

CEA'THAN

Cea'than looked at the wreckage and wished for a magic wand. Where to start she wandered and looked at the bank of comm equipment with the end of a corner ceiling support balanced precariously by the edge of the bank inches above the equipment that was her link to the Guardian support team at headquarters. Picking up part of a broken partition she wedged it carefully over the comm itself, hopefully that would stop any more damage until she managed to prop the ceiling up and get the broken support out. As she straightened up there was a crack and rumble behind her and she turned round to see another corner support slowly moving sideways dragging part of the ceiling with it.

Liquefied peat was still oozing through the gaps where the walls had been pulled apart and she picked up the jumbled pile of books and scrolls from the floor where they had been directly in the path of the soup spreading across the floor. She realized that it wasn't a cleanup operation anymore, it was going to be a rescue operation. Only where was she going to put her things Oh lor!! The human gathering three days away, her best set of straps, the green ones with the silver inlay, where were they!!.

Scrambling over the wreckage, she got into the other room and saw the straps still on the shelf by her bedding, but the shelf itself was breaking up and threatening to dump the straps into more of the soup covering the floor and her bedding. Oh right, now she knew where to put what she managed to rescue, up in the rock cave, where she kept new bedding material, on the Tor above her quarters. It would be cramped but it was dry.

Taking the straps and other bits and pieces from beside her ruined bedding, she carefully navigated the wreckage back into the other room, getting outside she realised it had stopped raining, "Oh! small mercies but it wouldn't be for long" she could see more heavy squalls on the horizon heading her way. Dumping the load of assorted books straps scrolls and bits and pieces into

the carry baskets she went back inside for another pile, picking the comm gear up first.

Three trips and four full carry baskets later, she got the harness on with the loaded baskets in place and started up the slope to the cave. The damage hadn't been limited to her quarters and she now knew where all that liquefied peat had come from. There was a lot more exposed rock dark with the stain of peat, an awful lot more rock. In fact, she could see another cave mouth that hadn't been there before, she could clearly see the tide line of stain on the rock face above the new cave.

She decided to investigate later on after she had sent her report on the events of the last forty-eight hours. The successful clearing of storm damage down by the confluence, which meant that the area would not be flooded, the wreckage of her living quarters, she did not think it would be possible to repair them, the creeping avalanche of liquefied peat and the resulting exposure of rock face and a cave. One thing she was going to insist on, her new living quarters would not be sited where she would be at the mercy of liquefied peat caused by weeks of heavy incessant rain. Suddenly, she wondered how big that new cave was.