

Of the Sky, Of the Sea, and of the Stones  
Chapter 2 - Of the Sky  
Part 4 - Introduction

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Myself, the available crew, and the cyan people all began moving debris and freeing those trapped underneath. There was much to clear, but the casualties were not as heavy as I had initially suspected. There were many injuries, though only a handful of deaths. The captain and Karcharia, his first mate, insisted on seeing to the dead themselves and instructed the others to tend to the wounded.



*Figure 11. The mess that was the ship's rigging at this point.*

Luckily, many of the cyan folk seemed to have medical knowledge and experience. The nicely robed woman, who I then noticed had dark blue crow's feet about her eyes, was giving instructions to the other cyan people in Koivan. My ears took a few moments to adapt once more, but soon, my years of reading dull alchemic recipes and monologues of dead philosophers in this language began to pay off.

She was telling the others to fetch bandages and other medical supplies. Soon, a group returned carrying such items and many began tending the wounds of the injured sailors. As they did so, the captain and first mate looked on suspiciously while going about their business. With a few quiet words to them, I eased their minds by translating some of what was being said by the cyan folk now flowing on and off the ship. They nodded in acknowledgement, though they still kept their eyes peeled. For suspicion is often a boon on the high seas.

The healing party, so to speak, and the organization of the battered ship took the rest of the day, though, thankfully, nothing else that could be considered catastrophic occurred.

After the excitement and work was mostly dealt with, I finally had time to approach the cyan people properly, and perform a proper introduction between them and the crew of my transport ship.

(The following dialogue was transcribed by a librarian from the floating city and depicts the conversation more accurately than my memory. I have left all of my...errors included. This is to depict the strain that can occur when conversing in a language other than your primary one. Also, I found it amusing.)

“Gratings, although we have known each other for the bitter part of a day by now, I would like to immolate myself and my companions. My game is Athos Angion, and I am a scholar from Orosilla,” I said in Koivan, to the best of my ability.

I could tell from the reactions of the cyan people that I must have misspoken in some way, or have a strange and humorous accent to them, as a few smiled and whispered to one another. Though, thankfully, I was still understandable.

“Greetings, Athos Angion of Orosilla,” the regal woman with crow’s feet replied politely, and a bit slower than she spoke to her kin, though not enough to come off as condescending. She was clearly trying to be considerate. “I am Senexa, Grand Adviser to the city of Temptes Equit,” she continued. She looked like she was about to say more, but seemed to stop her herself. Taking this as an indication for me to digest the information and respond, I did just that. Senexa was clearly an important person here, so I decided that the best next step was to introduce her to the most important person on the ship, as well as the ship itself.

“It is a pleasure to cake your acquaintance,” I responded in my frail Koivan. I suddenly became very conscious of stutters, poorly chosen words, and mispronunciations, though I carried on, “Get me also introduce Captain Roac, of the vessel Bitterwind.”

Captain Roac stepped forward at the mention of his name and extended a hand out towards Senexa, intent on a handshake. Warrily, seemingly not aware of what a

handshake was, Senexa slowly extended one of her own hands and mimicked the captain, though she did not grasp his. She looked to me for approval, with an uncertain look upon her face. The captain chuckled heartily before smoothly wrapping one of his huge hands around her slender one and gently shook it up and down. "This is called a handshake," he said to me, but while making eye contact with Senexa.

I translated and explained that the captain was showing her a common form of greeting for our people. When she understood, she smiled, which pushed at the dark blue crow's feet at the corners of her eyes. "We...have much to discuss," She then said as she and the captain separated hands.

I then translated for the captain, who, like before, spoke to me while facing Senexa, "I agree, I also need to thank you and your people for tending to my injured lads and lasses."

And with that, most of the crew settled in and many of the cyan people left to aid in the clean-up of the city, as thick, black tar was still everywhere. The captain invited myself, Senexa, and her small entourage of three 'Great Advisers' into his quarters to discuss matters over supper.

Senexa and her party agreed gladly, indicating that they were famished, though hilarity ensued when they saw what was on the menu.