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Intro

*Welcome! Oh great reader! To this world of fantasy and madness!
Before our adventures begin, here are written only the base grounds, the cufflinks for thy
imagination!*

- Ze Capitan

*P.S. I don't know... It's my first time writing a log, I don't know
what's supposed to be in the log, so I am writing whatever
however... Cuz I'm the captain! 7 (• 3 •.) 7*

Our story and this world, all begin at a vast and great empire of Sol (Sol**b**). Sol spans throughout the continent of Paradox and a handful of islands ridden with Strangeness. It's isolated from the rest of the world by the deep ocean, a giant ancient snake twisting in it and a crescent shaped wall of Forgetfulness fog. Created more than 3 riseres* ago, by Lanttos the Wise and Cutty Stark, the first pirate in these waters. By defeating the Celestials invading the lands and banishing them to their realm, they united all races residing rightfully at (now) their kingdoms. Here time flows differently, in a calm and lengthy manner, but never exactly the same. 13 months in a year, 26 hours in a day, the only stable time counters. The weather and the seasons change independently, as if chained to the chaos's rule of that kingdom.

Tho, The Empire is one, it's sectioned into many kingdoms. Every kingdom ruled and lived in by different races.

While usually some take elves, dwarfs, orcs and others as one individual kind of race, it's totally wrong. Like orcs, for example, there's Valant, Red, Gustav, Hasrunt and Little orcs, every one of them are separate races, living in 6 different kingdoms, located far apart from one another. 6, cuz Little orcs have two kingdoms.

The main Sol's rule is shared equally by the Emperor and the Empress. If ever there rises a conflict or dispute between them on any matter, they solve it by dueling (currently -with swords).

There are 21 imperial regions and 20 imperial regional lords, of which, 13 are direct offsprings of Emperor and Empress.



*Risere- time unit; one risere = 313 years.

Race: charred dwarf (lifespan ~100 years)

Age: 43

Hight: 165cm

Special power: stamina, fast healing, extraordinary sense of smell

Speciality: zoologist, jeweler

Current status: immortal

Born in the Tatapina region, Mossy kingdom, Last town.



ALER'S

ZOO

Likes to dig holes

Very very handy

Never late, unless a cute bug is in the way

Very friendly - sometimes bites

Likes being outdoors

Has eternal dirt

Likes anything that shines, sparkles and twinkles

Usually very calm

Chatty

Hates sudden bright lights

Good sense of smell

Has a beehive in his room

Likes to sing= he's digging

Has a habit of creeping a pebble under his lip

Very positive

Good drinker



Atris spent all his childhood since birth, traveling with his family throughout all the Tatapina region. His dad and mom (Rister and Astra) are inspectors of the new dungeon foundations. Every time, a new dungeon periodically appears the family rushes to inspect it. Him and all five of his siblings (Appana, Terrise, Auster, Rienas and Istro) were allowed to freely roam and play through the dungeons. Until the approval for entry is granted, all dungeons are in the state of slumber and counted as mostly peaceful. While travelling or in the depths of the dungeon, Atris found himself fascinated by all the creatures. How they acted, what they ate, how they fought, everything either new or old stuck in his head.

When the time came to choose the profession, his parents wanted him to become a jeweler. They saw, how he was attracted to anything that sparkled and him gathering a vast collection of sed sparkles in his hair. He's also very good with intricate and tedious crafts. Atris didn't mind and actually liked the choice. So at the age of seventeen he enrolled himself in the Tatapina's institute of technology and crafts. There, he spent four years, learning, crafting, and enjoying a good fight once in a while. After graduating with exceptional honours, he was offered many opportunities for apprenticeships. Tho, he declined every one of them, because there was still something missing in his heart. In the institute, he fell in love with learning and the opportunity to soak in copious amount of knowledge. To fill that empty space, he enrolled once again to the Tatapina's institute of biology. There, spent thirteen years, till finally graduated as a zoologist.

The thought of what to do now suddenly appeared. Should he become an eternal student and find another thing to study or only choose one specialty and start the apprenticeship. In the midst of thought, Atris, was sure that if he only became one or another, there would've been an empty space left. But, now, he was full. And the decision came like lightning, for starters he'll travel and document every dungeon creature in Tatapina and in the meantime, vasten his collection of shiny things (he has more space than he was a kid, now he has a full beard). Because why rush, why not enjoy life. This magnificent decision took him eleven years.

Documenting every Tatapina's dungeon's creature is done. And his works are on the way to be published, but there's this feeling gnawing at him. And once again, a decision needs to be made. Atris, has spent all his life, till now, travelling, should he settle down and live a steady life. While Atris was pondering what to do, he received a letter. It's an invitation to give a speech and to become a professor at Morka's institute of biology and arts. Without much thought and encouraged by his parents, he ended up in Morka. Atris was very warmly welcomed by people who invited him and came to listen, he wasn't expecting this. Seeing enthusiasm in the audience, Atris was fired up. He talked with passion, tho in general, but about the subject that made him happy. The speech was short, only 5 days and 23 hours, nonstop.

