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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:42:55 GMT

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The plane slowly circled the small airfield, finally coming in for a landing. The young woman stepped out from under the hanger door and made her way towards the plane. She arrived as the steps lowered. A figure appeared in the doorway and she bowed.

The leader of the Tyrikalicans smiled as he placed his hand on her head. "Rise, my child." She looked up, devotion clearly evident in her eyes. "What have you heard?"

"Kylania, they are reporting on the news that the damage in the area was minimal. It should have survived."

"You have not been there yourself?"

She shook her head. "No, Kylania, I have not."

"You have acquired transportation?"

"Yes, this way." She led her leader and his attendants over to a van. "Many of the roads are closed, but we should be able to drive quite a ways before having to continue on foot." The leader nodded, and gathering his blue robes about him, settled down in the passenger seat. A few moments later they were driving towards the city.

One of the attendants held a small laptop. He was scanning data then looked up. "Kylania, they are here. The Jestreethzi n'Hildrathuk are here!"

The leader appeared unruffled. "Why do you sound surprised? It is their sacred duty, is it not? Did you doubt they would come at Undlieek's call?"

Chastened, the man shook his head. "No, Kylania."

"After we have surveyed the damage, we shall find our brothers and sisters and offer our support."

They drove in silence for a long while, gazing out at the damaged buildings around them. As they got closer to their destination, the roads became impassable with crowds of people. The young woman pulled the van over. "This is as close as I can get, Kylania. It is about a mile's walk to our Supreme Leader's house."

"Very well, then we shall walk." The group exited the van and started down the street. They often paused to help people; once to reunite a small child that had become separated from her family in the crowds, another to lead an ambulance crew to a group of injured.

Finally, they arrived at their destination. They paused and genuflected, their eyes closing. "Prelishelvihamo, Supreme Leader, we have come." The leader stood and led his charges through the gate bearing the word: Graceland.

