

CHAPTER 3

There have been beautiful female humanoids adored by many forms of life in all kinds of star systems through the deepest reaches of the galaxies. For Gaelron, there was only one lady who would or could ever be anyone he could see as romantically lovely in her appearance at all. His sexual attractions were powerful and he was well aware of his lustful feelings but his way of viewing the world was more as if he were vaguely aware he were dreaming. A sure-footed, very handsome and unusual man with a natural confidence that anything he would see would be a wonderful vision-a breathtaking and enlightening scene in some new way. Gaelron's love was known to float down a sacred rolling pink river. sometimes for so long that children would be conceived and born, raised to adolescence by local families in surrounding villages. She'd slumber as she'd float along the surface of the churning pearly pink waterway which started at the peak of a much darker pink mountain and rolled endlessly around in a

circuitous maze of rushing rapids. The waters were magical in that they shimmered with a silvery tinge and always changed color as the currents quickened or the temperatures fluctuated. A form of life which was almost pure electricity would wisp into form off the turbulence of the majestic waters and these wispy blue-gold tendrils would feed off the fresh oxygen bursting from the bubbly spray, dissipating in a burst of fiery pink light.

The rolling mountainside of every imaginable color had varieties of flowers which were mostly white with soft or smushy yellowish centers that bled in the sunlight with trickling oils reflecting the vast rays of pleasure the sun shone on all life below. There were also many amber, green and black bushes which had gangly dark appendages that reacted to strong wind by flailing wildly about, sending their seeds all over the rolling mountainside in hurling clusters. The way the river wrapped down and around the huge mountainside endlessly invited her to be anyone, dream as long

or as little as she liked, to feel warm and safe, comfortable and powerful without having to experience more than a form of bliss..

The mystical waters changed from deep pink to rosy pink, light pink, powdery pink, reddish-pink and sometimes clear with only a blushing pink tint or at times totally white foaming bursts with pink hues— all in a rhythm with the vibrations of the mountain spirit.

There was a plethora of life forms enjoying their niches in the river and the fish swimming throughout were almost always blue with yellow eyes and multi-hued markings all over their shiny scaled bodies. A bird with fins on its wings would sometimes launch from a wet nest in a nearby tree and would sail into the water and disappear...then leap forth with a blue fish in its orange beak, coming up out of the water at a speed so great that it would be almost impossible to see its flight path back to its river moss nest.

These waters which were sacred to all who lived within its range was always warm and soothing, relaxing in its effect for Galeron's lady as if every tiny part of her being was Brought to its fullest

potential for her personal harmony. The natural presence of magical minerals and the resonance of blue fish songs underneath the water made her float just above it. Though she would appear to be bonded physically with the water itself, an invisible bubble surrounded her and kept her afloat so the amount of moisture she would be impacted by , she would never sink. And it seemed that when she was enjoying her trek down the river way that all life nearby would be slightly uplifted, for her aura was so powerfully benevolent that her harmonic frequencies would 0 No aviary predators attempted to prey on her because she was their friend and the dreams she had in the brook were meetings with them, fantastical visits where they met in a spirit world for sharing their experiences. The meadows surrounding the gorgeous river was lined with the flowers and pink and blue bees with very round over-sized tails with stingers had wings that would take off and fly in the general direction of any predator while another non-detachable one was revealed in its place. There

were many breeds of bird which were only present there who lived in the nearby forests on the outer perimeters of the river. Some of the birds had the ability to disappear out of thin air by flapping their wings so fast that their red feathered bodies began to blend into the redness of the planetary sun. Dragonflies which were actually part dragon and part insect lazed about especially near the coastal ridge of the riverbed, always near plants which had yellow fuzzy stalks that had flowery rather than feathery down top which blew off strands of white fizzy hairs the distant dragon kin fed on by gulping them up in the air one by one. There were occasionally fish leaping up from beneath the flowing waters to seize the rich gaseous air with round mouths made for sucking it in quickly during brief glimpses of life above the water line.

