

Huh?

Kordath Bleu woke with a cough. He spat out a few leaves and a bit of moss that had made it into his snoring mouth as he laid face down in the woods sleeping off one hell of a night out. Slowly pushing himself to his feet, the Ryn looked around in bewilderment and stretched his limbs out to work feeling back into them. He was cold, bereft of his robes for some reason and clad only in pants and a shirt. Turning in a circle he peered through the trees around him before turning to look up in confusion.

“The bloody ‘ell am I?”

Scratching at his perpetually mussed up white hair and yawning he chose a direction and began to walk. Twigs and branches snapped under his feet as he trudged along, rubbing at his chest to keep warm and glancing up through the trees now and then. Something wasn't right. He'd woken up in weird places all around Estle City, inside and out of the town, but this seemed off. Pausing he turned to look at one of the many trees that seemed to fill this god forsaken place. It was...spiney, that was the only way he could describe it. A slightly sweet smell could be detected when he got near the strange not-leaves and sap covered his hand when he grasped a branch.

“Ugh. Like an excited Neti on a lonely bloody night. Seems stable ‘nuff though, might as well...” he grumbled to himself as he pulled his tired body up the branches.

Despite the sticky limbs and the strange, needle like leaves the tree was practically built for climbing he observed. As he pulled himself further up he wracked his brain for details from the night before.

“Was at the Rancor I was,” he mumbled, heaving himself up another branch. “Was drinkin’ with some weird bloke in a funny suit. Had suspenders and,” the Ryn grunted as he threw a leg over another limb, “one of them weird things ‘bout his neck. Said it was a bowtie, methinks. Seemed awful proud of it. Aha!”

The Arconan's head broke through the top of the tree line suddenly as he pushed up one final set of limbs. Hanging precariously on to the trunk of the tree, trying to ignore the scratching, tickling sensation from its spines, he looked about the forest. The moon was bright and full, casting silver light across the top of the expanse of trees that seemed to go on forever. He let out a low whistle despite himself, before a nagging feeling told him to look up again.

Eyes moving upwards he focused on the bright, silver moon and stared at it for a few long moments.

“Oh hell, that's not Boral. Where am I?”

A flash of light caught his attention from the corner of his eye, causing Kordath to nearly fall out of the tree as he whipped his head around to track it.

“Road! Must be a bloody road, those were speeder headlights they were!” he shouted in joy, carefully determining the direction to go before descending the tree. Three fourths the way down he slipped and bounced from limb to limb, landing with a sickening crunch on his left arm.

Twenty minutes later he woke up again left arm hanging limp as he got back to his feet, leaning against the sticky tree trunk and trying to breath as spots swam before his eyes.

“Gotta...get...ta...tha...road...” he mumbled, taking off in what he hoped was the right direction, cradling his broken arm with his good hand. To distract himself, he tried to pick his recollections back up where he’d left them in the tree.

“Had...a girl with him, he did, yeah. Probably why I went to talk ta him. Bloody redheads be the death of me. Skirt so short it might as well been a bloody belt. Had a funny way of talkin’, nice though. Think...think they...nah, they wouldn’t have tried to ditch me, would they? I mean, we left the bar together...,” he trailed off as he tried to sort the events out in proper order. Either they’d left the bar together or he’d followed along. With a shrug that elicited a sharp gasp of pain, he kept walking.

“Crazy bugger had some kind of...box, methinks. Saw ‘em get in, thought maybe he was takin’ his lass for a good time in the closet, hah. Don’t blame him. I didn’t...did I? Oh hell did I try and peek through a window last night? Mighta. Mighta. Something was...off ‘bout that closet, there was,” he paused, trying to recall what had bothered him about the blue box the pair had gone into. With another shrug, and another whimper of pain he stepped through some underbrush and found a clearing. Rather he found a road, he realized. With a smile he stepped on to it and tried to decide.

“Left...or...right?” he murmured, before a loud sound startled him. Fatigued, hungover, battered from falling out of a tree and suffering a broken arm, the Ryn turned a bit too slowly. Big, bright headlights filled his vision for a split second before he found himself spinning through the night air. His flight ended quickly enough on the asphalt, bouncing a few times before rolling to a stop. With a screech the red and white, topless car stopped on the road. A group of younger Human males, dressed almost as if in uniform, hopped out.

“Oh man! You know how long it’s gonna take me to pound that dent out?”

“Seriously? What the hell did we hit?”

“Go check.”

“You go check, why do I gotta go check?”

“You was driving, moron!”

Kordath tried to speak as he saw the teenager approach but found his jaw to be quite broken. Instead of words, vague sounds came out in high pitched whines. Seemed his nose was broken as well. Nothing seemed to be working properly as the boy crouched next to him and looked him over.

“What the fuck is going on out here? Some farmer dressed up one of his dogs or something man!”

“Aw man, I like dogs, is it okay?”

“It ain’t lookin’ good, man.”

“Right, alright, everybody out of the way. That sound it’s making is gonna drive me up the damn wall.”

“The hell is that, Danny?”

“It’s the tire iron, Sonny, it’s from the trunk. I’m gonna put this thing out of our misery.”

“Aw man, we gonna bury it at least?”

“You wanna touch this thing? Push it off the road, don’t want to cause an accident!”

The hell is that thing in his hand? Wait..WAIT!

Five minutes later the three greasers got back in their car and drove on in silence through the New Jersey pine forest, hoping to god that what they just tossed in the ditch was a fucked up looking dog.