Iridian's Island

mid-July 713 CR

Coruscan

The snow had fallen again last night. It covered the sloped roofs of the houses to such a degree that they were level. Iridian's job was to remove this obstruction. The windows like the roof couldn't be seen.

"Dad, I'm off out to get rid of the snow." Iridian called to his dad who sat in his chair by the fire.

"Ok, just remember to pick up the bread before you come home." His dad replies, his gruff voice resonating through the house.

Iridian decides that today he will start from the opposite side of the town, that way when he was finished he could get the bread and get home really quickly.

Upon leaving, Iridian shivers due to the cold. His body adjusts by increasing his external temperature. Once comfortable again, he starts to run flapping his blue wings hard in an attempt to lift off. His innate magic gives him the final push and he soars into the air.

The town from his viewpoint was almost invisible, the snowfall had been heavy last night. The wind currents bat at Iridian's scales and cause him to veer slightly, this causes him to make haste to his destination.

"Morning Iridian." A voice calls up to him.

"Hi, Mrs G, I'll get this snow off your land in no time." Iridian replies.

Iridian lands beside Mrs G, and pulls a pouch out of his shoulder bag. He loosens the draw string and shows the old widower the contents.

"I've found a better way of making salt."

"Have you? What does it entail this time, I hope you've stayed away from the acid, we don't want you burned again."

"Yes, Maam, I know now to leave that stuff alone, I heated sea water."

"Does this mean you can make a load of it then?"

"Yes. Enthusiasm rising in his voice. I've made lots of it and I'm off to the fishermen this evening when they get back in to give them some. We won't be so reliant on shipments now. "

"Okay, Iridian, I'll leave you to your work."

The old woman, smiles before turning round and walking back inside, It was amazing she'd even gotten out.

Iridian gets to work spreading the salt on the ice and created after he compacts the snow with his movement, he also moved a lot of it away with his spade.

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Iridian could hear screams coming from the opposite side of town. He had managed to clear half the houses of snow and was on the main street. Coruscan wasn't a small town by any means, it's population had grown over the years and it was only the easy supply of fish that kept it going. Most of the men were in the food industry. If they weren't fishing then they were salting or smoking, if they weren't doing that then they were trading overseas or in the local market.

Iridian paid the screams no mind, until he heard the clashing of swords.

Worried that a fight had started between some of the people in the bar, he took flight and headed in the direction of the commotion. It didn't take long for him to reach the source of the noise. What was there made his stomach turn. A raiding party, of smallish Elvin like creatures and worse, a giant.

Most of the Coruscan people didn't own weapons. His Dad had told him once.

"We don't really need weapons, nobody bothers us here, we have nothing of value and it's too cold for most ruffians. I though keep a dagger under my pillow just in case."

'Well. Iridian thought. they need them now.'

Iridian moved into position on a roof above the raiders and started to charge up a fireball. He would have to aim carefully because he could only produce a five of them a day with his current level of ability. Release, the orange ball, soared through the air land in the middle of a group of raiders, It killed 1 and injured 2 more.

This only caused them to target him with their arrows. Iridian had to move quickly to avoid being hit. In the air again, the sight of 3 more ships made him shake in fear, there was no way the town would survive. What on earth did these guys want so bad that they had to destroy a peaceful settlement to get it.

Sure that his people would be defeated he did the only logical thing, go to warn as many people as he could.

"There are people raiding the town, they have support coming into land, we need to leave." Iridian called out at the top of his voice. He was heading home to see if he could get his father's help. By this time he would be in the forge and wouldn't have heard the racket.

Iridian lands clumsily, the wind causing him to lose balance and fall on his face. He hears the sound of the town bell start ringing and the town crier start calling for people to take the necessary provisions for a trip to Galendor.

Iridian pulls himself back up, his tail was bruised a bit by the fall, a couple of scales have gone from their normal blue to a light purple. Once inside he runs to the forge room. His father is there as expected, constructing a creel.

"Dad, there are people. Iridian pauses to catch his breath. People attacking the town, we are being told to leave as there are just too many."

"Iridian, calm down. What part of town are they in?"

