

# Party of Five

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a fantasy novella

by

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## Part One

Parcifal was standing at the docks, watching the good ship Autania as it gracefully waded through the peaceful water of Hobb's Bay; the wind was on her stern, her sails full. She was making good speed.

"I hope the damn thing sinks and they all drown," said Parcifal with a scowl on her face. Behind her, the harbor was settling into its nightly rhythm. Rowdy sailors were looking for the next tavern in line to get drunk and have a brawl, the traders were finishing up their business with shady-looking characters and the fishermen were making ready for the break of dawn and the next catch.

Lernea was sitting right beside her on the stony pier, her naked feet dangling in the water. She asked Parcifal with had a sad look on her face:

"Does that mean we can't go back?"

"No, we can't go back Lernea," replied Parcifal with a sigh and a shake of her head, her piercing gaze stuck somewhere beyond the rosy-red horizon.

Lernea nodded with raised eyebrows. She noticed Parcifal's strange, angry look and knew it wasn't the right thing to do but asked her anyway:

"Not ever?"

Parcifal turned her head slowly around and gave Lernea a stabbing look before answering coldly:

"Not as long as the Jangdrivals are in power and the Unseen Council remains in place, not while the Eleven Pillars stand and the Noble Eagles fly above the Skarlas, no." Lernea put a finger on her lip and with a puzzled frown asked again:

"Is that never, or really just a long time?"

"You vex me, sister. Never means never."

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“Well, didn’t master Sisyphus always say, ‘never say never’?” replied Lernea with a hesitant smile creeping up on her lip. Parcifal’s visage turned suddenly sorrowful, like a noble, sleek and gray statue.

“Master Sisyphus is dead, Lernea.”

“That doesn’t mean he was wrong, though. Never is such a final word, you know?” said Lernea and stood up on her toes, her hands on her waist. She faced her sister with a bright smile full of optimism which she did not share. In fact, Parcifal’s sadness turned into barely suppressed anger at Lernea’s persistence to face their new reality.

“Get it right in that little thick skull of yours, Lernea. We, are, never, going, back, to, Nomos. Never!” she shouted, a lone finger rapping at Lernea’s breastplate with an audible clang on the beat of every word. Lernea’s eyes wandered to her chest for a moment, before her face reddened and her breathing became more pronounced, her nostrils flaring up. She pouted her lips and said icily:

“Don’t do that.”

“Well, I think I’ll just do what I please from now on,” replied Parcifal. Her face had the look of a poised hawk.

“I hate it when you do that,” said Lernea in the same vein, shaking her head slowly with mounting irritation.

“I know, that’s why I do it.”

“You’re such a child.”

“Says the one who can’t accept defeat!”

Parcifal’s loud tone made a few heads turn and look. Lernea did not even notice they were attracting the attention of the locals, and added her own shouts to the rising din of their heated debate.

“This isn’t about winning or losing, by Skrala! You can’t be that daft!”

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“You’re the one that got us into this mess in the first place, remember?” said Parcifal with arms crossed on her chest. Lernea flailed her arms wildly around her while moving about nervously.

“Oh, really now that’s just so typical, trying to put the blame on me like we’re still meddling with the master’s spell-book!”

“Well I’m not the one who married Therion Jangdrival on a whim and got us exiled!” remarked Parcifal with open arms and a mocking smile. Lernea’s reply was filled with overtones of shock and disgust, her face scrounged up, her revulsion showing in every word.

“It was him or Gheighran! Have you even seen Gheighran? He’s a walking swamp-thing, not a man!”

Parcifal shook her head and berated her slightly older sister, her face suddenly grim and her voice low-keyed and even.

“Is that how you make decisions about your kingdom, my Queen? Based on looks and appearances? Only if mother were alive..”

She let her voice trail off and ventured a look towards the ocean. The Autania’s sail was barely visible, the light of day growing dimmer with every passing minute. Lernea was looking at her feet, feeling scolded and reprimanded like a child. Yet, when she talked next she had the voice of a proud woman.

“Mother made mistakes as well in her reign.”

“Yes, she did,” said Parcifal nodding and went on to shout, “She gave birth to you!”

“We’re only a minute apart, you stupid-”

Lernea stopped in mid-sentence even as her mouth began to form the word ‘cow’. She had instinctively flung her arm and was grabbing at what seemed to be a child’s arm, the arm

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extending into a hand holding her coinpurse.

“Hey.” she said and turned to look almost right behind her. There was a short person standing there, all dressed up in dark leather and an impossibly bland, expressionless face.

Parcifal took out a silver, teardrop-shaped knife and took a step towards her sister’s side where the form of a short person stood frozen, said person pretending he was nothing more than a misplaced piece of furniture. He seemed to be holding his breath.

“A thieving scum, and a bad one at that, eh?”

“Bugger,” said the short person with a whizz. Out of breath, he looked sideways at the bristling knifepoint and suddenly sucked on air through his nostrils loudly. His body relaxed and he let the bulging coinpurse drop to the wooden pier with a heavy jingle.

Lerneia made a grimace and turned her head away from the short man.

“I can see why you held that breath of yours. Could even kill a man; one of your stature, at least.”

Parcifal seemed less inclined to comment on the aspiring thief’s lack of mouth hygiene. She looked at him with mixed feelings of curiosity and frustration, brandishing her knife with accusation.

“Barely stepped foot on this land, and here’s our greeting. Couldn’t resist our riches, little man?” asked Percifal, her shiny breastplate protruding from the rest of her body armor very close to the thief’s face.

“Be fair, my fair lady! Wasn’t ogling your, ehm, lady parts or anything, your gracefulness. Not that they’re not worth to, well, ogle,” he said with an awkward smile and looked up to Percifal like a man seeking redemption in prayer.

Lerneia punched him in the gut then; the short little man

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doubled over, his face flustered. He looked momentarily surprised and awestruck, rather than simply hurt.

“She was talking about our money, our armor, our valuables! Really, to address any woman in such a fashion.”

Parcifal turned and looked at her sister with a bewildered expression, squinting her eyes slightly, her knife still aimed at the thief’s general direction who was trying to stand up again to his full four feet of height.

“It’s all about being a queen proper, isn’t it? He was addressing me, not you!”

Lerneia grinned and straightened her hair before she mused mostly to herself:

“You really can’t get over the fact I was the first born, rightful heir to the throne and all that, can you?”

“The fact is you’re a spoiled brat if I’ve ever se-”

Parcifal left her sentence incomplete as she noticed the coinpurse, as well as the thief had simply vanished out of sight. She looked at the milling crowd behind them reflexively. In the dimming, scarce light of dusk she spotted the thief, idly walking about with his hands in his pockets.

She ran after him with Lerneia right behind. With little effort she nudged her way past a couple of bystanders who were having a smoke and grabbed the man by his cloak, lifting him up like a runaway child and handing him over to Lerneia. She grabbed him with both hands from his vest’s collar. The sisters looked positively miffed, if not thunderous. The short little man exploded with indignation.

“I do say! What manner of outrage is this now? Bellicose women running rampant in the streets? Is there no law, no order in this cauldron of misery and debauchery? Guards! Guards!”

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The sisters looked at the man intently for a moment, examining him like some sort of exotic bug.

“It’s him,” said Parcifal and Lernea nodded her affirmation, adding, “There’s no mistaking that breath.”

The man looked at each of them with an hurtful, presumptuous look and raised a hand before speaking, his eyes closed most of the time in a haughty manner:

“I can dispense with the insult to my dwarven heritage concerning my breath since as a gentleman I am aware that great allowances should be made for differences of custom and training. I can understand you are foreigners, fresh off the boat, clearly confused and utterly misguided as to the identity of my person. Although you are clearly lacking proper lady-like training and manners, such is my gentleness and strength of character though that I am willing to forego any and all legal accusations and forthcoming tribulations against your persons, should you deposit me safely and unharmed on the ground so I may go about my business.”

Parcifal turned her head and looked at Lernea with a raised eyebrow. Lernea looked at her sister and nodded before upending the short man who claimed to be a dwarf and shaking him vigorously. Other than a couple of bored, curious looks, no one seemed particularly inclined to question what has happened.

A few moments later a rush of metallic clang was heard as various items fell on the cobbled street.

“Aha!” said Lernea gleefully, while her sister shook her head with an uncertain look on her face. The short little man who claimed to be a dwarf and a gentleman was looking at the two ladies in an austere manner, even though he was hanging upside down, his hands crossed on his chest like some sort of human-like bat having a difficult time sleeping. His cloak

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brushed against the items that had fallen from his person; a small metallic disc with a chain, a gold, flat square tin like a cigar holder, and a small, thin, stiletto.

Parciful pouted her lips and made a rolling motion with her hands to Lernea, which went largely unnoticed. Lernea said with a wide grin:

“What say you now, thief?”

She made sure to intone the word thief as it meant someone oozing gritty, unhealthy amounts of slime from every orifice.

