

LOCAL COLOR

I LOOKED AT THE SKELETON TENDING BAR. "SO, YOU'RE THE RESULT OF A MAD NECROMANCER RAMPAGE?" YES, MY PEOPLE ITALICIZE THAT.

THE SKELETON NODDED. THE AMULET AROUND HIS 'NECK' CONTINUED ON: "YUP. GUY CAME THROUGH, ANIMATED THE ENTIRE GRAVEYARD. WANTED AN UNDEAD ARMY. MESSED UP THE SUMMONING, THOUGH, SO HE GOT WHOEVER HAD DIED RECENTLY AND HADN'T MOVED ON."

"SO YOU DIDN'T SERVE HIM?"

"DEPENDS HOW YOU DEFINE THAT. ANYWAY, AFTER THAT WAS OVER, WE DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO, SO... WE SET UP THIS TRADING POST."

"NO ATTACKING THE LIVING, THEN?"

THE SKELETON COCKED HIS SKULL. "WHY WOULD WE?"

- MOE LANE

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