In the dead of night, a small hunting party lead by #9 limps into the guild's sparsely filled hall. With a lurch, #9 and Azyl drop a very large and exceptionally deceased sand dragon. The jaw of the beast hangs slack, showing its unusually long teeth hooking back, pointing into the mouth. 9’s eyes darted around the hall before landing on Laithe. “Can I ask you to take some notes for me while I get some parts off of this thing?”

“Sure, let me grab a pen real quick.” Lathe stands and saunters slowly to the immediate scene. Azyl and another guild mate assist #9 in moving the sand dragon away from the hall’s entryway before moving a table aside, clearing space to sprawl sand dragon deceased.

“We did not know they grew so large.” Azyl looked to #9.

“Neither did I, but this may be a special case.” #9 held the base of the creature’s front leg and drew a short knife. “I’m hoping its diet might give us some ideas. If this leaves a stain, let Rahlee know I’m deeply sorry.” Then the blade punctures precisely, passing protective plates along the beast’s bloated belly. A smell surrounded the scene suddenly, acridly sweet. Aziz rushed over to a waste bin and doubled over. #9 glanced up and chuckled.

“We will ensure he is okay while you work.” Azly nodded to #9.

“Please do. He was right next to me when this thing mauled us. Last thing we need is him quitting because of a big lizard. Okay, I’m going to go through its stomach contents, if you can just write down what I find Laithe, I think we’ll be gilded.”

“Gilded?” Lathe cocks his head and there is a moment of silence.

“Fuck, I mean golden. We will be golden. Is that right?” A look of acknowledged understanding crossed Laithe with a nod. #9 then took to the terrible task, tearing open the stomach. He held the flesh carefully, cautious and unsure of the strength of sand dragon stomach acid before letting it spill out slowly to examine the contents. “Fur… Bones… some flesh. A few pieces of what looks like chitin from something. What is this?” #9 lifts on the tip of his knife a long wet clump of dark green moss.

“Looks like plant matter of some kind.” Lathe’s pen scratched quickly. #9 leaned near it and gave it a contemplative smell.

“I think it might be Hag’s Hair. It grows in patches that hang from trees in the forest under the city.” #9 looked quizzically at the dead creature. “But why were you eating it? This might not be why it is so large but maybe why it was attacking everything it saw. We all get grumpy on an upset stomach. Can’t be sure yet. Shame we had to put it down.” #9 sighed to himself and began cutting at the armored scaled surface of the skin.

“What are you doing now?” Laithe cocked an eyebrow while glancing up from notes.

“It would be a shame to kill the creature and not make use of the body. Calder might know a good recipe for flesh, maybe even organs. I happen to have a use for this undamaged skin. Armor.”