

Da Loonshine Gitz - Animosity II

Part 1

Nippy was trying to find a bearable spot amongst the craggy rock face below ground, where sleep could be achieved whilst not being discovered. 'Only thing worse than getting robbed when your asleep was getting robbed when your asleep and not waking up to catch the thief and stab them in the back' Nippy thought.

It was time to sleep, it had been a long time since getting any decent rest but just as Nippy pulled the small rock from the mouth of a crook there was a smell of some other grot standing in the gloom light a few paces away, and its wretched voice started to speak.

"Nippy you git!" as a ways of introduction
"your wanted by the king under the hill"

"Zog off!" Nippy responded "I'm busy."

There was a moment of silence, a long drawn out breath and then the chill sound of metal on metal as a cruel dagger was drawn.

"it weren't no request Nippy. What the king wants the king gets, even if it's dead before it arrives!"

Part 2

So there Nippy was, as good as incarcerated in the King under the hill's rotten jail. It would have been mildly better there under the surface, locked up amongst the rodents than here floating on the treacherous surface waters, bound by threat of death to this Ramshackle craft and its voyage to another realm for a quest of ludicrous proportions.

If they made it another half a league it would be due to some miraculous fortune, let alone travel through a realm gate undetected. What Nippy saw next left him completely dumbfounded, his doubts instantly cast aside in amazement, wonders he had never expected to see rose from the waters all around the vessel. Mighty sea turtles carrying strange Aelves adorned with trinkets from the bottom of the sea stood proud upon the backs of the amphibious creatures. Almost as soon as they appeared the leader of these Merpeople introduced herself but not by ways of communicating Nippy had ever heard, it was as if a siren call spoke directly without the use of ears. It was windy too stood up on the deck and she was too far away to be heard clearly, but Nippy heard her clearly in a language unfamiliar but understandable all the same.

Nippy remembered the last moments in the presence of the King under the hill before the expedition began. The Kings laughter echoed though Nippy's thoughts and the words the self-proclaimed King spoke rang true.

“Help will come in most unexpected ways Nippy, the Badmoon has spoke of it, the moon and the tide together shall be the undoing them who stand in our way!”

Part 3

The voyage had come to an end several nights ago at the edge of a lake known as Bykaal in the realm of Shyish. The Aelven escort had disappeared almost as soon as they landed which suited Nippy and the warband he was attached to.

They had found some small caverns in the rocks by the shore where they made camp and had sent word to the local warlord that they'd arrived as planned.

Most of the young grots irritated Nippy to no end with their crude jokes and constant bickering, the mission Nippy had was different to there's anyway so it did well for them not to get too close. But that didn't stop the three Fungoid Cave Shamans from wanting to know more about the infamous Nippy Runtstrider.

"What you doing 'ere *Nippy!*?"

"Yeah tell us, we'se ain't going tell anyones"

"Not anyones important anyways"

They'd giggle and laugh, as if they already knew the answer. Nippy ignored them for the most part, occupying the time with cleaning the magical hunting spear 'Grudgeslitter' until they got bored of their teasing and went to find some other grot to bully.