

Oddball hadn't collected anything yet. She had only made some notes and sketches. That was a start, but without a few samples, she'd hardly get through. The pay would turn out worse. Sighing, Oddball stood up and brushed some dirt off herself before deciding to explore the desert-like area. There, she would first take a soil sample.

As Oddball set off, she whistled a tune to herself. There was no one far and wide. No one on the radio gave her instructions or warnings. Honestly, Oddball enjoyed this silence. It was different from the city. Out here, only the wind whistled around your ears, and occasionally you could hear the ichor bubbling. Oddball's steps grew slower. The footing got worse. Solid ground gave way, and the sea of sand grew larger.

She walked for about five minutes and began to dig. The orange-red sand wasn't her goal. It was too dry. It took a while until the sand began to change color. The red grew darker and shifted into violet. Ichor-infused sand. The ichor seeped away here. It couldn't hold itself well and slowly sank deeper. Oddball took a test tube from her backpack and filled it with violet sand.

The ichor in the sand moved slightly. It looked like tiny worms that slowly made their way down to settle at the bottom of the glass. Oddball shook the tube so that the ichor and sand mixed again. It reminded her of those pendants filled with water and oil that slowly separated over time. Oftentimes those Pendants had a small figure inside. Like a boat which swam on the water. It almost looked hypnotic to her.

Oddball quickly shook her head and put the sample away. Next on the list was a plant sample. However, the question was from where? All Oddball could see here were mountains of sand. Not a single blade of grass or dead wood anywhere.