

Of the Sky, Of the Sea, and of the Stones
Chapter 3 - Of the Sea
Part 9 - Sea of Sleep

Written by Athos Angion
Loremaster of the GLRU - Mount Oros Chapter

Illustrated by Elador Loam
Novice of the GLRU - Mount Oros Chapter

As the delicious dinner of Morsus Squilla was completed, Pyloc and I decided to turn in for the night. My host had informed me of an interesting location on Kioshell island, which I would set out for tomorrow, but for now, Pyloc and I rolled the dragon's heart back into the simple crate and I helped to clean up the remnants of the cooking hardware.

While we were setting things in their place, the shaggy-maned man informed me that he had plans on how to use the Grandchild of Ziz's powerful orb for the benefit of the nearby city of Cephalon; the capital of Kioshell which I arrived in not long ago. He was scheming up a way to create a hub-like area with the heart at the center that would allow people to stop by and possibly collect some of the energy given off. When I questioned Pyloc about a few of the specifics, he simply shrugged, admitting that the idea was still in its infancy and that he would need more time to develop it into a worthy plan.

After the two of us had sorted things out, my host led me to a chamber off to the side of the big, open room that acted as an expansive sauna-lounge hybrid. In this smaller room was a luxurious wooden bed that I would have never guessed was within, despite being familiar with Pyloc's ornately carved furniture elsewhere. This extravagant bed was composed of a circular frame made of cherry wood that appeared to represent a whirlpool. Atop this visually lovely bed frame were soft, clean white sheets that looked more like clouds than fabric, though, at the center was a cylindrical pole that was like a geyser frozen in the same cherry wood as the bed frame. The floor of this chamber was hard-packed sand and was completely dry, which explained the dimness compared to the bacterial bioluminescence-illuminated main chamber of Pyloc's home.

In terms of diameter, this bed could likely fit half a dozen people if they slept like the spokes of a wheel within this wood and fabric whirlpool. Since I did not see any other bit of furniture in the room besides a comparatively simple dresser (which was still very nice and looked like a tidal wave made of beech hardwood about to crash against a nearby wall), I assumed that Pyloc and I would be bunking together, to which my host confirmed with a nod. Before I could say anything, he assuaged my

concerns as they popped into my head by assuring me that whenever his fellow scholars came to visit, they would bunk together in this same bed and that it felt even larger than it looked.



Through the rectangular window pointing to the south, I saw the last rays of the sun disappear below the horizon and Pyloc's comfortable home was doused in darkness, though some cyan and pink light from the main chamber filtered in through the doorless archway leading into Pyloc's bed chamber. It was with this subtle light that we got into bed.

My host was right and the bed felt absolutely massive, as if I was in a literal sea of soft sheets. In fact, when he asked me how I was faring from the opposite side of the central bedpost, I had to ask him to speak up due to the muffling caused by the many blankets and solid wooden beam separating us.

In the twilight, Pyloc told me about some of his fellow scholars who had visited him in the past year and had rested in this same extravagant bed and enjoyed similar home-cooked meals borne from all local ingredients. I applauded Pyloc for his incredible hospitality and thanked him yet again for everything. During the fading moments of the conversation, before we both passed out, Pyloc told me of something that I had guessed a while ago; that he was a member of the GLRU, same as me, and his duality of research fields were natural sciences and architecture, the former half with which I identified.

And with that, the waves of rest washed over us and we drifted off into the sea of sleep. That night, with my excitement of learning about a mysterious partially-submerged temple on the western coast of Kioshell island, I dreamed of crumbling architecture amidst the waves and strange carvings upon rarely-scene walls. However, no dreams, regardless how lucid and vivid, could have prepared me for what I saw when Pyloc, Eocar, and I actually explored the temple; the den of a warped Deep Priest and the countless sea ghosts who haunted it.