

Business had been slow since the fracturing. Everyone was distracted by their most pressing matters, leaving much of the underground's regulars preoccupied. That meant that Speakeasy was alone that night, no drifters, no dealmakers. They liked it that way. Since the upheaval of Skire their establishment had become a bit disheveled, of course a result of the more pressing matters at hand. Perhaps tonight was the night to do a little tidying, put things back in order that had fallen out of place. Disorganized shelves, picture frames left sitting against the walls they'd fallen from, and a few broken pieces of furniture in need of a little care.

Speakeasy began with the shelves. Many of their bottles had been lost in the tremors, but the expensive ones had been safely stored away at the first sign of trouble. Tentatively they decided that it was finally time to pull out the top shelf again. They sat now, locked away in secure shelving that made sure that nothing would knock it over, and Speakeasy grabbed their key, opening it up. They perused the bottles in search of a few that had been off rotation for a while, long enough to give them time to sit and develop. They selected three, a whiskey distilled from across Skire's old seas, a local gin that was now no longer in production, and a one-hundred year old bottle of rum that had not been opened in about ten years.

Then, they swept, wiped the top of the bar, and reorganized the tables, refreshing the area just a bit with a new layout. They dug out their set of tools, the collection particularly lacking in anything besides the basics. With a few nails they fixed broken table legs, rebalanced chairs, and reupholstered a few more. A quiet night did not mean that there was less work, only new work. A time that made it easier to look at what they'd been putting off.