



Prescott was practically panting like a dog with how much running around he's had to do in a singular day. A fetch quest was a simple enough affair, or so he believed it would be. He sought out the Splinter Carpentry, reading through their help-wanted ad earlier on and hoping to assist as any good samaritan should. Apparently, Splinter Carpentry prided themselves in using wood only they've chopped and wouldn't accept wood from any source elsewhere. The lykoi found that impressive - sticking to one's guns or...however the saying went. The dilemma was that all their axes have either dulled beyond use or simply broke from the strain of constant tree cutting. They had nobody free who could obtain a new supply of axes for them and...lo and behold, that was where Prescott came in! He should have this task done in a jiffy! ...That was past him, so naive...oblivious to what awaited.

So on to Ol'Scrap Blacksmith he went, accompanying him was a satchel filled with coins provided by the carpentry. He was told to search for the owner and ask for "the axe." Why 'the' was a necessity to add was beyond him, it sure made it seem like a special axe. Not just 'a' axe, *THE* axe. Ooh, how curious! He just had to see what made it so important! It wasn't too bad of a trek, not that the Lykoi would have been bothered either way - he always enjoyed a good stroll, even though the sights of Greendoze no longer held that excitement of being 'new.' With good spirits in tow, he had reached the blacksmith's owner, making sure to emphasize the 'the' in regards to *THE* axe. However...a spot of trouble presented itself real quick as the muscular molly regarded him with a shake of her head.

"Sorry, we're out 'o materials here. Can't help ya...unless, ya wanna run by the metallurgy o'er by the river. If ya can bring back some materials I just may assist ya!"

Oh. Umm, well, that wasn't an issue! Though the river happened to be...quite some distance away from the blacksmith, let alone the carpentry. Still, he couldn't allow the distance to

dissuade him! He took on this job and that meant he would have to see it through, no matter what it entailed! With a polite promise to bring the blacksmith molly the materials he took haste towards the river. Strong sunlight streamed through branches and bundles of leaves, leaving dappled patterns on the dirt ground. Today was certainly a scorcher, enough so for him to remove the hood of his cloak, letting his face get a breath of fresh air. It took him around an hour or so of walking until he felt the ground soften beneath paw; aha! A sign of nearby water! Soon enough, he was greeted by the gentle sloshing of the running river, followed by the sight shortly after. Although he couldn't swim, Prescott felt so hot that a part of him was tempted to dive right in. Drowning wasn't on his list of things to accomplish for the day, however, so he ignored the sight of tantalizingly cool water in favor of approaching the metallurgy. Grab the materials and make the trek back! Boy, was he tired...

Imagine the look on his face when he was told that the workers here were short-staffed and low on coal. This was some sort of cruel trend! Well, his baffled look led to the present, everything he'd been through playing through his mind on a merciless loop. Now he had to fetch coal, what would be next!? Would he have to don himself in a hardhat and go mining himself? His eye involuntarily twitched, he hadn't the skills or strength to do such a thing! How was he to ever complete this task when more kept piling onto it? He supposed he should've been more careful what he wished for, he wanted something to pass the day and, well, here he had it, in the worst way possible. Well, no...the worst way possible would be having to fight another Boundless or, even worse, dealing with the sort of cats he'd been forced to mingle with back in *that city*. Y'know what? Mining was fine. He could handle it.

"We have our own coal supply just a bit yonder, keep going and you can't miss it. We'd sure be mighty thankful if you could bring back a bunch, it would save us a hassle!"

Ah, ok, so he wouldn't have to mine the coal himself after all. The one silver lining, he supposed. Wouldn't you know it though, the area where the coal was supplied took him a whopping thirty extra minutes to arrive. It would be nightfall by the time this was all over! ...Not that he had any other plans but, well, one could only be so invested in a fetch quest. Thank the heavens above though that, at the site, there was indeed a plethora of coal to be found! Finally, *finally!!* He could start making actual progress on this request! He nearly cried from the sheer sense of relief, it'd all be downhill from here! Or...not...ah, he'd have to load a cart full of the coal and...lug it all the

way back to the metallurgy. Oh dear. His arms screamed in protest before he even began the task.

