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Approx. 1000 Words

Dialogue Excerpt from Mageseekers - Velorus

By Cetan Copeland

“Reporting in.”

“Time, District covered and rank... miss?”

“... Excuse me, 2:30 8/1/997. Lower shopping district- 7th quadrant, watchmen- 0 marks.”

“Mhm, alright. You are 30 minutes off.” His brow furrows; its unkept rustles bristle at the inaccuracy. He frowns, and his eyes glance over sidelong, but he averts his gaze. “Your reason? Nil rank?”

“Pissed in the woods.” *He’s still uncomfortable. Still. Spineless. And he’s part of the magistrate.*

“... Alright, don’t do it again.”

How laughable, not even a reprimand. Are you scared of me, blue blood? Can you see the impurities in my blood? Do they scare you? Have you seen-

“Um, next in line, please.”

Hmph, I doubt you’ve seen Noxus, old man, and you never will. Your wings will never be stained by blood.

Laure turns from the counter as the bustling man behind sighs, the next Mageseeker stepping forward. His voice is still strained as he takes a handkerchief to his brow, but Laure has

pushed through the dark interior of the small stone outpost. It was nestled on the edge of Velorus, between a residential housing block and an old farmhouse- now vending stall. Its stone is from across Demacia, Evenmoor quarries. The pristine white already dulling from the travel of dust and dirt. The clean line of seekers bobs to the side as Laure's tall figure bends to exit the door frame. Their masked faces turn away from her as she rights herself. A good head taller than the men, their curt nods fueling her for the day to come.

She exits the cramped alley and reaches the loose cobble of Dane's road. An old road from Demacia's early days. Now maintained for travel leading to Velorus's center of commerce. It leads from the Ironfork river to the old Town center, before connecting to the main road of Velorus and the city center, and then eventually a lengthy road to the homes of the Nobles. Dane's road would still be bustling in a few hours. It was 7:00 sharp, carts bundled with goods could be seen moving for the market open, farmers further down the road, being helped by the farmhands and stablehands that lived in the stacked housing on the outskirts of Velorus.

Laure tightens her cloak and loosens her mask. Stashing away her greymark in her backpack's side pocket. As the rolling carts continue, she feels scared eyes from behind, insecure mage seekers burning a hole in her back. *Hah*. As she waits for an opening into the thorough fair, she spots a struggling donkey and a familiar face. She concealed her backpack once more and fastened the mask.

"Looks like he still does it even now." She mutters under her breath as she makes her way through the bustling carts.

"Morning seeker." An elderly fellow bent beyond his days, walking close to his greying donkey, carting a modest set of furniture and woodwork goods. If Laure had cared any for

carpentry, she might have been able to admire the rarity and variety this old man carried, but she knew him for other means.

“Morning, Dyl. Headed to the market open again? Started a bit late for your pace.”

“Oh, Laura? By the two wings, you’ve grown!”

Laure pulled her heavy cloak tighter in a quiet motion. Already supporting the cart, she urged the old donkey faster. It sputtered, gasping at the bit but matched her pace. Up this hill, till the crossroad should be plenty. He should make it an hour after if the donkey doesn’t give up. Laure focused her breathing and strength as she held the cart fast. Poor Dyl didn’t see the donkey struggling as Laure pushed the cart forward.

“-and then there you were fit as a fiddle like you didn’t even flinch from a fall of that height. By the two wings, you were a strong one, and your brother too-.”

“Yes, now just a little further. Focus, Old man.”

Laure relaxed her grip, her jaw tense and teeth clenched. This would have to do for today. Past the old farmhouse, and then the following lots, a little bit farther, and he’ll reach the old town center, and someone else can help him. Laure begins to relax the rest of her body; it wasn’t the most she moved this morning, but she had more to do, better to keep it calm. Focus.

“-Now I’ll tell you, you and your older brother were real rascals, never seen a pair like... oh. Uh. Thank you for the help Seeker, Laure. The Protector guides you.”

Laure turned away and took the side road, leading to the gulch of the river, its tributaries reaching all around Velorus, as it does most of the Noble cities. The few townsfolk not already out for work or business idle by the suburban land do not pay her mind. Her mask and cowl are prominent to discourage.

Relax, Laure, you have to breathe. Why did he mention her brother? He was not strong.
He was lithe like a cat, she mused, but weak. Worthless. A coward.

“Fuck. I said, relax, Laure. Breathe.” Laure tries to recenter herself. *That’s the past; focus on the present. The task at hand.*

“The bigger picture.” She mutters, mocking an old teacher. But as the scared eyes of people look quizzically, she hushes. A mother, she assumes, supporting a baby on one hip, turns from a porch side. On the other side, two teenagers from a backyard sit up. All met by a furrowed glare that turns them back.

Fuck off. Laure paces down the uneven road. Trailing to the right side, where the grass is overgrown, trees begin to cover the path. She is approaching the crest of the hill that leads down to the river tributary. But at the top of this hill, she takes a left. Heading out of her assigned district and towards the slums. The worst places in Demacia, but for mageseekers, it was the territory of mages- all cooped up and caged.