Parciful bulged her eyes and made frantic motions to Lernea to put the man down, pointing to what had fallen on the ground instead of the expected loot. Lernea finally took a look on her own and hesitantly put the short man on his own two feet. He looked at them with a most severe look that implied he could not find the words to begin to describe his feelings.

“I cannot find the words to even begin to describe my feelings. You should be ashamed. I fear, I cannot in right conscience call you ladies,” he said, dusted off his cloak, straightened his vest and pants and walked away briskly without another word.

Parciful looked at him in mute disbelief, while Lernea picked up the man’s items from the ground, spending a mere moment to examine them. His small figure had almost disappeared into the mass of people crowding the busy street when she shouted at him:

“Sir! Terribly sorry, but you forgot your things, sir!”

Parciful had a moment of clarity and sprang into action, running through the street shouting to her sister:

“That’s because those aren’t his either!”

Lernea stood motionless for moment, idly holding the



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stolen goods with both hands in her lap. Her lips formed a soundless circle while her eyes shone with a dazzled ferocity. Realizing they had been duped she dropped everything and ran after her sister and the dwarf - or perhaps a simply very short man - who kept surprising them.

The man shot a glance behind his back and saw the sisters were right on his tail, shoving and brushing people aside as they ran after him. "Fire! Fire! I say, fire!" he shouted amidst the crowds in an effort to cause panic and hysteria that would suit his purpose of getting away. That did not work; the people all around him went about their business, a few casually wondering to themselves where the voice came from. He had to make himself scarce.

"Quick! Into that establishment!" yelled Parcifal to Lerneia, her finger pointing to a large sign, graced by the presence of nearby lamplight. Night proper had fallen and the light posts were being lit up, one by one.

"The Sniggering Pig? That sounds like a piss-hole!"

"What did you expect? Come on, hurry!" replied Parcifal even as they left the stream of people in the street and saw the man who had robbed them of money and pride hustle past the tavern's doorway. Sounds of drunken merrymen and folk music blasted away from the relatively large place.

"By Skarla, of all the places.." said Lerneia mostly to herself but followed Parcifal inside being careful not to touch anything.

Inside the Sniggering Pig, there was ample candle light from chandeliers on the high ceiling, as well as candles and lamps on each and every table where people had still not passed out. A heavy scent dominated the air; rye, ale and roasted meat. The tables were mostly full of rowdy gangs of sailors, and everyone seemed to be having fun when the

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music suddenly stopped. The hubbub of laughter and loud conversation filled the emptiness until a rather tall and lanky fellow appeared at the far end of tavern, on what seemed to be the stage where the band of musicians sat. Parcifal's eyes had the chance to search the room for a moment. There was no sign of the thief.

"Blasted runt of a man," said Parcifal, this time gripping her sword's handle instead of her knife. Lerneia corrected her with a face that implied every second in there was making her feel shamefully unclean: "Dwarf. He said he was a dwarf."

And as if on cue, the tall lank man who had appeared on stage cleared his throat loudly and bowed, only to receive a handful of drunken "Show us yer tittays!". Nevertheless he smiled professionally and went on:

"Well, this place is lively, ain't it? Feels like a band of roaming Dwarves would love to come by. Hell, it's not like they're set in stone or anything," he said, grinning widely, posing towards the crowd which hardly noticed anyone was talking on stage. The performer was having a tough crowd. He turned to the band and said in voice right above a whisper: "Guys.. That was a joke," to which the percussionist nodded with surprise and promptly made a half-hearted drum roll and hit a small bell. The sound was more like coconuts banging together. "Thank you!" said the performer on stage, clapping his hands all by himself.

Parcifal, equally oblivious to the bad comedian noticed something else and told Lerneia:

"Windows just on the front. That door behind the barkeep is locked and barred. He's somewhere in here. He's trapped!"

"And us along with him. God, is that man heaving his insides?" asked Lerneia with a tremor of disgust in her voice.

"He'll mop it up later, I'm sure. Just stay right here on the

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door. I'll flush him out."

Lernea let out a little laugh, more aptly like a snigger and put a hand to her mouth. Parcifal eyed her in puzzlement, her brow furrowed. Lernea replied with a giggly voice:

"That sounded like an, uhm.. Poop joke. 'Flush' him out like the little, uhm, shit he is!"

Parcifal closed her eyes, said nothing and sighed. Then she slowly started wading through the tables and the passed-out customers. The comedian was trying another joke, while the crowd had mysteriously quietened down. Lots of sets of eyes were now following Parcifal's slender form as she moved about the tavern.

"Dwarves, eh? I remember one night, a group of them fellows walks in this very same place. One of them yells, 'Barkeep! Seven short ones', to which the barkeep replied, 'I can see, but what can I get you?'"

The drum roll came on cue, but the laughter he was expecting was delayed until a man who had been standing on all fours yelled, "Barkeep! Ha ha ha! I gets it! Bar-keep!"

Spontaneously, half the tavern erupted in fits of laughter, while the other half had been magnetised by Parcifal's presence. Even if staring at her meant her replying with a stare that could shrivel their scrotum and turn their eyes into tiny glass beads.

"Lovely crowd here tonight, lovely crowd. Say, I can see lots of sailors, again, nice to have you ashore. Mostly humans, but hey, everyone can smell dwarves have this aversion to water."

There was no drum roll. The man on stage eyed the band and waved his hands. The drum roll and the bell finally came but the crowd went on drinking and singing rowdy songs, mostly containing obscene lyrics about unicorns and

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the priest's daughter. There was a voice of dissent though:

"That's bloody lie!"

It was the thief. Parcifal turned her head around and saw him, pointing an accusing finger at the man on stage. She drew her sword and shouted above the din of the crowd, cradling the heavy blade threateningly towards the thief:

"By Skarla and Encelados, I'll have my money back or I'll skewer you for the thieving dwarf you are."

Suddenly the crowd stopped everything they had been doing; the singing ceased to be. The band on the other hand, much to the comedian's dismay, started to play a suspenseful tune, the sound of whistling pipes dominant.

"Every other night, no-one reads the sign," said the comedian and tried to get everyone's attention:

"Excuse me now, I'm sure there's been some kind of misunderstanding. The lady here is certainly new to these parts. I mean, she's still got most of her belonging on her and a full set of teeth. If you could just ignore she broke The Rule, I could tell you about this time when an elf, a human and a dwarf were on the same boat, and-"

The comedian was interrupted by an almost overbearing yell from the crowd:

"Balls!" they said in one voice and everyone suddenly had something that could kill, maim, or hurt like hell in hand, most prominently forks, knives and assorted cutlery. Parcifal stood in the midst of them all, perhaps fifty or sixty men the lot of them, half of them still conscious. She gave Lernea a look of determined despair and grasped her sword with both hands, ready for what seemed to be a sudden, uneven fight to the death. Lernea nodded to her sister without a word and loaded her bow with an arrow. In one fluid motion, she was already aiming at the thief's head from a very comfortable

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distance; she couldn't miss.

The thief looked at her, grinned, bowed slightly and yelled:

“Jambalaya everyone! I'm buying!”

The crowd erupted in sudden cheers and howls, while there still was a man who yelled ‘Balls!’ right before slumping down on the floor. The comedian got off the stage, disheartened, and headed for the bar while the band began to play a serene, lute ballad. The barkeep smiled congenially to the comedian and said, “More peppers this time, Ned,” to which Ned replied faintly, “I know, father.”

Parcifal and Lerneia were standing amidst the merry crowd with their weapons at the ready, but it was evident in the way their faces were cringing that they were relieved, confused and mildly insulted at the same time. Parcifal would not leave the thief from her sight, who approached her with hands up in the air, making sure his palms were open. He was smiling thinly, looking at Encelados with a keen, respectful eye.

Lerneia lowered her bow and strung it behind her back. She walked over to her sister, being very careful not to tread on someone or someone's heaved insides, spilled beer and other assorted spots of trouble that could be found on the Sniggering Pig's floor.

“I guess we're even now, eh?” said the thief, still careful enough to leave some sensible space between him and Encelados.

“Even? You steal our money and you have the audacity to mock us? By Skrala, this is unheard of,” said Parcifal in a voice of pure disbelief.

“Well, I'm not the persistent, rush-headfirst, beautiful, foreign lady. I certainly wouldn't have heard anything of the sort if I were you,” replied the thief with a kind smile. Lerneia

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stood by her sister's side and lowered her sword before she said with a calm voice:

"I think there's a reason for all this, sister. I'm sure this dwarf, or whatever he is, will at least explain himself before returning our money."

"There, a civil person. With all this tension, I haven't introduced myself properly. My name is Winceham Higginsbottom Abbermouth the Third. At your service," said the small man with slight bow and a smile, before showing the sisters a recently emptied table. Parcifal looked at the man as he had insulted everything holy by Skrala and couldn't help but shout angrily:

"What, we're having drinks with the runt now?"

Lerneia sighed, took a deep breath and gently took her sister by one arm and walked with her towards the table. She said to her, "Now sister, this calls for some diplomacy. We might as well solve this quandary in a civilized manner. Things might not be exactly as they appear. Mr. Abbermouth seems like a.. Solvent type."

