

Expedition to the Core

Grimace looks out across the inky black sea and takes his first step out of the flying ship and onto the bone white crust of the core. His mind is full of thoughts about the sea, Ofae, and the new task in front of him.

“What a sight, can hardly believe this was under our feet all these years,” a gruff voice speaks out from behind him, “there’s so much more to explore and research.”

Grimace grunts, turning around to face Schooner. “Sure is. I’m off to see if there’s anything worth gathering, you stay here and do your research or whatever.” Schooner nods, picking up some equipment to set up outside. They’re fun to be around, Grimace thinks, but sometimes hearing their chatter is a lot.

The Nautipod doesn’t stray far, just going out enough to feel as if he was there by himself. Wearing gloves for protection, he starts to touch some of the plants around. Dark leaves growing out of a spiny stalk, seeming to secrete ichor instead of pollen from its dark buds. White spiky trees with thick hardened trunks covered in spikes. A lone flower sprouting from a patch of what might be considered grass, a bundle of tendrils and petals surrounding a white glowing sphere. Grimace cuts it from the ground and holds it up, admiring it.

“Schooner will certainly be interested in this one.” He murmurs to himself, placing it carefully in a sealed bag.

He looks around for other things he can grab, only finding a feather and a small round bug. He sighs and steps back, ready to head to the ship. They were warned by previous expeditions not to stay long, as Ichor beasts are much more common here and may come out without warning, but a part of him wished to explore further.