

SFX: A dry desert wind plays across Marigold's first lines.

MARIGOLD: They say metal and magic don't mix out there on the sands of the cursed Novanarin Desert. Say it makes the metal corrode and the magic weak as kitten's claws.

The first time I set out onto those sands, I was arrogant enough to think I knew better than the collective wisdom of *them*.

SFX: We hear a monstrous roar and a bloody tearing. The desert wind fades out.

MARIGOLD: I crawled out of that desert with one less sword, one less arm, and without the artifact I'd taken a job to find out there. But Marigold ain't never been a quitter, and if there's one thing I did manage to come back with, it was a heaping bag of sand straight from the heart of that beast.

Y'see, they say that sand from that cursed Novanarin Desert, when properly forged into a blade of glass, makes the only weapon capable of wielding the magic of those badlands.

By the second time I made a plan to set out onto those sands, I was humbled enough to maybe put some stock in those words.

It took some time for me to find an authentic glassforger, as those who uphold the art tend to be few and far between. Not too much demand for the kind of weapon you can really only use in the worst of circumstances, y'know.

It took even longer after that to find one of them up to the task of constructing something suitable for my particular, uh - *method* of fightin'. In case you hadn't guessed, my style involves running into my problems headfirst and swinging hard, and glassforgers tends to produce more *delicate* types of instruments.

But eventually, I found someone up to the task. Woman by the name of Delia, she was - a glassforger with a reputation for producing some of the nastiest glass blades of the day. I asked her if she could forge me a blade as broad as those tree-trunk arms of hers. She gave me a wink and told me only if I promised to come up and see her again after my business in the desert was finished.

Of course, it took a while for Delia to forge that sand I'd brought her into a proper conduit for magic, but lucky for me, I had no complaints stickin' around to watch her work. Plus, I was needin' a bit of time to re-adjust my balance, both to account for the difference in weight between metal and glass, and the difference in me between two arms and one.

At the end of the day, I was out my last 50 bucks and up one promise I'd be back to that forge someday plus one glass sword I was putting a whole lot of faith in, especially for someone who'd never put much stock in her *own* gods. Because that's the thing about glass swords, y'see - they practically run on faith.

I didn't know Delia's work was any better sturdier than some glass trinket on a mantle, but I had to have faith she really was hoping to see me again.

I didn't know anyone who could speak to their legitimacy myself, but I had to have faith there were bladeslingers who'd conquered those cursed sands before me.

I didn't know if it was any more than a fool's errand to go chasing treasures out there, but I had to have faith that I weren't no fool.

SFX: A dry, sandy wind rolls past as we step back into the desert, followed by the slow, lumbering footsteps of an enormous monster.

MARIGOLD: Oh, and speakin' of fools - hey there, ugly! You lookin' for another taste of me?

SFX: The monster roars and continues its approach.

MARIGOLD: Great! Round two - let's see who has more limbs left at the end of this one.

SFX: Marigold draws her new sword with a glossy *shing!*

MARIGOLD: Alright baby, you know Delia promised to put our drinks at the saloon on her tab if we made it back alive. So let's see what you got.

SFX: Marigold charges off across the sands, a magical humming building up in her sword as the episode fades out.

*This episode, Glass, was written by Claudia Elvidge and performed by Ashley Bell. Audio editing and sound design by Ezra J. Wayne. Produced by Ezra J. Wayne and Tal Minear.*