Parcifal couldn't believe her ears, but followed along as if in somekind of a trance. Winceham led the way and drew their chairs, and as they sat down he made a motion with a hand to the bar, always smiling. Parcifal said as if still in a dream:

"I thought his breath stank!" exclaimed Parcifal in protest.

"Well, it's obvious that's the least of our worries. Mr. Abbermouth here will make sure we're properly compensated for all the trouble he's caused us," said Lerneia making sure to stress her last words. Winceham grinned and laid back on his chair before he said:

"The way things turned out, you gals should be actually

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thankful. These folks live on rotten clams and maggoty bread most of the time; they'd rip you apart and feed you to the sharks right round the Mangled Horn if they didn't get some of Ned's jambalaya. Perhaps they'd have their way first as well."

Parcifal laughed in shocked disbelief and shouted at Winceham, "Thankful? For being robbed and humiliated by a dwarf?"

"Technically, a hauflin, but I'm sure you don't meet with our kind where you're from."

"A what? And how would you know where we come from?" asked Parcifal, raising an eyebrow, her voice edgy.

"My lady Teletha, you and your sister are of nobility," he said and pointed at the family crest on their breastplates before adding, "Nomos nobility doesn't hold much weight around these parts, but nobility still."

"Is that how your kind treats nobility then?" asked Parcifal folding her arms on the table. At that moment, Ned, the comedian who was also the cook and the barkeeper's son arrived with three kegs of ale and a large pot of steaming jambalaya.

"Compliments of Mr. Abbermouth, miladies," said Ned and with a firm lip bowed slightly to the sisters before leaving quietly.

"Now that's a gentleman, Mr. Abbermouth. How about you?" asked Lernea and Parcifal added after wiping beer foam off her face and setting the keg hard down on the table with a thud and a spill.

"Yeah, where's our money runt?"

"In all those pots of jambalaya, I'm afraid. The Rule, you see."

"What bloody rule says you go off with our money and

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then spend it on buying dinner to drunken sailor?" asked Parcifal with mounting anger, while Lernea tugged at her sleeve, pointing to a tiny wooden plaque on the wall right behind her, next to a broken light lamp.

"‘The Rule - First to draw a weapon, first to buy everyone a meal or face their wrath.’ Pretty obvious place to put up a sign with a pretty arbitrary rule, I might add," said Lernea and puckered her lips in a very unlady-like manner. Parcifal added after another swig of ale:

"You know that, didn't you? You saw us get off the boat, saw we smelled money and went for our coin. Then you slicked your way out with our money and then came running down here, knowing we'd be in a fix when we eventually drew a sword."

Winceham nodded along, sipping at his beer, seemingly savouring every drop.

"Then why not let us face everyone's wrath and make your way out with the money?"

"Because, I'm a visionary. I'm an opportunist and when I see an opportunity I grab it by the horns."

"You mean you're a thief."

"A thief.. What is a thief, tell me, dear Parcifal?"

"How can you tell us apart?"

"Oh, that's easy. Queen Lernea is still wearing her marital ring."

"News travels fast. So you've heard about we're not the reigning Nomos family anymore?"

"Oh, I see. Well, it's been a pleasure. Miladies," said Winceham and tried to get up and vanish expertly. Lernea's hand though was already at the scruff of his neck and wouldn't let go.



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“Sit down, Mr. Abbermouth. We demand compensation. Financially, as well as morally.”

“Right. As I said, the money’s turned into jambalaya for everyone.”

“A coinpurse full of gold? That should be enough to buy this place!”

“That was gold? I thought I’d seen that kind of colour before, but I wasn’t sure.”

“Still mocking us? Listen, scum, I think your misconceptions about women of nobility are about to be shattered in a very painful way,” said Parcifal, finished her ale and brandished Encelados once more. Winceham smiled as broadly as possible without his mouth falling apart and tried the way of appeasement:

“I never said I conceived ill of you, milady. I urge you to reconsider,”

The door to the Sniggering Inn swung with an eerie creaking noise, unusually louder than the din of the laughing, merry sailors with filled bellies. A large bulky man dressed in a scaly leather vest, matching boots and cornered hat. He had a heavy-looking, jagged cutlass in hand and a blind eye, glazed eye.

“Alright, you scallywags. Off to the hammocks!” he yelled and a vile green slime on the floor. Beside him stood a tall, ape-like creature dressed mostly in rugs and cloth, all muscle and hair. It carried a blunderbuss as tall as a man and grinned widely, its mouth filled with golden teeth. Like a silent church bell had rung, everyone promptly picked up their hats and passed-out companions and left in a hurry, though the last man was mindful to enough to close the door behind him. Winceham reached and touched the sisters hands awkwardly; he had a desperate look on his face.

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“Please, miladies. Don’t do anything rash. I’ll explain, I promise.”

Lerneia and Parcifal exchanged troubled looks. They shot glances at the man who had practically ordered everyone to leave with a less than keen eye, and then saw the worry on Winceham’s face. There was fear, worry and anxiety written there, the sisters shared their lack of doubt with a simple nod. Ned appeared from behind the bar, holding the sisters’ coin-purse, still full. His father, the barkeep, looked at the bossy man with restrained anger.

“Where’s Hobb’s money, Sturgees?” asked the leather-clad man with a drawl.

“That’s Sturgeon. I’ve got the money,” said the barkeep, while Ned’s eyes seeped with fury.

“Ain’t that a surprise, eh, Mr. Brumbles?” said the man and slapped the ape-man across the chest. The ape-man replied, always grinning, the gold in his mouth sparkling:

“Mos’ def, Cap’n.”

“Righty ho, then. Go on, Mr. Brumbles, go on and count the money. Remember now, after ten, that’s..”

“Too late fo’ sho’ leave, Cap’n.”

The man sighed and looked at the ceiling for a moment, as if praying, before answering:

“Eleven, Mr. Brumbles. After ten, that’s eleven and then twelve and so on,” he said to the ape-man while he smiled at the sisters and made his way towards them, always making sure to wave his cutlass in a pompous way.

“Well, it’s so hard to get good help these days, wouldn’t you ladies agree? I’m sure we share the same problems.”

Winceham rolled his eyes wildly as a signal to the sisters. It went largely unnoticed since they had both turned to face what appeared to be nothing more than glorified debt collec-

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tor. The ape-man had taken the coinpurse and started counting the money, even as Ned found it increasingly difficult to keep his temper. His father shook his head and bit his lip.

“Indeed sir, if I may abuse the word, we do share the same problem,” said Lernea while Parcifal reached for the handle of her sword under the table.

“Really now, how so? Is Winceham over here giving you trouble? He’s a fine lad and all but has his priorities mixed up, wouldn’t you say Wince ol’ mate?”

“Take the money, Culliper. Just take the money,” said Winceham, his rather soft voice carrying a note of hate for the first time.

“Much obliged, Wincy,” said Culliper, smiled broadly, briefly tipped his hat with his cutlass in a parting salute and made to leave. He stopped after only a step when he heard the sound of metal grinding on metal. Parcifal had drawn her sword and was pointing it at Culliper’s back. He slowly turned around and saw Lernea had also nocked an arrow on her bow, ready to draw and aim.

“That’s our money, sir,” said Lernea, the word ‘sir’ filled with as much disdain as possible.

Culliper turned his head towards Ned and said with a curled smile:

“Are these, ah, comedians friends of yours Ned lad? ‘Cause I’ve seen that act and it’s a bloat of shit, really.”

Mr. Brumbles stopped counting and drew his blunderbass to face the sisters, cocking the gun.

Ned replied through gritted teeth:

“My act is not shit.”

“What smells that bad then, eh?”

“That would be him,” said Lernea, drew her arrow, aimed at Mr. Brumbles and let an arrow fly right between his eyes

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before he had a chance to even swerve the gun their way. A gunshot rang clear though; Culliper was holding a pistol, smouldering smoke trailing off its barrel. Ned's father was down on the floor with a dull thud. Parcifal sprang at Culliper with all the might of her sword, but he parried expertly with his cutlass as he turned to leave. Lernea was reloading her bow even as Ned cried in outrage, "You murderous bastard! I'll see you dead!"

Winceham simply stood in his chair, his palms on his face, mumbling to himself:

"Why nobody, ever, listens to the small folk?"

Culliper jumped up on a nearby table and rushed towards a window. Lernea's arrow caught him on the shoulder. He cried in agony even as Ned was rushing right behind him. Parcifal saw the barrel of a pistol aiming blindly towards Ned, even as Culliper made ready to jump through the window; she did not hesitate and grabbed Ned by his waist as he run. She brought him down right when a bullet flew over his head and turned part of the wooden bar into smouldering splinters.

Culliper crashed through the window and onto the street. He landed on one side and quickly got on his feet and ran away cursing even as one Lernea's arrows grazed his back.

"Quickly!" cried Lernea and rushed towards the door, an arrow already nicked in her bow. She shot a quick glance behind her and saw that noone was following.