"The western side."

"So that means we've got about twenty minutes to leave if they are searching every building. What did these thugs look like?"

"Um, there was a giant and lots of Elvin creatures but they weren't elves."

"Lutins, we'll be fine they aren't all that smart. Get our packs and fill it with provisions, then get the journals and gold. I'll go and get your Aunt, Uncle and Mrs G we'll take the boat and get away from here.

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His Aunt and Uncle had wanted to stay and fight. His Father had reluctantly let them, Mrs G seemed happy to go though and as they pushed away from the shore of Coruscan Iridian watched as her face lit up. The boat was only able to fit five safely, so there was him, his father, Mrs G and the other two blacksmiths, a couple who went by the names of Dill and Thorin. Dill was carrying her baby, an exception to the rule.

"It's going to be an adventure." He heard Mrs G say. It didn't feel like that though. All Iridian could think about was how his life had been torn apart for no apparent reason, there wasn't any valuable resources on the island, save for a bit of gold. There was no rare creatures, unless people consider gulls precious. There was no magical items wait, didn't the story go that the minister's shawl had the power to bring back the dead. Not that it had ever been proven.

"Dad, does the minister's shawl really have magical properties?"

"No son, do you think our enemies believe it is?"

"That's what came into my head."

His father's confirmation that it was just a story made the whole thing seem worse. The stories hadn't limited themselves to the island and if that was what these Lutins were here for then they would return home with nothing except from a colourful and prized cloth.

A whole town destroyed for something that wasn't real. A piece of fabric. It made his heart despair.

Refuge August 713 CR

Iridian dreamt of his mother again last night, it was like a replay of the events from 10 years ago. He was 8 again and his mother was in bed. She was sick with something, something that the doctor couldn't make better. He remembered his mother's red scales. They had a sort of rainbow sheen before, but when she became sick, they became dull. The whole thing was a reason for his decision to study alchemy and science, he tried for weeks to come up with medicines, things that would make you feel filled with energy, things that made you lose weight, things that made you think faster. None of it made a difference, he'd messed up most of it and thinking back none of it would ever have succeeded. She just seemed to wither away. His dreams reminded him of it every so often. His mother's humanoid form burned on his retinas.

His father brought him up on his own after that.

It wasn't easy being the only dragon on Coruscan, although that wasn't quite correct, he was only half the dragon and that in its own way made it seem worse. Some of the others had teased him over this, they said that people wouldn't want him and dragons would probably eat him.

It was on a summer when he was 10 that his dad came and sat him down on his knees, His greying hair and beard made him seem so old. Iridian remembered him speaking.

"Iridian, I know what those children have been saying is nasty, but it isn't true, the town appreciates you, and a dragon definitely wouldn't have eaten you . Think about your proper friends, they like you for you, don't pay attention to anything else."

In the end the others had grown up, he hadn't really though, at least physically for the next 7 years he didn't really develop. The doctor had said it was because he was going to live longer than all of them. He'd only had a growth spurt over the last year and was still short for his age.

At the moment they were in a makeshift camp along with about twenty other refugees from Coruscan. They'd seen several larger ships head east, heading for Arabarb. They'd decided not to take that route there was no way their food and water would last that long.

The plan was going to go as follows, His father had pulled out a map of the region, they were going to journey south via the east side of the Free Giantdowns staying as far away from the Death mountains as possible. They would pass the access point to Arabarb and anyone who wished to go there could do so. They would then travel to the Midlands via Metamor Keep into safety.

It wouldn't be easy though, there had been talk about Nasoj's forces being in the vicinity they would be in danger for the whole trip. Apparently a lot of the Lutins were under his control. Iridian's anger welled up again, it made him want to charge straight into the Nasoj's realm and kill him for ruining everything good life. That would be suicide though and this thought kept the anger in check somewhat.

The embers of the camp fire blow into the wind. They decided to take the boat apart and use it for firewood, it would only rot anyway. Iridian walks over to the large piece that they brought with them inland, with his claws he started to cut strips off of the chunk and these were put into a pile ready to burn. The orange glow reflected off of his scales.

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Morning