



Jurard's Treasure Records



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Prologue

Welcome to *Jurard's Treasure Records*, an archive of the treasures Jurard T Rexford has collected over the years.

Throughout his journey through life, as the prince of a lost kingdom and as a Bounty Hunter, Jurard has collected a variety of treasures, each and every one of them precious and priceless. As loyal lackeys of Jurard, we, Sorawrity, have taken it upon ourselves to keep track of the things he has named as his treasures.

Most of these treasures are valuable objects (or at least to Jurard's eyes they are valuable) though his treasures are not limited to just objects - people, places and animals that he has cherished are recorded into this archive.

As the years go by, this archive will only continue to grow; Jurard will continue to discover more riches, meet new people and animals, and visit new lands, and the Sorawrity look forward to record what new treasures Jurard will bring with each new adventure.

With love and care,



Sorawrity Archive Team

Jurard and His Pets



The House of Rexford boasts many exotic pets, yet the ones the youngest Rexford prince holds dear are a loyal chestnut-coloured horse, a playful German Shepherd and three colorful parrots—yellow, green and blue. Jurard always has a soft spot for animals, having been raised to treat them kindly and to be mindful of his strength whenever he had to handle them. Gentle hands would run through soft furs with such tenderness, full of both love for the creatures and fear of hurting them.

Jurard has told us the day his pets first came into his life. His beautiful horse was a gift from his mother, whilst his dog was jointly owned by the three princes. His

birds, on the other hand, were all his, bought after hours of pleading with his parents. The highlight of young Jurard's day was talking to his birds after a day full of lessons and princely duties. Even after leaving the kingdom, Jurard still wonders how some of his pets are faring at the opulent Rexford Estate, being cared for by the family's servants in place of himself. He doesn't talk much about his beloved pets to us, but from the snippets we get from him we can tell how much they mean to him.



Worn Crown



The crown meant as a symbol of continuing his family's legacy, now worn merely to show his royal status of a kingdom long abandoned.

Everyone knows that crowns are important to princes, that's just Fairytale 101! So, of course, his crown is very important to Jurard too! Shiny like rubies and sharp like dragon teeth, it always sparkled on top of his head. Unfairly far out of reach, but the times I got to see it up close, it was even prettier. I even managed to wear it once, before he found me and took it away again. I swear I was careful with it! Princes get their crowns at coronations, right?

His coronation must have been pretty amazing, with lots of applause and colorful streamers and confetti and a giant cake! I even saw a picture of him that looked like it was taken at the coronation! But Jurard got upset when he saw me looking at it and snatched it away. I saw him staring at it later, and he seemed kinda sad. Now that I think about it, he looked a lot younger in it, so maybe he got homesick? Or maybe they just served a cake flavor he didn't like, and he remembered that. That sure would spoil my day!



Isopod Plushie



A precious grey-colored isopod plushie named El Wiwi, labeled as Jurard's favorite plushie. As someone who needs something to hug in order to fall asleep, it is one of the many things he possesses to accompany him in his peaceful sleep. The isopod plushie held in his embrace gives him a sense of comfort and calmness throughout his slumber. There is no night he went through where El Wiwi wasn't squeezed and cuddled up by him.

Unfortunately, something happened to the plushie as a consequence of Jurard's clumsiness. On one quiet night, as Jurard had just concluded all of his piled up homework, he fell into a deep slumber. However, something slipped off his mind. When he awoke from his slumber in the morning, something was missing beside him. Unbelievably, he found that his isopod plushie had fallen off his bed. The plushie was wet on the floor, absorbing the water that flowed out from Jurard's "The T Stands for Tumbler" Water Bottle, an unfortunately sold-out item of Jurard T. Rexford Birthday Celebration 2024 merch, which he unintentionally left beside his bed, totally forgetting to return it back to where it was supposed to be. Witnessing the view of his sopping

wet plushie surprised him. Therefore, Jurard had to hang the crying wet isopod plushie in a different room to dry it up. This meant one less thing to hug in his sleep if it didn't dry up soon.



Potted Succulents



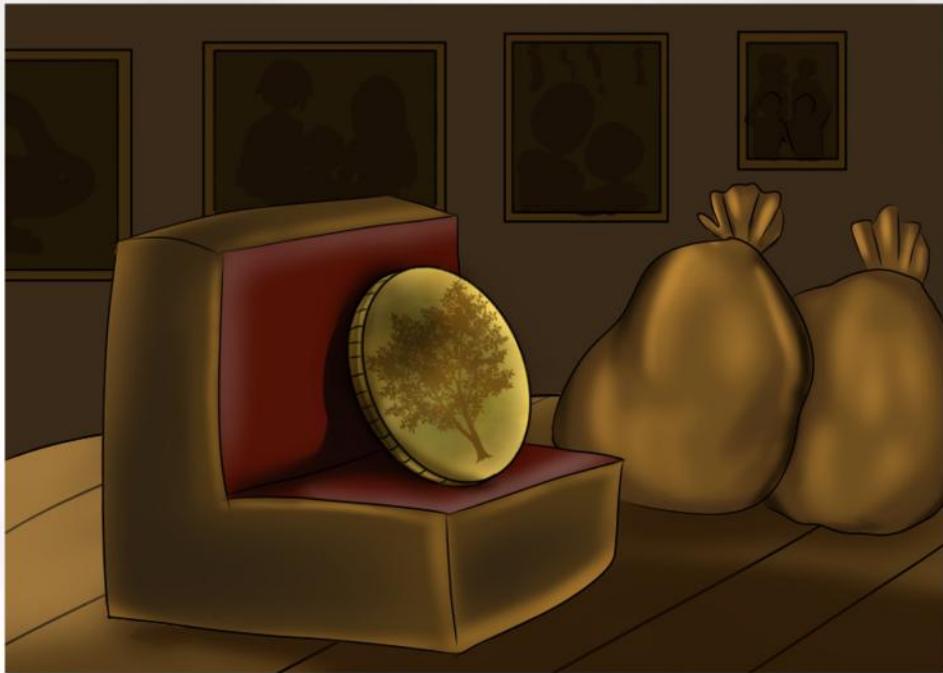
A potted succulent that has somehow persisted through the years despite the lack of attention given to it. Jurard seemingly remembers about it in perfect intervals to provide it with enough water.

