

“Who is this child?” Asked the imposing man as he scowled down at Twigg.

Twigg shrunk behind Julius, clinging to his arm.

“She's my assistant.” Replied Julius. The man scowled.

“You aren't getting more money.” He said, bluntly. “We asked for a single trapbreaker. We won't pay for two.”

“That's fine.” replied Julius blandly. “But we're a set, so she comes or neither of us do.” The man scowled for a long time, offering no answer.

“Oh for sky's sake, Gorham, it's fine!” Blurted Gorham's cloaked companion. “Let him bring the girl so we can get going!” Her voice seemed to startle the imposing man, who quickly turned to face his associate.

“We have to work out the pecking order...” He moped.

“The pecking order is I'm in charge and everyone else does as I say, and I say its fine.” The hooded woman barked. Gorham seemed on the verge of tears, but sat down next to the wirey man who had remained silent so far.

“Chay.” Said the woman pointing to herself. “Gorham, Bund. We lost our last breaker, and two good men last time we tried looting the place we're going. If you're willing to put this girl in danger on your head be it.”

Julius nodded.

“Fine then,” said Chay. “into the cart. We'll be there by nightfall and get started at dawn.”

Twigg squeezed Julius's arm as the others walked away.

“Don't worry,” He said reassuringly. “We can take care of ourselves.”

The cart jostled down the road for a very long time before before Bund chose to speak. He alone rode in the back of the cart with Twigg and Julius.

“The girl,” He asked. “how old?” Julius hesitated, but couldn't see the harm in being truthful.

“Seventeen or so.” He replied.

“Both of you have the gift...” Bund mused.

“Magic?” said Julius. “Yes, a little.”

“The girl... Much stronger than you.” Bund continued.

“She had more teaching than I did.” replied Julius.

Bund was silent for a long moment. “Wasn't a question.”

Julius and Twigg look at one another. Not sure what to make of this.

“As strong as Chay... Stronger maybe. In one so young it's a danger. Needs to learn from a master.”

“It's not really an option for us.” Replied Julius. “We have to eat too.”

There was a long silence. Bund turned away to stare out the window flap. “Pity...”

Scene missing

Later on the group arrives at a forrest tavern run, and patronized almost exclusively by, elves. Havent written the bridging parts yet. Wrote this all in a go at 3AM one morning after waking up for no obvious reason.

“These aren't the polite city elves you're used to, city dweller.” Growled Chay. “They're wilod, like they used to be. A part of the wood and capable of savagery like all creatures of the wood.”

“Even deer?” Asked Julius.

“What?” Asked Chay.

“Are deer capable of savagery?” Aske Julius sarcastically. “They're creatures of the wood.”

Chay was awestruck by the rogue's impertinance. Gorham chimed in happily, as the conversation had turned to something he actually knew about for a change.

“A buck will gore you to death in a mate rage, and a doe will protect a foal with a fury just as dangerous.” He grinned over his ale.

“Never take a wild animal for tame, or safe. They ain't. They'll do you over as quick as you like if you let your guard down.”

“Interesting.” Replied Julius, turning toward Twigg. “We've learned something valuable today. Mark it, my friend.”

“Yes, master!” Chirped Twigg across her bowl of soup.

Distracted by the conversation none of them noticed the burly elf cross the room. He was suddenly there at the table glowering at them all. Julius and Twigg barely reacted, while the others stiffened and put hand to weapon handles discreetly. After a long moment he spoke to Julius.

“You, where did you steal that bow, human?” His sword hand was ready to draw. A fact Julius took notice of.

“I earned my bow, friend.” He replied calmly. The elf sharpened his gaze.

“You've come to a dangerous place to tell your lies.” The elf said sternly.

“I retrieved it from a forsaken hole in Dorelia.” Said Julius, reaching slowly behind himself. “A place where few would dare set foot in. It's previous owner hadn't need of it for well over a hundred years, I expect.”

Julius carefully handed the bow across the table. The elf looked

over the others before taking his hand off his sword. Julius noticed a few other elves taking an interest in the bow.

“No weapon of elven make would accept a human as a master.” The elf said, drawing one of his own arrows and aiming at a beam well across the hall. “It's wasted on your kind.”