After all the talks and questions (from "survivors"), he went to the tavern called "Sweet Dreams" to further ponder about the decision of being tied to one place...»

VELVE

KABOOOOM!

Race: human (lifespan- 150 years)

Age: 33

Hight: 179cm

Special power: flame resistance

Speciality: explosives, pyromancy

Current status: immortal

Born in the Estra region, Ares kingdom,

Rust town.



Spark*



Smells like citrus and ashes

Creates small fires

Keeps matches in her hair

Can poke an eye

Cackles a lot

Likes spicy food

First to make a blow

Hates arrogant and snobby

Flirty= set your jacket on fire

Likes watching flames burn

Can't be calm unless there's a fire

KABOOOOM!!!

Likes to braid others hair- you
have no choice

Aggressive

Hates hugs

Heavy drinker & smoker



In this quiet town there were empty rocky plains. And one eventful day, during Spark's migration, just like any other day, Velvet was playing around at the edge of these plains. Important to note, these creatures are filled with helium, tho are only barely hovering above the ground. One of the Sparks, stumbled on a little sharp rock, sparks fled his mouth, flames started spilling and then KABOOOOM! an explosion! Roaring wave flew raising sand in all directions. Startled Sparks started stumbling one after another and chains of explosions roared louder and louder. The mass of smoke and debris lifted to the sky, clouding the sun and turning day into the night. That's the day, when a five year old's fiery passion was ignited! Since then Velvet craved for fire, chaos, that thrilling feeling.

But living in a harmoniously monotonous town with a loving family, who all were pacifists, there was no place for chaos. She loved her parents, Liva and Velttier, and understood that this new passion was in the way of their beliefs and calm living. So, hiding and pretending became the new way. Until she was thirteenth, the only joy was following the flames of candles and hearthside. Tho she tried to hide the urge for destruction, her parents knew that there was something. After hearing from an old traveler, that there was an opportunity to get an outlet for these feelings, she asked her parents to be sent away. Painfully, they agreed to her wishes and prepared everything she might ever need for departure to the military school. At the age of thirteen she set her way to that school, located far away from home, in the middle of Grattan region.

After a long journey with the merchant heard, Velvet finally reached the middle of Grattan. She successfully enrolled in the military school, but this success was short lived. After only three months, Velvet was kicked out. Reasons: getting into many fights, too individualistic, too brutal, has no fear, too bloodthirsty, etc., etc.. But with fire in her heart, she did not give up! Another spark ignited, to become a witch! She travelled straight to the capital region of Morka, and joined the Blue tower of witchcraft. There, she spent eleven years, learning only bits of theory and the rest of the history of magic. Nothing useful, nothing meaningful, nothing practical. If she wanted to learn pyromancy, she needed an extra ten years of non related magic theory and an extra ten of apprenticeship. But wasting time and not even learning how to cast a simple fire ball, she had enough! After secretly scouring the library in those eleven years, she learned how to summon fire on her own and in her own way. And after mastering the basics she vanished from the tower.

For a decade (from 23 to 33) being either a mercenary or an adventurer in between, Velvet, still set on something grander, travelled back to Morka. There, she visited a tavern, called "Sweet Dreams"... »



BEΛΛAΞ·Ω·MMA

sparkles in tha sky

Race: Orcian vampire (lifespan-
500 years)

Age: 127

Hight: 209cm

Special power: astral reading,
mind control

Speciality: labyrinth manager

Current status: immortal

Born in the Lucie region,

Monuko kingdom, Momuno
town.

Zzzzzzz

Always sleepy

Friendly

Hates being disturbed

Gets lost in thought easily

Lazy and proud of it

Nocturnal

Heavy smoker& drinker

Hates when food mixes on the plate
unless it's already mixed

Can fall asleep even standing

Climbs walls and sealing

Kick flip!