Just beyond the vegetation along the banks of the river and the rich meadow filled with wildlife between it was a living place with extraordinarily aggressive energies. The bloody violence constant

in the forest beyond the rich yellow and pink hued meadows was so persistent, with such volumes of wildlife that it generated a crackling energy which carried over through trees into the grasses. The grasses here were of ultra fine hair and they'd turn to powder as the animals trampled upon the ground, so the constant rumbling warfare on the lawns threw up great yellowy rose hued clouds. The soft fibrous grassy surface would quickly regrow as the chaotic release of life just yonder through the trees had stimulated their regrowth to an accelerated reproductive state.

The river itself was the eye of a grand storm in a way, constantly pleasant and safe for this tender soul herself to enjoy while around the flowing waters around her was a wild savage world. One would marvel at a preservation of any species with the massive slaughterings of boundless numbers of species engaged in eternal combat. If one survived a battle with another of

whatever breed, they'd not be too likely to run off without another fight ensuing before they'd recovered to gloat. There was a reason they'd all continuously struggle with the warfare of the meadows (humanoids never, ever ventured in there because those who tried never, ever returned). Some of the fruits on the ground were giving the animals a drug induced reaction. There were fungi which would grow as a foam, white airy fluff that would pancake outward from a dome red center. There was a yellow vegetable that would grow as rapidly as Earthly Kudzu which resembled something like a cross between a turnip and a strawberry. The beasts consumed the tops of these, leafy long purple strands of fibrous starchy and sticky nourishment. They'd be something like an aphrodisiac for the males who also experienced a grotesque rise in aggression.

There were always new females sprouting from behind the trees, the mist hung as heavy as needed to obscure all entry points in a

malingering yellow haze. Purple haired trees blew whispers in the wind as new animals spit out from the wood and jumped into the fray. Very often, the sight of young fertile females leaping forth would encourage apexes of ferocity. Flesh would rip apart and fly into other embattled four, twelve, sixteen, three, sometimes two, up to dozens of legged creatures. There were large insects of many kinds who would mainly tend to the borders of the yellow misted forest and they'd sometimes feed on fallen corpses which were available at every turn. Afloat in the wondrous river, the beloved of Gaelron was never concerned with the outer rim of the sluicing waters and would often have waking dreams where she'd be flying in space and through the melting world of imagination. When she'd reach the bottom it would be a struggle to return from the heavenly state and the one thing which acted as her beacon of light was the chiseled face of Gaelron, with shoulders and arms to embrace her into bliss.

The bloodshed on powdery pink battlefield raged supremely with killing after killing after killing but somewhere along the slowly descending mountainside was a prisoner beneath the surface whose own enraged state encouraged even more feverish conflicts. A great man who from a distant planet where his society was mining ores upon discovering from their stellar vessel that it was rich in the most valuable stuff they sought. The warrior giant was resilient beyond many efforts to slay him by mysterious indigenous life forms. Hostility was the way of survival in the wilds of all planets he had visited, most of which were undeveloped by civilizations (which had already plundered the treasures of the spheroids). He would be proud to surrender his flesh to his god if need be in defense of his quests of ore mining to feed a new sun which their solar deity was using to redesign their DNA into light forms. His people felt that to hunt a specific rare and divine ore which was present in the mantle of this tiny planetary crust that with a spiritually charged ritualistic refinement of the magical

metals would feed their sun. Having been born of their star in the first place, then they would eventually go back to it for ascension into a new embodiment of light.

There was a tribal species which were nocturnal and lived underground which used magic pink stones to suck the thickly muscled warrior into light pools. He'd travel through the soft blue beaming fog without traversing through any solid matter under the rapture of the rare rock's powers then emerge into a tomb lair under the tribe's sacred pond. The mummified remains of all their departed tribe members (who did not live brief lives in the slightest, nothing like disease) were resting in a black powdered cloth that was resistant to fire, cold and would always float. The spell weaving folks were pitch black in skin tone and had yellow bones growing on the outside of their skin below the chest, protrusions they stored meat on and sometimes jostled with in fire dances to test manhood. They had looted a stone from the

river of that Gaelron's love was presently dreaming buoyantly upon, which was no easy feat since that was on a distant world. This race had powerful magic and their shocking knotty hair was so rough that it would scrape off skin if they weren't careful with each other, making affection sometimes rather athletic.

