

The snow fell quickly enough to cover his tracks just after he made them. He had a sword sheathed on his back and was bundled up in wool to keep warm. Sven pulled out a stone, spoke some kind of incantation and it lit up. Despite the storm, he could see the mountain in the distance. That was where he would find the jewel...but where to after that? He pulled out his map and looked at it briefly.

To Tungsten, according to the map. It would be a long walk and he didn't have a horse. Carefully, Sven folded the map and put it away and continued his trek. He would get there in due time.

"Hmm?" the ground felt different under his boots. Curiously, he kneeled down and brushed off the snow.

Concealed by the snow were two iron bars parallel to each other with wooden planks between them. The planks were all parallel to each other, but perpendicular to the iron bars. Sven had heard about these new means of transport, about how the times were changing. Furs in one of the previous towns had spoken excitedly of how soon great wealth would come to everyone and even the sword would no longer be needed.

The tracks he stood on began to rumble lightly. He blinked in surprise and looked up to see a great behemoth speeding right for him. Quickly, he lunged out of the way, diving into a snow bank. As he recovered, he watched the massive iron cars pass by one after the other, all connected. He also smelled something he recognized from some of the towns. The smell from what they burned to bring light to the streets at night. It was a marvel!

As he watched in awe, Sven realized the train was going towards Tungsten. Perhaps he would be able to ride on this behemoth to his next destination. What also puzzled Sven was the thought of what else might come from this new technology. Would his sword really become a relic? What would replace it? He was both fearful and eager to see, but for now he had to press on with his journey. The storm had begun to let up and he made his way to the mountain.