A good listener

Likes playing 13 stringed harp

Loves the smell of freshly cut wood

Instils fear with her stare

Never admits her fault

Hates tea

Can name every star in the sky

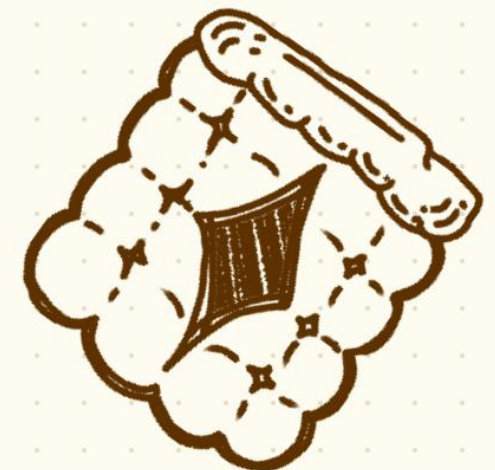
Likes hitting others while laughing

Likes solving puzzles

Hates books with no pictures

Can't resist to petting cats

Always hovering 5 cm above the
ground

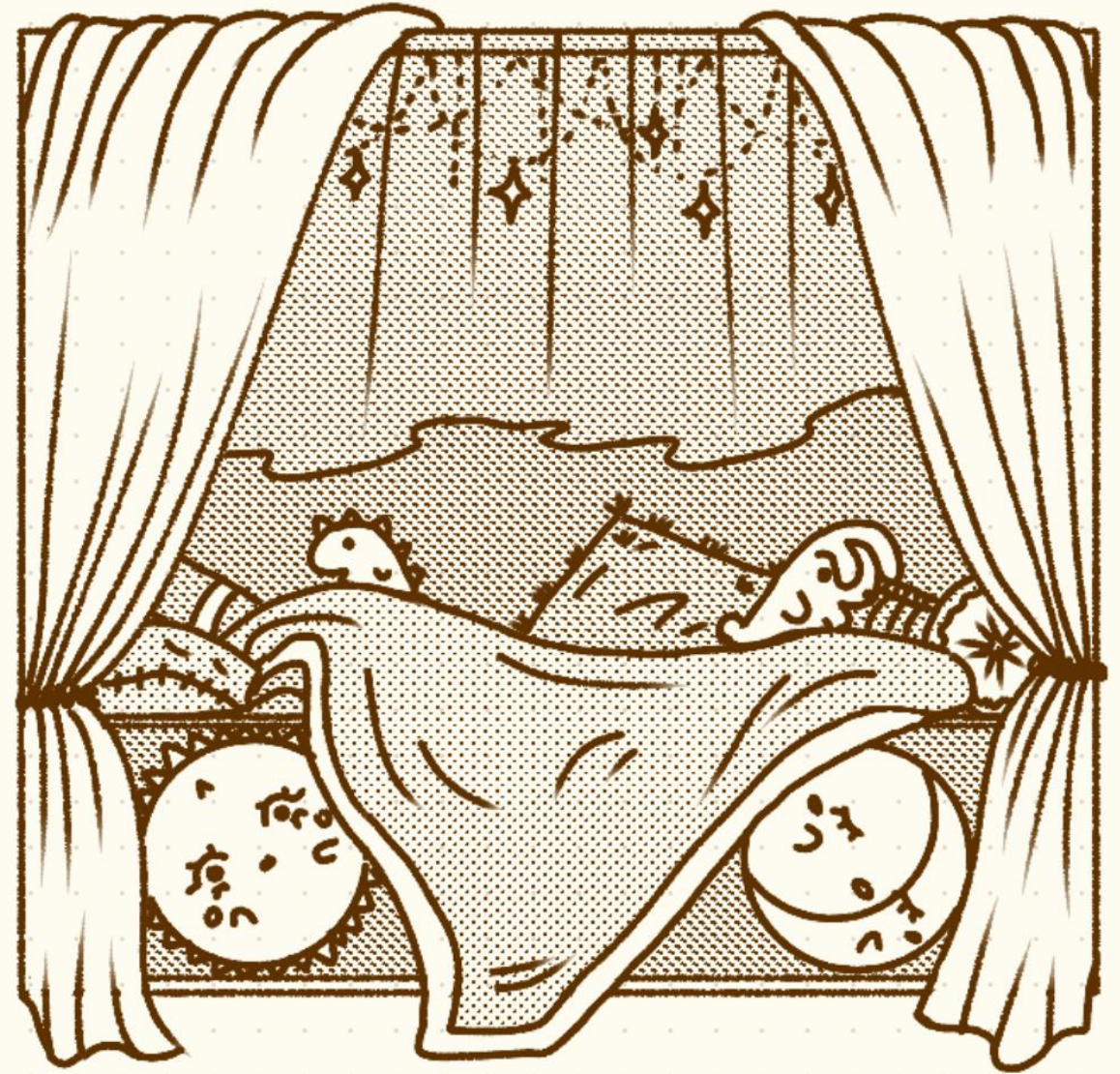


Tha blankie

Not much is known of her background. Probably because she slept through most of it...

But here's that little bit.

