

## Epics of Isavoire

### Chapter 5: Reclamation

The lost city was a long forgotten civilization, no longer able to grow due to years of neglect.

Few had taken refuge there, and among them was the Heofonite, Helah. The angelic woman sat atop a marble structure, now grown over with vines and cracked with age.

She had come there seeking rest. It had been a long time since the winged performer had first started her life as a traveling musician, but she had grown much in that time and learned a good deal as well. The crow she had kept was gone now, though, having flown elsewhere, but somehow she felt that she would see it again.

As she observed everything around her, she noticed that someone was coming near from the shadows. It was a man, his skin a tanned color, while his hair was black. She had never seen anyone like him before, which made her curious.

Curiously, she called out to him. "Excuse me, do you live around here?"

"Yes and no. You could say I do live here, but not in this city. It is unusual to see someone else in these areas."

"Yes, I'm not familiar with it myself, but I hear that it is something of a famed location that was abandoned long ago."

"So I've heard. I've also heard of the nation of cloud-dwellers...Is that where you are from?"

"Yes. I am Helah, and I was born in Heofonia. Who are you?"

“I am Ramoud Vas Hisaar Vas Marze. A pleasure.” He smiled, before revealing his eyes were jet black, with dull, gold colored irises.

“Likewise. Care to tell me more about this place?” Helah asked.

“It is large and decrepit. Short of a few birds and roaming animals, no one truly lives here. I was hoping to at least carve out a place of my own, though.”

“Well, I hope you can. Just consider me a visitor for the time being.”

“Either way, I am glad to have been graced with your presence. Perhaps you can play a tune for me, before I go my own way?”

Helah smiled. It seemed like she was getting to practice her musical talents more and more. “Anything to further develop my style.” As she was about to place her hand on the strings of her harp, she heard a loud, rumbling noise, and saw a building come crashing down. “Whoa!”

“Hmm...That seems curious. Excuse me.” Ramoud walked towards the collapsed structure, urged on by his inquisitive nature.

“I’ll go as well.” Spreading her wings, Helah flew to the site, and saw a golem, its body a silvery, metallic color and it was far taller than Seffred, the Golem she had met previously. Flying low, she landed next to it, as it stood by the shattered remains of the building. “Excuse me?”

The mysterious being of metal turned, facing Helah. In its hands were several boulders that remained from the broken building, which it casually crushed before replying with a male voice. “...Yes?”

“Did you just destroy that building?”

“I did.” The Golem stared at Helah. “It was not your home, was it?”

“No...I’m from Heofonia, a nation of clouds. It’s up in the sky.”

“So you are skyborn, too.”

“Hm? What do you mean?” Helah asked.

“You came from above as well.”

“You know another Heofonite?”

“No, sister. I fell from the sky without wings. I was born when I came to touch the soil and life entered my being.”

Helah needed a moment to comprehend his words. Golems were inherently creatures of earth. As far as she knew, they only came from the ground, but this one claimed to be from the sky. There weren’t any floating islands, and mountainous regions were far from the lost city. There was no way he could have come from the sky, but...She felt as if he was being honest. Before she could ask more, she saw Ramoud had finally caught up.

“Who is our solid friend?”

“I haven’t gotten to ask his name, actually.”

“You may call me Walzet Selonos, son of stars.” The Golem’s stony face shifted into a gentle grin. “It is an honor to know you both.”

“The sentiment is returned, courtesy of Ramoud Vas Hisaar Vas Marze.”

“And Helah of Heofonia.”

“Though, we must ask,” Ramoud continued. “Why did you destroy the building?”

“Because there was life within that required more light.” Walzet pointed to the ground, where several small flowers and a single sapling were. “The building

served no purpose as it was. Now, at least, these plants can live and the materials of this building can be repurposed.”

“Very wise, but it is sad no one else will be able to enjoy the fruits of your labor.”

“In due time,” Walzet replied. “It will require patience and dedication, but I wish to bring meaning back to this city, and in turn, bring people together.”

“How noble. Perhaps I will help.” Ramoud grinned “After all, it will be nice to have some consistent company here.”

“What about you, Helah?” Walzet asked, curious. “Will you aid our efforts too?”

“Sorry, but I don’t believe I will. I don’t plan on staying beyond tomorrow morning, but I wouldn’t be against visiting again sometime later.”

“Very well. Hopefully by then, there will be a little more than the two of us here to greet you.”

“And I am sure I’ll have plenty of stories to tell you both.” Helah smiled. “Still, for just today, maybe I can help, too.”

“Nothing would bring me more cheer...yet, I must commemorate this moment. Please, both of you follow me.”

Obedying, Helah and Ramoud followed him until they came to a large crater in the ground, shards of metal and rock, similar to Walzet’s body littered the ground. The crater itself was in the middle of a path through the lost city, one that was very close to a pool of water, while vines grew over several old and cracked constructs.

“What is this crater?”

“My place of birth, where I awoke.” The silver colored golem picked up a single, round, flat stone. It was small, but he handed it to her. “Here, so a part of me is always with you.”

“Thank you, Walzet. I’ll treasure it.”

“My only hope is that you find a good use for it.”

Helah held the stone in her fingers and considered strumming on her harp with it. It might be a good use, given the smoothness of the shard and the strength of her instrument’s strings. “I might have already; I’ll test it now, before we begin our work.”

Plucking on her harp with the stone, while promising to protect it as she had with the obsidian Seffred had given her, Helah played her harp, hearing pleasant, soothing music spread through the area. Hopefully, someday pleasure of more than music would find itself in the lost city, too...