened stick at the door.

"Awww," Cayah said with a slight laugh.

"Hey!" the Kobold said, seemingly offended.

"What? I didn't expect you to jump like that, it was cute."

"Am not cute! Moss am not cute! Moss am scary!"

"No, no, you're right. Your little fangs and pointy stick are very scary, Moss. I apologize."

"Thanks you."

Cayah smiles a little and pokes her face through the broken bar.

"Soo, Moss. There isn't any chance you'd let me outta here, is there?"

"No! No chances! Moss would be in big trouble! You stay!"

"Ah, yes, I see," Cayah pauses for a moment, "well, *you* don't have to let me out, I could always just do that myself."

Moss' eyes grow wider and his grip on his makeshift spear grows tighter.

"But honestly, I don't think you want that, and I just flat out don't feel like bothering with a fight right now."

"Moss can take you! Easy! Come fight, come fight!"

Without hesitation and with minimal effort, Cayah kicks and snaps another one of the bars. Moss jumps back even further, putting himself firmly in the corner of the room.

"Mm-hm. I believe that completely, don't worry."

"L-listen. Moss cannot open gate. Moss get in trouble."

"Well, funny thing; just so happens that I'm also in trouble."

"Yes, you in trouble, and?"

"Well if we're both in trouble then wouldn't you be on my side?"

"Your side?"

"Means I'd protect you."

"How does Moss know you won't betray him?"

"Hmmm, you like shiny stuff, right?"

"Y-yes."

Cayah reaches up to her ear and removes one of the many earrings she's stolen in her time.

"Here. Have this."

"What that?"

"A token, I guess. Take it."

Cayah reaches her arm through the gate, the earring lodged between her outstretched fingertips.

Moss inches his way towards her hand and he studies it for a moment.

After another few seconds, he rushes over and grabs a rope on the wall.

With only a few surprisingly strong pulls, the cage's gate retracts up into the ceiling.

Moss walks back up to Cayah and outstretches his hand.

"Trouble... buddies?"

Cayah gives a breathy laugh before dropping the earring into Moss' hand.

"Trouble buddies."

IMAGE CITATION

PAGE 2: LIBRARY SEAL

Created by Robert Wilcox.

PAGE 10: CAYAH IMAGE

Created via: alohasushicore. (n.d.). *sushicore! アイコンメーカー!* Picrew.

https://picrew.me/image_maker/257476, modified with Adobe Photoshop.

PAGE 12: MOSS IMAGE

Created via: Deerinspotlight. (n.d.). *Kobold Creator*. Picrew.

https://picrew.me/image_maker/648444

PAGE 13: GRID IMAGE

Created via: sixteenbee. (n.d.). *RPG Character Maker*. Picrew.

https://picrew.me/image_maker/683306

PAGE 14: SÜ'ZHEE IMAGE

Created via: pianobelt. (n.d.). *Pbelt Witchsona*. Picrew.

https://picrew.me/image_maker/599056

PAGE 15: PARTIAL MAP

Created via: *Inkarnate - Create Fantasy Maps Online*. (2019). Inkarnate.com.

<https://inkarnate.com/>, modified with Adobe Photoshop.

PAGE 20: RACE HEIGHTMAP

Created by Robert Wilcox