Considering the way in which he obtained the potted plant in the first place, he feels like he owes it to the plants destroyed in the process to continue keeping it alive.

It started as a quick stroll through the local botanist shop looking for a plant to brighten up the ARMIS tavern. But in an almost comedic chain reaction, the second the shopkeeper heard Jurard's booming voice as he walked through the door, she startled and dropped the pot she was holding, which in turn startled Jurard. As he screeched and jumped back in surprise, his tail swung around in a wide arc, knowing over a candelabra on top of a barrel. It didn't take long before the fire started to spread! Jurard heroically leaped into action to put out the flames, but the damage had already been done. With the fire fully out but so much of the shop's inventory burnt to ash, the owner was so thankful for the help stopping the fire, she gifted Jurard one of the last remaining plants in the shop! Seemingly forgetting who it was who started the fire in the first place...



Lucky Coin



Found from his first bounty, this centimeter-thick chipped coin was once a bright iron but has long since rusted to a rough-and-tumble brown. Though it probably doesn't have any special powers, Jurard insists it's his lucky coin.

Claustrophobic rock walls lit only by the light of his torch, Jurard started counting numbers in his head to stave away his boredom.

341, 342, 343—
That rumbling's kinda loud—
334, 335, 336, 337—

As he took a step, the ball of his foot kicked something round behind him, causing it to skitter-roll away. Twisting his torso to look, Jurard saw his favorite thing in the whole world—money. Dollar signs in his eyes, he attempted to tackle the coin. Unfortunately, he failed (it was a foregone conclusion). Fortunately, the rocks that rolled didn't fall on him, his lunging for the coin getting out of the cave-in's radius.



ARMIS Tavern



The homely building where he hangs out with his lovely comrades—his family.

The ARMIS Tavern, once a cozy cottage has now turned into something much more lively... well, by ARMIS' standards. Some may see it as off-putting, morbid, and maybe even weird, but for Jurard and the others, it's home; one of the few constants in their lives filled with corrupted beasts and missions that almost cost them their lives, a safe haven to rest and share their stories with one another. New voices decorated the tavern walls, small and annoying to some, but endearing to all. Jurard brought us, the new editions of this establishment: pink, cute, and greedy! We worked hard to look regal just like him! One might even say we're a match made in heaven. Jurard just wishes we can help him steal the enemies' gold rather than his own stash though. If he spoils us more often, we wouldn't be stealing from him in the first pla— er...Don't tell him we said that though...Nevertheless, the tavern welcomes everyone in all shapes and sizes.

Who is it to judge when it too was first homed by round birds?



Corruption Beast Mask



A Corruption Beast mask that has been carefully preserved since the day the beast it belonged to was slain. Though, despite Jurard's best efforts, it still sports many cracks and chips, not to mention the bullet holes riddled the hard material. Bone white in color, it's far larger than Jurard's own head and possesses two horns of different sizes.

It had been the first time Jurard had slain such a beast. Of course, he had to bring something back as a memento. The battle was rough and he nearly ran out of bullets, what with his frenzied gunslinging, but he made it out alive nevertheless.



Jurard's Guns



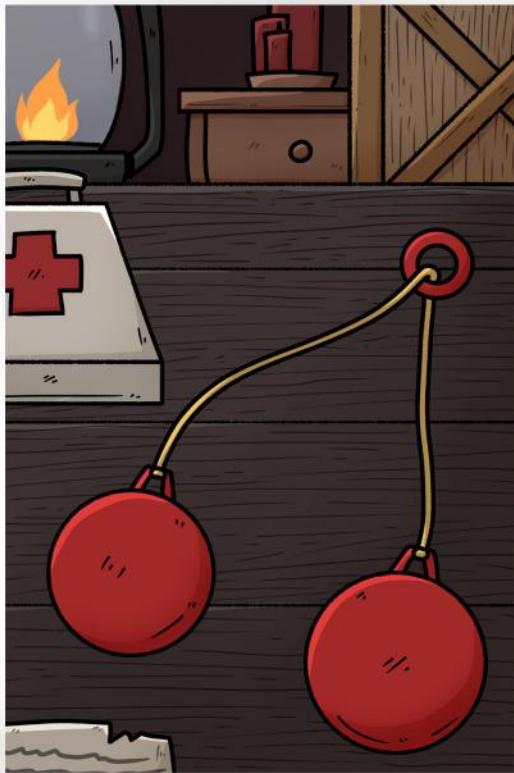
Jurard rarely lets anyone get close with his guns, something about them being a precious family heirloom. He takes great pride in polishing and repairing them, always making sure that the detailing is prominent and pristine. He almost tore the whole tavern apart one day when he couldn't find them in their holsters. Turns out, he had just accidentally left them on his bedside table instead of his office. It's really admirable how much he cares about them, it almost makes you wonder why he left his home if he still cares so deeply for these things. Jurard also makes sure no other Sorawrity gets their little nubs on them either. While he says it's for our own safety, where is that same attitude when he throws us around like basketballs? It's not our fault the guns look so shiny and edible all the time!

