

LORE CARD 017 “SUNFISHER”



“Why’d they call him that?”

Auroch’s rifle’s voice was tinny and hard to make out clearly in the wind coming in from the north.

“Sunfisher? You don’t get it? A bucking horse, kicking its legs into the sky like it’s fishing in the sun? It’s an edgy name. I always loved that.” Auroch smiled thinly at the memory. This had been quite a hike, coming from the airtower at the extreme eastern end of the Sabaton fields and hiking by foot the grand midway to take it all in. Sparkling oriel gateways lined each side of the road, arrayed in a grid pattern that sprawled for miles. Each gateway led to pockets of artificial space tucking away entire nations and worlds inside.

He’d come to see what fortunes could be had here.

“Who rides horses? Where in the world did you grow up?” The rifle’s computronium module was a new personality; the old one had been driving him crazy with nagging and endlessly probing his politics about whether golems could feel in the same way as people.

Of course, the old module knew well where he’d grown up, and he missed that familiarity a little. Still, the nagging!

“In an oriel, actually, but a long way from here. It was a park.”

The rifle hesitated, likely triggering a change in subject based on his tone of voice “Hey, can I ask you something?”

Nothing about the particular oriel gate before him stood out from the others visually, as he stopped in his tracks there on the grand midway. It was busier, maybe, than many others. It seemed older. The portway compound surrounding it was a gathering of buildings in the architecture popular decades ago. Auroch could’ve offered no reason for thinking money was to be made here, whether through hiring out as gunslinger or tracking down abandoned loot. Nothing he could pin down at all, apart from a feeling.

The rifle’s voiced shifted slightly, “If I understand fishing properly, that’s pretty much what you do in these places we will go. Yes?”

“A poetic way of looking at it, but sure. What’s your point?”

“That makes me your fishing pole, slung over your shoulder and without which you’re nothing. You’ll allow the analogy?”

Auroch rubbed his dry lips, catching where this was going at last, “I haven’t named you yet, and you have one in mind. You’re okay being named after a horse?”

The rifle hummed happily as the two of them walked under the portway arch into the big city.