He let the arrow slip. It spun wildly around, veering off course enough to scatter a table. Although the arrow arced away from anything living before lodging itself in a windowsill.

“Impossible...” Gaped the elf as several other came to inspect the bow. “I haven't missed a shot that easy since I was a boy.”

“Perhaps you don't know elven weapons as well as you think.” Said Julius, leaning back in his chair.

The elf wheeled on him in a rage and drew so quickly that none of his companions had time enough to do anything. Not that Twigg even tried. She casually ate her soup and watched the entire affair transpire without so much as flinching.

As soon as his fingers released the arrow it splintered with a resounding crack. Several pieces shot backwards, causing the elf to drop the bow and topple to the ground. The assembled crowd gasped, including Julius's employers.

A very old looking elf stepped forward and picked up the bow.

“I haven't seen such a thing since before most of these children were born...” He said, as he inspected the weapon. “A bow that can't be turned on its master. However did you find such a thing, boy?”

“I think it was lonely.” Smiled Julius.

The old elf looked shocked, then let out a long genuine laugh. “I think you might be right! May I test your weapon, child?”

Julius nodded.

“I think this weapon deserves a test under the light of the moon.”

A few minutes later nearly the entire hall had emptied onto the road.

“It may surprise you to hear this,

“ Said the old man. “But my son is actually one of the finest archers in the world, in spite of what happened inside.”

The angry elf stood, embarrassed looking, beside his father.

“Fire an illuminated arrow, Calen.” Ordered his father. The young elf obeyed without a word. He fired an arrow that glowed brightly as soon as it left his bow. It sped away at a steep angle, high into the sky. A moment later the elder elf drew Julius's bow, which instantly lengthened into a longbow, glowing a faint green as it did so. He let slip an arrow of his own which sped into the night as quietly as a sigh.

A second later the brightly glowing arrow split neatly into two halves and fell, light diminishing, from the air.

“Friend of elves,” Said the old man, turning to Julius. “I would know your name.”

“Julius Drywood, sir.” He replied, bowing.

“Bowen Featherfinger.” The old man bowed in return. “When you're as old as I am it's a rare blessing to see something you haven't seen before. And I've never seen a bow of the forgotten arts with a human master.”

“What do you call you weapon?” asked someone from the crowd.

“Sure Shot.” replied Julius sheepishly.

The elf, and old woman, took the bow and held it a moment. “It's name is here.” She said, pointing to some script on the handle. She chuckled as she handed it back. “Do you read our language as well, human?”

“Barely a letter.” Admitted Julius.

“Amazing...” The woman smiled. “The bow is called Elianth Ora Toge. In your tongue it would be Sure Of Shot.”

The crowd was suitably impressed by this seeming coincidence.

Twigg leaned in close to Julius, pulling down his ear. “Did you know that, master?”

“I had no idea.” He admitted. “It just came to me one day. I wasn't in the habit of naming weapons before that.”

A moment later Calen, the angry elf, stood stiffly before the pair. With a very pained expression he spoke. “I have judged you unfairly. Only a true hearted man could master a weapon this

excellent. For it to have chosen you is... Exceptional.”

“Chosen me?” Said Julius.

“old weapons, the ones of lost crafts, have powers unlike the crude weapons we make now.” Explained Calen. “Some are said to be infused with spirits, and magics unknown to us now. Craftsmen and smiths who fell in the days of tears took their secrets with them.”

“I knew it was old and rare, but its true value was unknown to me.” Said Julius, regarding his bow anew.

“None can wield that bow who you count as a foe.” Said Calen. “Why it chose you none can tell, but legends say that only the true of vision and wise of heart carry weapons such as yours. They are qualities we rarely see in your kind.”

“Of that I'm sure, I'll do my best to live up to the legacy of this bow.” Said Julius. “But, just out of curiosity, why don't you take it from me? Surely someone among you is worthy of it.”

“That weapon will serve you till your death, Anyone who would claim it by force would find it no more use than any stick from the ground.” Said Calen. “no one worthy would take it from your hands until your body had returned to the earth. Or so it is said. In truth most of old weapon lore is just that. Stories passed down and mutated by time.”

“Good to know.” Said Julius. “I hope we remain a team for a good long while. It'd be a shame if Sureshot spent another hundred years or more laying in the dust again.”