Jurard always seems kind of... what's the word? Melancholic? Whenever he tells us how he fled the castle with these guns. He's always so animated when he tells us about the hundreds of guards he had to hide from and the adrenaline pumping spent in minutes as he tried to pick the lock to the armory. Some Sorawrity think he's making some of it up, but he always sticks to the same story each time.

The only time he doesn't is when random people who wander into the tavern ask about them. It almost looks like he gets more defensive about them. We can't really blame him; for all we know, they could be trying to butter him up into selling them for less than what they're worth. I don't think Jurard would do that though; he always looks at them like they're the most important thing in the world. He won't usually tell us more than what he already has, but he can't blame us for being curious about it!



Lato-Lato Toy



A toy made up of two plastic balls connected by a string.

Jurard has a secret—he buys kids toys for himself.

One of us saw him alone in the market when something caught his attention. It was the sound of lato-lato clacking nearby. There was a stall selling children's toys and he approached the vendor cautiously. I think he didn't want to be seen there. Too late, Banchou. We have a witness.

Our witness overheard Jurard asking how much a lato-lato was. The vendor then asked if it was going to be a gift. Jurard muttered, "Just gimme the toy. I'll buy it." He then left in a hurry after purchasing.

Rumor has it that lato-lato is popular with kids in South Elysium. We heard that he was rich, so maybe he had a fancy one back home. Anyway, we can hear him play with it whenever the rest of ARMIS are away or asleep. The rhythm is so palpable outside his room that the silence is noticeable whenever he messes up. We wish he spent the money buying food for us, but he has been in good spirits after he bought the toy.



Garfield



The clingy orange cat found by Jurard. No one would have expected him to take care of a cat. Food is its adrenaline rush, but nothing beats the dopamine of the dark auburn-haired's affection.

Garfield kept stealing everything at Jurard's house, whether it be meat, fish, veggies, gold. With that, the devilishly handsome thought: with great power comes great responsibility—or rather, shenanigans.

“A—HA!”

fresh sliced meat was left on the floor, and Jurard laughed in excitement.

“HAHAHA! That's what you get for stealing food from me!”

One would have thought that the bounty hunter would just pick the orange cat and—for the lack of better word—tossed it somewhere. But instead, the cat was slightly put on top of a wooden table. Right in front of it, over a lightly chipped saucer plate, were two pieces of ham ready to be devoured.

“No one can steal anything from me. But you can't steal anything I'm giving to you. Just treat it as your TGIF, little kitty.”

What started from ham became cat food, once Jurard was caught in his rescuing shenanigans by none other than Crimzon Ruze.



Mystic Glasses



A pair of steel-rimmed glasses, discovered within the sands of a crater after a high-profile shootout in the Badlands. The lenses bear faint golden veins that catch light, no matter how dim the surroundings. Jurard insists the glasses are mystical, claiming they not only sharpen his aim and handsomeness, but also his “financial intuition.”

According to him, they tingle whenever money is near. The rest of ARMIS, however, doubt this claim as they confirmed that the lenses possess no trace of arcane or electronic enhancement. Jurard disagrees.

“You’re just not looking hard enough!” He told them, before immediately spotting a \$5 bill under a rug. Since then, the glasses only seem to work for Jurard when it wants to.

It was a scorching day in the Badlands, hot enough to desiccate into a fossil. No one sane would be out traveling in that heat. But if you’re broke and actually insane, then you might just be Jurard T. Rexford, sweating and swearing with every step he took on the

sun-baked sands. He had no choice. It was either to hunt for treasures to repair his room's air conditioning or suffer throughout the heatwave for weeks.

His frustration fueled each shot made against the pitiful handful of Corruption Beasts, leaving craters and singed remains. Yet the loot he'd collected so far wouldn't even cover the repairs, let alone buy him a cold drink.

Trudging past the scorched craters, a glint caught his eye. Curious, he approached and brushed away the sand, revealing a pair of steel-rimmed glasses that were surprisingly intact. Jurard picked up the spectacles, wiped them clean, and slipped them on. The world suddenly seemed sharper as coins, jewels, trinkets, and other treasures glittered everywhere.

He grinned. "Riches at last... or at least enough to stop begging the vending machine for mercy."



Queen Rexford



That day, Sorawrity was on a mission. "We'll find the Grand Palace's most valuable treasure beyond doubt!" One of them roared with enthusiasm.

