

10/15/2021 Prompt: Secret Passage (Owen & Karina 9)

-OWEN-

“My passage must be kept secret,” Kili telepathed, his tiny toes tapping my shoulder as we boarded the small schooner for Whitethrone Island.

“Should I trust you?” I muttered. “Trust no one, remember?”

A squat fellow scuttled up. “Capt’n’s waitin’, sir Archer, sir.”

I thumped my way aft. “I’m bunking with the crew?”

“No, sir! Guest ‘commodations, most certainly!”

“Right. Er...”

“Jeffers, sir.”

“Kiss up,” Kili said, making me snort. Trust him or not, I enjoyed my winged companion. He’d made the long days of training and endless nights of studying almost bearable.

I found the rugged captain hunched over stained parchment, a smattering of scrawled drawings vaguely resembling a map.

“Two days passage,” his one roving eye flittered to me, “through her domain.”

“Her?”

“Aye. G’wendahl...queen of the Opal Sea.”

I woke to the clanging bell. Kili disappeared as I raced on deck, slick with rain. Torrents pummeled us from the raging storm.

Grabbing a rope, I slipped as I hauled in a sail. Icy waves tore at me, and I clung on with a death grip. Would we survive the storm?

“That’s no storm, Owen,” Kili voiced.

I raised my eyes to the calm stars beyond the spray. The mirror of Karina’s night sky. My love lost.

Another shower pelted me, the drops chilling to the bone.

Indigo scales. Jet eyes. Pearlescent teeth.

Opening wide. A void.

AVOID!

“Oh no!” Scratching and clawing, I scurried toward the dubious shelter of the galley. “Kili! Where are you? Kili!”

All was silent as the crew piled in. One, two, three...four.

“Jeffers?”

A scream pierced the night before the sea fell silent.

“G’wendahl?”

“She agreed with me, Owen.”

“Hm?”

Kili’s soft tapping slowed my pulse.

“You’re still alive.”

Yes, Kili the moth is named after my favorite dwarf. 😊 I couldn’t resist. And according to Word, ‘telepathed’ is a word.

TAG

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