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6 Gentrain 1274

"Thermish Rendezvous"

Captain Tharius: The setting: It is the literal dead of night and Orazio is riding like crazy back to Lumini hafter meeting his gang of ded folk. Tharius is unhappily returning to Thermador.

Captain Tharius: The two groups have just run into each other, neither expecting to.

Captain Tharius: We begin in that moment of total surprise as the two groups are literally about to intermingle. Everyone ready?

OrazioGiamonico: ::The stars and moon were covered by clouds so think little light broke through. The dust from underneath the hooves of galloping horses made more light than the sky::

Captain Tharius: ::looking up as a sound catches his ears::

OrazioGiamonico: ::But that dust filled Orazio's mouth as he turned to look back to his wife Lalchi riding beside Wilk::

Captain Tharius: <Rangel> ::Riding on point:: RAIDERS! ::he draws steel eager to avenge their loss in Luminii::

The Ashmaker: ::had any looked skyward, they'd see a falling star. This falling star seemed to be streaking right toward them across the night sky::

OrazioGiamonico: ::She seemed stronger. If he could, he would have waited to return but time is running out. Time had already been wasted::

Captain Tharius: ::in the best of times, this army would have all drawn but they are weary, so there is confusion as the call is made, no one notes the falling star::

Wilk SanG: ::Part of his attention was on his mother, the other ahead, hoping to be as far from where they'd been as possible::

OrazioGiamonico: <Ardal> ::Galoped to Orazio's flank and shouted:: Look ahead. Look!

DanteVoltan: OrazSold> "Sir!! Looking like a large band ahead...well armed too!"

Captain Tharius: ::Tharius is not slow, his warhammer raised over head as his mount charges forward at the full gallop, his men seeming to spark after him:: RRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!

OrazioGiamonico: ::He squinted into the dusty dark and noticed some movements ahead:: What? ::He pulled his reins and raised one hand:: Who!

Wilk SanG: Mother. ::He spoke quietly, peering ahead through the dust:: Company.

OrazioGiamonico: <Ardal> They attacked. ::The reins pulled and the Raiders pulled their blades while the horses full gallop changed::

The Ashmaker: ::the night sky grew brighter as the falling star streaked closer toward the two groups, almost seeming like a small sun shining down on them::

DanteVoltan: TharSold> "Death to the Raiders!!! " ::Spurring on his mount, spear held point up::

The Ashmaker: ::brighter and brighter the sky lit up just before a wall of fire exploded in between the two armies, a figure engulfed in flames stood in the middle of the fire, between them::

DanteVoltan: OrazSold> ::yanks the reins of his mount:: By the Goddess....

Captain Tharius: ::the whole of the army moving after the Captain and Melliana, who notices it seems to be very bright and looks up and screams just before the thing hit ground and Tharius and she are both pitched from the rearing horse::

OrazioGiamonico: ::Again the reins were pulled tight. Frightened horses kicked dust and pranced

as Raiders held tight and sought control::

The Ashmaker: Eteni Tharius! Lalchi Dahi! Tribes of the desert! STOP! ::his voice carried over the sands as the wall of flame continued to burn::

OrazioGiamonico: Back. Pull back and stand. ::Orazio shouted::

Wilk SanG: ::He managed to get his mount under control, staring at the flaming body::

Captain Tharius: ::Tharius holds up his free hand and his war hammer, signalling the charge can, in fact hold, as if he needs to, most of the army seems to be suddenly staring at the figure::

The Ashmaker: I, Versaillesna Lucair, command it. So it shall be done! ::his arms, which had been raised until that moment, lowered and the flames extinguished::

OrazioGiamonico: <Lalchi> ::here eyes to the fire she let loose the reins and her horse walked toward the light::

The Ashmaker: ::if any had been close enough, they'd see a sheen of perspiration upon his forehead::

DanteVoltan: TharSold> ::pales slightly, gawking:: Oh rotten days....Its the Ashmaker....

Wilk SanG: Mother! ::He hissed at her, and followed her::

OrazioGiamonico: Lalchi. ::Orazio called to her as she moved forward::

Captain Tharius: ::Tharius visibly grinds his teeth::

Captain Tharius: I am Captain Tharius Versaillesna Lucair.

OrazioGiamonico: <Lalchi> ::Slide from her horse and walks with her head lowered. :: I hear. I come to the command.

