

It was a complete disaster, there was no single doubt about that. But even so, this disaster.. Had been conquered.

Even if just barely.

A lot of Skire was left in shambles, quite literally– everyone that hadn't been yet consumed by the manifesting of ichor trying their best to survive, to help others. It seemed as though for now, the worst had been dealt with, at least. Many survivors had lost loved ones, loved places, their homes. Naturally, there was a lot of grief to be had, and a lot of weeping to be shared.

People could console one another as best as possible, and that's exactly what they did. Trying to look forward at what they could salvage, instead of back at what they lost. Which was.. A considerable amount, of course– many, many buildings, parts of the whole continent had been swallowed up by ichor and their beasts.

He had lost plenty, too. Rust, who was normally known to be bold, brave.. Was weeping tears of sorrow that day. Of relief, too. They'd survived. Despite what they had lost. He'd found Wasteland, in the midst of the chaos, and had sworn everything to keep the CCCat with him.

They'd made it out, and that's what mattered. Material possessions meant nothing in turn for a life. **Shrouded in a veil of thick fog, the two of them.. Taking time to focus on themselves.** In reality, it was a veil that allowed Rust to be himself, to finally let all those feelings he'd let linger out. *"I missed ya so much, ya got no clue.."* The two would remain to themselves for a while longer, until they rejoined the group that Rust had accumulated at his torn workshop.

Introducing others to Wasteland, and sharing what they've been through. What they've gained, and what they've lost– a strong bond of a variety of species that had come together. And together, they could start.. Rebuilding. Fixing what was fixable, and salvaging parts from what wasn't. It wouldn't be the same as it was before the creatures invaded and the lands parted, but.. It would be new. Liveable. That's what mattered.

The crew that had gathered had unanimously decided that what would be fixed first was Rust's workshop. In gratitude to the building that they could find solace in when the world was crashing down around them– which touched Rust quite a bit, hearing that they had all decided.

But there was so much else left to do, outside of that. Rations for those that needed to eat, commutes to other shelters, reconnecting loved ones. He had never felt like his work was more important than now.

He, and many others, had lost so much. It became quite evident during the restoration and clean-up, just how much they had built over time had come crashing down on them.

"Pretty disastrous, eh?" Rivers exclaims. "Glad I live out on the waters, it's not nearly as tragic out there."

Rust scoffs. "Yeah, ya better be glad. Ya ain't seen the worst of it, flyin' fisher." He speaks whilst hoisting a bunch of wooden planks to carry.

"Many lost everything to these creatures."

"I'm not saying I feel *smug* or something! I'm sorry, truly am." Rivers immediately counters. "If there's anything I can do—" Rust doesn't even let him finish that sentence, tossing a toolbox at the gravent.

"Less talkin', more workin'. See where yer needed." Rust replies. Rivers nods. They knew each other well enough to understand that.. This was one of Rust's few ways of showing he cared. A pat on Rivers' shoulder just before Rust left, "..Glad to see ya made it back, anyway."