When she was 93, she inherited a labyrinth and became its manager. For the first decade everything was running smoothly, but then her old habit kicked in. Mostly because of stress and piles of documents she had to fill out, eventually she burned out. Sleep. She slept through days and nights, through the week and sometimes months... One day, a party of new adventurers, brought fall and the last drop to this labyrinth. They vandalised walls and ceilings, even innocent creatures, destroyed pillars and stairs, and even managed to punch through the iron door (it's 3.5 meters thick). The damage was too big, so Belladonna decided it was enough and closed off the labyrinth for good. As, even, her favourite pillow was soaked in tar, she had no choice but to find the replacement for it. And ended up at one of the capital's tavern, called "Sweet Dreams"... »

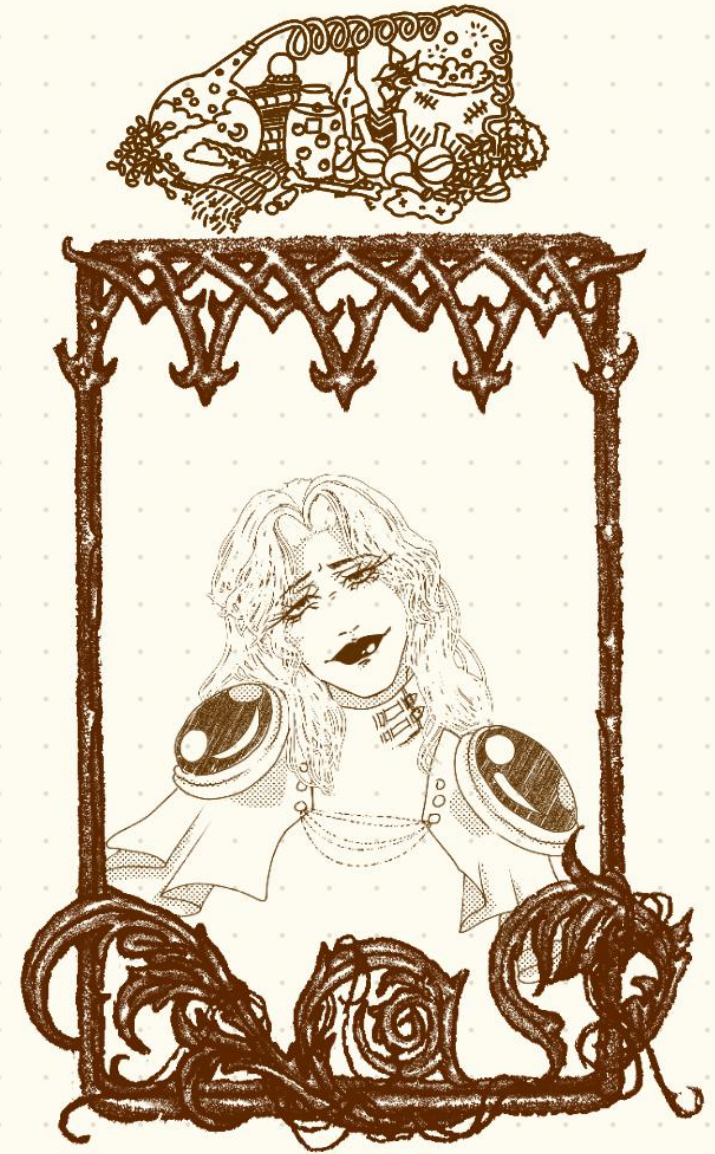


HYSERIA

Race: Dark wicka (lifespan- 310 years)
Age: 29
Height: 199cm
Special power: plant manipulation, poison immunity, potions and hexes
Speciality: herbologist, hag apprentice
Current status: immortal
Born in the Soup region, Mooran kingdom, Fallen forest.

Very sweet
Very friendly
Likes to tell stories
Strict
Heavy smoker & drinker
Like to spike others food
Hates raisins in meat dishes
A practical joker
Smiles a lot
Constantly munches on poisonous plants
Likes to hug and cuddle
Hates yellow roses
Mumbles when focused
Hobby - giving others piercings
Mischievous
Very calm
Gives good advices
Hates smarty pants
Likes talking to the plants
Sleeps with a broom of herbs
Likes to break noses
Often gets work fevers
Likes reading- favourite genre - dark fantasy
Can hex you for fun

Poison



Hysteria, just after she was born, showed exceptional talent for growth. Only at the age of 3, she was chosen and placed as an apprentice to the care of Horrid hag. Horrid hag lived isolated in the depths of the Fallen forest's heart. In a little slowly falling cottage, that's surrounded by a huge overgrown poisonous garden and rotting fence with the crooked sign saying: "Keep out!". The perfect place for a growing child. While living with the hag, she learned a lot of interesting things. At the age of 9, she could read and speak 7 ancient languages, identify every useful plant, recite and perform a few tomes of hexes, but before learning more the craving for delicious leafs and stems crept over. And once the Horrid hag had to leave Hysteria alone to care for the hose, just for a brief week, the cravings kicked in. Savouring leaf by leaf, stem by stem, fruits and berries, even roots and bark. The rush, the tingle, the sweats, the sensation of drowning and burning from inside out... Before she knew, the whole garden was empty, even the fence fell, after it lost all root support. In the end, after constant mixing of poison in her body, Hysteria gained a perfect immunity to any poison. Well, hag finally came back. She was so shocked, that fell into an unconscious slumber for a few weeks. After getting up from lil bed, she cursed Hysteria, to poison everything she touches. But for Hysteria, it's not a curse, it's a delicious blessing. From all the happiness, she hugged the hag as a huge thanks... The hag fell ill (symptoms are just like having iron deficiency) and became bedridden for the rest of her life. After this incident, the Roots mass was held, and Hysteria was banished from the fallen forest.