Determining that the blonde warrior's piety was beyond penetration for their wisdom to seep in and thus he would have to fight for it with his profoundly warlike nature.

Thus they used the stone with their wisest spell crafter and sent the enlightenment seeker off to the other world, where the central flow was a resting haven whilst surrounding it was an enormously savage environment. Their was a séance for their black mummied family (whom they considered to be only waiting to get up again one day) which was a musical chant with sacred green fires only they knew the secrets to create. This with the music of the pink stone they'd seized somehow from the remote planet's pink river

floor created a light pool which the seething hero could enter and find a home for his craven lusts for worshipful violence.

Deeply buried below the finely haired powdery grasses by the pink waters, his tempestuous tantrum of stomping feet, beating dirt and bouldered walls, leaping up to the magically bound ceiling which prevented a collapse from what was a otherwise unnaturally weak prison chamber. Creatures on the surface far above responded to the pounding, the angry assaults against imprisonment by the long haired miner. The wildlife which was feeding in the more abundant areas of vegetation were suddenly lashing out from their food, otherwise which would be the only reason for their pausing from any brutalities. There was an increase in the already uncontrollable bloodletting spirit of the terrain and also a more rapidly occurring spawn from all those present. The energies pouring off of the entrapped warrior were enough to enliven the surface just above him and rings in the

grass began to form from the conduction of his life-force through the embedded stones in his dirt prison walls.

The frenzy above the golden ore seeker on the surface was a powdery cloud of blood, flesh and unbridled madness. This brave warriors passions and hungers to escape became the overwhelming basis to the matrix of the unconscious collective of the animals at war with each other above. A flower that was never grown before there or anywhere emerged in the turmoil under the dusty rancor which was not being harmed by any abuses from the melee. This botanical life form sprouted out of the deep green soil and even darker green clay beneath it in a spontaneous generation from the hurt lord of the killings own blood. He had banged so fervently upon the impenetrably dense walls of his magically formed hell hole that his own blood had stained some of the singing rocks. The blood was purple where he was but previously he had recalled it being blue or green when it had

come from cuts as a boy or in various skirmishes, hunts. It trickled upward in an anti-gravitational display of evolutionary instinct and formed into a woody gold sprout in between the finely haired grassy blades. It grew quickly into a woody stem of brown and gold speckles leaves then a richly dark purple pair of petals grew outward from oval crystalline center. The bow-tie like appendages fattened quickly with rubbery resistance to all the herded armies attempts to chew it, trample it, kick at it, urinate or defecate upon it. It wound up growing up to about the height of the common beast engaged in horrible carnage. The flower with the bark-like stems and leathery leaves of brown and specked gold was so hard and thick at its bowed bi-petals that it would make a very similar weapon for the brute below.

T'hurk was a word which meant something like 'suns corona' and it was given to him as a name one day as a purple skinned tribal race on the planet he was transported from had assisted him in

finding the precious ore he was searching for. The other usage of the word for these people with frizzy bright orange hair and enormously long, wild growths of armpit and belly hair was 'do not take too much'. This is because it was believed by them they were dancing on the sun's corona in their souls where they controlled their bodies on their planetary surface. When they did this, it used a tiny bit of the flaring outer rim of the sun to channel their commands down in a ray of the light springing at them in a shower of harmonious love. If they did something to unsettle the balance such as give in to petty squabbles or behave without respect to their sun god (who would come down usually as a distant born cousin of the feline which flew and had a furry set of nine paws on each of nine legs) then the sun would age, cutting themselves off from the security of their world. Giving to each other, helping their group become happier, doing things which made children more likely to laugh with their elders were all things which strengthened their bond with the sun and made their nine

legged feline like deity purr (which they saw as the songs of the loud insects throughout the cave tunnels they lived in).

