# The new adventurer

Lin’s Rest was a quiet place today — the occasional customer wandered in to check out the selection of books for sale, and a pair of students from the Royal Academy were camped out at a table with cups of coffee and a pile of books. Behind the counter was the cafe’s one employee - also a student of the Royal Academy. She idly read a novel while waiting for people to come up and purchase a book or drink. The shop wasn’t nearly as busy as it had been before the civil war, but business was picking up again slowly as Kishar began to settle into its new normal.

The tiny office behind the cafe’s kitchen was only slightly less populated, at least by people. The office was dominated by a large desk heaped with books, scrolls, and loose papers, almost forming a wall around the desk’s occupant. The person at the desk was barely visible from the doorway - only the top of their head and their pointed ears could be seen.

Behind the impressive wall of papers and books was Ëlinyr, the owner of Lin’s Rest, with a mug of coffee in one hand and a sheet of paper in the other. She squinted through her glasses at the hastily scribbled notes on the paper for a moment, trying to decipher what she’d written so she could figure out where to file it.

“Hey, Ëlinyr?” Moira, Ëlinyr’s assistant, called from the kitchen. “There’s a rabbit hiwani here looking for some really specific folklore books, and I have no idea where to find what she’s looking for or if we even have it…” Moira poked her head into the office doorway. “Do you think you could help her? I hate to bother you about it, but you know what books we’ve got better than I do.”

Ëlinyr let out a small sigh and set down her notes — she’d figured out what project they belonged to and made a mental note to bring them back with her to the Diamond City — and went to meet this rabbit hiwani. This will hopefully be quick, and then I can get back to organizing my notes, she thought to herself as she made her way to the front counter. A short, black-and-white furred rabbit hiwani wearing clothes in various shades of blue was waiting there for Ëlinyr.

“Moira said you were looking for some specific folklore books?” Ëlinyr smiled at the rabbit hiwani, noticing her nervousness. There weren’t often hiwani at Lin’s Rest aside from the members of House Lacewing, and the rabbit looked as if she felt out of place.

“Um, yes - do you happen to have any folklore that focuses on hiwani from the Sun Peaks?” the rabbit asked, her voice quiet. “I’m trying to find a book that my grandmother used to read to me when I was a child. It was full of stories about a rabbit who lived in the mountains and went on adventures.”

Ëlinyr thought for a moment, trying to remember if she’d gotten that book recently - it certainly sounded familiar… “Let me look in the collection of books yet to be processed - I think I just might have it. The Tales of the Brave Mountain Rabbit, right?”

The rabbit hiwani’s face lit up with a smile. “Yes, that’s it! I couldn’t remember the name, just what the stories were about.”

“I’m almost certain I found a copy of it recently - let me go check.” Ëlinyr hurried back to her office and made for a pile of books in a corner - the “collection” of books yet to be processed - and dug through the volumes haphazardly stacked there. She found what she was looking for almost at the bottom of the pile - a well-worn copy of The Tales of the Brave Mountain Rabbit.

“I was right!” Ëlinyr called out as she headed back out to the front of the shop, book in hand. The rabbit let out a little gasp and bounced up and down with excitement.

“Oh, thank you so much!” she said, reaching out for the book. Ëlinyr handed it to her with a smile, and the rabbit flipped through the pages, occasionally stopping to look at an illustration. “It’s just as I remember Grandmama’s copy - even the pictures are the same!”

Ëlinyr couldn’t help but smile. “I’m glad I had it in stock.”

“How much do I owe you for it?” the rabbit hiwani asked, then rummaged around in her bag for a moment.

“It’s yours - consider it a gift,” Ëlinyr said. “As an adventurer myself, seeing someone’s excitement over tales of adventure always makes me smile, and I can clearly see how much this book means to you.”

“Wait, you’re an adventurer?” the rabbit said, pausing her search through her bag to look up at Ëlinyr.

“Oh yes,” Ëlinyr said with a laugh. “Not necessarily a very good one, mind you, but I’m a member of the Adventurers Guild. My name’s Ëlinyr.”

The hiwani’s eyes went wide as Ëlinyr introduced herself. “I’ve heard of you! Scholar Ëlinyr, who helped defeat the Flame Lord! A friend of mine took some of your classes at the Royal Academy and told me all about you!”

Ëlinyr turned a little red in embarrassment. “Depending on how long ago that friend took that class of mine, they may have experienced a very different version of me,” she said with a grimace. She didn’t like to think of how she was before that trip to the Night Market shortly after she began adventuring.

“Oh, they told me about how you became thinblooded, too.” Ëlinyr turned even redder as the rabbit hiwani talked. Did she somehow have fans out there? “Anyhow, I’m Santoki, it’s a pleasure to meet you!” The rabbit hiwani grinned.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you as well,” Ëlinyr said. “You know, if you’re ever wanting to experience real adventures, you should go visit the Adventurers Guild, and see what we’re all about.”

“Me? An adventurer?” Santoki asked, sounding incredulous at the idea. “I’m just a little rabbit from the mountains. I could never be an adventurer.”

“And yet, the book you hold in your hands is about just that - a mountain rabbit who became an adventurer.” Ëlinyr smiled. “Just think, someday there could be stories about you.”

“You really think so?” Santoki said, thoughtful. “You think I could be an adventurer?”

“Hey, if a clumsy, awkward, thinblooded elf scholar can be an adventurer, I’m sure a little mountain rabbit can be one too.” Ëlinyr grinned. “It doesn’t hurt to try, anyway - er, actually, I take that back, it might hurt a little bit, depending on what sort of adventures you find yourself on,” she said, remembering her own first adventure and her harrowing slide down a rope as she attempted to climb a wall. “Well, it won’t hurt to try so long as you don’t let Flint talk you into a stealth mission,” Ëlinyr clarified with a laugh.

“I think… I think I might go to the Adventurers Guild and check it out,” Santoki said. “Maybe I can be an adventurer.”