

((Note: This section takes place during [Chapter 22](#)..))

Katherine told Green that she would return. She jogged off into the church to explore. Well as far as buildings went it was ornate; quite pretty to look at, even through all the webs and dust. It did not seem like it had been used in ages; probably abandoned long before the night of the Spell. At first, Kat wondered why but closer inspection revealed some kind of violent struggle. The pews were a wreck, riddled with holes and dents undoubtedly made by the human devices called firearms. She meandered about and found a door to the basement. On the knob were the remains of old blood, curious she went through the door and down into the basement. Though she did not have to look very far to find what was left of the victim who had fled to the basement. A skeleton lay near the bottom of the stairs, a hole had been punched right through the skull and its hand lay on the hilt of a broken blade. There was a tool belt loaded with what looked like an assortment of random things: grasshopper legs, more dried blood, bone shards, and a kind of silvery paste. Nearby was a bag that had had its contents upended. Again, it seemed to be mostly random junk that no sane person would keep but amongst the garbage was a book. With a little difficulty, Kat got the book opened and began reading the first few pages of handwritten work, revealing that it was a journal. Pleased with her find, she snatched it up in her mouth and charged back up the stairs and out of the church. "Grrnnnn!" she called, but with the book in her mouth the words were incomprehensible until at last she let it drop and coughed up dust. When Green came to her, she said enthusiastically, "Check out what I found. It was beside a dead guy. It seems there was a fight here." She was unable to contain her glee at finding the remains of an actual adventure.

((Note: This section takes place during [Chapter 23](#)..))

"Easy way?" Tyler burst out laughing. "Easy as in I pay you twice as much and you go away?" He pulled out a few of the coins that had been shoved into his pockets and let them drop to the floor. Bounty hunters were all easy marks. What mattered to most of them was money. "Or, easy as in I stomp you flat with a rhino?" He emphasized this statement by tapping the butt of his staff against the ground which shook and shortly thereafter an earthen rhino burst up from under the cobbles. "Of course..." he continued clearly enjoying himself. "...if that's not to your liking I've also got lions, tigers and bears. All of which are interchangeable with the rhino." He laughed lightly; oh he hoped this hunter would be torn between morality and money. He loved seeing him struggle with the choice.

The bounty hunter moved closer, putting the blade of one of his swords near Tyler's throat. "Something tells me cutting your throat open will impede that pitiful threat. See the flaw with conjurers is that if you get past the puppets, there's a defenseless imp on the other end. So let's see that gold, hmm?" He stared down the conjurer expectantly.

Tyler brushed the blade prickling his neck aside with a chuckle. He knew he was not worth anything

dead, he had not caused nearly enough trouble. "You go on believing that," the silverette said as he stuffed his hand inside his pocket and pulled out his copy of the wanted poster to examine the amount of gold being offered for his capture, it was a solid sum so Tyler was about this boy pretty well off. He conjured up a sac and stuffing his hand into it began conjuring the gold he needed to pay off the bounty hunter. Several people were stopping to watch as Tyler filled up the sac of gold. The bounty hunter straightened up and sheathed one sword in one of the scabbards on his back. The yellow sparkle of gold glinted in his blue eyes. The conjurer said, "You know I kinda miss bills. So much more practical." He did not let it show but he was starting to get worn. He would have to take a break soon. Channeling magic through his staff made things much easier, but he liked the way he could make things appear in his hand so he often opted to channel his magic through himself.

The boy snorted, "I don't miss them one bit. Bills are lies and empty promises. Everyone knows that they don't really have the gold to back up as much as they printed." He explained through a sly smile, "So at the end of the day when the economy collapsed, you'd have nothing but paper in your hand. That's why we went back to gold. Gold is so much more simple and honest."

After he finished up filling the gold, Tyler said with a confident smirk, "There, that should do it."

The bounty hunter swiped the bag away. He picked a gold coin from the bag and bit it. When it bent slightly, he smiled and said, "And honest it is." He put the gold in one of his pouches. He smirked at the mage, "Pleasant business. Just don't let me catch you again or I'll have to...re-collect."

Well now that he had shown off his magic, Tyler did not have an excuse to get into the city hall. That kinda sucked, but there was always a plan "B." Then he heard someone insulting, "Stupid kid bounty hunter." Pretty soon, the silver-haired swordsman, who had been yelling at the bounty hunter, passed by them and said to the younger boy, "Greed over honor, what a joke. Not even worth the title, bounty hunter." The man headed for the exit of the town hall.