T'hurk was a miner and his version of control was to harvest the most possible elemental material of his gods needs for his sun and thus there was a golden opportunity to mature in T'hurk.

Sometimes we get more by needing less and he felt this would lead to more ore. It wasn't very long after this he wound up in the prison by the peacefully pink river which flowed beside the cacaphony of the probably millions of animals abounding upon the mountain. Annihilating, procreating with, birthing, feeding upon each other at a monstrous pace with reckless disregard for all else but their domination of their immediate space. T'hurk did not usually speak many words as was the custom of his people (who spoke what we would consider backwards because they believed they lived their lives in reverse consciousness and when they were released into the next world, their life was experienced

in a single moment where the words would be re-uttered 'forward' with applied wisdom before their souls would slingshot into the sun for rebirth). He accepted the name gracefully and left with pride in their friendship.

Sub chapter heading? Camille- * note can u think up names at plot points and scene changes for what captures the coming scenario in a catch phrase ..either chapters or sub chapter names, I like the latter thanks..

If the name of the ravishing woman steaming down along the rushing rosy river was like the whispers she made while dreaming herself into the mountain's heart then it is 'Halabarefth'.

Halabarefth's magical resonance kept her in roughly the center of the waters which seemed to melt along in swirling, foaming, spraying despite all the pulls or twists from erratic currents. The agile and muscular fish would launch out of the water to suck on

air or insects, sometimes even gulping down a small bird.

Sometimes when Halabrefth was sailing along the river the fish would nibble on her hair, making her feel tickled and sometimes encouraging a chuckle from her slumbering state.

This time, as she was wading down the river in a hallucinatory haze near the bend which led to the torrential storm of warring monstrous wildlife, an unusually thick skinned goblin we'll call 'Guh'thl' happened alongside her while in the middle of a hunt.

The pink grassy battlefields were erupting with berserk beasts all over the sidelines of her journey with millions of large and small beasts teemed with charged mania. When bits of flesh were torn and thrown about by the flurry of constant embattled exchanges along the grand range, the bloody body parts would never reach Halabarefth in the blushing water as she streamed along. This was due to the ecosystem's natural response in the form of a curious insect which made something like sticky shoes out of web

producing spinners on their countless microscopic feet which helped them shuffle along under their bright green bodies. These unique creatures resembled porcupines in miniature which had grown mushroom bulbs all around instead of spiked spines. They would nibble on fresh meaty scraps as the bits came at a phenomenal pace from the marauding masses of beasts devouring all in sight within their stuporous rage. Halabarefth was not affected by the fleshy missiles because the insects would feed, expel excrement in the air and proceed to the next tasty bits before she would even be able to notice.

All the wildlife in the area was extremely muscular and tough with equipment for warfare designed into them by nature for the unusual ferocity of the situations they would constantly face. Occasionally some of the beefed up beasts would stray out of the meadow and into the thickest parts of the forest where they'd be devoured very quickly by yet even more dangerously magical

monsters which lurked about in clandestine existences within their habitat. A lot of the blood on the sprawling fields was a dull dark yellow and most of it was sucked up by a strange looking creature with flamingo like legs. Their limbs were so long that by planting the round webbed feet in the mud of the river banks, they were able to lean down over the fray and with clever timing pick up generous portions of fresh scraps to gobble down hurriedly. The bellies of these blue and purple creatures were all enormously fat, and their heads had a gigantic gaping beak with a tongue which could snap with a fist like grip through the air to snatch up food. Their bodacious tummy fat cells would spill over into the river whenever they'd bend down to feast on insects or guzzle the pinkish streaming water. Their droppings would be a feeding frenzy to flying fish synchronizing their journeys with the pooping avians.