"Why are you just standing there?" she asked, even though noone was technically standing. Parcifal was on her knees, nurturing a hurt jaw. She had a bloody lip on her jaw and she was staring at Ned like a wounded tiger. Ned was lying with his back against the bar. A stream of tears had trailed his cheeks, his face flustered. Winceham was sitting on the same chair as before, his face planted smugly in the

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palms of his hands in complete silence.

“What are you people doing?” said Lernea with a sigh, demonstrating a mistimed and misplaced air of authority. “Come on, he’s getting away!”

Parcifal got up on her feet lazily. She picked up Encelados and sheathed her sword, staring at Ned with a look of hurt.

“He punched me in the face,” she said and felt her jaw before she went on, “and that’s after I saved his life.”

Ned was wholly ignoring her, his face a mask of stone cold grief, tears drying out.

Lernea suddenly looked deeply disappointed, almost heartbroken as she held an arrow in one hand and her bow in the other, her shoulders sagged. She shook her head, put the arrow in her quiver and the bow across her back before she pointed a finger at Parcifal and said with a numb voice to noone in particular:

“It’s her fault, you know.”

“Oh, by Skrala, grow up,” came Parcifal’s terse reply, scowling.

“She could’ve cut him down with that first strike, if she was any good with the sword.”

“To the deeps with you!” cried Ned and stood on his feet, his body’s slight tremble carried along in his voice.

The sisters both turned to look at him with an even gaze. They met his blood-ridden eyes and with a glance saw his father’s lifeless body on the floor to his right. They stooped their heads and crossed their arms on their chests and said with a single, humble voice:

“Let Svarna guide your father to the Eternal Light and Skarla’s heavenly abode.”

Ned looked at them with menace, a sudden viciousness in the young man’s otherwise gentle, homely face. His voice

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was calm, but it somehow sounded brazen, harsh and vibrant:

“My father has no need for keen wails and haughty words. He’s dead and dead men have no need of anything other than a grave.”

The sisters remained silent, neither one venturing to speak her mind. Winceham broke the silence when he rubbed his face with both hands along with a loud snort, as if he had forced himself to awaken from a deep slumber. He caused everyone, even Ned, to turn their heads his way.

“Now you’ve done it, you really have. The definition of knee-deep in shite; you’re it. And I this time I have to keep running,” he said with a scowl, his eyes locked in a vacant stare.

“You involved us in this against our will, half-man,” said Parcifal with a cold, accusing tone.

“Halfuin,” replied Winceham and went on after he had a sip from his cup. “You could’ve just bought the act. And then, again, you could have just let Culliper take the damn money.”

“Our money,” added Lernea in a half-hearted manner.

“It’s still is just money,” said Winceham with a sneer, before he went on. “It would have kept Vern alive and this place going for some time,” he said and waved a hand around. He picked up a small satchel from the floor and told everyone: “We’ve tarried too long. By midnight, Hobb will be scouring the Bay. I suggest you make yourselves scarce as well and keep a low profile.”

He nodded at the two sisters and said with a dry voice: “Dump the gear as well, you two,” before he turned to Ned and said with a weary look and a bleak voice, “I’m sorry, Ned. There is no perfect plan.”

To which Ned replied with a deep, rumbling hatred in his voice:

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“I’ll kill his men. And then I’ll kill him, with my bare hands. I want to see him beg for his life before I squeeze his last breath out of his lungs.”

He had a feral look about him, a keen, proud gaze. It was as if he had been Ned’s long lost twin, a battle-hardened warrior who sought revenge. In truth, he was still little more than the meek, aspiring bard son of Vern Larkin. And Winceham told him so, trying not to sound unkind:

“Lad, you’ve a fiery heart, I’ll give you that. But it’s in the wrong place. Saving your life is more important than revenge.”

Parcifal interjected with a nod of approval:

“At least he is a man, red blood coursing through his veins. Willing to spill other men’s blood, no less,” she said with a slight grin and added, “and quite a punch. Better than his jokes.”

Winceham’s face frowned and turned to look at Parcifal with an impossible stare of disbelief.

“I beg your pardon, milady, but surely, you’re sorely mistaken.”

Lernea approached the rest and came to stand by her sister’s side with a regal smile painted on her face, her hands on her hips. She pointed a finger at Winceham as if he was a lowly subject of hers:

“You, halfuin, you are the one who is sorely mistaken. You have a less than pure heart.”

Winceham sighed and finished his drink in one go. He then told Lernea:

“You figured all that out by yourself? And I thought, Nomos was full of stupid in-breds.”

Lernea went wide-eyed in shocked surprise. Before she had time to retort to the insult, Parcifal had her sword drawn,

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poised in front of Winceham's chest, ready to pierce his heart.

"Forswear that insult! Unsay it or Encelados be your last woe!" shouted Parcifal in a blistering voice. Winceham, seeing the steely tip of Encelados flash brightly even in the candlelight, spoke faster than perhaps ever, in one breath:

"You do have a penchant for the dramatic, don't you? I was only making an effort to be sarcastic. Since it seems to be an idea foreign to you, I'm particularly sorry I ever said such a thing so as to raise your deadly ire. I therefore renounce my comment, recant the implication of an insult, renege my former statement and repudiate my previous statement regarding your noble persons."

Parcifal sheathed her sword and calmness returned to her face, while Lernea found the clarity of mind to reply properly:

"No need to mock us with fancy words, sir," she said, intoning the word 'sir' with as much disdain as possible. She went on:

"We know enough about sarcasm to not use it in serious matters. We've been trained in languages and the arts, as well as the ways of the sword, bow and armor. Such is the way of Nomos; we are not simpletons, mind you. We are warrior-maidens of the Mountain Garden, not simple women who would rather spent their days serving a lowly, unworthy husband as master. We demand respect and earn it our way; we obey the laws but listen to our hearts first. We serve Skrala, until Svarna guides us to the Eternal Light. Do you understand, Mr. Abbermouth?"

Lernea managed to awe everyone into still silence, even her sister. Winceham managed to nod, not terrified but rather enchanted by Lernea's presence. The silence was broken by Ned, who took Lernea by the arm suddenly and spoke from heart, the words rushing freely out his mouth:



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“You’ve spoken true milady; even a fool would feel that. I know this then; that you and your sister are noble women, with brave, courageous hearts. I’ll only ask this once and in return I pledge myself into your service until my last breath escapes me. Help me avenge my father’s death, miladies.”

Lernea looked at Ned with a surprised half-smile; it seemed he was being utterly serious and fully aware of what such an oath entailed. Parcifal saw her sister’s face brighten up. She placed her hand gently on Ned’s shoulder and told him heartily:

“There’s no need for that Ned. We are free women and our people, is a free people; we do not offer them a life of servitude, but one of worth fighting for. Worth dying for. We are honoured that you ask this of us; we shall avenge your father’s demise, or fall by your side. By Skrala sworn.”

Ned’s face was overcome by a hard, edgy smile that crept up on his lips. He nodded solemnly and offered his arm to Parcifal which she grasped firmly. Parcifal looked at her sister with a set of proud eyes and said with a hint of admiration:

“Spoken true, sister. By Skrala sworn, your father will be avenged.”

Winceham on the other hand was half the way towards the doorway of the Sniggering Pig when he turned around and said with a scoff:

“Do you even hear yourselves? I can understand Ned is upset and has little grasp of reality right now, but you? You ought to know better. But I forget; you just got off the boat today. Goodnight to you, godspeed, by Skrala or whomever you fancy, whom you’re soon to meet.”

Ned then retorted even as Winceham’s hand was on the door’s handle:

“I’ve known you for a thief Winceham, but not a coward.

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You made a promise to my father and to me. That promise cannot be met now; do not make me invoke the Nadragatea, Wince. I ask this as a friend. I ask this because I know it to be true in your heart as well."

"Don't do this, Ned. Don't make me do this," said Winceham, shaking his head with eyes held firmly shut.

"Avenge my father's death, Wince. It wasn't always Hobb's Bay, Winceham. You should remember better than I do," replied Ned softly.

"I remember and I know, Ned. It just can't be done. We'll be throwing away our lives for nothing!" shouted Winceham angrily.

"No life given freely, pure of heart and with honorable intention, is thrown away for nothing. There is always a place by Skrala's side for those that seek a righteous death," said Parcifal in earnest, while Lernea nodded thoroughly and added with conviction: "By Skrala sworn!"

Winceham looked suddenly tense. His usually tolerant and cool manner was chipping off his flustered face. He afforded the two sisters a sharp stare and told them with a tone of rightful indignation:

"You two pig-headed noblewads! You just won't give up! You won't give up those damned coins and now you won't give up a certain death!"

"I think it's plain old fear you feel. It is normal, not to say expected of a thief. We feel it as well, mind you, but it is only useful to keep one alive in battle, not keep him from joining it."

"You think you're so brave and righteous, don't you? Well, you'll be dead before that body's cold!"

"My father has a name, Winceham."