"Akira," a tall man with bluish-tinted white hair called after a moment of silence.

Akira looked over his shoulder briefly and then back to the conjurer. "It's been great," he said, sheathing his second blade. Akira followed after the man, who exited the building.

Tyler gave a little wave goodbye before turning away from his original destination and heading back out into the streets, the earthen rhino collapsed into a pile of rocks with a wave from his hand. Tyler returned to the ally he had ditched his stuff in and put both his hat and coat back on and discarded the golf cap. *'Now where was that sweet shop?'* he thought to himself, trying to remember where the woman at the stand had pointed. *'It was....just down the street from the fair entrance.'* With a new destination in mind, Tyler set off from the alley with a new spring in his step. If he could not destroy the city hall yet, he would at least score another local store tonight.

((**Note:** This section takes place during [Chapter 24](#).)

Tyler was soon standing in front of that detestable sweet shop the candy lady owned. Around him children were gazing at it as though it were made of pure gold and had to be ushered past it forcefully by their parents. Smirking, the little rodent stepped into the sweetshop. Tyler was immediately greeted by the clerk at the other end of the store. The mage just gave a small nod and meandered around, gazing idly at the assortment of lollipops, chocolate bars, various forms of peanut brittle, and gummies of all shapes, sizes, and levels of sourness. The collection of sights and smells...were repulsive. Tyler walked over to the clerk and leaned on the counter. Pretending to sound genuinely interested, he said, "I don't suppose you do tours of your production center do you? I'd love to see where all this is made."

The clerk puffed up his chest as he replied with a pride that could fill the room, "Of course! We are very proud of our work and are happy to show how it's all made to the public!"

The mage asked, looking hopeful, "That's great, suppose you could take me on one now?"

The clerk said, "Absolutely, just please do not cross the yellow tape. It's for your own safety. Now if you'll just follow me." He led Tyler to the back of the store.

((**Note:** The rest of this story is not canon to the RP.))

The room was filled with all kinds of candy-making machines. They were smaller than the typical production machines found in actual factories of any kind. None of them were working, except for one that was active at the moment. The clerk held his arm out towards them and said happily, "This place here is my little candy factory. As you can see, I got these machines making all the candies I sell in my shop." The one that Tyler saw running had rollers running with what looked like a green sheet of candy in between being run through. The clerk told him about it, "That what you're seeing is my hard candy-making machine. Right now, I'm making hard candy. I was running out, so I just started making more. Anyone with a love for green apples is sure to enjoy them." On the other side of the rollers, the candy sheet became a slim line through a narrow tunnel called a rope sizer. The thin circular disks above and below the tunnel rolled as the candy rope was pulled through. The rope went through another compartment of the machine and came out as small hard candies on a conveyor belt. There were blowers above the belt to cool down the candy before they reached the end and fall into a pan. The clerk told how he would prepare a sheet of candy liquid before explaining what each part of the machine did. Then he pointed to a microwave-like machine with a mesh cylinder-shaped thing hanging inside. "And now we get to how chocolate is made. You see that thing over there? That's where I put the

cocoa beans inside to roast. I let it run for a good 20 minutes." Then he pointed to winnowing machine, "Before I put them into that thing to remove the shells. And then it's off to the grinder." From then on, the clerk explained more of his chocolate-making process before moving on to the other candy-making machines.

After the last of the tour was over, Tyler and the clerk went on their way back to the door. But Tyler wanted to carry out his mayhem right now. He stopped just as the clerk was about to the door and he waved his lantern staff to summon a pair of fire lions to roam the production center and destroy everything in sight. He whispered with a wicked smirk, "Burn it all, boys."

The clerk opened the door and turned as he said, "Well I hope you enjoyed the tour, young man. Our candy store is the best in this-" He stopped as a look of shock appeared on his face at the arson going on in his production room. He cried, "What are you doing?!"

The mage grinned at him and answered, "Oh just having some fun." He summoned another fire lion and watched it run into the candy room past the horrified man. "They say candy's bad for your health, so that's why I'm doing these kids a favor. Nobody needs to suffer from rotting teeth or diabetes over a few measly treats."

Terrified screams were heard out of the main room as an orange light glowed into the production center. The arson was happening and it was going to make short work of this place. The clerk became angry at the mage as he yelled, "You monster, that was my wife and I's business! I'll report you for this!"