However, they didn't know what it looked like. They had heard a lot of hearsay... but some reported that they will come across a mystical bird that can lure you to sleep with its beautiful voice! Another rumor said that there was a golden diadem adorned with gems, known as Pearls of the Orient, that could give power to rule the world.

Some claimed the treasure is a sacred tome written in the ancient text of Alibata. But others argued it's a Holy Silver Spoon that can eradicate evil and vileness from within.

Even so, their spontaneous escapade would be an exciting one because they were up for any challenge, so it seemed.

As the pink round mascots strolled around, they noticed the frowning

Jurard walking towards the estate's West wing. Curious about what would unfold in front of them, Sorawrity followed the oblivious Prince in a clandestine manner; pondering if at last, they would find the hidden treasury of House Rexford soon.

Oddly enough, Sorawrity found themselves walking towards the sitting room. Cautious to not let their tiny horns be spotted, they took a glimpse ajar the reddish-brown door with intricate wood carvings.

"Ah, it's so bright!" They covered their eyes with their small hands as the multiple lights of the crystal chandelier up high the ceiling blinded them for a moment. When Sorawrity adjusted their vision little by little, they were astonished by what they saw inside the chamber.

The interior design blended well with the pristine white walls of the furnished room. Vermillion red draperies, obsidian black coffee table at the center, and metallic gold lamps accented the subtle cream throw pillows on top the terracotta hues of the velvet sofa and accent chairs.

Under is a high quality silk rug, handwoven with a complex design of patterns and borders. In the middle of the sitting room, The Rexford's Coat of Arms was displayed as part of the decor.

The passionate attendants and maids of House Rexford had their hands full as they prepared for the Monarch's commissioned portrait to be included in the Rexford's Royal Archives. Amidst the distraction, the Sorawrity surveyed the entire area, and utilizing their nimble toes, they concealed their whereabouts behind the pleated silk drapes of vibrant red.

"Why do I need to do another painting session like this? It's all the same thing during my birthdays." Jurard furrowed his eyebrows and heaved an annoyed sigh like there's no tomorrow.

Apparently, Sorawrity had a better view of him now; the South Elysian Prince was wearing a traditionally embroidered, formal

long-sleeve sheer fabric over his undershirt that is paired with dark trousers and leather shoes, custom made for him. His hair was slicked-back showing his dashing face.

“Yet you’re here bearing your mother’s whims”. An elegant lady appeared and reservedly laughed over her son’s complaints. Her stunning red hair was styled in a side swept bun with the bangs framing her face, and lips shaded in pink which gives her a youthful appearance.

‘It was Queen Rexford!’ The Sorawrity mused to themselves. Her majesty was wearing a traditional long-sleeved dress draped with a rectangular piece of fabric that is draped over the shoulders, wrapped on the side. On her feet were platform wooden clogs to complete the attire.

She waved slightly to the Royal Painter indicating that they will continue their discussion later on. The painter bowed down to both of them and left for a while to get his tools and acrylics.

She caressed Jurard’s right cheek and continued, “This is a legacy of filial love captured and retained in art, not just remembered from memory, alone.” Queen Rexford greeted her son a “Happy Birthday” with an endearing smile.

As a child, Jurard remembered plucking the Jasmine flowers from the garden to make a crown for her. It wasn’t perfect and it’s almost falling apart but he was determined to finish his craft. Yet, Prince Rexford got so frustrated at the end and wanted to throw it away.

But Queen Rexford hugged him from behind and accepted his gift with gladness. She gently bent her knees and leaned forward so that her son could put the flower crown on top of her head. The young Prince with tears embraced his mother back and cried.

After some time, the grueling process of changing poses and standing for long hours in front of the easel of the meticulous Court Painter, the sitting session was over. Sowrarity waited until the exhausted

Jurard left the chamber to speak with the Queen privately. "Your Royal Highness!" they all said in synchrony.

"Oh my!" Queen Rexford was surprised to see the cute pink mascots. Her Ruby eyes sparkled as they ambled towards her. "Can you please tell us where the treasure is?" Maybe, if they asked with politeness then Sorawrity might get it without doing too much hard labor, they seriously thought.

"I can not tell you where it is straight away, but.." Queen Rexford gave them a mischievous smile. Her majesty was just so fond of them. She adored how earnest the Sorawrity were and just wanted to tease them a lot.

"But??" Sorawrity stacked up and huddled together eager to know what her Royal Highness would say as they wiggle their tails. Queen Rexford turned to the side and warmly gazed at the finished portrait. "You've encountered my most beloved treasure already." She gave them a playful wink.

Little did they know, that's the last glance that they'll have of the Lovely Queen.

That Night, South Elysium had been under siege by an unknown force; an echoing huge blast followed by a blazing heatwave had fallen from the sky which caused a drastic change in the atmosphere, turning the temperature climate down to Absolute Zero.

" The Midsummer Snow Tragedy"—A day that the Royal Prince and heir to the throne; Jurard T. Rexford will never forget.

In the adoring eyes of Sorawrity, this painting was indeed a masterpiece when they reminisced about the past...

A blank canvas transformed to a detailed portrait of a mother and child that transcended time. For every brush stroke tells a story,

this was a beautiful memory conveyed through the choice of paint—layered, glazed, and varnished.

Sorawrity perceived that although Jurard is stubborn at times, he really takes his mother in high regard. Queen Rexford, is the Paraluman of South Elysium. The symbol of beauty, kindness and peace of this nation.