"I've turned bags of shite into gold with Vern before you

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were even conceived in the glimmer of his eye! Don't play the part of the insulted fool, it ill suits you! Mind you, I have pride myself and I can muster my anger and hate when needs be done, but I have a good mind to stay alive as well. And what you've been trying to convince yourselves into doing and dragging me along, is plain and utter bonkers, that's what it is. Not to mention time is swiftly running against us."

"Is that your professional opinion, sirrah?" said Parcifal with a grin.

"He really is afraid," Lernea added with a curious smile, as if discovering something new.

"I invoke the Nadragatea, Winceham Higginsbottom Abbermouth the Third, Never-been-caught-with-my-hand-in-the-cookie-jar, witnessed by two of neither party!" said Ned in an officious, loud voice.

Winceham closed his eyes and dropped his satchel on the floor. He remained motionless for a moment, before he went down on his knees and looked at Ned with a sad face. His voice had a surrendered quality.

"Blasted. You knew my full name, eh? I was hoping Vern had never really guessed."

"You gave away little business cards with that written on."

"It was supposed to be misdirection! Hiding in plain sight and all that."

"Well, I wish I didn't need to, but now you're bonded by oath."

"Yes, well, if there's one thing I'm good at is finding the silver lining, which in this case is we'll all be dead or deadish pretty soon."

"You seem so certain, so profoundly unequivocal. Are you a fortune teller as well? Do you tread the lines of fate like a dancer on a rope? Can you foretell what lies in store

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for us?”

“No, but I know Hobb. He’s a monster with the means and a purpose. He’ll be on to us like a vice, probably literally as well.”

“You’re acting like the man has a personal army,” said Lernea in disbelief.

“He does,” replied Winceham curtly.

“That only changes our way of approach. We cannot confront him openly. We’ll have to employ cunning,” added Parcifal eagerly.

“And stealth,” said Lernea followed by a nod of her head and a twirl in her lip.

“Listen. You’re not listening. You’re hearing words but your mind seems to discard them as mere sounds. Julius Hobb has been granted complete authority of the peninsula. He is ruler of these lands, in practice, effect and under Imperial law.”

“Nomos is not subject to an imperial tithe. We do not hold such law as binding,” interjected Lernea.

“Will you please let me finish? I’m trying to make a point,” said Winceham, holding back a verbal eruption with some difficulty. He went on promptly as soon as Lernea nodded matter-of-factly:

“He does as he pleases and that is due to two things; money and power. Money keeps his henchmen, guards and foot soldiers happy to work and even die occasionally for him, as do the crews on his ships roaming the seas for loot and plunder. That same money, the money he keeps making by bleeding everyone just short of dry, just like Vern and the sniggering pig. That money bought him an Imperial Consulate and soon if word has it right, a place as Princeps of the Court. Meaning that he is goes untouched by any sort of

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Imperial force of justice. If there's still such a thing."

"Meaning that this Hobb you speak of, has the wealth and power that begets it to aspire to an even higher place of authority. Yet he seems to act as a common thug, an extortionist. A deceiver, a man with no scruples. Dangerous, powerful and ambitious," said Lernea.

"Remind you of anyone now, sister?"

"Now's not the time to bicker about the Jangdrivals, Parcifal. Please."

"I'm only saying that this analysis of yours would have served better in the past."

"You've run into him before, then?" asked Ned expectantly.

"No. Just someone who they share a lot of common traits with."

"Care to share what happened when you ran into that man?" asked Winceham.

"We lost the throne and were exiled from Nomos," said Lernea tersely. Winceham smiled ironically and said:

"See? And that was probably them being very gracious. Hobb isn't."

"But we're alive. We can still fight. And we won't be alone."

"No, you'll have a retired thief and a bard who can't sing and tells bad jokes to take care of your backs."

"Retired?" asked Parcifal in disbelief, while Ned exclaimed:

"It's always a tough crowd!"

"A bard who can't sing?" Lernea asked Ned cocking her head sideways.

"I'm a comedy performer! Why does everyone ask that?"

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“No, I asked if he is retired,” said Parcifal, pointing to Winceham with eyebrows raised in suspicion.

“Why do you think you caught me both times? My joints have been killing me,” said the Hauflin with a slightly embarrassed look. Lernea’s words had a hint of arrogance:

“Small matter; we weren’t counting on you as our first line of defense. Or of anything, for that matter.”

“I see. You ask for my help, nay, demand it by Nadragatea,” said Winceham eyeing Ned with a look of disappointment before returning his gaze to Lernea and adding: “And then when you learn I’m retired, I’m suddenly worthless. Great management skills for a queen,” said Winceham, looking hurt.

“She didn’t see the Jangdrivals coming either. She wouldn’t listen,” added Parcifal with a nod, only to receive a frown from Winceham and the protests of her scowling sister:

“It’s more complicated than that Parcifal!”

“Stop this, please. Stop this badmouthing. It leads nowhere. If we are going to do this, we need to stick together; we need to support each other, trust each other. We need to believe in each other. Or else, no matter who stands against us, it will be an easy fight for them if we fight amongst ourselves.”

Everyone took a moment of silence. Parcifal and Lernea looked at each other briefly, reassuringly. Winceham nodded and pouted his lips.

“We need a plan. A damn good plan preferably of the genius kind with implausibly good luck to boot. But first, we need to leave,” he said and picked up his satchel, looking sideways through the window for any sign of Hobb’s men. Parcifal and Lernea nodded and checked their gear smartly,

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while Ned shook his head and said curtly:

“No. First we need to bury my father.”

“Ned, lad. Look, we’ve already spent all this time talking. Hobb’s men could be right around the corner.”

Ned stared at Winceham unyieldingly for a few moments, until they all looked at each other and simply walked over to the body of Ned’s father and helped him carry him out back.

Winceham was on the lookout, while Ned, Parcifal and even Lernea much to her sister’s surprise, began to dig with a hurry.

It was midnight on a moonless bay.

## Part Two

“Are you sure this is the right way?” asked Parcifal who had taken point alongside Ned, Encelados firmly clasped on her back, tiny slithers of starlight bouncing off her glistening armor.

“Father and I used to hunt boar around these parts. We’d find traces of the Woodkin here and there; tripped animal traps and hand-picked herbs,” replied Ned with certainty, his eyes wading through the darkness of the night warily. He carried an old hunting crossbow strung along the belt at his waist. What the others couldn’t help noticing though was the small leather drum he had strapped on his back, none of whom had found particularly able to deal damage when the need arose.

“How can you be sure it was elves?” asked Winceham slightly out of breath as he tried to keep pace with the rest, his satchel bobbing wildly. Ned’s reply was taciturn at best:

“I am.”

A somewhat uneasy silence followed. Lernea gracefully trod through the thick, lush brush as if this southern, exotic

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forest was her natural habitat. At length she too felt the need to ask Ned:

“These elves you speak of, what makes you so certain they’ll want to help?”

Ned paused in his stride, turned around and looked at Lerneia with a grin that shone unnervingly even though the light of the stars was barely enough to see.

“Nothing!” he said loudly, his voice echoing faintly as it bounced off the surrounding hills. He resumed walking alongside Parcifal, his eyes glancing at everyone with obvious aggravation, letting them know he wasn’t in the mood for questions. The rest exchanged doubtful looks, but knew that for the time being, asking questions would serve no purpose other than driving Ned slightly mad.

They had been slowly climbing Silkcrest Hill, no more than an hour’s reach from Hobb’s Bay to the west. The minute after they had finished burying Ned’s father, they had heard a rather rowdy crowd on the street, asking for them to come out and be hanged for the murders they had committed. Hobb seemed to know how to put the blame on people and rouse the rest into an angry mob; Ned, Winceham and the Teletha sisters were wanted for murder and unlawful pillaging to boot. Without the need to talk it over, Ned and the rest had fled Hobb’s bay through alleys and backstreets onto the nearby woods.

Ned had come up with what was now effectively their plan, which wasn’t much as everyone had commented, but it was their best shot, not to mention their only and perhaps their last one as well:

They’d seek out the secretive Woodkin elves that some said dwelt deep in the jungle where death lurked in many forms: quicksand, snakes, and other wildlife did not discrim-



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inate.

Winceham stopped and bent over his knees; his face was a grimace, his lungs burning from the effort.

“Can’t feel me legs. We need to take a break,” he said in between deep, pained breaths.

“We can’t stop now, not until we’ve found them,” said Ned with a sense of urgency. He sounded annoyed, but there was tiredness in his speech as well. The sisters nodded and Parcifal unsheathed Encelados, and buried it into the ground with ease. Lernea sat down on the ground and unclasped a bright, silver canteen from her belt. She brought it to her lips and drank, before offering it to Winceham who gladly downed a mouthful himself.

“What are you doing?” asked Ned in utter disbelief, even though it was plainly obvious they were taking a break.

“You can’t march all through the night without some rest, Ned. Not us, not you, and certainly not half-man there,” said Parcifal and pointed to Winceham with a scoff.

