

# Primary Colours



To say the wind was howling that night would be downright cute. Even though the climate's been relatively warm recently and some rain was to be expected, the amount of wind being kicked up is quite incredible. Trees beat and sway to the gales, with some smaller saplings in the distance being completely uprooted. The gusts of raindrops bullet down almost horizontally, uncomfortably hitting your face if one were to try to swim against their direction. Sometimes, the weather flares up for a few minutes, thrusting out the wet meadowgrass taut, and sometimes it calms down, only to break down again with an even louder howl than before. At this rate, it would take some sort of expert to even remotely know when the storm will give out. Even if you were to ignore the very real danger of hypothermia, the dry, cold wind and the rain would pose to most people, traveling by foot becomes thoroughly inefficient. Steps become sashes, wet boots becoming smooth slides for the wind to push one back over. In the distance, however, you barely make out the silhouette of a structure.



The footprints of civilization, at last. What looks like what was once a town rests around it. The only things standing after the tests of warfare, the winds and time itself are miles away from anything even comfortable-looking. Bare cobblestone and old concrete, pieces of gates and furniture burned twice over, and the rare, thoroughly rusted steel weapon here and there. In the tempest, it's a little hard to make out what's dust and what's ash. A figure skips and inspects through the rubble, a deep cloak making them look like more of a set piece in this cloudy skybox of burnt fabrics and rugged, disheveled corners.

Nothing useful seems to be in these ruins, but deeper in, there seems to be some locations of interest. Houses become less barren and destroyed, but still nothing of value or structure remains. The idea of giving up on this place passes the traveler's head, however faintly, until the crown of their hood is led to the highest point of the town. The wind just so happens to calm down, allowing them to see clearly. The silhouette of a ruined castle. Surely some room must still have 4 walls and a ceiling.



Closer inspection leads to a more disappointing conclusion, Barely any rooms still stand, with only hard stone walls giving somewhat of a refuge against the weather. Even the moat has completely dried up, laying bare a deep, dark trench surrounding the structure, almost as if it's sticking out of a buried grave.

Deeper, however, in the lower levels of the castle, the stone seems less disturbed, and a pillar of smoke emanates from the underbelly of the castle, rapidly cut off by the wind once it ascends enough to creep outside of the cover of the ramparts. Going even deeper reveals the familiar scent of burnt wood.

The slender figure drops down below, with the loud, clumsy clacking of a pack built for weeks of travel. She had hardly thought to have any caution, or even weighed the possibility that whatever that source of warmth might be, it may not be friendly. It is, regardless of that, a source of warmth in this heavy storm, and she takes cautious but relieved steps into the great, warm chamber at the centre of the dungeon, eager to investigate the source of the new, novel scent, and most of all, the familiar warmth of a fire. Embers of an accident, enough to light a fire. A campfire, perhaps? All this lumber is good for burning, but with the storm the way it is, she'd be lucky to be able to light a paper for smoke. Her thoughts quickly meander right into her stomach. It's been a while since she's had a nice, warm meal caked in the taste of burnt timber and charcoal.



As the small frame creeps of the scaly humanoid creeps through the corner, a full travel pack follows right behind her, along with a sleek and dextrous tail adorned in scales. She seems to be wearing what looks like old peasant's clothes, but ripped in random places, seemingly the result of snagging or ripping over time. She'd look perfectly human, if it wasn't for her ripped clothes revealing patches of scales and strangely coloured skin. To the dim light of the room, it seems to be.. green skin? Cyan skin. Purple skin? Her skin flashes and flickers like a weak firefly, but assuredly deep into the colder colours of the spectrum. One more step allows her tail to be seen more clearly, lightly shivering and flickering the same hues as the windows through her clothes.