The Ashmaker: You. ::pointing toward Tharius, waiting for Lalchi to approach, but seeming to ignore her:: Eteni Tharius.....I know who you are.

OrazioGiamonico: <Lalchi> ::Stands with her hand folded and her head lowered waiting::

The Ashmaker: Lalchi Dahi, stay your ground. ::Versaisna actually flashed her a smile as she neared::

Wilk SanG: ::He dismounted and followed her. He was sure she was under a spell::

Captain Tharius: ::he does not move, this is the day he has dreaded his whole life::

DanteVoltan: TharSold> Cappin....? Ye a'ight?

OrazioGiamonico: Lalchi ::He pulls his horse and in disbelief watches her. Stunned for a minute before he thinks to dismounts::

The Ashmaker: Eteni Tharius, son of Eteni Dansari, son of Eteni Musawi, son of Eteni Kandor, son of Mila Eteni.....come forth.

OrazioGiamonico: <Lalchi> ::As Wilk approached she holds out her hand to him::

Captain Tharius: ::he looks to the soldier then addresses his army:: Hold your ground.

Wilk SanG: ::He stuck his chin out in defiance at the stranger then took his place at his mother's side::

Captain Tharius: ::he sets his hammer on the desert floor::

The Ashmaker: Dahi Wilk, respect your elders. ::his gaze landed on the young man, cold and hard::

Captain Tharius: ::his feet start forward, one hand reaches to his left shoulder and then to his right, his cape dropping from his armor as he moves::

OrazioGiamonico: <Lalchi> ::A tight hold to her son's hand as she stands slightly in front of him but making a place for him at her side::

The Ashmaker: Lalchi Dahi, daughter of Milanessa Dahi, daughter of Sira Dahi, daughter of Corina Dahi...why flee you your home?

OrazioGiamonico: ::He walks quickly over to Lalchi, not understanding::

The Ashmaker: ::seeming to ignore Tharius while he decides whether to adhere to Versaillesna's demands or not::

Wilk SanG: ::He stayed at her side, holding on to her hand::

Captain Tharius: I am Tharius son of the lout of the the Eteni Dansari. ::his armor in a trail behind him:: Basnished from the Rock.

OrazioGiamonico: <Lalchi> ::softly:: I return. The honor of my husband and the safety of my family required me to ride the sands.

The Ashmaker: ::he nodded to her and slowly turned to face Tharius:: Eteni Tharius, fool. Son of a bigger fool. Why do you ride the sands?

OrazioGiamonico: <Lalchi> ::Glances to the sound of the commanding warriors voice::

Captain Tharius: ::he wanted to pound this man into dust:: Because I cannot escape the land who rejected me.

The Ashmaker: The land rejects none.

OrazioGiamonico: ::He put one hand on Wilk's shoulder for a minute or two. As if the touch connected them all. Or as if the gesture told of his approval::

The Ashmaker: Each man has a choice. Made on his own. The land shifts with those choices.

The Ashmaker: The land hardens. The sun burns. The man. The man is the one who leaves or stays.

Captain Tharius: My choices were made for me, Versinias by your kin and by the father who abandoned me after letting my mother die.

OrazioGiamonico: ::He listens and watches Tharius, only now realizing who this leader was::

Captain Tharius: ::his arm reveals the tattoo of a student of pyromancy as he stand close::

The Ashmaker: You say you were banished from the Rock. You mean the Dome.

OrazioGiamonico: <Lalchi> ::Leans closer to the man, and his scar::

The Ashmaker: You were banished from the Dome by a fool larger than yourself and your father put together.

OrazioGiamonico: <Lalchi> ::Lowers her eyes and whispers to Wilk:: Do you see, son?

Captain Tharius: And sent to the Quintak to die.

The Ashmaker: A fool I have, myself, destroyed. ::he seemed to grow slightly taller as he straightened and spoke in a soft, deadly whisper:: My sister.

Wilk SanG: ::He nodded, watching and listening carefully::

The Ashmaker: Did you die?

The Ashmaker: Did the land reject you as you claim?

Captain Tharius: I know a Versaisna, not matter what they think themselves to be.

OrazioGiamonico: ::While they speak of things he knows nothing of he looks to the army that may still engage his riders and he counts, asses, and glances back to Ardal::

Captain Tharius: No, but there was nothing to hold me here.

