

# **Of the Sky, Of the Sea, and of the Stones**

## **Part 2 – Wooden Door**

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Before I continue, I must name this Adept of the GLRU who came to visit Euryph. Her name was Aquilaria Wood. She was tall and slender, like a tree. Skin and hair coloured like one, as well. Her name was difficult for me to pronounce at the time, so she insisted that I call her Quil, for short.

As Quil told me of this island to the East of Euryph, my eyes must have certainly widened in wonder. All over the grassy fields and thin-wooded forests of this island, named the Isle of Agalloch, rested doorways of various sizes and compositions. By 'doorway', I do not mean ones attached to structures or magical portals. I mean freestanding doors frames with doors included. Around each doorframe was eroded or broken material; depending on what substance it was built from. The smallest, of a size most humans would use, were comprised of wood. Larger ones, usually twice the height of the wooden ones, were made of stone. Finally, the grandest of these doors, were made of a strange, orange metal. Quil called the stuff 'Lodgium'. Their bright forms tower over but a few places across the entire island, though at four times the height of the human-sized human doors, their presence must have been undeniable.

Lodgium, apparently, is a component used in creating seafaring and submersible vehicles. It is lightweight, yet strong and immune to the effects of oxidization.

Each door looked like it had been part of a larger structure. Quil claims to have found a large amount of evidence pointing to a civilization that has since disappeared. She theorizes that this civilization must have been gone for a long while, allowing their buildings and belongings to disintegrate over time. But not the doorframes.

Her curiosity peaked; Quil stated that she approached one of the wooden doors shortly after landing. When she walked up to it, the red door was closed. When within distance to grab the handle, however, it opened slightly. From beyond peered the eyes and upper visage of a being she described as 'trollish' in appearance.

Two large eyes, each with yellow sclera, no iris, and dark pupils, scrutinized her. She froze as it stared, hand still outstretched towards the handle, though still not touching it. Quil did not expect to find something, or someone, beyond the door. There were no footprints around the area, which was a sandy dune upon the beach. A terrain in which it would be easy to spot tracks, even for a novice in such techniques.



**Figure 2. A representation of the wood troll. Painted by the same student of mine who created the image in Figure 1. She, generously, has volunteered to illustrate this book. Henceforth, she shall be known by her name: Elador Loam.**

Shaking off her surprise, she then said that she attempted to speak to the being beyond the door. When she did so, she lowered her outstretched arm, which seemed to relax the yellow eyed one. As Quil introduced herself and explained that she was on the Isle of Agalloch to study the mysterious structures, the door opened a bit more, slightly revealing the one behind it.

A hairy face with a bulbous nose leered down at her as she spoke. It squinted its huge eyes, lowering a sloping brow and narrowing gray skin eyelids over them, seemingly trying to understand.

After a few minutes had passed, the troll-like being, henceforth to be known as the 'wood troll', still had not responded or reacted in any way, save squinting. When Quil stepped closer the wood troll suddenly slammed the door in her face, the force of which kicked up a small cloud of sand.

The Adept backed off and the troll opened the door again, though only by a sliver this time. Slightly affronted by the troll's rudeness, Quil said that she walked around the doorframe in order to speak more directly to her interviewee. When she did so, however, what she found was not the calm, yet rude, troll she was just questioning. What she found was a raging fiend that was thrashing about with violent intent and a fury not unlike that of hell itself. Repeatedly, in a maddened frenzy, it screamed at the top of its lungs, 'I AM THE WOODEN DOORS'.