

Dorrir walks through the center of town. It is the witching hour, and it is raining. He has been walking for what seemed like years, and he is thoroughly soaked from head to toe. His leather boots make small squelches in the mixture of mud and excrement that lines each avenue of the city. He brings one muscled arm up from his torso, and parts his long, matted hair in search of shelter. Most of the commercial buildings have closed for the night, and any residents would not take kindly to a wanderer barging in at midnight. He turns towards the closest visible light source, identified as a bar by the sign hanging from the door, swinging in the wind and rain, but still recognizable as a stein. He drags himself over to the door. The door is made of worn, wet oak, pockmarked with dents from arrows and inebriated customers. Dorrir grabs its brass handle and opens it outward as he hears more thunder in the distance.

The bar is a miniature world for those escaping the storm and scolding of their spouses. It isn't the nicest bar he's been in, but it is presentable. Between the counter and the door are groups of rounded tables of similar quality to the door, at which customers can enjoy their food and drink and company. Nearest to him is an Ovek of a verdant plumage, dressed in baggy, brown clothing and an accompanying hat. Directly across from the Ovek is a wooden lute of fine craftsmanship, yet it appears to be as old as himself. The bird has a faraway look in his eyes, as he gazes longingly in the direction of the instrument. An empty mug lies at his side. Dorrir continues towards the bar counter, and takes a seat.

The bartender works his way over to him. "What'll it be?"

Clearing his throat, Dorrir replies in his battle-hardened deep voice, "An ale, a room, and a dry-clean."

The bartender turns around, grabs a mug, and begins to fill it from the tap. "Here's your drink, but I'm afraid we're totally booked on rooms. However, the stable is as dry and warm as any of the rooms, and probably quieter too. I'll ask our cleaner to come and get you sorted."

Dorrir takes the stein, and sips it carefully, after giving his payment. He looks around at the other patrons. Next to him is a Styvar, head on the bar, looking like he's had more than just one glass. His mane is matted and dirty, as if he's spent weeks on the same stool of the same bar. He's wearing a simple leather kilt, with straps going up and around his shoulders. Tucked into the strap on his back is a broadsword, slightly rusted.

Dorrir drains the last of his mug and stands up. From the back room, a short maid comes out. Her dress is sky blue, with few stains despite her working conditions. He gives her a couple of coins, and she waves a small slender branch in his general direction. His clothes are dried, and the mud on his boots peels off like dead skin. He thanks her, and he heads back to the door of the bar, his thirst quenched and his clothes dried. He opens it and runs out into the stable. The stable smelled as unpleasant as it looked, but he was too exhausted to care. He lies down in the hay, across from a horse of egg white and brown complexion. He closes his eyes, and drifts off to sleep.