

Epics of Isavoire

Chapter 10: Sailing Stones

Being away from home for so long caused Kenta to feel homesick; While visiting the desert empire of Ahsira had given Kenta far more than he ever expected, but now that he was home he felt as if something was missing.

Sitting down near the beach shore, the Ellon was at least happy to be in a familiar environment; He sat in his swimming clothes, having already enjoyed a dip in the water, yet he still was not entirely at ease.

“I wonder what she’s up to...” he commented to himself quietly. His mind was on a certain woman he had met during his travels, and how his life had changed since meeting her. It was the lack of her presence that, for all the young man had gained, made him feel as if something was missing. Part of him wished she could see the ocean. He could only imagine the awe and wonder she would feel. After all, who could deny the beauty of the waves?

“This beach is intolerable,” came a dry voice.

Snapped from his wistful imaginings, Kenta turned to see who had said that, His violet eyes scanning the beach, until he spotted two strange figures.

One shone brightly, as if they were made of crystal. It’s body was sharp and clear, standing tall. The figure next to it had a feminine shape, though far taller than her companion and composed of hardened, black stones outside of what looked like flowing lava.

“Dusan, surely you cannot deny the fun of the sun,” the female said in a chipper tone. “Is it not lovely?”

“No. It is too bright, and the salt in the air clings to me.” Dusan, the clear figure, began to brush flecks of sea salt and sand from his body. “I would think you would fear the water, Caldera.”

“Cold doesn’t bother me, though your mood may unless you cheer up!” Caldera, the molten figure replied, then smiled. “Or should I give you a hug, as the humans do?”

“Pah.”

Kenta paused. He had never seen beings like them, but he had read about them. If he was correct, that meant that they were Golems. Approaching, he called out. “Hello! Excuse me!”

“Hm?” Dusan turned and looked. “An Ellon?”

“Yes, he seems to be staring at us,” Caldera commented.

“Excuse me!” Kenta called out again as he came closer to them. “Can you two hear me?”

“Yes.” Dusan folded his arms. “Who are you?”

“I’m Kenta Morcades, I wanted to speak to you.”

“We have noticed.” Caldera smiled, being absolutely genuine. “So far you are doing a fine job.”

“Thank you for saying so?” Kenta was unsure if she was using sarcasm. “Aren’t you two Golems?”

“In the mineral.” Caldera smiled, placing a hand on her hip. “Quite perceptive!”

“We don’t see many Golems around here, I think you two are the first I’ve ever met. Can I get your names?”

“Caldera the molten.” She then pointed to her companion “And the sour stone is Dusan of Glass.”

“Nice to meet you both. So, what brings you to these islands?” Kenta asked.

“We are searching for someone. She left our home and our leader wishes for her to return,” Dusan explained. “Aside from that, she is very important to us.”

“Yes, my precious Zyanya!” Caldera practically swooned. “More pure than gold and thoughts clear as crystal, she truly is an amazing individual. Her safety is the most important matter of all, though!”

“If she’s that important to you, I can understand why you’d go searching. Still, I haven’t seen any golems around here.”

“What about mages?” Dusan asked.

Kenta shook his head. “I’m afraid not. None of note, at least. Not even performers.”

“Then we came here for naught.” Dusan folded his arms.

“I apologize. Still, if you want, we can search the island.”

“No need.” Dusan turned around. “We are leaving, Caldera.”

“But we should at least thank Kenta. He offered to help us, despite just meeting with us.”

“...Thank you.” Dusan turned to Kenta. “Perhaps if you do see her, you could let her know we are searching for her.”

“I will. Are you two sure you want to leave so soon?”

“Positive. However, I suppose we should leave you with something.” Dusan reached down to the sand and began to draw in grains of sand towards himself. Before

long, he had formed the sand into glass, leaving behind a small pendant. “Should you see Zyanya, give her this. She will know it is mine.”

Kenta took the pendant in hand and agreed. Before long, goodbyes were said and the two golems left. None of the three there realized that faraway, Zyanya was on her own, but would soon encounter a group of wanderers that would lead her far and wide.

Only time would tell if she would meet Kenta or her old friends along the way.