

Curiosity Saves the Artifact

Entry for: **[GJW XIV Phase I] Fiction - The Old Tongue**

Written by Dasha Jala Renza on 2020-06-01 as Part 2 of 3 in Phase I.

Still under the effects of hallucination from her battle, Jala quietly ran through the halls. Screams, weapons through air and flesh, and gunfire seemed to come from various directions as she sprinted down flashes of streets and alleys then back to the Nesolat that was under attack.

Back in reality somewhat, she spotted a body on the ground that had a shiny bracer lying nearby. A mixture of curiosity and habit took her and she went to pick it up and examine it.

The gold bracer about 3 inches long is encrusted with various gems shone in the dimmed lighting and it seemed to be able to open on a hinge probably for the owner to remove and wear as they please.

On each side it had a total of 6 red gems; 5 were around like a star pattern as the 6th was in the middle of them all. On the metal itself there were engraved lines like a ritual's connecting each of the gems at least twice each. Almost as if they were decorations, there were white crystals embedded along the wrist ridge in intervals.

The metal itself looked like gold, yet it had a bit of a silvery sheen. It was cool yet not cold to the touch and any attempts to bend it was met with insane resistance. The clasp itself also felt strong and made of naturally spring-loaded metal crafted to be durable for centuries.

After opening it, there seemed to be unfamiliar words engraved on the otherwise smooth inside.

*From thou enemies I take,
Their strength stripped bare,
The more they try,
The more I feed.*

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*In return they shall break,
As it does not matter how they fare,
They cannot defy,
I am made of greed.*

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*Or thou shall never wake,
No matter the lair,
Prices one can never buy,
Even animals know what they need.*

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*A future we shall make,
Perhaps more than what most dare,
Actions do not lie,
Our will they shall heed.*

The young Sephi tilted her head, not knowing what to think of it; but decided to grab the bags and cloak off the corpse to preserve it for now. Surely it seemed important.

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