



I passed through the town of Castle Lyre without any fuss, but sadly was not able to glean any more information from the pirates who dwelled there. They were preparing for another raid on Durmstrog - just my luck.

Night came once again as I crossed the border, making my way inland towards the castle to avoid as much cannonfire as possible. The pirate town of Castle Durmstrog stretched all the way down to the sea from the intimidating stone fortress, tonight silhouetted by a blood-red moon. Wooden shanties spilled onto the ship-clogged river like mud into a valley. The noise was incredible - men and women shouting and swearing at one another, yelling orders to crew and scuffling over every tiny dispute.

“Fancy a ride, mate? Two coins-of-ash for someone so well-dressed,” croaked a one-eyed, bearded man sitting by a tiny boat that looked like it would sink before making its first ripple.

I gave him a stern glare and shook my head as I walked past, but he was persistent. “Orright, one coin and that amulet yer’ve got there round yer neck. ‘Ell, just the amulet then -”

He was cut off by a monstrous explosion from behind us, back down the river. I spun around and drew my sword. The shanty town was being illuminated by a blazing ship, now hurtling along the water toward Castle Durmstrog - and us.

“Get away from the river!” I shouted over the newfound screams at my new companion, but he was muttering nonsense and covering his ears. I went to pull him away, but he pulled back - much harder than I was expecting.

“He sent you! He sent you, demon!” he howled in my face. “That Lord Faeletti!”

“I don’t know Lord Faeletti!”

He grinned manically. “Not today, assassin! Go back to Morimoor! You won’t kill old Rumfred!” And with a cackle, he jumped, and took us both down into the water.

Act II  
Scene 2

# Striped

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What do you call jousting...

What do you call an eggbox...

What do you call a schedule...

What do you call grips...

What do you call spewing saliva...

What do you call an aircraft manoeuvre...

What do you call a bet...

What do you call a stair...

What do you call a cat...

What do you call a punctuation mark...

What do you call leavened flatbread...

What do you call a knife...

What do you call a job...

... for a chicken?

... in deep sleep?

... in revenge?

... made by a truant?

... made by one's grandmother?

... that is animated?

... that is less contaminated?

... that is mentally demanding?

... that is more adorable?

... that is not intending to kill?

... that is very tall?

... that require no limbs?

... which involves nursing?