

Epics of Isavoire

Chapter 1: Iseant's Trek

Ahisra was a vast nation, its many sandy dunes and harsh winds made for difficult travel for some, and Iseant was no exception.

The young Flor was perfectly fine with the conditions when he was at rest, though. Unlike humans, the plant-like race could thrive in sunlight, and being a Cactus-type allowed him to easily store and retain water.

He had travelled far in hopes of becoming a sower, one who spreads seeds, as well as life. His journey had led him far, but now he was on his way to another destination.

Having made his way from the Thornwolds, his home, to Rynnade, he was next on his way to Talonkeep, the citadel. There was a small town around Talonkeep, as well as a massive amount of water, relative to the desert's expanse.

The green-eyed Flor merely did his best to go on, keeping a collection of seeds in his pocket. At the very least the water would give his seeds a fighting chance to grow strong.

As he travelled on, he eventually noticed that there was a sound. Something behind him was moving in his direction, a caravan.

Looking, he saw a horse drawn cart, and upon it was an Ellon. It seemed to be a woman, dressed in a cloak and wrappings in order to shield herself from the sun's rays and blowing sands.

He noticed she had timber-gray and brown hair and golden, near yellow eyes. Her ears were canine-like. If he had to make a guess, he'd say she was a Coyote Ellon.

Eventually, she noticed him, too, and made her horses halt, just long enough to stop and speak.

"Hey there, stranger. Lost?" she asked him, in a friendly enough tone.

Iseant shook his head and smiled warmly. "Quite the contrary. I'm just on my way to Talonkeep."

"Talonkeep? Quite the coincidence. So are we. I'm Reiya, my group and I are on our way there to sell wares and stock up on water. Fancy hitching a ride?"

"I wouldn't mind the offer one bit." Iseant walked near the caravan's back and saw another Coyote Ellon open it. This one was taller and more muscular. Next

to him was an older human woman, probably in her late forties, though she was asleep. "Hello."

The muscular Ellon merely nodded and offered a hand to let Iseant in. Eventually, Iseant found a place to sit down, near crates of goods and a few urns of foreign creation.

Reiya then urged the horses on and continued travel before speaking. "That's my older brother Galan, next to him is our mom, Carys."

"A pleasure," Iseant said. Part of him wondered if Carys was their birth mother or their adoptive mother. Eventually, though, he put the thought out of his mind as they travelled on.

For a time he sat there, thankful for rest and a chance to be around others, but he contented himself with silence, save for the sound of Reiya occasionally whistling to herself.

The trip would likely take a couple of days, but Iseant did not mind at all. Reaching into his pocket and pulling out a few seeds, he hoped that they would grow, almost as much as he hoped that his travels would help him to grow.