Snapping back to reality, Sorawrity remembered how Queen Rexford was regal and breathtaking in person; she was a living national treasure that is both noble and dignified...

Yet, the ripped face on the painting can't justify how beautiful she was. How cruel fate can be, it was the only memento he got to salvage from the chaos.

Jurard still hangs this painting up on the wall of his room in the Armis Tavern with other collected treasures. But definitely, this is the most precious one for him.

‘This was the only gift left from you... Mother.’ Sorawrity vividly heard the Leader of Armis whisper before leaving on a mission related to the Corruption Beasts; the Calamity that ruined the Kingdom. He’ll unravel this enigma and inflict retribution to those involved.

This is his Vendetta.

Every time Jurard looks at the portrait with Queen Rexford, you can sense the loneliness in his eyes. Sorawrity knows the truth. Even with his demeanor, the bounty hunter’s facade is not always that flawless, after all.



J-Shaped Earring



A single metal dangling earring that looks like a talon shaped into the letter J.

Jurard always wears his earring wherever he goes. Today was an exception, though.

“Hey, you. Sorawrity! Come over here.” He called. I looked around and saw nobody else.

“*What does he want?*” I wondered. “*Did I do something wrong?*” I pointed to myself to silently ask if he was talking to me.

“Yes, you!” He hissed. Alarmed, I ran as fast as I could to the end of the hallway.

Jurard was not wearing his suit today. Instead, he wore a Xenokunian yukata with a coat draped over his shoulders. Slight annoyance colored his face.

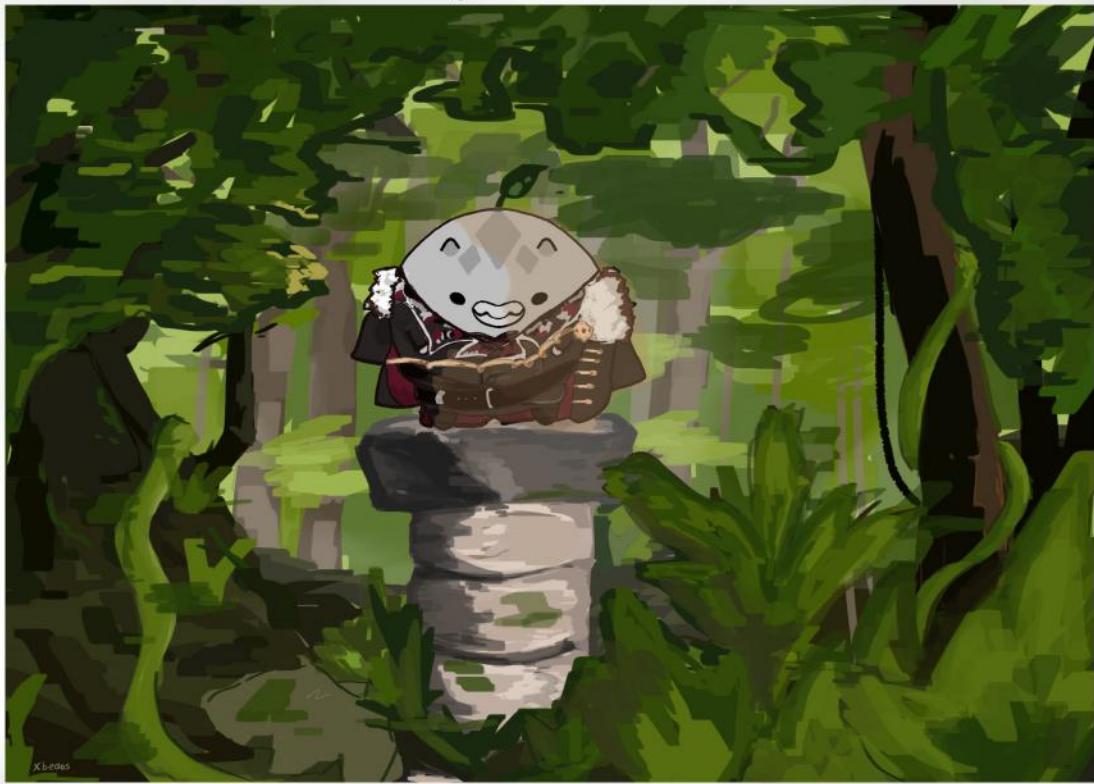
“Okay Sorawrity, there is something I want you to do. Follow me,” he commanded. He opened the door behind him, which led to his office. Inside, he picked up a tiny box from his desk and lifted the lid. It was empty save for the velvet lining. He handed the box to me, telling me to hold it while he took off his earring. He placed his earring inside the box and closed the lid. With a glare, he whispered, “Do you see this? I want you to guard it with your life.” I was shocked by his instruction, yet I could not protest.

“You see,” he continued with a stern voice, “This is a gift from my grandma. She had a hard time telling me and my twin apart so she gave us earrings. My brother got an S earring whereas mine is J for Jurard. It has sentimental value but I cannot take it with me to Xenokuni.”

“One of you is guarding my crown so I am putting you in charge of my earring. Got it?” I nodded out of instinct. And that is how I ended up taking care of his earring while he was away.