Guh'thl and Halabarefth were just passing each other as she was

cascading toward the treacherous bend in the river during her descent downward and Guh'thl was beginning to pick up tremendous foot speed in an upward race to more and more fresh game. Birds sang cacophonously in the background, reflecting the violent swells of the area with chattering mania, sputtering out complicated atonal harmonies, cawing for scavengers and screeching for clashing fighters. The waters tapered into robust rapids which shifted her curvaceous feet automatically from a lazy dip into a heels up situation. Her toenails did something most on planet Earth had not seen which was grow all the way under her the bottom of each toe ensconcing each toe in a protective shell. The pink meadows surrounding her became a red singed gold as a waterfall approached, pounding with intensity but not enough to wake the dozing Halabarefth!

Gaelron had called to Halabarefth from afar just as she was nearing the climax of her ride. The mental communication came

with a charming sonic ring of stacked chordal tones enchantingly bubbling into her mind with an echo of Gaelron bellowing like a wild four legged animal, but in a playful attention grabbing way. This exchange swelled from almost no volume in her head to a reverberating loudness which made her feel every ripple of sound from her inner depths. The whole thing made her tingle with loving joy at the sparkling clarity in the message of her man's musical tintinnabulations. Warmed mead spiced with fresh local specimens only Gaelron had knowledge how to find, and a warm embrace would be the agenda with her man. This was all she considered while her slumber began to end and as she floated off the top of the waterfall in a gentle drop on a pillow of air from the majestic uplifting aura she had created by such blissful benevolence during her slow ride down the pink river on the mountainside. Eventually she sailed all the way down and away from the falls to bounce on a pocket air over the yellow sands below, then softly landing onto a small glade which led to a wood

with purple trees.

When she began to glide on foot through the purple forest, it was possible to see her eyes had many pupils and irises, a collection of spheres within spheres are swirling around in randomly colorful directions. She didn't need to open her eyelids to traverse around any terrain for her vision was based on gathering senses of aura and energy and her focus had little to do with light. She 'sensed' everything around her more like a physical touch through the contact of her spirit with her environment and the eyes she had would send signals to the brain which created visual perception similar to what Earthly humans would understand. This form of sight gave her a natural way with animals, trees, water and all beings and it was very similar to the way certain felines were able to use their eyes . She was one of the rare few whom dragons would journey across the boggy seas to visit with, partly because of the ability she had to see them when they preferred not to be (a

cloaking trait of dragons to travel 'under' the color plane that fooled 99.9% of the life on the other side generally). But when they sensed she was a friendly soul they would cavort and frolic together sometimes, at play for the sake of friendship. Thus was a dangerous game for most life known anywhere but for Halabarefth, it was as if she were simply taking another breath and enjoying her time. Being able to withstand their company took a very special power and an affectionate heart. A pink scaled dragon with yellow wings, soft blue stripes around the tail came as a youngling to have her scratch his nose and his immense eye ridges. Her nails retained their colors-- swirly lines of pink, blue, yellow and red but grew around her whole fingers like her toenails did, giving her an advantage in comforting the lonely dragon. A great black dragon once appeared in the sky cloaked in a similar method but he was even murkier to spot, the only way she did was actually by sensing the heat from its body when it snorted at a volcano making it erupt violently for a brief moment. Another

dragon who knew of Halabarefth was a green and yellow one who would bring her a bright yellow vegetable resembling an Earth pumpkin from the other side. The pumpkinesque edible delight became an ingredient for a party she was having with genuine dragon flies who were the distant cousins of this particular yellow and green dragon and thus it had made the trek for their favorite ritual item to be enjoyed in their sure.

