

He used to be afraid. Of the shockwaves, the ichor beasts, the chaos... But now? He was just tired. The chaos of all the changes and attacks had become the norm for him and his roommate. Likewise it was one extreme thing after another. Previously it was that massive ichor titan emerging from below the surface. Said surface was no longer in one piece. Eeridi just decided to shatter. There were reasons and theories as to why, but Harbor didn't really know why, or pay attention to what any of the others said. After the initial (quite literally) world-shattering event, he just focused on staying safe, and helping others where he could.

Thankfully, him and his friends weren't separated. Harbor was with his best friend Bird, both of them were on their way to a protected camp higher up in the mountains when the fracturing occurred. The ground shook with a ferocity it never had before, throwing both pods off balance, knocking them over. Trees fell, rocks crumbled. A few miles down the mountain they could quite easily see the ground splitting apart. For a brief moment Harbor thought it'd be another fissure... But it kept growing, and growing, seeming like it'd never end and threatening to swallow everything near whole. While Harbor was frozen in disbelief, Bird acted and grabbed his arm, and practically dragged him until he recovered his footing. Though in their panicked state to get further away from the growing abyss, they left the belongings with them behind.

They made it to the camp who knows when. Might've been hours, though that was really Harbor's concern. The crowd was as chaotic and panicked as they were at first, but eventually everything turned to a stillness of awe and horror when some pointed out how the various fissures far, far down the rocky slope became a surface beneath. Massive chunks of Skire drifted away from the world that once was, both where they resided and those in the distance.

Harbor collapsed right then and there. He didn't know what to do, or what to think. Part of him wanted to cry, or scream, or anything but he just sat there frozen. Watching and processing it all. Bird without saying a word sat down beside him, watching with him.

The night passed on, and hours turned to days, and days turned into a few weeks, the current time.

The pod duo walk through the woods near the camp (more of a refuge, at this point), the ones the two were passing through when the world shattered. They were out there looking for supplies or anything else of use, such as edible plants or medicinal herbs or whatever else they stumble upon. Harbor hoped their stuff was still there, but he doubted it. Who knows what all fell when the ground shook or floated away. Likewise others probably passed through the area and made off with the derelict property. Which is understandable considering the scenario but damn it still sucked, Harbor thought. A part of him still hopes though.

Bird's speed slightly but noticeably increases, and along with that he starts kicking various objects in his path out of the way. He was getting irritable. Harbor doesn't really blame him nor mind. Generally whenever something really reminded Bird of that event, it put him in a foul mood. At first Harbor thought Bird wasn't as affected by it as much as himself, but turns out Bird just deals with things at a later time, after whatever dangers have ended.

"Bird, you good? We can take a break if you want." Harbor asks, carefully watching his footing in the rugged terrain.

"Yep, and nope." Bird responds.

"...Did you want to talk about it?"

"No." Bird responds curtly. He punts a pinecone.

Harbor decides not to continue prying, since he was getting the impression the other wanted space in regards to that for the time being. He adjusted the strap on his new pack, as it wasn't the most comfortable one to use. But he wasn't going to be too fussy considering the current circumstances. Honestly he felt lucky that someone happened to be selling DIY bags. The merchant was sold out within a day.

"What is that idiot doing?!" Bird hisses under his breath, catching Harbor slightly by surprise.

"Huh? What-?" Harbor asks. Bird cuts him off though, grabbing his shoulder and placing the shorter pod in front of him.

"Look straight ahead at those floating pieces near the edge, through that gap in the trees." Bird points and scowls. "Someone's fucking hopping across them."

Harbor squints, and lo and behold, someone is in fact on the small wobbly bits of floating rock chunks beside the larger land mass. That's not good. Or safe.

"Oh boy. Should we go and help them or...?" Harbor asks. He doesn't know how they would help them considering the estimated gap between the rocks and the land mass, but he felt that was something he should ask.

"Yes??" Bird turns to look at Harbor, and without waiting for a response he races ahead down the slope. Harbor follows. While it doesn't take them long to make their way down, said time is long enough for someone to fall way into the ichor abyss below. So Harbor hopes that doesn't happen because that's uh... not good.

As Bird was ahead, he stops sooner, and him yelling nearly causes Harbor to trip and fall to the near-ground.

"Are you fucking serious?!" Bird exclaims.

Harbor at first thinks something bad happened, but as he fully processes Bird's tone, he realizes it's the tone Bird uses when he's the annoyed kind of pissed off, rather than the serious kind of pissed off. Harbor, very much confused, looks around to figure out what by Ofae, Bird's reaction was to. To which he sees the Cccat on the tiny rock islands.

Oh.

It is Castor.

That explains a lot, actually.

Harbor doesn't know Castor well, but by what he does know, he wasn't even sure if this Cccat was capable of feeling fear. He feels this is further proven by Castor being in the midst of peering down the side of a rocky island.

"Oh! Bird! Fancy meeting you here!" Castor excitedly asks as he looks up from... whatever it is he's doing. "It's been a while! How have you been?"

"Great." Bird says rather sarcastically yet blunt. "What in blazes are you doing?"

If Castor picked up on Bird's anger, it doesn't seem to be bothering him. "Oh you know, a bit of this and a bit of that! I'm looking for minerals. These floating chunks are sometimes gold mine, quite literally haha!"

Bird buries his face in his palms and lets out a loud groan (or muffled scream?). Harbor feels bad but he kinda wanted to laugh at Bird's growing annoyance with Castor.

"Get over here, now." Bird asks.

"Certainly!" Castor grins, before crouching down, wiggling much in the way a non-wormling feline does before pouncing across the gap and barreling into Bird, knocking them both to the ground. The rock Castor had been previously crawling over was spinning from the force of his jump. That sends a shiver down Harbor's spine. Gods he hated heights.

Bird and Castor recover from the knock-down that Harbor felt was on purpose, and Castor dusts himself off.

"Don't suppose you two know where the refuge is around here? I have some goods I'd like to trade for things I needs" Castor asks.

"We do yeah! We're currently staying there, actually." Harbor replies. "Was out here looking for anything useable before we spotted you doing... whatever you were doing."

"Oh wonderful! I'll join you two on the way back then, if that's alright."

"...Is that my bag?" Bird asks, eyes narrowed, and seemingly ignoring the rest of the conversation.

"What? This one? Or that one?" Castor inquires, taking at least 4 different bags of various sizes off a much larger bag. "Wait, which one?"

"The dark grey one" Bird says as he snatches it from Castor's hand. "and the brown one's Harbor's."

"Ahh I see!" Castor tosses Harbor his. "I was wondering what happened to the owners of these. Well, actually that's a lie I never really thought about it... Do I get a reward for finding them?"

Bird just stares blankly at him before rolling his eyes and turning around to head back up to the woods, which cause Harbor to cackle.

"Yeah I'll pay for dinner back at camp." Harbor offers.

"Deal!" Castor accepts, then trotting to catch up to Bird.

As they walk back up to the woods, Harbor notices Bird seems a bit more relaxed, which is good.