

The grassy fields of the Harrow were surprisingly beautiful. Omen sits there staring up at the sky, this was probably one of the most peaceful areas of the Harrow, and Omen was enjoying it.

He sat there and basked in the sun, enjoying the calming feeling of the sun's warmth seeping into his scales. He sighed and got up, looking around. He had to collect some things. Ever since he had gained himself "hero status" he had been constantly asked to collect things from the Harrow, after all this is a dangerous place, despite its innate beauty.

He walked over to a host of plants all containing white bulbs. Cotton, a plant of many applications. Soft blankets, warm sweaters and the like. But the cotton of the Harrow is special, twice as soft and pure white like a cloud.

Carefully Omen began to next collect from a cluster of pretty purple flowers. Saffron flowers, and Omen had to collect them carefully, or else he'd get his hands stained orange with the pollen. The flowers contained a filament that could be turned into spices. Hyde always pays a nice price for the flowers, he probably has some Aphex that works for him that makes the flowers into the spice so he can sell it off to other Aphex at a higher price than what he buys the flowers for. Not a business practice that Omen approved of, but he couldn't deny that it was smart. As he was collecting various plants he came across something odd, a mask shattered into four pieces. He had heard of the creatures these came from, but had never seen one himself. Kikus, creatures that apparently came from this place. They had this creepy laugh, and while Omen had never personally heard it, he had been told by some of the other Aphex about them and wasn't sure if he wanted to ever meet one, though he had been told that they are practically never violent, though they could apparently occasionally be tricksters.

When a Kiku's mask breaks, it practically spells death for them, as soon after their body will break down as well. Their masks are supposed to be hard as bone though, and here were the shattered pieces of a mask. What could've happened to have led to the destruction of such a creature. They were supposed to be creatures with powerful magic, the ability to shape-shift and coming from the Harrow there's a good chance that they even have afflictions.

Omen would scoop the shards and filter them into a pouch. Perhaps somebody would know what he could do with it. Perhaps... there was some way they could fix the mask and restore some semblance of this Kiku, even if only the fleeting image of its mask.

He gets all his things together and takes one last look at the beautiful sky overlooking the grassland, now stained orange by the now setting sun. This won't be the last time he comes here, there will always be things to collect in the Harrow. And Omen will always be willing to put his life on the line to collect them for other Aphex.