Captain Tharius: ::the army seems tense, unsure of why Tharius stripped from his armor::

The Ashmaker: ::slowly looks Tharius up and down with those eyes:: The land seems to have made you what you were to become. It is not for the land to hold you. It is for you to hold the land.

OrazioGiamonico: <Lalchi> Nothing? ::Soft as the feel of sand on her toes::

The Ashmaker: ::he glanced toward Lalchi, one dark brow raised slightly and he looked quickly from Dahi to Eteni and back::

The Ashmaker: ::then slowly his gaze shifted toward Wilk and a small smirk quivered at the edges of his mouth::

Captain Tharius: My mother died when I was a babe. ::to Lalchi:: My father was killed in a gambling game. I have no toher family.

OrazioGiamonico: <Lalchi> ::Moves the hand that holds Wilk forward::

The Ashmaker: Eteni Wilk, what say you? Was there nothing for Eteni Tharius?

Wilk SanG: ::He gave the man a small bow::

The Ashmaker: ::his gaze suddenly shifted to Eteni Tharius:: None? None at all?

Captain Tharius: Eteni?

The Ashmaker: It seems your father wasn't the only one good at abandonment.

Captain Tharius: ::he looks to the boy (I sure hope)::

Wilk SanG: ::He was no longer being spoken to, and so kept his words to himself::

The Ashmaker: ::a self satisfied smile spread over the Ashmaker's lips and he crossed his arms across his chest:: Eteni.

The Ashmaker: Eteni Wilk, son of Eteni Tharius, son of.....well, you get the idea.

OrazioGiamonico: <Lalchi> ::Takes a step toward Tharius still holding Wilk's hand:: The land shows itself in the eyes of the young. ::again very soft::

Captain Tharius: Son?

The Ashmaker: ::his gaze shifted to the San Giamonico, watching::

Captain Tharius: ::he blinks at the child:: Who is your mother Eteni Wilk? ::it was a question the bubbled out due to training::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He saw the eyes and steps forward:: What is it you are saying?

The Ashmaker: Or was it. Records do get so confused at times.

The Ashmaker: No, he is not your son, Tharius. But he could be. He could be your son. He is a child of the desert, like you.

The Ashmaker: He is of your line. Convoluted.

Captain Tharius: You play games with me Versiasna.

OrazioGiamonico: <Llachi> Look at his eyes, Commanding Warrior.

The Ashmaker: ::The Ashmaker stared at Orazio, his eyes flashing a moment before he turned his gaze on Tharius once more::

Wilk SanG: My mother is Lalchi. My father is Orazio. We are of the deserts. I'm no son of his. He abandoned the desert, while my father embraced it, sir.

OrazioGiamonico: ::Orazio looked toward Wilk. He wanted to see those eyes. His sons eyes::

The Ashmaker: Yes, he abandoned the desert.....his child.....his children.....his family.

The Ashmaker: You have a whole family, Eteni Tharius. Look at the child. At the woman. At all of them. ::waving his hand at the raiders::

Wilk SanG: ::He turned towards his parents, seeking approval in their eyes::

The Ashmaker: They are your family.

The Ashmaker: *I* am your family.

OrazioGiamonico: <Lalchi> ::nudges Wilk:: But the tents stay open.

Captain Tharius: ::he looks to Lalchi::

Wilk SanG: Yes, Father. ::He turned back to face the others::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He looked at Tharius::

Captain Tharius: I had a mother I never knew. ::he has not looked away from Lalchi, there is something about her::

OrazioGiamonico: <Lalchi> ::Slowly lifts her other hand toward Tharius::

Captain Tharius: ::he takes her hand offered to him::

Captain Tharius: (s) I am a child of the desert

OrazioGiamonico: <Lalchi> ::smile to him and turns to Orazio:: My husband, meet our brother of the sands.

Captain Tharius: ::this time his voice carries out in command:: I am Eteni Tharius and this is MY army!

OrazioGiamonico: ::He watched Lalchi face. Studied her eyes. Then turned to look at Tharius::

OrazioGiamonico: To what ends do you lead? Where is the Master that commands you?

The Ashmaker: ::nods, watching Tharius closely::

The Ashmaker: <vq> Remember, when a brother of the sands kills another, he has declared war upon himself and will be hunted by his bretheren. *All* of them.

