

Jenner

(47 4E)

Jenner rounded another blasted corner, almost running into a couple holding hands. He mumbled and kept moving, eyes scanning for his target.

There. A town square with a statue of a sun atop a pillar. He was getting close.

Entering the courtyard, he searched the buildings around it. A tanner... a carpenter... a board house...

There! The door was emblazoned with a waterfall painting, and the words "Lesser Fellam" hung as a sign above it.

As he approached, two men exited the building, stumbling down the two steps and into the square. Clearly, they were drunk locals, the tanned skin and golden hair attesting to that.

Perfect, Jenner thought to himself. Finally this wild goose chase could come to a close. He noticed the looks the locals were giving the drunken pair, disappointment and disgust.

It was a social taboo to be drunk in public in Solaris. A concept which was certainly not reflected across the rest of Ayea. People like their drinks, and it made for an incredibly lucrative industry.

Here though, there was no market for it. The culture of this capital city encourages purity and perfection of body and mind.

What crap.

Jenner opened the door and stepped through, returning home.

He'd lived in taverns most his life, helping his mother run her place since he could remember.

He'd grown up around the smells and sounds, and become intimately familiar with the types of people that frequented such establishments.

He'd grown to love the imperfect walls of his home, scored with scrapes and bruises from the drunken fights that sometimes raged within. Jenner had been in a lot of those fights himself, and lost as many times as he'd won.

He felt safest in the open common rooms of taverns, being able to look out over the tables, and keeping track of the people entering and exiting.

This was not home.

The Lesser Fellam main room was... empty. In fact, it looked like there were no tables at all, saved for the private booths around the wall, complete with curtains to add even more privacy.

The walls were unmarred, painted a bright white, with marbling of grey and gold lines. Jenner noticed that even the *floor* was perfect, no scratches and stains on its shiny surface.

Jenner breathed in a sigh, his shoulders sagging.

Oh well, so long as they have booze.

Then he noticed the smell. Was that... *Incense? In a tavern?*

These people were crazy.

He almost turned around and left at that, but the bottles behind the bar caught his eye.

A man was standing behind the bar, wearing a light blue jacket and a traditional men's skirt, hands clasped behind his back, head tilted slightly back and eyes closed. He had pale yellow skin and grey hair, and ears that were pressed close against his head, long and elven-tipped.

The elf didn't move.

Even as Jenner approached to stand at the bar, the worker stayed stock still, and Jenner suppressed a shudder.

“Erm... excuse me?”

The bartender opened his eyes slowly, giving Jenner a dirty look.

“Welcome to Lesser Fellam... Sir.” The elf spoke polite words but his tone was anything but friendly. Had Jenner somehow offended this man?

“Our menu is here, and drinks list is here.” He pointed to two different pages of paper, each detailing their words in lengthy description, writing in a flowing, gentle handwriting. “Simply tell me what you would like, and select a booth. I shall bring it to your table.” The man’s voice was a nasally one, like he had a blocked nose.

“...Sure”, Jenner replied, giving the elf a nervous glance before looking over the menus.

Jenner ignored the food items, and ran his eyes over the drinks list.

He balked at the prices, eyes widening. Most of these drinks were worth a full day’s wages on their own! They must surely be strong - as the locals he’d seen from before looked almost blackout - but he didn’t know what any of these liquors *were*. They all had fancy elven names and described their flavours, none of which sounded appealing to Jenners refined palate of ales and beers.

He selected one at random, deciding on one that was not quite cheapest, but more than he’d planned to spend tonight.

Ah what the hells, he thought to himself, *I deserve something a little nicer tonight, after what i’ve just come back from.*

“Uh, this one please.” Jenner said, pointing to his chosen beverage. He didn’t dare attempt calling it by its unpronounceable name.

The bartender nodded. “Of course sir. Please take a booth and I’ll deliver it shortly.”

Jenner stood, hesitated a moment, and turned to find a booth. He wasn’t sure if he was supposed to pay now or when he left, but the man did not ask for payment. That was fine with Jenner, maybe he’d find a way to slip out.

He was, after all, a thief by trade.

About a guy.

Jenner, human male, tanned skin, bald with a small beard.

Thick arms and a strong sword swing.

Has great reflexes and is pretty speedy.

Looking for a drink.

“Gods i’m thirsty”.

Was recently revived from the well.

Has a new mar.

Goes into many pubs, finds nothing.

Hears rumours about a bandit in the city.

Wears a special pair of sunglasses.

Even wears them at night.

Sees this guy.

Fights the guy because he killed him in the past (that’s why he was recently brought back).

Kills the bad guy.

Keeps looking for a drink.

Somewhere in here talk about the word of law thing.