Gaelron was waiting for her in a regal bath with flower petals, broken branches and other scraps of forest floating atop the babbling natural hot spring he was enjoying. A form of cannabis plant but smaller and with oils dripping visible off in droplets contorted its stalks to move toward the happy lover. One long and fat bud with sticky crystallizing psychoactive syrup inched closer to him, sensing his warm humanoid presence before indicating an offering of its freshly harvestable meats. The syrup warmed and crystals on the buds turned to vapor as the entire bud melted

away for a fog of heavenly herb to permeate around the almost sleeping Gaelron. The waterfall of pink and white foam was white noise purring in the distance and its steaming warm water at the base of the falls would travel through the air into a convergent spray of misty air flowing over the much hotter spring water he was in. This was a holy place for all peoples who knew of and visited the sacred hot springs, but Gaelron ever only went when he was to meet Halabarefth there and whenever doing so, would always fall asleep to the overjoyed cannabis plant friends. It was a purification spring and one of fertility which is atypical of a hot spring since semen is destroyed by the heat typically of one but in this case, the waters were kinetically charged with the magics of the realm, a particular area which after so long had become a haven for lovmakers and those seeking calm, rejuvenation, peace. There were purple trees all about with dark golden leaves, some of them 'water trees' which there were trees which had leaves that had only the veins typical to a leaf but then water

which retained the shape of a leave from the gelatin like sap contained in the tree-water. This was a necessary life form to the many animals which required a source of water as the water trees were very fast to gather the liquid from their roots then convert it into a fresh leaf for birds, many legged creatures, humanoids or whatever else happened along thirsty in the wild.

For Gaelron the baths were only known as his oasis of love and as a shared sanctuary to give him a moment to linger, reflect about his situation in the position he held in the world, to appreciate the blessings in life he was equipped with such as the knowledge and use of the sacred dark blue watered hot springs. All the stones around him and where he sat in the bubbly waters were layered with a vegetation that was something like sea sponge which molded to his skin in a perfect contour for comfort. These holy water plants were so densely packed around the pink stones of the same color that it was not possible to see the true

color or surface of the stone at all as the coating was always at least as much mass as the rock underneath. They had a life giving resonance and were plants in tune with the structure of the essence around them which gave them a natural healing and fertility effect just by resting upon them for a while in blissful relaxation. Gaelron really needed the refreshing, replenishing experience offered by the exotic bubbly waters. Basking in them felt something like being snugly in the heat of a womb. The resplendent spring water would respond instantly to the presence of any skin which would come in contact with it. The temperature of the liquid would change to that which would be most suitable and relaxing for the natural body heat the life form immersed within its living essence. This would remain true with as many occupants as could enter the life giving pool because the heat would be altered just at the point of contact with the epidermal tissue, hence each new person would have their own flesh being balanced to a biological attunement for their healing needs.

Gaelron also really needed the long drags of cannabis smoke.

When he began to awaken from a nice dream (with a stiff reminder of the fertile qualities to the location just below the surface), fat purple cannabis buds which were abundantly crystallized around their outer surface dipped in a bow from their stem to ignite just in front of his nostrils. He sucked in generous portions of the smoky air and blew out huge smoke rings which danced in streaking circles within the beams of moonlight wading through the trees. His high was beyond description, the only thing possible to improve his life at that point would be the arrival of his sweet love. When he had expended most of the great purple ganja buds had to offer, a curious looking cannabis flower arrived in a bee-line for his mouth. It appeared to be suspended in the air by attachment to a much larger plant which had the ability to extend (and presumably thereby retract) it's pleasant combustible yield to a human or other correspondent. It was encased in a very light sheath of white, almost like a spider web.

The shape was long, much like a 'joint' on earth but this was obviously a natural 'paper' surrounding the herb itself and in this case, it was entirely comprised of a form of crystallized oils which were particularly strong as an aphrodisiac when inhaled. The long white offering dissolved into smoke as Gaelron's eyes popped open at the delightful sight of the massive organic doobie. He sucked it all in at once and dozed into space with his trip as the stars all began to have conversations with each other he could apparently, very suddenly comprehend in real time. Or was it 'space-time'? Gaelron was drooling a bit when he began to here someone (or something!) approach...

