

Of the Sky, Of the Sea, and of the Stones
Chapter 2 - Of the Sky
Part 3 - Great Altercation

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

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

The rumbling was so violent, that the cyan-skinned woman in the pale toga lost her balance. She tipped towards the side of the gangplank, over the water, though a nearby sailor lunged deftly to her rescue. The young sailor, tan of skin and wearing a red bandana, shot out an arm and grasped one of her flailing ones. He then yanked her back onto the gangplank, but due to the continuous shaking, they collapsed together into a heap upon the simple wooden bridge. The red capped sailor, crawling, escorted the woman back to shore as the entire city quaked. The crowd on the docks, and the crew of the ship, went down on all four limbs as well.

As everyone was trying to brace themselves as best they could, I saw great destruction in the distance. One of the magnificent, shining towers had been broken near the base, somehow, and fell to the wide street leading to the docks. People along this road ran and screamed as a wall of debris was kicked up and buffeted the area. Though, thankfully, the worst of it did not reach us on the docks.

I, in that moment, somehow pondered upon what could cause such an upheaval, instead of thinking of my safety. Especially to a city so magnificent and suspended upon a storm. It was then that my question was answered, as something colossal rose from the sea. Up, a crimson shape ascended, until it towered above the hundred-metre minarets. Its form cast a huge shadow over the city. It angled its horrid face towards the centre, where the docking bay was located, so that everyone present, including myself, could see its hideous visage.

It stared down at us with huge, almost completely black eyes. I gazed up in terror, but my subconscious, that of a scholar studying the world's fauna, peered closer and saw a ring of white around the void-like pits. All that was dark were these monster's pupils, immensely dilated, but they were still the eyes of an animal, and not that of a monster from fiction. Though, this great eel's intent soon became clear as it opened its massive jaws.

From within extended what looked like a smaller, yet still massive, pink eel. As this eel stretched forth from the greater one's mouth, more appeared out of the

crimson titan's throat. These pink eels then opened their own jaws, from which issued forth thick, black sludge. This foul slime at first dripped from the pink, many-toothed, jaws, but soon increased in pressure. The dripping sludge turned into a waterfall of oily filth, before becoming full, powerful streams of viscous, black liquid. The many pink eels writhed about, aiming and twisting their slender bodies at disgusting angles, spreading as much of the dark matter as they could upon the once spotless city.

Figure 10. A truly horrid maw



But then a great splashing was heard, though this came from the docking bay where our ship was located. The crew and I turned to the source of this new disturbance, terrified at what new horror could assault us.

What rose from the water on the opposite side of our ship from the dock was what appeared to be a huge, vertical, golden pipe. A large amount of water drained from the gleaming structure as it tipped sideways, angling its open end towards the monstrosity assailing the city. From deep in the pipe, I began to hear a whining, whirring sound that was gradually getting louder. I also began to see a white glow originating from the same source.

Behind me, on the dock, the crowd of cyan-skinned people began shouting. I turned, once more, and got a bit dizzy while doing so, but saw that they were all covering their ears and gesturing towards the golden pipe. Now quite light-headed, I spun around another time and realized the warning. The golden structure was not a pipe, but some sort of cannon. One that was about to be fired. Such a huge weapon from this distance would deafen us, or worse.

It was then that I relayed the warning to the crew as best as I could. For they were all hunched over, screaming, praying, and begging to be spared from the crimson eel's attack. "CANNON FIRE. CANNON FIRE." I screamed as loudly as I ever had in my life. "THE GOLDEN THING IS A CANNON, COVER YOUR EARS!" I shouted as I followed my own advice. The surrounding crew looked at me with fearful eyes before looking to the cannon with realization.

"DO AS HE SAYS! HIT THE DECK!" The captain commanded as he braced himself. Everyone hastily did so, and not a moment too soon. The sound and light of the cannon soon became unbearable, and I turned away, though this made me face

the red horror above the towers. I hunkered down by a crate and prepared my senses for a coming displeasure.

Suddenly, a tremendous wave rocked the entire ship. Over our heads, blasting straight through our mast, shot an incredibly hot beam of yellow light. Within less than a blink, this surge of energy struck the colossal red fiend in the mouth, causing all of the pink eels within to shriek horridly. Even though my ears were covered, I heard their horrible screeching. In an immediate reaction, the crimson eel reared its head back and seemed to swallow all of the pink ones. Though, since black slime was still flowing, it spilled great, dark streaks along its stomach. A deep gurgling, like that of a hot spring, though infinitely louder, was heard. Black smoke then rose from the red eel's maw, though its visage was still pointed upwards.

Thankfully, though, it sank down, back into the sea. Soon, it completely disappeared, leaving only copious amounts of a black, tar-like substance across much of the city.

Slowly, everyone rose to their feet, albeit warily. From the dock, the red-bandana wearing sailor who had helped the regal woman waved at us. He, and a few of the blue-skinned people, placed a new gangplank to connect the ship once more to the dock. Many rushed over and began helping the crew. For when the cannon fired and shattered the mast, many pieces of debris fell down, killing, injuring and trapping much of the crew. I had avoided the danger due to being all the way at the front of the ship. Those that were on the middle of the deck though, were not so lucky. Realizing the severity of the situation, I jumped to lend my hand to the rescuers. Though, in the back of my mind, I prayed that there would be no more surprises.