



Act I
Scene 2

Chains

Author: Sean Gardiner



Tavirac's cities are nestled between its towering stone peaks. Much of the cities themselves are carved out of rock, remnants of the planet's pre-space-faring age, and are complemented with metal purchased from (and constructed by) other civilisations.

Tif lands the Freighter in the docking yard of Evith, one of the lowest-altitude cities on the planet. Naturally, this is where the less desirable of Tavir's denizens tend to reside. The Clergy agents ignore Evith for the most part, content in the knowledge that they can annihilate the city at any time by collapsing the stone overhang protruding from the craggy peak beside it. They've been known to do that.

The three of you file out of the airlock. Tif excuses herself and heads off to make arrangements for supplies, leaving you and Wentworth to track down your first contact.

The dark stone streets wind labyrinthine through the city, bustling with vendors and shady characters moving from tavern to tavern. Wentworth prowls beside you, six legs on the ground this time so as to not attract attention to his height. He nudges you with a front incisor and gestures toward a vendor.

The vendor is some kind of avian creature whose name you can't recall. She is perched on a beam above the ground, where dozens of unusual trinkets lay spread out on a red sheet. Wentworth flicks her a currency chip, and she points with one winged arm toward a rolled-up parchment. You tentatively unfurl it...



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