“Halfuin. Do I need to spell it out to you?”, Winceham managed to reply huffing and puffing. He shot Parcifal a weary look and sat down himself with a growl of exertion. He shook his head and said somewhat bitterly:

“I should’ve ran when I had the chance.”

“You wouldn’t have gone that far now, would you?” said Lernea, her words not unkind but rather playful, judging by the thin smile on her face. Her look became suddenly worried though when she noticed Ned had already wandered off westwards, without so much as a word, much like a stubborn child. Lernea shot Parcifal a stern look which her sister waved away. Parcifal shrugged, resting with her hands around Encelados hilt, the blade firmly in the ground.

“He’s strong-willed, I’ll give him that,” she said as she

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looked at Ned's figure growing smaller with the distance.

"Well he's bound to get lost or do something stupid. Or both. So go talk some sense into him," said Lerneia with a worried frown.

"Aren't you supposed to be the diplomat in the family?" said Parcifal with one raised eyebrow and a mocking smile.

"By Skrala, sister! You can be so pigheaded!" replied Lerneia and swiftly set after Ned on her own.

Winceham stretched and a faint popping and crackling was heard; he let out a sigh and fiddled with his satchel. After a while he was holding a small leather pouch and a small, delicate pipe. Those items instantly attracted Parcifal's attention.

"What's that?" she asked bluntly, cocking her head sideways as if trying to peek.

"What does it look like to you?" said Winceham without affording her even a glance, too busy filling his pipe.

"Some sort of pipe, perhaps?" inquired Parcifal with carefully measured uncertainty.

"I'm surprised someone imparted with such a high level of intelligence would be so levelheaded as to ask men of lesser caliber than myself such paltry questions for the mere sake of conversation," said Winceham and lit his pipe, drawing in the smoke deeply. A smile of pure joy formed on his face and he laid himself flat on the ground, little wisps of smoke twirling intensely wherever starlight poured through as they wafted upwards around his head.

Parcifal's turned her head and looked towards her sister and Ned. Her eyes searched for them intently but she could barely make their shadows further up the hill, shrouded by the tall grass. They seemed to have stopped, probably talking by the way she saw her sister flailing her hands about her. She

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then asked Winceham with a rather peculiar voice, as if she was concerned someone might overhear them:

“Could I . . . Could I have a whiff of that?”

Winceham sat upright slowly and opened his eyes; they were red-shot, covered with a slightly glazed sheen. He looked all-too serene and calm, his face adorned by a lopsided smile that verged on drooling. He simply passed Parcifal the pipe and nodded languidly, his eyes half-open as if about to yawn and fall asleep.

Parcifal leaned toward Winceham and took the proffered pipe with one hand. She took a drag and held it before closing her eyes, her lip curling in a slight grin. She then blew out the smoke in the shape of small circles, before handing back the pipe. She then straightened her back and stood watchful as ever with Encelados always clasped in her hands, her gaze and indeed her whole face standing out in the night, prouder and brighter than before. It was a stark contrast to the way Winceham looked, as if he'd just woken up from a really rough night that involved all sorts of debauchery.

“Thanks,” she said and added: “I’d appreciate the discretion.”

“Hey.. What?” asked Winceham as he looked back and forth between Parcifal and the pipe with an expression of amazed wonder as if something miraculously extraordinary had happened right in front of his eyes.

And then he thought he saw a pair of trembling flames behind a nearby bush. He blinked and saw the flames flicker wildly, before vanishing swiftly with a harrowing speed.

“What in all blazes? I must be having a bad trip,” said Winceham mostly to himself and put out his pipe. Parcifal overheard him and commented:

“It’s not that rough of a trail. When my sister and I had to

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go through the trails of Jordenfall though.. That was rough, I'll tell you that. Sheer cliffs, hundreds of feet high, slippery ice every step of the way and bone-deep cold that made your teeth hurt just by breathing." Her face was cringing but her voice was a bitter sweetness. It was the voice of someone who reminisces better times. Winceham eyed her with a worried look, his brow furrowed.

"Are you sure you're okay? Not feeling lightheaded, sleepy, giggly, silly, weird in many different ways?" he asked her genuinely interested. She took a moment, shook her head and replied earnestly:

"No.. Couldn't be better. Top notch."

Winceham was looking at her puzzled beyond understanding when his eyes bulged up with sudden terror. He saw the trembling flames from before, trailing orange light in their wake. They were attached to the head of bunny where its eye sockets should be; it was hopping about not further than a few feet away. His jaw dropped and he looked at his pipe before staring at the bunny mesmerized. The bunny paused as if it knew, stared back at Winceham and smiled unnervingly before hopping out of view and into some kind of burrowed hole.

"Did you see that?" he exclaimed as he got up on his feet and poked Parcifal in the arm repeatedly. She was instantly energized; she drew Encelados out of the ground and swung it around her wrist expertly, poised to strike.

"Enemies? Where? I see noone! Are they using some sort of trickery?" she cried and swung her sword randomly.

"The bunny! Didn't you see the bunny with the flaming eyes?" asked Winceham with an unsteady voice and pulled out a stiletto from his belt. The blade was dull, thin and long like a spike.

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“A bunny?” asked Parcifal with sudden coldness in her voice as she lowered Encelados and frowned, pouting her lips.

“A rabbit, a hare, a tiny fluffy thing that hops around all the time! Didn’t you see it?”

“Are you feeling ill?” she asked and looked at Winceham sideways.

“Could be, could be. But you’re feeling fine, right?” he asked with expectation, twirling the stiletto in his hand nervously.

“Invincible,” said Parcifal with a grin.

“Great, that’s great. I’m not having a bad trip, it’s just that something actually weird is going on,” said Winceham and sighed. He collected his thoughts for a moment before trying to convince Parcifal that a strange rabbit with flaming eyes was in the vicinity. He felt that stressing the flaming eyes bit was essential since normal rabbits mixed with fire can’t hop, not while on a roasting spit.

“Parcifal, look. It might seem strange but there’s a bunny with its eyes on fire hopping around us somewhere. And I think it knows that I know. We must be very careful, stay still and silent. I can’t stress enough that it’s eyes are on fire and it’s not dead yet,” said Winceham as he scanned the area around them inch by inch, expecting some catch a glimpse of the strange rabbit. Parcifal eyed the man with a sudden sorrow and shook her head.

“Poor Mr. Abbermouth, I hadn’t realised you’ve become senile until now,” she said regretfully, her voice genuinely sad.

“I’m not senile! And I’m not that old! Is it that hard to believe I saw a bunny with flaming eyes?”

Then as if out of nowhere, the figure of a robed, masked man appeared behind Parcifal and leaned respectfully towards

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her ear. The man waved his hands and fingers in an elaborate gesture and whispered to her in a thin, calm and gentle voice:

“There is no bunny.”

Winceham was stunned into silence. He was thinking that perhaps he should point out that there was a strange man right behind Parcifal whispering to her ear, but decided to wait until she knew that herself, just to make sure he wasn’t imagining things.

“Who are you?” asked Parcifal as she turned around to face the stranger with Encelados readied in her hand. She was calm yet mindful of the stranger who appear unarmed.

No answer came. Instead the man simply stood there, frozen still like a statue, his hands clasped together as if in prayer. His eyes remained closed and he hardly seemed to breathe.

“Will you not answer me, stranger?” Parcifal demanded of him with mounting volume in her voice.

“Maybe he’s right, maybe there is no bunny,” muttered Winceham when he suddenly saw the bunny break through the ground from behind Parcifal. It stood with it’s eyes locked directly onto Winceham’s gaze. Its nose twitched and Winceham saw the flames flash wildly for a moment, right before an intense feeling of chillness crept up his spine and made the hairs on his head stand. And then he saw the rabbit smile mischievously, dig back in and disappear.

Winceham was pointing to the ground in stunned silence, eyes wide open and his arm trembling when Parcifal said to the silent stranger:

“I am Parcifal Teletha, scion of Phedra Teletha and Helios, of the Teletha family of Nomos, princess successor and adjutant to the Throne, in exile. Now that I’ve described my lineage, speak of yours or insult and anger me at your peril.”

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Her tone was noble yet menacing. It was easy for someone to see she meant everyword by her thunderous stare. The man opened his right eye, peeked at her, closed it and simply stood there like before.

“The bunny. It was right behind you Parcifal, I swear.”

Parcifal turned and shot Winceham an angry look. She added with exasperation:

“I don’t care about your delusions! What manner of person is this man who will not talk?” she said pointing at the man with Encelados’ tip. Winceham had no other option but try to sound convincing at the top of his lungs:

“I’m not delusional! It dug its way up right behind you barely a moment before!”

“Oh, grow up!” said Parcifal dejectedly. Winceham couldn’t help but explode:

“I’m a hundred and thirty two years old, this is as grown as I’ll ever be!”

And then they heard Lernea’s voice in commanding, boisterous tones:

“By Skrala, stay your loud mouths!”