After banishment she soon was recruited by the Peony's botanical institute, as a curator for poisonous plants pavilion. While doing her job as a curator she gained a degree as a specialised herbologist. This was a good and very happy decade in this institute for Hysteria. And when just the cravings kicked in, before the gluttonous feast the pavilion was burned down. The culprit- self-righteous student, reason- for the "better" world and it's future. The devastation in Hysteria's heart, poured in tears of hundred thunderstorms. The sorrow was so grand, it shook the ground. And in the place where the pavilion once stood, overnight, the hags garden appeared. Tho, the pavilion was rebuilt and Hysteria found a new power within her, sorrow tight to this place didn't fade. So one lonely night, she packed and left. She walked till her legs gave out, not knowing where she was going, nor where she was at. She lifted her head and with her swollen eyes saw a blurry sign: "Sweet Dreams"...»



ASC·HE

Nomnomssss

Race: Northerner (lifespan~ 270 years)

Age: 45

Hight: 198cm

Special power: cold resilience, enormous endurance, swordmaster

Speciality: the Northern Duke, the holder of the Northern star

Current status: immortal

Born in the Morka region, Morka capital.

Never late

Workaholic

Very responsible

Very caring

Cruel and cold

Pretty

Strict -very...

Heavy smoker & drinker

Petty

Likes teasing

Prefers breaking chest plates

Romantic

Can sing and play any instrument

Great survival skills

Ain't picky

Naggs a lot

Likes sweets

Likes to pretend being impatient

Hates Celestials

Hates improperly filed reports and documents

Can lull you to sleep

Makes awesome coffee

Likes remodeling and fixing things

Can't sew

Likes big cats



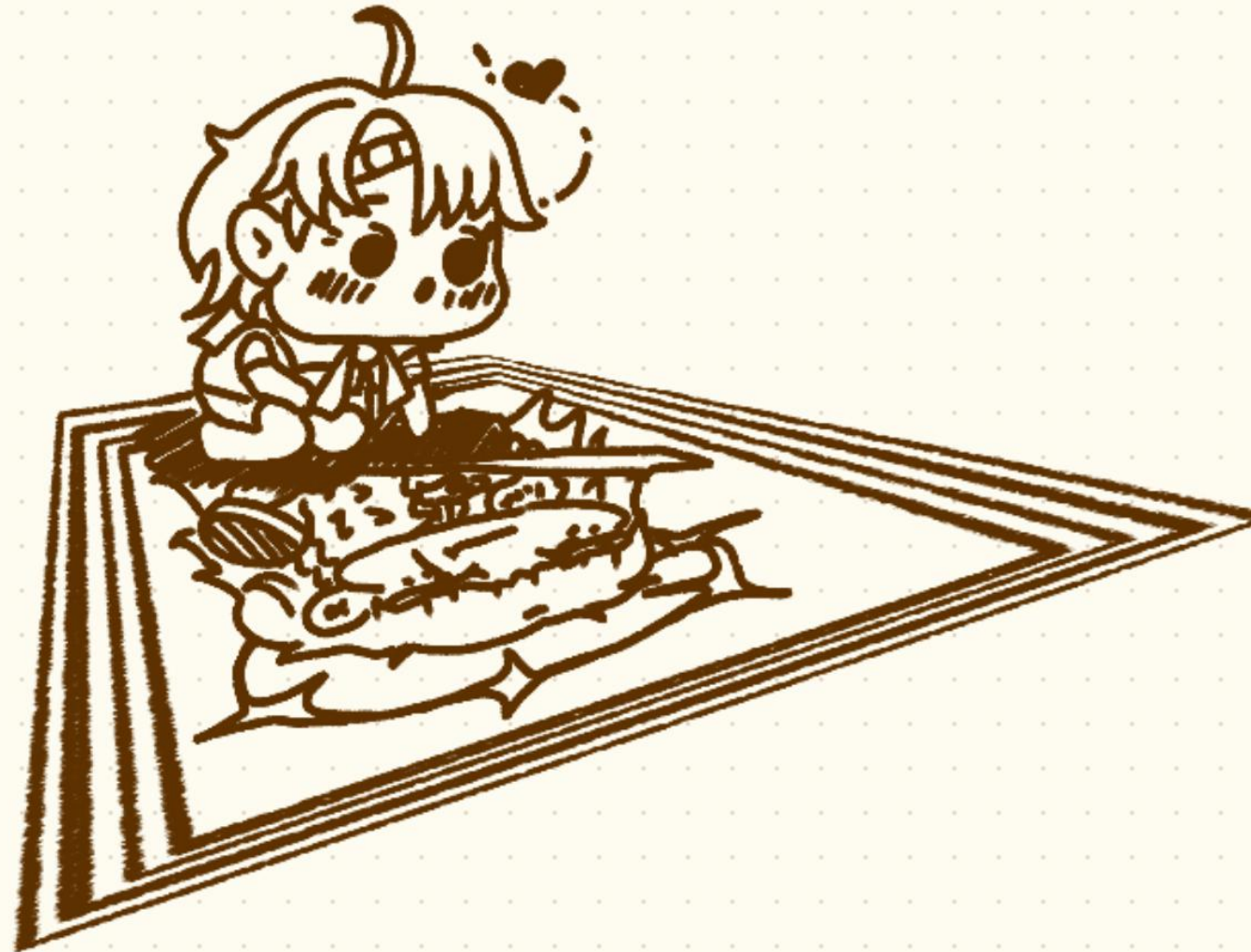
Born to the Empress and The Emperor (Mother Sun and Father Sun) as a 3rd child. Was spoiled, cuddled and loved in the arms of both parents, the same as other siblings.