Halabarefth arrived on the back of a large beetle like creature, a deep blue and dark green insect cousin which had resemblances to a rhinoceros with its horned head. Her friend always rushed to meet and take her to the sacred springs as soon as she arrived after floating down from the falls. The blue green insect-rhino

scurried off with a series of strange clicks and high-pitched gibberish as she slipped into the inviting bath to join her powerful looking man. Resting her head on his thick round shoulder, Gaelron was only half-awake when he absently reached around with his muscular arm instinctively in his sleep. She was lost in his dream suddenly, caught in his emotions as they were visualized and explored within a dimension of free imagination.

As they slept, the bark skinned goblin Guh'thl was growing more and more excited by the insanely frantic violence on the powdery pink plains where Halabarefth had recently traversed upon the riverbed. He weaved between the masses of wild animals dripping with blood either from wounds or from giving them. Carcasses rotted all over as far as the brackish dark eyes of his could see. The goblin's incredibly thick dark brown green skin made any assault by the crazed local animals all but unnoticeable. They were no match for this evil incarnation, Guh'thl mostly waving them off as they assailed him, killing one after the

other just to clear the way forward. No matter how strong their fangs, horns, claws were or how hard they rammed into him it just didn't cause any damage whatsoever to the snorting brute.

Realizing the scene would go on for as long as he explored the vast mountainside, the goblin decided to feast on each creature which came to pass in turn, taking their failed aggressions as the opportunity to enjoy some fresh meat. When he'd break their necks, punch their chests open to squeeze their heart, crush a carved rock into their skulls or stick his fangs into their eyeballs, his fervor would become increasingly more intense. He was working himself into such a fever that his skin began to ooze a rippling black mist which emanated forth from each disgusting pore. He was slaughtering at a blinding speed and the raw carnage was beginning to do things to the terrain that the warrior imprisoned deep below was beginning to notice. T'hurlk was reading the energy patterns and sensing an opportunity to

escape!

The warrior knew there would probably be only one chance.

Images of what had led to him being there in the first place began

flooding into his mind. A mercurial race of what appeared as

humanoid had emerged from under his home planet's surface one

day. T'hurk's people had been mining madly and the visit was

apparently something to do with the amount of a certain type of

ore which had been removed. The imprisoned warrior saw the

strange folks first when he was searching a cavern below the

surface for a precious bit of the rare ore and T'hurk's perceptions

of them when he saw them were entirely psychic (because they

would not appear in that light, they easily obscured their forms)..

The underground humanoids were not interested in any kind of

warfare but the amount of rare ore the warrior's people had mined

was a major obstacle for the duties of them. Eventually they

settled on a pair of diplomatic tribal leaders to interact in a very

open way with just T'hurk. The warrior's people had not seemed to notice what effect they were having on other human beings around them when they had mined abundant amounts of the unusual metals. This incredibly rare and precious material came in veins within underground rock wall caverns and the presence of even a hint of a vein was almost impossible to detect because it was extremely minuscule in size and usually looked similar to the dark rocks all on the cavern wall. They were left mostly with feeling by hand to determine the presence of any special ore veins, and only their most sensitive and psychic miners would do that feeling out.

The two peculiar diplomatic tribal visitors from the sub-terranean depths of the planet T'hurk was plundering appeared to him in a wavering yellow humanoid haze. They were something like a mirage in the light red sands of the desert T'hurk was wandering through to reach the caverns below before they came up to greet

him. Their eyes were covered over with amber colored rocks, rounded and smooth with no sign of pupils or flesh in the sockets. In fact, their skin was unusual and appeared slightly artificial to the large copper haired warrior, their epidermis appearing almost as if it were a skin-suit devised to mask their ethereal forms underneath. The advanced race of however many was appearing as a duo for diplomacy to somehow appease T'hurk's people mostly to try and stop them from behaving in an overtly self-destructive way while in their naive pursuit of the dangerous ore. If T'hurk's people had any idea what they were taking, it is likely they would not have been trying for the masters of the ore, those strange tribal people believed that the sacred rocks contained bits of their souls and to disturb them would force each individual to reassign their own destinies to something far more dangerous and unfulfilling.