

Skire Event Prompt P. 1

Skire's cuisine was... strange. Especially being compared in contrast to the utter lack of culinary variance that the alter realm had. It's kind of hard to come up with much in the way of recipes when the only ingredients you have on hand are tree bark and carrion.

As Harlowe paces forwards towards the market, he can't help but be enamored though. Strange wasn't always a bad thing, and in the case of food for Harlowe it was definitely a bonus. The loud hustle and bustle ahead of him was a bit obnoxious but easy enough to tune out as he looked down at the list in his hand. He knew none of it would really help all that much, but he'd put together a list of recipes to try and tide him over for the month.

It'd been relatively hard to find a mark this month, likely due to his work back in January... but it wasn't much to be concerned about. Every one of the recipes on his list had meat of some sort in them so it should help a bit. As he walks he waves to merchants working stalls, only getting a handful in return. Most skireans were too busy with their own business to stop for small talk but as he spots a merchant that might have the first few things on his list he gives a smile and a nod.

A short discussion later and he tosses a few crowns on the counter before nodding in thanks and continuing his stroll. He could still remember the first time he'd had something other than that damn bark- it was... life changing, literally. The bag of vegetables dangling from his hand probably held more flavors than the entire alter realm had had before Harlowe had decided to change things up.

In Skire there were so many different flavors and fruits and meats to go around- sour, sweet, savory, even salty. He'd found he had a fondness for fish in his time outside the alter world but it was hard to replicate the taste of what he preferred. He stops at another merchant, adding some veggies and a few slabs of meat to his bag, leaving more crowns.

He still got weird looks from time to time, but considering what he was known for he had a hard time telling whether they were looks of "Oh hey, it's that guy!" or looks of skireans who knew what was going on but were too afraid to say something. The thought brings a smile to his face as he steps out of the way of a passenger cart. The next few things on his list would take a bit of a walk to find, but oh well.

His attention is nabbed by a Gravent flying overhead for a moment before he continues walking along. It was about noon so he had plenty of daylight to do all this before he needed to get home. A look at his list tells him he's got about half the ingredients.

Food had become a... an experience for Harlowe ever since the crooks escaped. It was hard for it not to be, it was like nothing he'd had his entire life. Every meal had the chance to be a new barrage of unfamiliar flavors, every dish a new texture.

The savory saltiness of steak, the sweetness of apples. The weird crunch of celery that always made him shudder a little bit for no good reason- there really was no end to the variance in the foods the surface world had. He knows a lot of his compatriots just feel more and more jealous of the surface dwellers because of that, but he did his best to not hold it as a source of friction.

A handful more stalls as he walks and he takes the next few things off his list, moving from the bustling market down a side street. It was just as crowded as the other one, but it was a bit... quieter. Voices seemed a little more hushed as he walks along down the cobbled streets.

The buildings in this region of the city showed their age a lot more than those from where he'd just come. Unpainted brickwork, cracked cobbles on the road, cracking foundations. It was hard to tell whether some of the Skireans along the side of the road were merchants or not, but as he walks along it becomes more and more obvious.

It hurt him to see folks in these kinds of predicaments, living in homes not suited for them to the point they'd rather sit aside the road than be at home... if they had one. He was familiar with this neighborhood though, and it was definitely on his list of goals he just... needed to 'acquire' the funds to help them since the city itself definitely wouldn't. A left turn, a right turn and merchant stalls gradually start getting much, much rarer. Less bustle, less activity as a whole. The cobble path gets more and more cracked as he walks along and a frown replaces his smile from before.

Harlowe ducks into an alleyway along the side of the road, the narrow corridor a bit claustrophobic. Another left, another right, and his final stop was there. A dingy looking old building, unmarked and with its windows boarded up tight. To anyone else it'd just be another abandoned building -probably home to squatters- but to him he knew far too well what it was. He raps on the door hard, awaiting a response.

"Go ehway! This ain'tcher house!" Comes a muffled voice from within, annoyance permanently lacing it's tone.

"I'm here for a pick-up."

"Da hell you mean, pick-up?"

Harlowe frowns for a moment, shaking his head before leaning back against the door and continuing.

" 'I'm a wormling with no host.' " He says with a frown, loud enough the person on the other side can hear it. A rustling from within, a clatter as something falls over before he steps away from the door. Click, clack, go a set of locks.

Finally, the door swings open to reveal a hunched human, peeking through the gap in the door left by the chain holding it shut before they undo that chain. "You'd be looking for dead meat, then."

"Do we really have to do stuff like that?" Harlowe gestures before resting a hand on his hip.

"We do, o'erwise I'd be givin myself up to anyone!"

"You really think anyone else comes out here?"

"Ye'd be s'prised the amount of visitors I get. Get inside b'fore someone sees ya."

The individual slinks back into the darkness of the home, leaving the door open for Harlowe to follow. He does, ducking his head through the doorway and shutting it behind him, staying ducked to avoid bashing his head on the ceiling. Human dwellings were always way too small. The interior was just as bad though, cluttered all to hell with various furniture, debris and crates of No-knows-what. He follows the elderly figure back into the spot where the kitchen would be, revealing the counters to have long since been torn out except for a pair of them to make room for multiple ice boxes.

"es in the 2nd one, take what you need." Says the human before sauntering off a bit more. Harlowe nods, frowning before stepping up to the ice chest. He musters himself for a moment- last time he'd checked his chest it'd had a pair of eyes staring back at him. He clicks the latch open, grabs the lid and...

Opens it right up. The wave of cold rushes out and hits him for a moment before it clears and he lets out a sigh of relief. Packaged, unlabeled cuts of 'meat' sat stacked in the bottom of the ice chest... it was running low but at least no eyes this time. He grabs a couple trays and sets them in his bag before shutting and latching the chest again.

He found it easiest to store his... victories here instead of trying to keep them around his home, and although he wasn't the most comfortable with it being stored with the bounties of others of his 'kind' it was the best choice possible. He sets the spare pouch of crowns he'd brought on the lid of the ice chest before moving towards the front door.

"Thanks again Brutus. I'll have the rest finished next month."

"S're hope so! 'At fellas been in t'ere all month! I din't spend hours carvin 'em up for ya to let em rot."

"I've been... trying to cut back."

"Oh ye and I both know d'ats a lie."

"...thanks anyway."

The many locks come undone as he steps out, breathing the not-so-fresh air before hearing the locks close up behind him... and starting back home. It was time to get to the actual cooking. He still wanted to find a way to make this into more than just steaks. One day.