One day, when Asche was 5, a vast army broke in through the fog wall of Forgetfulness. Cruel Celestials rushed straight to Morka, setting fire to the waters wherever they passed. Before they reached the capital, Mother Sun gathered all her children (5 of them at that point in time), and fled to the kingdom of Forever Winter. At the same time, she mobilised her own army "Clematis", to safely evacuate all children from the capital and neighbouring regions. After safely placing her own children into the care of the king and the queen (her parents) of Forever Winter kingdom, Mother Sun returned to the capital to fight the Celestials alongside her husband. The war took 3 years and countless lives of empire soldiers. The Empire won and peace in Sol once again took place. After the war, all the children came back home, except Asche, he was already smitten with the North.

While he was 7, fascinated by copious amounts of monsters, endless icy cold, and the warmth of people that resided there, he decided to stay there. And one day, taken by The Northern Duke (the Emperor's father) and the Queen (of kingdom of Forever Winter) to inspect both of the kingdom of The North and teach this little kiddo how people live in their regions, he gained his first scar and met his first love. In the middle of their inspection, while camping on the border of both kingdoms, out of the woods jumped cuddles.

A ferocious long haired fluff, smelling like cotton candy, with the mouth as large as to fit a whole grown adult standing. Without any adult within 50 meter reach standing there, in panic and fear, little Asche raised his tiny silver sword. And once the monster jumped to swallow him, the monster tripped and landed on the blade, pinning our kiddo to the ground. One of his sharp teeth got stuck in Asche's forehead and blood started pouring. The grandparents, panicking, reached and pulled their grandchild from beneath the monster. But Asche was okay, a bit startled, but okay, now only with a tiny scar on his forehead (you need to squint to see). Grandparents wanted to end the inspection and return home, where it's safe, but Asche was adamant to finish the inspection. He was so stubborn, that even ended up using puppy eyes. It worked... But before they continued their journey, they stopped at the nearest Cold castle. In the abandoned castles, while exploring and learning of the northern history, he found himself looking into one of the paintings. Charmed and filled with unfamiliar feelings, he froze in place just staring at it for hours. It was a beautiful painting of the first Duke of the North. The first Duke was a very beautiful, strong woman, a forbidden armour wielder and a key fighting force against Celestials in the first Celestial war. Enamored Asche, after successfully finishing the inspection with his grandparents, returned shortly at the Forever Winter kingdom.

There after vigorously training for two years, he readied himself for a great adventure. He set his path on becoming a duke himself and one of those steps was, to journey across all Cold castles alone. He packed some stuff into a backpack larger than himself and left everything, walking on foot through the cold. The journey was harsh and lonely, but every time he saw a painting of the first Duke he warmed up and recharged. After completing this step he returned as a 15 year old once again to the mothers parents. Going back and forth between two kingdoms, he finished his education and successfully succeeded in becoming the Duke at the age 25. But he felt this weighted emptiness and loneliness, so at the age of 40, Asche gave back his rule to the former Duke. And in the meantime he decided to travel far and wide, to find someone who resembles the first Duke. After wandering and visiting his parents he ended up at the "Sweet Dreams" tavern...»



Race: Karlick (lifespan~ 100 years)
Age: 30/40?
Height: 155cm
Special power: ingredient summon,
poison resistance, relic seeker
Speciality: none
Current status: immortal
Born in the Cake region, Veresk
kingdom, Oviy village.

