

“I can’t see a bloody thing!” Brian’s thick accent rang out above all the confused muttering amongst the group.

“Really Brian?” Athena called out, her voice was much farther from the others, she’d insisted on wandering off despite Nefertari’s, her elder sister, fervent protests, “That’s so strange, I can see perfectly fine.”

“YOU CAN? BLIMEY, THAT’S GREAT!” There was a collective groan from the others and if they could see at least two feet in front of him, they surely would have smacked him for good measure. Hans, who had been forced to endure the long hours of conversation with his hopeless companions was now blindly running about arms stretched in front of him in the hope that he’d find a tree with which he’d bang his head against. He was typically a sensible man, placid and rational, but once Brian and Nefertari had begun arguing over whether it was fog or mist he was forced to tap out. It was while running across the floor that he tripped over a crouching figure, forcing himself up he looked back at the now standing figure. Upon closer inspection he realized that it was Romulus, their self proclaimed leader. He was now muttering to himself words that he couldn’t quite make out.

“Romulus?” He questioned, he seemed to jolt at the mentioning of his own name. “What are you doing?”

He at first didn’t respond shaking his head side to side and continuing to mutter, Brian and Nefertari had now at this point gone into a full blown argument over who would have the privilege to eat Athena. “Do you remember how we got here?” The question was surprising to say the least, it seemed like an obvious answer and yet for the life of him he couldn’t remember how they’d all wound up there. There were just there.