

Kol watches the waves lap lazily along the shoreline. Any other time and the view of such a peaceful tide would calm Kol but given the circumstances this was anything but calming. These waves, this tide, this shoreline, it wasn't water, it was deep, corrupting, inky ichor. The mere touch of it could destroy a Skiran, twist them into something putrid, something unnatural.

Kol turned his attention back to the rest of the exploration group who were resting in the nearby campsite, taking a well deserved rest from all of their individual missions, gathering samples, exploring the core world, performing rudimentary tests. Each and every one of them had brought something to the table and provided a vital service to this expedition and the least they could get in return was a break.

Several skirans who were more equipped to fight against, or at the very least hold back, any creatures that strayed too close had been dotted around the perimeter of the camp and stood on watch, keeping an eye out for any movement.

Kol sighed as he stood up and made his way back into camp. This whole venture had been one big dangerous gamble and so far it all seemed to be working out in their favour. That is when Kol heard a distant rumble.

He turned back towards the ocean of ichor, towards where the rumble had come from. He froze in horror as he watched a darkness rise from the suffice of the ichor in the distance and heading towards him.

"Everybody! We need to move!" Kol shouted as he ran towards the camp. Skirans turned to see him as he ran through camp. "Grab what you can and get to the airship!". Kol is a respected figure and so while confused many of the individuals in camp began to pack up as instructed, some already heading for the airship.

"There is a huge wave of ichor heading towards us" Kol explained, causing many more of the skirans to begin hurrying to pack up and gather their belongings. Kol did what he could to assist others in gathering their equipment and supplies.

He packed bags, he cleared tables, rolled charts, tied strings. Bottles clattered in boxes and metal rods clanged against each other as they were hurried into containers and hauled onto the airship.

"Leave the tents, they aren't important!" The tents were the least of everyone's worries. If the ichor reached camp and anyone was still there they would meet an unfortunate Faye that Kol wouldn't wish on his worst enemy, not that he really had any enemies, but that wasn't the point.

Sparkle, a particularly small skiran, was struggling to gather her supplies due to her small size. Kol spotted her and lifted her, carrying both her and her supplies onto the airship. Normally Sparkle was known for distinctly hating being picked up but given the circumstances she was thankful.

The boarding ramp was raised and the engines wurred to life, the airship lifted from the ground and ascended from the core world.

Kol looked over the edge of the airship and could see the campsite below, the tents that had been left in a hurry still stood as the ichor approached it rapidly within moments the tents were gone.

It was a close call but they managed to get everyone to safety and even save most, if not all, of the research that had been gathered had been rescued as well. All of this due to Kol and his warning to the others, had he not felt the rumble, had he not seen the wave, had he not warned everyone of the coming danger, today would have ended much differently.