Wally's Outfit



Wally has a special suit he only wears on special occasions. It's modelled after Jurard's own outfit, complete with the fur-lined coat and gold—faux gold, actually—accents. The rest of us Sorawrity would fawn over Wally whenever he had the chance to wear the suit, as it somehow elevated his level of coolness by millions of degrees; sure, he may not be as cool as the Jurard T. Rexford, but the suit still carries the same kind of charm as the real deal. Sometimes, we like to call him JJ, short for Jurard Junior, whenever he wears it. All that's missing from his getup is the iconic Rexford crown, but that's just something only Jurard can have, for quite obvious reasons.

As we have heard, Jurard had gotten his hands on the suit during an expedition to an abandoned temple in a faraway jungle. We weren't too sure on the greater details of the trip, but we remembered Jurard telling us that it was a "super secret and important" mission he had to complete alone. He had been scouring the temple grounds for information (and valuables) when he bumped into a pillar roughly half his height, supporting a round statue depicting a Sorawrity.

Oddly enough, the statue looked well-maintained and was even dressed up in those fine garbs Jurard would later take. As Jurard mentioned, he had been overcome with intense cuteness aggression upon laying eyes on the clothed statue and decided right then and there that he needed to take it home. Unfortunately, the statue was glued onto the pillar, so the only thing he could bring with him was the suit. We aren't sure why he decided to give the loot to Wally specifically, but perhaps it is because Wally is his personal favourite Sorawritry ...in some way. It is hard to comprehend Jurard's actions sometimes.



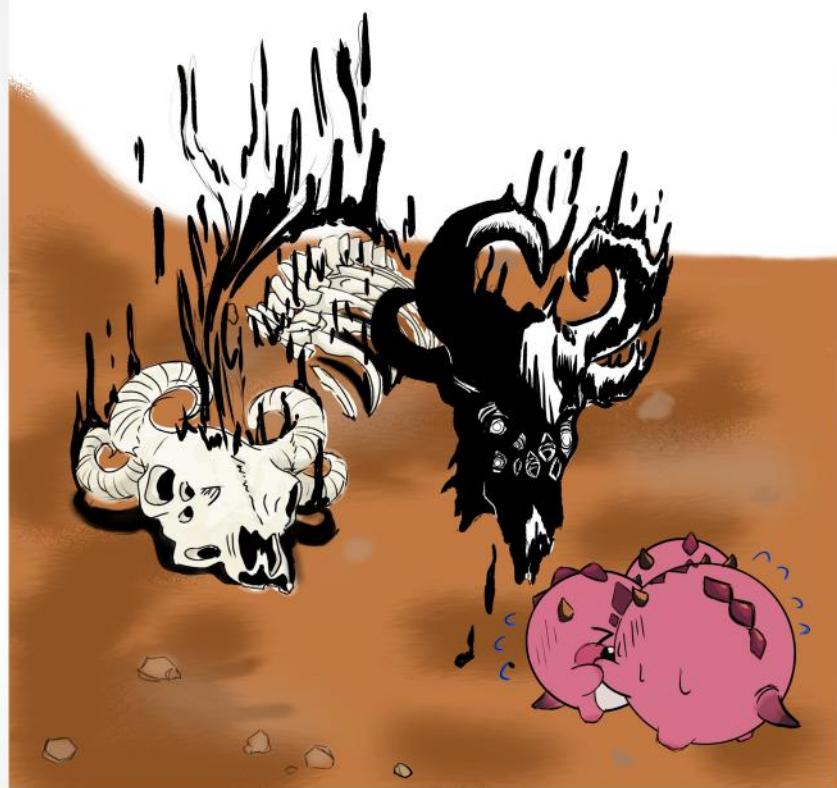
Corruption Beast Bones



Corruption Beast Bones are inherently sharp by its edges, sturdy with its overall structure, and commonly seen and described as bone-white in color—prompting a rather bright appearance that stands out when uncovered among the grainy desert landscapes of the Badlands.

Sorawrity are natural-born treasure hunters with a keen eye for valuable things. Of course, discovering Corruption Beast Bones that are even larger than life, erupted cheer among themselves as they hailed another victory in a land so familiar and yet still filled with lots of secrets.

“We have to see how much this got us. Come on!” One announced to the crew, seemingly the leader that planned this whole operation. Others nodded with a smile and waddled behind as a response; all too busy thinking about the money lying ahead after the successful hunt.



It wasn't long before they started to feel a rumbling from the ground and a cracking sound from right beside them. That was... strange? The caped leader took a look back after hearing the others scream and was shocked by the gigantic black entity that stared deep with its white paralyzing eyes. Sorawrities ran toward one another in hopes of losing sight of the entity and at the same time, appeasing it with the visible fear from their trembling bodies. It rapidly shook the ground and elevated the rocks and sand grain in its surroundings until suddenly, it all went silent just as quick.

"I-is it over?" One of them asked, eyes closed and still holding on to the others.

"Let's just carry the bones and go!" They scurried back to the village that promised payment and mentally noted to themselves not to repeat such an adventure without Jurard ever again.

Bounty Hunter License



Jurard T. Rexford's hunting license. Recently renewed, unblemished, and free of modifications. The photo could be better, though.

“Now, let's get a look at Mr. Handso—” You saw Jurard pause as he looked at his new ID. He adjusted the angle a few times and glared at the staffer.