Winceham and Parcifal turned and looked at Lernea with red, flustered faces from all the shouting. She bit them back a scolding stare but what caught her eye was the strange man and the fact he was looking straight at her. She was confused for a moment and then staring back at him with all the nobility she could muster under the circumstances, she asked him:

“Pray you, stranger, state your name and business lest we consider you unkind towards our persons.”

The silent figure was shocked into motion, taking a sudden step away from everyone else, his arms extended in a purely defensive gesture.

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“You can see me? Impossible!” he said to Lernea, stressing the last word as if it were certainly absurd.

Lernea and Parcifal exchanged a quick look. Parcifal nodded affirmatively while Lernea replied with an indifferent shrug. Winceham said then in aggravation:

“They can see you alright! It’s that monster rabbit they think I’m making up!”

“I beg your pardon! Bo is not a monster!” said the figured man irately, instantly letting go off his prohibitions concerning the fact he was completely visible to everyone involved. He took off his mask and hood, and a couple of pointy ears flopped suddenly upright. He protested:

“Bo is very kind and completely harmless. Not a monster at all. I demand you take that back!” said the stranger with the flair of someone who isn’t really used to demanding things of people.

“It’s eyes spout flames!” shouted Winceham, being extravagantly descriptive with weird hand gestures and bulging eyes.

“That’s just a condition!” cried the stranger with a surprised look of feeling suddenly outmatched.

“Is it now?” exclaimed Winceham flailing his hands about him, laughing in spite of himself in disbelief.

“You haven’t answered us, stranger,” demanded Parcifal, a hint of aggression in her tone.

“Yes, who are you? And how is your hair that fair?” added Lernea with an inquiring furrow of her brow.

“Shut up!”

Ned’s roaring shout caused everyone’s gaze to fall upon him. He cleared his throat and said with an inspiring voice, the voice of a true leader:



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“The clock’s ticking. Stop mucking about with nonsense. The people we’re going up against are extremely dangerous. Our lives are in mortal peril. Always keep that in mind.”

Everyone remained silent; Parcifal smiled thinly and nodded, while Lernea added:

“Ned’s right. I for one, agree.”

Winceham suggested mildly:

“What about the rabbit?”

“Bo? He’s always around, I wouldn’t worry about him. Say, what brings you around these parts?” said the stranger with the pointy ears and fair hair with an awkward smile.

“You’re Woodkin, aren’t you?” asked Ned. The stranger gasped; he was once more shocked into silence for a moment before managing to stutter slightly:

“How.. How do you know that?” he said with a tremor in his voice.

Winceham cut in:

“The pointy ears, the blond, long hair. The silly hood and mask. That’s just like you people.”

The stranger shot an off-beat glance at Winceham and managed to sound hurt:

“What do you mean you people?”

“We even know the bunny by name, but not you. My patience is spent!” said Parcifal and raised Encelados threateningly. Ned lowered her arm and said:

“Calm down now. What is your name, woodkin?”

The woodkin looked at the sword’s blade respectfully and then addressed Ned with a slight bow:

“My name is Hanultheofodor Trypthwifidyr.”

Ned seemed to cringe at the thought of uttering the name fully, so he simply offered his hand and smile thinly but reassuringly. The woodkin obliged him somewhat awkwardly

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after noticing that everyone had their eyes fixed on him. As he shook hands with Ned, Lernea told him:

“Take us to your leader!”

It would have sounded commanding and perhaps a little intimidating, if Lernea hadn’t been petting the bunny with the flaming eyes with giggly excitement.

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They passed a series of crests and hills shrouded in ever thickening bush and trees. The tropical forest had indeed turned into a proper jungle, full of mangroves and palm trees, thick grub and lush flower plants blocking their way. ‘Theo’, which was how the rest had chosen to call Hanultheofodor for practical purposes knew the terrain well enough to avoid the thicker parts, but occasionally had to sue his machete to cut a path through.

Their progress was just as slow as before; Parcifal had dubbed it half-man pace, and Winceham had insisted on at least calling it a halfuin pace for the sake of proper inter-species etiquette. He had quietened down soon afterward though when he became acutely aware that being so short and therefore close to the jungle bedfloor was disadvantageous at best, after he had stepped on a snake thicker than his arm and longer than imagination allowed for.

The snake had been easily dealt with a chop from Parcifal’s blade. She had said that Winceham owed her one and even placed a bet that he’d owe her more further down the road.

With the woodkin village still out of view, Parcifal and Theo were leading the way. Encelados was drawn in her hand should anything surprise them; she had balked at the idea of using her blade as a grass-cutter. Even Lernea admonished she had only once seen her sister so frightfully indignant.

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They walked silently, taking care not to step on something that could bite back, each one lost in thought for their own reasons. At length, Theo asked Parcifal:

“So none of them followed you?”

“None that we could see, no.”

“Which reminds me, I have to ask: How could your sister see me?”

Parcifal found the question inexplicable but her blinking stare failed to convey that feeling to Theo. He waited for an answer, smiling affably, while the only thing Parcifal could conjure in words was:

“Is that a question? You really want to know how my sister could see you?”

“Of course! Counterspelling an illusionist’s Ethereal Trance is a remarkable feat for someone not versed in the art of Choujou,” said Theo and Parcifal raised an eyebrow. She was beginning to suspect their guide had thought he was invisible from some weird reason that might or might not include an unreasonable amount of dreamhops or fuddlegrass, just like the kind Winceham had shared with her.

“You are the illusionist you refer to I’d wager?”

“Indeed. Are you familiar with the Choujou school of magic?”

“Not really, no,” replied Parcifal with a weary voice.

“Ah, its tradition goes back thousands of years. The ever-grazing mist of time has long ago obscured its deepest secrets, but my people have preserved its legacy and the source of its real power,” he said as he cut a thick, rich cluster of foliage with a few chops of his machete.

Parcifal was suddenly intrigued at the mention of the words “secrets”, “power” and “my people”. The thought came to her that perhaps Ned had been right to convince them

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to seek the Woodkin. If of course the rest of Theo's kin had a firm grasp of this witchcraft he talked about. Because it was her informed opinion that the young woodkin elf was a bit lightheaded to put it mildly. She had no idea what to make of his peculiar animal companion though, unless it were stew.

Bo hopped in and out of the ground, the flames in his eyes lighting up the path ahead with a warm orange light. The bunny would at times pause, stoop high and shoot the party a glance before burrowing in the ground, only to appear a couple of minutes later down the path as suddenly as it had disappeared. But it never strayed away from Theo for too long. And that had got Winceham's attention.

"See it? There, and there again. It just keeps doing that," said Winceham to Ned with a raspy, aggravated voice.

"It's just a bunny, Winceham. Leave it be. There are far worse things that may roam about."

"It keeps staring at me at the oddest of times, Ned. I swear."

"It's just your imagination, Winceham. It's been a long, difficult night and it's only a couple of hours until dawn breaks. Your eyes are playing tricks, that's all."

"What about its eyes, Ned? Hm? What about those flaming eyes?"

"Like he said, it's some condition or other. I've heard of stranger things, of wild beasts that will turn you into stone, and lurking horrors that can drain your soul with a single touch of theirs. A rabbit with flaming eyes doesn't sound all that dangerous."

"Those were the drunken tales of rabid sailors, Ned! While this.. This abomination is right there, watching me."

"I recall yourself telling such morbid tales of fascinating creatures, Winceham. Could this be another fantasy of

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yours?”

Winceham made a gesture of acceptance with both hands and replied:

“Now, I may have from time to time exaggerated concerning some of my former adventures especially where women were mentioned, but it was merely in order to put some polish in the boring details. This though, this rabbit. It has its eye on me.”

Ned stopped then and took Winceham by the shoulder. His look was grim, his voice unusually stern and cold:

“I’ve invoked Nadragatea on you, Winceham. This is one tale you’ll have to follow to the end, you know that. Don’t just pretend; your life depends on this as well.”

Winceham looked instantly and genuinely hurt; his eyes searched Ned’s face for the young lad he’d come to know as he had grown into as much as a friend as his father. He saw little of that boy there. Instead, he was looking at a strong-willed man, indeed more than the boy’s father had ever been.

“You’re right laddie, I’m full of it. Sometimes. I’m just saying, I don’t like that bunny one bit, that’s all.”

Ned nodded with an understanding look. He motioned them to move on again even as Lernea caught up with them from behind, where she had been scouting from the last hill-top they had climbed.

“Nothing for as far as I could see. Noone is on our trail. If someone’s out this far to get us, they’re probably lost someplace or coming at us from a totally different direction. No lights, torches or lamps of any kind as far as I could see,” said Lernea, a little short on breath.

“You don’t know what to expect with Hobb. It does make sense though; they sent a mob after us, but we weren’t there. As long as we’re gone, Hobb will have the Sniggering Pig

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anyway. As far as he's concerned, we've turned tail and ran, never to show our faces again," Ned told Lernea, who in turn asked:

"What about the ape-man? Won't that man, Culliper, seek revenge for his comrade?"