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And thus, like a domino effect, everything fell into place. He eventually returned to the metallurgy and gave them the coal needed to better fuel the furnaces. Huzzah. After some waiting around he was given the materials needed for the blacksmith. Y'know, the one that was a whole hour away. Oh, his aching limbs...still, determined to see this all through, Prescott made his way over there. Shadows fell across the forest, indicating the arrival of the evening hours. A fetch quest to last the span of a day, imagine that. If he had known...no, no he would still buck it up and carry through. After all, in the end, he'd be assisting someone who needed it. There was no greater reward to be had.

"Eyy! Look who came back! Didn't think I'd see ya, haw haw! Well, for all the trouble I suppose I can go 'head and forge ya the axe now! ...Though I still want the money too."

And so even more waiting commenced. He wasn't even curious about the esteemed '*THE* axe' anymore. Well...ok, that was a lie. He was still just a might bit curious. So, you can imagine his disappointment when just your standard, plain Jane looking axe was brought to him. This was it...? *THE* axe? It was, indeed, a sad...sad world he lived in. Then again, he was no axe connoisseur, this could be the grandest axe in the world and he wouldn't have a clue. ...Oh, what did any of it even matter! He gave the boisterous blacksmith a gracious thank you, much to her amusement, before beginning his (hopefully) final trek of the day...evening. Whatever time it was at this point.

And so, back to where it all began, Splinter Carpentry. He was just grateful the place hadn't closed for the night, practically dragging his feet with exhaustion. And, hoo boy, WAS he exhausted. At the very least he would be getting some good sleep tonight, like a log! Speaking of logs, it was wood time. The fruits of his labor all accumulated into this moment, this wondrous, brilliant moment where he handed '*THE* axe' over to the carpentry cat. His weariness must have been completely evident on his face, for the cat regarded him with an expression most piteous. Urgh...he wasn't even bothered enough to try and look more presentable, he was sweaty and out

of steam. Normally his stamina wasn't anything to sneeze at, mind you, however...today was just something else entirely. Still, the warmth he felt from the gratitude of his delivery revived some of that vitality, causing him to crack a smile as the carpenter spoke.

"Gee, I hadn't realized the task of retrieving an axe would turn into a whole entire quest for you, I feel rather bad about that...it wasn't my intention for this to take the whole day!"

Prescott laughed. *"No no, it's quite alright! It provided me a much needed workout, plus, ah...it was an opportunity to meet some of the locals around the area!"*

The carpenter crossed their arms, nodding, "well aren't you a positive one! I think some rewards are in order for the hard work, how about you take a rest in our break room, you're not an official employee but I can make an exception since you did such a huge favor for me! I'll even provide you something to eat, you can wait there while I get a proper reward for you!"

"Wha-ah...that's...awfully generous of you but, you don't have to go through such trouble-"

"Oh speak nothing of it! We pay kindness forward here and, well, going through such lengths to get me *the* axe was a mighty big act of kindness on your part!"

The lykoi blushed bashfully, not one to argue if this cat would be so insistent. Besides...how could he refute when his stomach decided to suddenly growl, as though making the decision on his behalf.

A heart guffaw left the carpenter. "Well, there we have it! Follow me!"

And he obliged.

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His eyes were wide as he held the ornate, beautifully crafted, wooden crossbow in his paws. This was far from the type of reward he expected, this...was an entire hand crafted weapon! Sure he went out of his way with this job, but...he didn't feel like that warranted something THIS nice in

return. Still, to refuse it would be rude so, instead, he thanked the carpenter (probably a bit too profusely.) They merely chuckled, waving off his over-abundance of gratitude.

"Please, think nothing of it! You're a Wayseeker, yeah? I'm sure you'll find use for this! Thanks again for the help and have a safe trip back to wherever you're staying!"

"T-thank you...ah, again, truly...despite it all this is...incredibly generous, I shall treasure it! Have yourself a lovely evening!"

When he eventually returned to his inn-room his body all but collapsed onto the bed. Still, he found it in him to turn on a light, admiring the crossbow again. It touched him to receive such a beautifully crafted treasure. Generosity towards him was NOT something he was used to so it...ah, it meant more than words could possibly describe. Nevermind the fact he hadn't the foggiest idea of how to use a crossbow, it couldn't be too much different from a bow & arrow, surely? Well, he would just have to learn! There was not a chance he would let such a masterfully made weapon go to waste!

He slept great that night, the vestiges of that warmth from his good deed carrying through into his dreams.



STATS and SKILLS

STR -3 DEX +2 INT +0 CHA +1
+2 Nature / +1 Survival



SUMMARY and ACTION

[Nothing]