“Excuse me, but there has been a misprint. This photo isn't me.” His voice already had you nervous.

As you climbed the counter, the staffer argued with him.

Jurard shook his head with a laugh.

“No, no, my good sir. It appears you have failed to capture my beautiful face. This photo, yeah this one, looks like some average guy. While this—” Jurard smiled widely.

“... Is the handsome Jurard T. Rexford,” he said proudly.

You and the other dino shared a nervous glance as the staffer refused to listen.

Juard frowned.

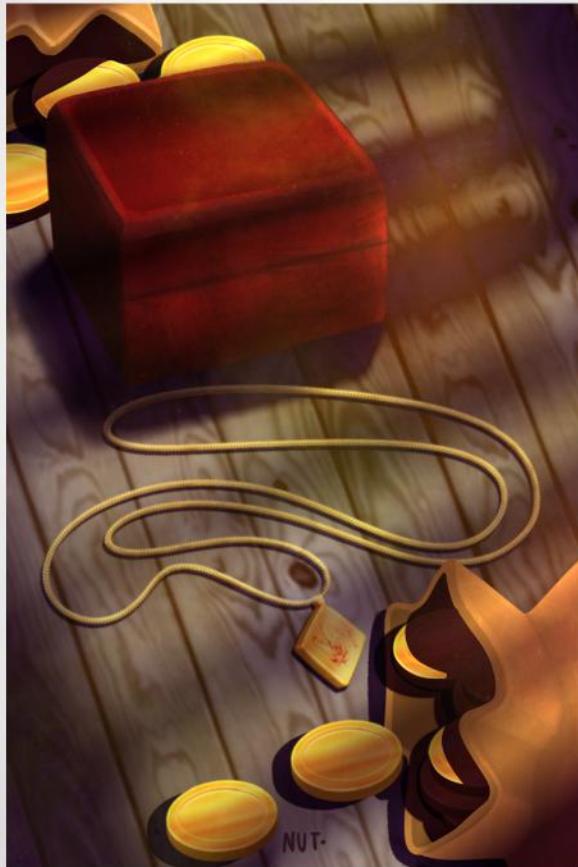
“Fine, I'll just make my own changes!” He grabbed one of the free pens and began scribbling.

Looking over his shoulder, you could see him drawing over the hunting license. The staffer scolded him from behind.

“Mandate? What's this man's date got to do with my license?!“ Jurard pointed to a random man.

The man sulked, trudging away somewhere.

Precious Pendant



A golden diamond-shaped pendant with a dinosaur fossil carved on its top. The fossil etched into it might have resembled the same dinosaur skull found on the ARMIS tavern. It was found inside a red satin box.

Sorawrity definitely has a knack for sniffing gold. Among the deserts of the Badlands, the golden pendant's box was found upon the coconut trees near the oasis. The pendant was rumoured to be left by Jurard's ancestor, whose name remained unknown when the author wrote this. The author? Who exactly am I? How can I know all this? Well, if you could look upon the pendant...

Xenokuni



A place where new friends of Jurard T. Rexford reside. A place with an abundance of good food (yummy!) and good stories. Jurard said South Elysium was still better, though.

Jurard entered Xenokuni with the help of a *very not corrupt* Xenokuni official. That was what he said to us, Sorawrity. The officer helped him wholeheartedly, he said.

His undercover mission of investigating the rapid spread of Corruption Beasts all over Xenokuni was rather eventful and full of exploration. He got distracted by some delicious food though. He tried everything from the most appetizing to the most exotic ones. He even told us how delicious the sea cucumber was—he called them **[REDACTED]** though.

There, Jurard met two individuals with corrupted arms. It alarmed him as he thought they were among the corruption beasts... but thankfully, he got it wrong. At first, he stalked and cornered both



men in a dark alley. However, to his surprise, they didn't fight back. They told Jurard they were already aware of his presence so they baited him. He got played but he kept denying it. He insisted it was part of his plan.

They introduced themselves to him as Shinri and Hakka respectively. Shinri's voice sounds like it's buried six feet under and his one arm's blue, while Hakka has striking purple hair and has a much darker corrupted arm. They told him it was a long story, so they sat down in one of the drinking stalls and talked while having alcoholic drinks. Jurard asked for milk though.