Ἐἶς·Ὀ

Ze Captain

Sometimes lazy sometimes not
Pretends to be friendly
Bites
Sometimes calm sometimes hyperactive
Rage management problems
Likes chaos
Likes creating chaos
Most of the time can't be bothered by simple
details
Always frowning
Heavy smoker & drinker
Hates raw meat
Likes annoying others
Fabulous
Hates following recipes and rules
Likes peonies
Hates nagging people
Likes obsessing over specific stuff
Fan of another pirate ship's captain
Very handsome
Can and will beat you up for being likened
to a dwarf
Sighs a lot
Screams a lot
Likes confusing others



Ego, born and lived in Oviy village, village known as the birthplace of the greatest mead. There are no apprentices or lessons, once one decides to make mead, they need to figure everything out on their own. Through trial and error, one's recipe and technique becomes unique, that's the most important thing for mead makers. Ego, was one of those mead makers, even got the seat amongst the Medlers (mead maker elders). Even tho the recipes were shared, as one develops their own, you need to basically decode them if you want to use it. But this didn't stop Ego making "The Great Collection," that's a collection of all known mead recipes. Ego lived a very mundane, quiet, calm and uneventful life there. A lot of people were comparing Ego to a shut in. But most of the Medlers are like that, living as if they're mead themselves. Ego's age is unknown, because in their village nobody counts it. They don't count time cuz their motto is: "every day is like a party, at the party everyone is happy and happy people don't count time."

One day, one of the Medlers decided to make mead out of Hagsin honey, but there's one problem, that honey is gathered and distributed by the Yfrasta kingdom. This honey is special, because it's gathered once every 13-17 years (depending on which moon is blue); the bees build their hives only in the depths of Yran mountain caves, in the depths of ~ 15km below the Yvenen towers eye; the Yoni bees are 15cm in length and they attack anyone who sneezed (there's a lot of chuga spores in the caves air). Cuz of its rarity, anyone who's interested in obtaining even a spoonful (in this case a whole barrel is needed), needs to go through a lengthy negotiation process (the last recorded time, it took 7 weeks). So, as most Medlers are (super) old, through the "fair" process, Ego was chosen for this very important mission. The negotiation was decided to be held in Morka. Before Ego left, the village threw a grand party, in the midst of it, they showered Ego with loads of actually very useful gifts. Amongst those gifts was an heirloom magic bag, compared to others it has no limits. They celebrated for 3 days and 3 nights, and in the earliest morning, before the sun started rising, Ego left, riding one of the fermentation pots.

After arriving in Morka, Ego and Yiji delegation started their negotiations at the Violent tower. The Violent tower is a magic tower responsible for fair deals, contracts, judgments and punishments. After the first hour of the said negotiation beginning, both parties started gritting teeth, after half an hour they started screaming, then insults started and after 10 minutes the head slam (Ego to Fleum, the Yiji delegation's negotiator, cuz he called Ego "too short of a dwarf"), and the five day brawl started. After both were quite generously beaten and out of breath, Ego pulled out a flask of Bochetta mead and offered it as a peace sign. Fleum was blown away for a second and after gathering himself and fixing his hair, he extended his hand saying, that if Ego gives him the recipe they have a deal. Ego accepted and gave a coded recipe. The tower decided it was a fair deal and made an instant contract. Afterwards Ego didn't need to do anything, because the delegation was responsible for transporting honey to the village.

As Ego hasn't travelled before, visiting Morka was exciting. Ego learned, that in the imperial castle, supposed to be held some kind of a ball. Ball= party= cake= booze. Ego snuck into that "party" (crawled either under or on the walls), had a blast, but within that time, this uninvited guest caught the emperor's attention. Ego's eyes glowed at the unavoidable moment- a sign of potential in becoming forbidden armor. After spending perhaps a month in that castle, Ego had enough of being a "guinea pig" and runaway, by jumping through the shut window (no worries it was on the first floor). Run to the nearest tavern (cuz food, booze- you know, the temptations...). That tavern's name was "Sweet Dreams"...»



[...»]