Captain Tharius: I serve no master that would enslave my people. ::there is a low but growing sound from the direction of Tharius's troops::

The Ashmaker: ::slowly a smile spread across his lips at Tharius' words::

Captain Tharius: ::the sound is a growing sound of approval, whoops, yells, cheers::

Captain Tharius: ::and Klockwork symbols hitting the sands;

OrazioGiamonico: ::He looks toward the Ashmaker::

The Ashmaker: The tents are open.

Captain Tharius: ::Mellianna smiles and claps for him as well::

The Ashmaker: ::he felt eyes on him and he looked toward Orazio::

The Ashmaker: You have words for me, San Giamonico?

Captain Tharius: Dahi Lalchi. ::he releases her hand::

Runih Caerun: ::blinks at the symbols and the men...mutter:: That is true power....

OrazioGiamonico: ::He nodded his head and then took one step toward him:: And you? Have you shown your fire? Do you aid our fight?

Captain Tharius: ::the men and women of his army begin to mingle with the desert raiders::

OrazioGiamonico: <Lalchi> ::gently squeezed Tharius's hand and then looked to Wilk, as if he should offer his::

The Ashmaker: ::again a dark brow raised slightly::

Runih Caerun: ::looks over to the co-mingling, the sudden friendship displayed::

Wilk SanG: ::He stayed at his mother's side, still unsure of these men. Belatedly he offered his hand to Tharius::

Captain Tharius: ::he takes the boys hand::

Runih Caerun: ::staring at Wilk and Tharius's exchange and frowning::

Wilk SanG: Welcome home, sir.

The Ashmaker: ::knows when he spoke that the tents were open, the tribesmen would begin to celebrate. It would be an uneasy night of one side learning to trust the other, but there would be no fighting. He hoped::

The Ashmaker: If you have to ask, San Giamonico, then your raiders are lacking in their reports.

Captain Tharius: ::the army is weary, and tired of orders that make no sense, there was tension but the need to rest and relax from the hard march and the utter loyalty to Tharius from all the time in Balthazor reigned in them all::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He smiled:: Reports do not match what one sees.

Captain Tharius: Dahi Wilk, thank you.

Runih Caerun: We are not lacking in anything...the man rides Tekaedans....

The Ashmaker: Well, one should not always believe what appears to be so.

OrazioGiamonico: No? ::Now his brows are raised::

The Ashmaker: No.

OrazioGiamonico: What else does one believe in? ::He laughs, as he opens his arms::

Captain Tharius: ::he holds out his hand and with a small utterance and tiny flame dances above his hand:: It is good to be home.

The Ashmaker: Use your eyes. Use what you know to be true.

OrazioGiamonico: <Lalchi> ::Looks up and smiles at the dancing fire in Thariu's hand::

The Ashmaker: Then use your mind.

Runih Caerun: ::cautiously approaches Orazio::

The Ashmaker: ::he glanced toward the dancing flame as the utterance reached his ears:: Greystone is open to you, Eteni Tharius.

OrazioGiamonico: ::Turns and hides the rest of his chuckles as Runih approaches:: There seems to be a mood of celebration.

Runih Caerun: There seems. But what is it that His Grace said...? Use your eyes?

The Ashmaker: ::he looked over Runih and gave a slight nod::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He stops and looks back over the army:: Yes, my eyes.

Captain Tharius: Once my men have rested, we have work to do. The desesrt is about to rise up, in time Versarina. ::a grim smile, but a smile nonetheless::

The Ashmaker: The desert sands have already begun to shift.

Wilk SanG: ::He trusted his father, but still felt uneasy about these new men, men who'd tried to kill them just a short while ago. He would stay close to his mother and watch::

The Ashmaker: If a mountain rises from them. Who can move it?

OrazioGiamonico: ::He listened and then looks back to Runih::

Captain Tharius: Not madmen, and that is who commands the Klock Empire.

Runih Caerun: May I have your ear a moment? Aside?

The Ashmaker: There *is* one who may be unhappy about the sandstorm that awaits.

OrazioGiamonico: ::He nods and smiles to Wilk before he moves away:: Stand by your mother.

Wilk SanG: Yes, Father.

OrazioGiamonico: ::Then offer a quick pat to the arm of Runih:: You have something to add, I see.

Captain Tharius: Let them come.

