

Heather and Will

Part Three

St. Ulfern's Monastery

Will and Heather walked through St. Ulfern's Monastery in search of Will's things.

"Okay, here's the deal," Will said, "you're a blacksmith, right?"

"Not anymore, why?"

"*Because*, I think we should make a prosthetic hand for me. It'd be pretty simple, I bet. You use your blacksmithing skills, I animate—waitasecond."

Will stopped Heather as they came to a fork in the path, peeked around the corner, and squealed delightedly, having seen a chest at the end of the corridor. He ran up and quickly looked through its contents. "Yep, this is it, and everything's here. Except the cursed bag, of course." He paused. "Good thing I managed to find the right chest on my first try. Otherwise I'd have to do some explaining."

"Oh, speaking of the cursed bag, when I said we got rid of it, what I meant was that we locked it up. One of the monks tried to burn it, but then she started hearing infernal whispers in her mind and nothing happened to the bag, so she decided that wasn't a good idea after all..."

"Yeah, that was one of mine," Will said as he pulled on his cloak and slung on his bags, enchanted and otherwise. "I like to keep people from messing with my stuff. You're lucky none of you tried to open up these bags. For contained within is... *certain doom!* That's a joke. Ish. Anyways, I should have my spellbook somewhere in here..." He rifled around in his enchanted bag, then pulled out a thick tome with intricate golden designs around the edges. "Say, why haven't we met any of the monks yet?"

"Well, I have, of course, but you woke up when they were busy studying... which is to say any time they aren't currently busy doing something else."

"Workaholics, huh?" Will nodded. "I get it. May as well stop by and say thanks before we leave, though, right?"

“Yeah, that seems reasonable. Come on, this way.” The two started walking, Heather leading the way.

“Neat. Incidentally, I feel it’s worth noting that my injuries had nothing to do with Green Devil’s Keep itself, so if we wanted to go back there and see what there is to see—”

“No, absolutely not.”

“Oh, alright... killjoy.” Will *hmp*hed, and that was that.