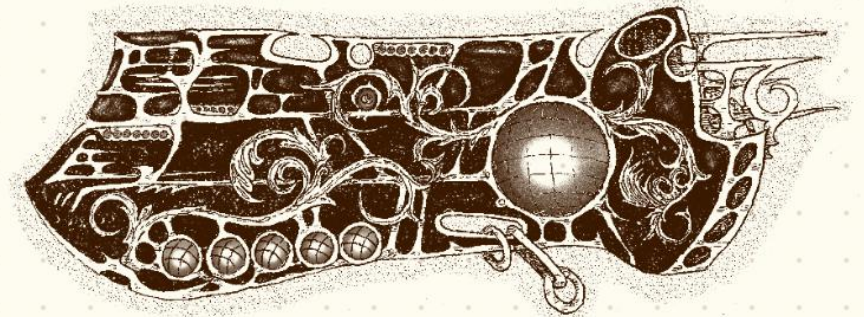
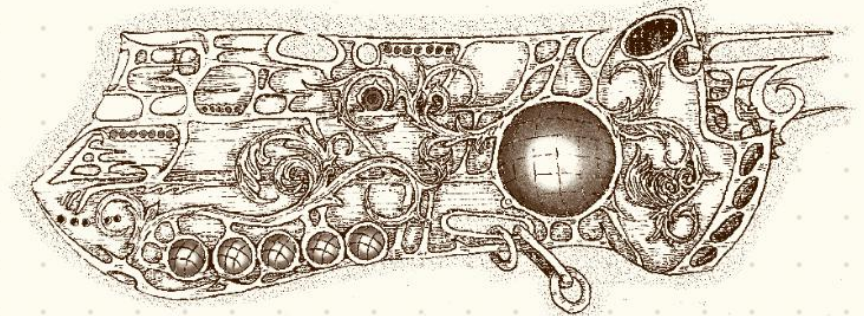
As all, before mentioned peeps, had gathered at the "Sweet Dreams" tavern, coincidentally on the same day, they started drinking and eating. Some gulped down this bottomless gluttony cuz of despair, some just cuz of vibes. They dranked so much, that everyone else that was there, had long passed out, and they dranked so much that the tavern had run dry. All six having a hook and being kicked out of the tavern, stumbled in the sleeping streets in search for some more booze. At some point, Hysteria pointed at Ego's bag, noticing that it's a magical bag, complimenting Ego for having such an extraordinary artifact. Ego gave it to Hysteria to play with it, until the group figures out where to go or where they come from (yah, they're heavily lost). Belladonna tried reading or calling stars, but instead got dizzy and poured the contents of her stomach on Asche's shoes. While most of them were in their drunken confusion, stumbles and mumbles, something fell out of that bag. It was a big bottle of spiced Bochetta. Hysteria picked it up and after inspection she shouted: "Boozel", everyone stopped whatever they were doing, cleaned themselves up, found an empty alley with a table and proceeded drinking as "cultured" people.

The funny thing is, that Hysteria's touch (which is poisonous) mixed with the special mead and spices within it- making the whole thing a powerful potion. They ended up immortal. Not only immortal, but at the bottom of the sea. Somehow in the state of drunken blackout, induced by the strong effects of the potion, they managed to steal someone's ship, swim it half a continent from where they stole it and manage to park it at the sea floor. Wouldn't you say Bravo!?

After waking up on the ship's control room's floor and finally figuring out where they are, while trying to gather the bits and pieces of what happened, they were in shock, cuz now nobody knows how to get at least to the surface. The problem is, nobody knows the language in which the ship is operated. All of them have never heard or seen such a ship before, making it an extra confusing situation. Ego found the kitchen and proceeded with baking bread out of confusion about what to do. Others followed the smell and came over, like floating cartoon characters, and instead of sitting in silence they all started brainstorming while trying their best to help. Tho Atris was kicked to the bench, cuz of his eternally dirty hands. At first it didn't go well, but having their bellies full of soft bread and a good nap, they came to some decisions. One, as all are now like wanderers and in the sea (bottom), they after surfacing, shall become pirates. Two, who does what (mainly): Asche- cook, he ain't bad at it and looks cute in the apron (agreed by all); Hysteria- decoding, poisonous herbologist (attack, defence and yum); Belladonna- navigation and great nap spot finder; Atris- zoo (bee hives, what to eat and what to pat), mecha maintenance; Velvet- KABOOOOM! and fire management; scentient fermentation pot- fermenting mead; Ego- nobody wanted to be one... so... elected as captain. Three, main piracy is for MEAD!

From whatever honey was left in the ship, Ego made a batch in the fermentation pot. The pot was hidden in the magical bag. Pot (named Kettle) while fermenting and being stressed out from unfamiliar space, multiplied (sometimes very stressed pots multiply on their own). So now five of them are running all around the ship like little kids. It's fun and helpful, especially cuz of them running the ship was mapped out very quickly! As all have their daily tasks sorted, they worked with ease and at their own pace. There was no rush, cuz the ship automatically fulfils basic functions, like air flow, oxygen, lights, water systems and so far. It's powered by salt water, which is plenty around. Time passed, shortly after understanding the mechanics of the ship, Atris decided to fix some small problems, cuz in general the ship was in perfect shape. While tinkering with the last problem, the giant cog (the only one in the room and on the sealing) slanted, braking axis holding it in place, it fell and landed on (now) the captain. Not a very tasty scene. It was the day, when everyone, understood that now they're immortal... But what can you do? More time to drink more mead and cause some chaos! Time passed more and more. Finally, Hysteria broke down the language! Hoorah! Tho, operating was a difficult nut to crack. Time passed and after many long years sitting on the floor they managed to surface. It took them a month to figure out how to open the door... And first thing they did after getting full lungs of fresh air, they in unison agreed that they needed to repaint the ship. You know, so that the original owner wouldn't find it. They repainted it from titanium white and polished blue silver to ash black and red gold.

„Papa“



So, base is set! Off to an amazing adventure,
brutally beautiful chaos and perhaps a drop of
love!!!
Bye bye!!!

This work is dedicated to Jpe!

Thank you very very very much!
For amazing vibes, constant
cheering on and cutest support!!!

Thank you for an opportunity
to create characters and write
their lore!

Thank you!

-Ra



Thank you!