Runih Caerun: You see much...little escapes your sight::he began to walk, putting distance::

OrazioGiamonico: <lalchi> ::notices her husband's movement and quickly smiles to Tharius:: Please. Sit by our fire. ::To Versarina:: And you , share a dance?

Captain Tharius: ::her nods::

Runih Caerun: You are of Luminii ... if the Klockwork Master extended his hand, would you take it in friendship?

The Ashmaker: Watch for a certain Captain, Eteni Tharius.

OrazioGiamonico: ::He smiles and walks:: What do you see, Runih?

OrazioGiamonico: Ah. ::nods::

The Ashmaker: ::to Lalchi:: I am afraid I must go, Dahi.

Captain Tharius: Which Versaisna Lucair?

OrazioGiamonico: I would look closely at the hand before I took hold.

The Ashmaker: One who has ridden the sands almost as long as you.

Runih Caerun: I see...::whispers:: I see tekaedans...their owners would not give them up without dying, brother. There are battles and then there is what he has done....

Captain Tharius: ::intel was intel, but the Ashmaker did not have his complete trust, the Versaisna had a long history::

The Ashmaker: ::if he could have one Klockwork kill another, so be it. Death was death, no matter who dealt it. The less of the tribes who died, all the better::

Captain Tharius: Yes. ::a slow nod as he moves to the the fire Lalchi indicated::

OrazioGiamonico: Yes. And the lands he has stomped on will not forget him. But if he could be pushed first. If he can walk to Dreven the way he has done so far, he clears a path.

Captain Tharius: ::around it was an uneasy celebration, but welcome by the army, if only to not have to fight after so long a forced march::

OrazioGiamonico: A separation will come, of course. Time and land will distance us.

The Ashmaker: ::he too walked toward the fire, then walked into it:: For the tribes! ::he cried out just before vanishing as the fire flared up around him then died down::

Runih Caerun: A path you would wish on any along the wa---:the Archmages were still impressive...he was silenced for a moment::

The Ashmaker: ::any who gazed into the fire would feel as if the fire was looking back at them for the rest of the night until it died to ashes::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He saw the fire look back at him::

Runih Caerun: ::he looked to the fire too::

Wilk SanG: ::He squeezed his mother's hand, then turned to his father before listening as the others mingled::

OrazioGiamonico: How different is ...:nods to the flame:: ?

Runih Caerun: ::and then uneasily stepped away from it and circled around Orazio, whispering:: You know he is a monster. He is no more brother to us than any who draw our blood....

OrazioGiamonico: Either will burn us.

Runih Caerun: One we need not bear.

OrazioGiamonico: ::looks up quickly to Runih::

OrazioGiamonico: But how can you refuse? ::he turns from the fire no longer wanting to see the flames::

Runih Caerun: A sword with no hilt? No grip? He may leave Luminii, but he will fight the Klockwork Army as he has fought us...killing everything he sees.

OrazioGiamonico: True. They created the monster, let them feel him.

Runih Caerun: And they will. And so will many who do not take up arms against him.

OrazioGiamonico: And if I refuse to have him sit at my fire does he then march over people I claim to protect? You ask us to chose. Which innocent do we care for.

Runih Caerun: Or.... ::he lowers his voice even more:: You could end it here.

OrazioGiamonico: ::He stops and looks back over the group as the two armies begin to mingle::

Runih Caerun: ::glances briefly to the armies and then back to Orazio:: It is your decision to make.

OrazioGiamonico: My wife has invited him by our fire. ::He turns to stand in front of Runih:: I am not of the sands, but, I am a Raider.

Runih Caerun: ::looks Orazio over slowly:: I understand. But know the costs.

OrazioGiamonico: ::He let out a breath and lowered his head. His hand went behind his back. He nodded because he didn't want to say the words::

OrazioGiamonico: That is not the only cost.

OrazioGiamonico: The price keeps getting higher.

Runih Caerun: If it is worth it, then there is no cost too high. I trust your judgment.

OrazioGiamonico: Or at some point you are in so deep ::he smiles as if to say, this might be true, this might not:: the cost no longer matters.

Runih Caerun: When this ends. When we pick up the pieces. I just want there to be something left.

OrazioGiamonico: So do I. Come :: another slap to Runih's shoulder:: Let's see if those stiff Klock suits can tell a tale by the fire.

Runih Caerun: ::chuckles:: And if they can hold their vione....