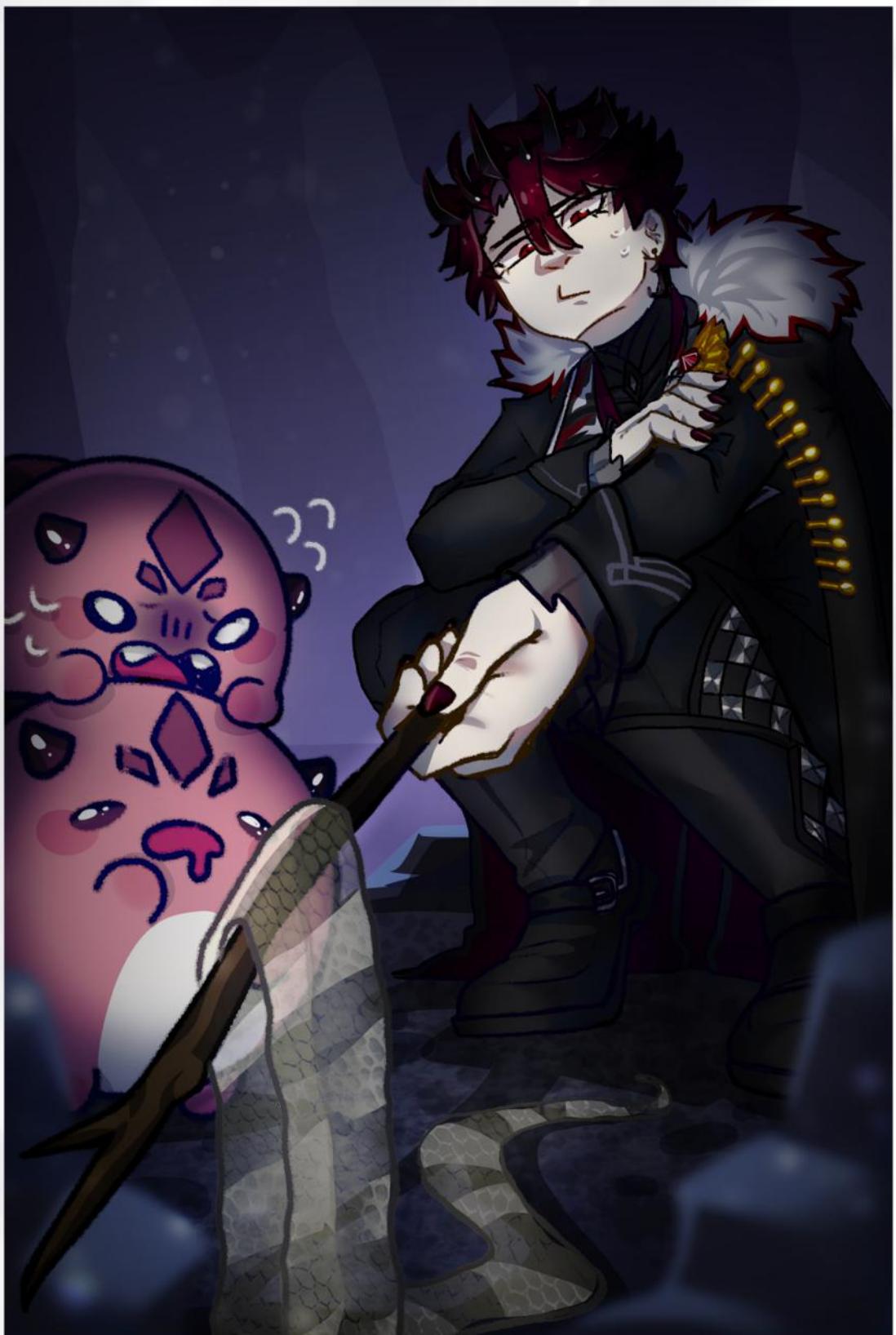
The pair toured him around the place and showed us their humble guild! They also planned for some karaoke bonding which made Jurard secretly excited. Xenokuni is far more fascinating than the story we only heard about before. Jurard made new friends despite being in the place he disliked because he's a diehard South Elysium citizen, but we know the truth—he loved it there too.

Cave Snakeskin



What Jurard found when he traveled to an unknown cave. Upon further inspection, it was identified as the snake skin of a black-banded sea krait. Its diameter reaches a small 5cm/1.9" size, and the length of its skin no less than 50cm/19". The snakeskin was covered with fading black bands on top of white bands. It is put inside a wooden frame topped with a thin glass.

No one really knows why or how Jurard got into a cave and found a snake skin. It's not like it's edible or anything. Someone thought it'd be good to make it into a leather accessory, but who knows when Jurard or the Sorawrity would ever meet a second or third or hundredth sea krait. So, for the time being, it was just being displayed alongside Jurard's other treasures.



ARMIS



If Jurard could rank any treasure, he would probably categorize this as the “No. 1 Dream Team.”

Roaming by himself with his dark horse for years, he was overshadowed by his twin brother’s presence. There was a time when Jurard wondered when his turn would be.

However, with ARMIS, the passing time felt like a fever dream. Not only were these guys fun to talk with, they also excel at every single thing they specialized in; Goldbullet with his exquisite ability to snipe and cook, Octavio with his majestic control over the strings and baton, and Crimzon Ruze with his meticulous tactics and worldbuilding to maximize the group’s bounty hunting strategy.

We could easily guess that Jurard had finally found what he could call: ‘home’.

Closing Poem

**Here and now, and then,
And ever after,
Past thickets and thorns,
Presents and laughter,
Years in a cupped hand.**

**Breaths thick, condensing,
In silence, blooming,
Red camellias,
Thawed ice and green buds,
Hoarse voices, proud,
Diadem gleaming,
Alight and aloud,
Yearn for the future.**

- Fu (@fu_y2k)

Credits

Project Leads



Project Manager



Submissions Manager



Social Media Manager



Layout Lead



Art Lead



Writing Lead



Web Development



Sensitivity Readers



Kim
(@Kimhan_here)



Sarah
(@0210Sarah)

Copy Editor



jiggly
(@gibbyluvrific)

Social Media Artists



Fu (@fu_y2k)



Tosca



Hoto
(@Hoto_11010)

Cover Artist



Hoto
(@Hoto_11010)

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