Tyler let out a small chuckle before he said, "I'm afraid I can't let you do that." He cast a pair of fireballs to circle around the clerk and trap him in his place. The man froze and stared at the flying flames, too afraid to move should he get hurt. The mage took his chance to cross the yellow tape over into the section that was forbidden to customers. He did not need to follow safety rules as long as he gets to bring destruction for the heck of it. He walked through the small factory, taking in the beautiful view his lions had created with flames coming out of machines and candy being burned. One of the machines exploded and it hit Tyler, giving him a feel of something being pushed against him. The mage covered his face with his arm as he said, "Whoa." He put his arm down and looked at the exploded taffy machine, giggling his amusement. He finds a knocked-over pan with the green apple candies spilled out of them. Tyler stomps on them hard with the soles of his shoes, crushing them into pieces and contaminating them with the dirt under his feet. The mage was having fun crushing the candies; to him it was a symbol of crushing the clerk's hopes and dreams with sadistic joy. Then Tyler started to get drenched with water. He looked up at the ceiling and saw that the emergency sprinklers had turned on. The fires all around him started to die out and the fire lions perished into nothingness. The main room most likely had sprinklers too and doused its fires. The arson had come to an end. Tyler was disappointed that his fun was short-lived, but at least he got to do what he wanted. He looked at the clerk, who was now free of the fireballs, and said, "Well that sure put a damper on my time. But you? You're going to be in hot water when you have to pay for all the damages." Then he summoned a giant earth bird let it fly into the ceiling to break some of it down. It broke a big hole there and the pieces of

the ceiling fell and blocked the way between Tyler and the clerk. The mage went to the backdoor and ran out, making an escape through the alley before the Aquarians got here to investigate.

((**Note:** This section takes place during [Chapter 28](#).)

Jason, Kathia and Roderick had discussed some plans for Camp Sundown such as turning it into a city with the help of the Rittevon Construction Company and training the refugees in archery & magic. Kathia rode with Megan to Windfall to buy bows and spell books needed for training purposes. Jason and Roderick went to the eating tables to get some breakfast before the archer would start his class. Roderick did arrange for Kathia to train students in the mornings and Jason to do so in the afternoon. Just for this day, the schedule would be reversed. After Jason finished up his food, he looked at his watch for the time and saw 8:13 on it. He watched the refugees who were not finished, still eating their breakfast. With several minutes until his session began, this looked like the perfect time to advertise his class to these people. Roderick dumped his paper plate and plastic silverware into the trashcan before going over to the archer. The camp manager told him, "Well Jason, ready to tell these people about your class?"

The archer confirmed with a nod, "I sure am! Gotta let them know while they're still here."

Jason got up from the table and stood next to Roderick who announced to the camp, "Everyone, may I have your attention?" The refugees looked to him to see what he has to say. Roderick told them, "Our new friend, Jason, here is going to teach you all some archery soon at eight-thirty. If anybody's interested, meet him over at the clearing for his lessons." He looked to the archer and told, "I'll show you where it is." He turned his head back to his audience and continued, "Although I did make a routine schedule for him to do lessons in the afternoon and Kathia to teach magic in the morning. Today it's going to be the reverse. And speaking of Kathia, she'll be teaching you all after lunch in the same place. Right now, she's buying bows for you to use."

Jason told them, "I'll be teaching you all how to make your own bows and arrows in the meantime. And then we'll shoot with them."

Roderick finished, "Remember to meet Jason at the clearing for your lessons by eight-thirty. Tell your friends and family about it, if they're not here to listen." He turned to the archer and said, "Follow me, the clearing is this way." Jason followed the camp manager on the way to the clearing and got to such a place in the center of the camp. Roderick held his hands over the area and said, "This place is going to be the training ground from now on. Both you and Kathia will teach here."

Jason understood, "Got it." Then he asked, "You don't mind if I teach them in the woods sometimes, do you?"

"As long as they'll be safe, go right ahead."

After Roderick left, Jason waited at the clearing until his session time starts. Some of the people came to him one by one, eager to learn from their teacher. Jason was pleased to see that people showed interest in lessons. This camp was going to need defenders and hunters to protect and feed everyone. He looked at his watch and saw the time 8:29 turning into 8:30, it was time to start his session. The archer greeted his students with a smile and said, "Good morning, everybody. My name is Jason and I will be your teacher for archery class."