"Culliper?" cut in Winceham with a snorting laughter full of disbelief and added:

"That sea-maggot is a slave-driver, pure and simple. The only thing he cares about is his hide and his loot. For the right coin, Culliper could be working for anyone. Though I hear those ape-men are hard to come by, I wouldn't worry about Culliper. Not until we meet him on our own terms."

Ned nodded in agreement. He had a bitter, austere look carved across his face when he said:

"You leave Culliper to me when the time comes."

"When the time comes, Ned," repeated Winceham with rare sombreness. Lernea was about to ask something when she saw her sister up a few dozen yards up ahead signal a message with her hands. Parcifal had stooped low, her gaze searching for something through the night. What made Lernea nick an arrow though was Encelados' faint glow; the glow became stronger with every passing moment. She signaled back at Parcifal who acknowledged with a simple nod and reigned in Theo's mouth with her free hand. It seemed like the woodkin had a very vague idea of danger as something that could only affect other people.

A faint hope of Winceham being mistaken in his assumption that something was amiss sprung up inside him. He felt he had to ask:

"The sword's glowing? Is that normal?"

She simply shook her head and without turning her head replied:

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“Something evil lurks nearby.”

Ned fed a bolt in his crossbow and readied it, even as Winceham drew his stiletto and headed off amidst the thick brush.

“Where are you going?” asked Ned with urgency.

“I’ll scout around. Need to make myself sparse if I am to strike from the shadows, lad.”

“It’s a moonless night, there’s shadows everywhere,” said Ned sounding confused.

“Exactly,” said Winceham and nodded to Lernea who afforded him a small grin. Within a few moments he had melded into the shadows that abounded as if he’d never really been there.

“How did he do that?” whispered Lernea to Ned.

“He’s a thief,” said Ned as they warily made their way closer to Parcifal and Theo.

“Retired,” she hissed and Ned simply grinned.

“Makes for a thin alibi in some lands,” he replied and Lernea shook her head. As they approached Parcifal, they saw her making furious hand signals; her face was almost obscured in shadow but they could make out her face taut with bone-breaking intensity. The hand signals were confused, hasty; Lernea couldn’t make out what her sister was trying to tell her in silence. She shook her head and waved her to repeat, while Ned was right beside her, aiming his crossbow at a thick patch of utter blackness that seemed most inviting for something that lurked out of sight.

He then noticed the bunny was looking straight at him, the flames from his eyes having died down to crackling embers. The bunny curled its tiny lips into an impossible grin just for Ned alone to see and hurriedly burrowed inside the ground the next instant.

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Parcifal seemed to sigh even as Encelados began to glow fiercely, casting harrowing shadows of Parcifal and Theo around the thick brush. Parcifal repeated her message but to no avail; Lernea shook her head again.

“What is she trying to say?” asked Ned.

“It’s either large flying beast lurking on the treetops or mythical magical beast wandering up ahead, I can’t tell.”

Ned swallowed hard at that; he couldn’t understand what the difference in the quality of the information imparted was, so he simply asked, his voice trembling slightly, hinting of mounting tension:

“How is one, better news than the other?”

“It’s not much of a difference. It’s just that I claim flying kills first, while Parcifal claims the land-dwellers,” she said matter-of-factly as she signalled her sister they were going to rush within whispering distance.

“Oh, is that true? What happens if it’s a sea creature, or something that lives underground?” he asked ironically, surprised at the nonchalance of Lernea, as well as in himself.

“Coin toss,” she said as the irony was lost on her and nearly dragged Ned alongside her as they sprinted to cover the distance between Parcifal and them. Their feet shuffled over the thick boggy floorbed as they crouched low. When they were in earshot, Parcifal turned around and whispered to her sister:

“I said, it’s a bleeding flying lizard!”

To which Theo managed to answered promptly when he finally pushed Parcifal’s hand aside. Completely heedless of the need to remain as silent as possible, he made sure to stand up in order to deliver his point more acutely:

“That’s utterly absurd! It’s not a lizard, that’s a dragonkin pure and simple. It is a fairly easy mistake though, since—”



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Theo was cut mid-sentence as a loud screeching noise like a sad, horrific wail was quickly followed by the figure of a muscular, nine-foot tall lizard-like creature swooping down from the treetops towards them. A set of unnervingly sharp-looking claws the size of short curvy blades extended from its feet.

“Get down you muttering fool!” said Lernea and thrust herself on Theo, bringing him down even as Ned shot his crossbow reflexively. Ned’s shot missed wildly, unlike Parcifal. Timing her thrust, Encelados met with the creature’s belly as it tried to leap upwards again, to hide in the lush canopy or have another go at them at its leisure. That was no longer possible, as Parcifal’s blade brought it down after a couple of yards thrashing, wailing its high-pitched death throes in anguish, blood gushing freely from a lengthy wound, the creature’s ghastly innards freely exposed.

Parcifal quickly walked over to the dying creature and stood above it as it laid there, dying meekly. Theo exclaimed:

“I protest! That dragonkin-”

Lernea could not resist the urge; she slapped him across the face and said to his face frozen in disbelief:

“That’s for being an idiot. You can thank me for saving your life later.”

As Theo tried to force his mouth to make audible sounds form into a semblance of speech, Parcifal held Encelados shoulder high and said ceremoniously:

“Unto the abyssal chasm I comment thee, beast.”

She swung Encelados down sharply and the creature’s head came off its neck clean, like a slice of fruit. The pool of blood around its lifeless body was already beginning to clog, while the cut below the head was almost clean dry. Parcifal looked at her sister with a mischievous look, underlined

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by a gleeful grin:

“That’s one more for me, sister.” Lernea bit back a reproachful answer:

“You had no right for first kill! That’s bad etiquette and certainly cheating!”

Theo swallowed hard and managed to regain a measure of composure. He laid himself down near the creature, muttering mostly to himself:

“The dragonkin..”

The sisters exchanged terms and conditions loudly, fighting over first kill rights and standing scores, while Ned noticed something peculiar and said to noone in particular:

“If that thing was evil, and that sword of yours detects evil in all its forms, why is it still glowing brighter than ever?”

Theo chimed in morosely:

“Because that dragonkin was Vulsek, my flying steed.”

The sisters heard that and paused to wonder even as Parcifall shot a look at Encelados. It was indeed glowing, blindingly bright. They exchanged knowing worried looks when suddenly Winceham burst forth from the nearby tall grass running with all the speed his stature and years allowed. He shouted something indelible to the others without turning around to look, and lost himself through another thick bush behind the crest of a ravine.

“What did he say? Something about a rat and tip?” asked Ned as he fumbled with his crossbow, trying to reload it in a hurry, shooting worried glances at the wild grass.

The bunny then popped up in front of him and started running around in circles, the flames from its eyes whirling in a blinding fashion.

“Bo looks excited about something. Maybe Mr. Abbermouth was excited about something as well,” said Theo

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and then suddenly a trio of bipedal mushrooms holding iron spears and using their tops as shields came out of the thick grass running awkwardly, exchanging long-winded moaning sounds and pointing at Theo and the rest aggressively, judging by the way the spears faced towards the group.

“I’m not sure Winceham has a thing for mushrooms,” shouted Lernea and let her strung arrow fly.

“I’d say he’s more into greens, for sure,” said Parcifal with a shake of her head and rushed the warrior-mushrooms head on, whirling Encelados with wild abandon. Ned was looking at the scene in front of him as if it were only a dream; he had a sudden epiphany then and told Theo who was waving his hands about him in a ridiculously complicated manner in preparation for a spell:

“Did you hear the joke about the fungus?”

“No, what joke?”

“I could tell you now, but it might need time to grow on you,” said Ned and grinned while Theo stood pondering as his hands filled with a shiny, blue ball of crackling energy. Ned let a bolt fly straight through the mouth of a raging mushroom-warrior which plucked half its head off. Lernea was reloading her bow after her first arrow got stuck on a cap, and Parcifal poised Encelados for yet another slash at the mushroom directly in front of her, expertly avoiding its thrusts and hacking it to death with a few strokes.

Theo shook with hearty laughter, at the same time hurtling the ball of lightning at a mushroom charging Lernea albeit with a spurious gait. The mushroom promptly exploded into a cloud of charred dust, fleshy bits of what used to form its torso flying around. The smell of burning fungi permeated the air. Parcifal made sure Encelados wasn’t glowing any more before saying triumphantly:

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“Such is the way Encelados pierces through evil!”

Lernea sounded demoralised, even distraught:

“That’s not fair! Even Ned killed one!”

Ned ignored the comment on his abilities as a marksman and walked over the body of his kill, looking for his bolt.

Theo sounded deliriously giggly, barely able to make sense when he said:

“See, I get that! Fungi grow, and so will the joke, which is to say, already said! Great stuff, great stuff Ned!”

Ned smiled thinly but pretty soon the smile vanished when Bo the Bunny reemerged in front of him and smiled uncannily wide. Ned had another flash and asked everyone:

“Where is Winceham?”

And only the bunny knew that Winceham was still running through brush and wood, over bog and marsh, muttering incoherently:

“Bad trip, it’s a bad trip’s what it is, bad trip, that’s all it is..”