

STATION ARCADIA OFFICIAL TRANSCRIPT

[Marvin Segment Patreon]

[CLICK]

[OCEAN SOUNDS, SHIP CREAKING, AND OCCASIONAL THUNDER
THROUGHOUT]

MARVIN. November, Year 406. The sky above the small Bremmish port town of Rockwell has been darkened with the shadows of birds for hours now. From the shape and color of them, I'd say some Westerfieldian variety. It was early this morning when the migration moved in from the north. Not many outside of the Empire are aware of this fact, but birds can actually cause major structural damage to a city. The Bremriggers knew this, and within 30 minutes the town had gathered and began to fight back against the flock.

The trenches to the north are as so far unaffected by the sudden push. The Surri soldiers taking shelter there, no doubt, are well relieved of this fact. Their forces have recently taken a significant hit to their numbers because of a loss to a Clercourt battalion. In fact, if things continue this way, they may have an opportunity to make up for their failure. As the onslaught continued, Rockwell soldiers could be seen preparing large projectiles to fire back. Quite a few managed to hit, and

the birds started crashing down into land and sea. I even had to dodge a few myself.

Now, after a full three hours of this back and forth, a storm can be seen approaching from the eastern skyline. Rockwell can breathe easy for now; reinforcements have arrived. Sounds like thunder ring across the coast as the birds are driven into the waves. As the amount of birds covering the skies start to thin, it seems, at last, like there is going to be a winner. In a manner of speaking, at least. At first, it seemed impossible that Rockwell would be able to defend against the oncoming enemy, but they managed to pull through, securing the town for at least a little while. This storm will produce lots of casualties and plenty more expectants, and it's not the end of this push forward, but Rockwell has survived. I wish them well.

[AMBIENT WATER AND SHIP SOUNDS. THUNDER BOOMS ON THE HORIZON.]

(sigh) Another day, another storm.

[A SEAGULL CALLS OUT AS IT FALLS ON THE DECK FLAPPING IRRITABLY. MARVIN MAKES A SURPRISED SOUND.]

Woah. Hey there. What are you doing here?

[THE BIRD FLAPS SOME MORE, THEN CAWS USELESSLY.]

Hey now, it's ok. I've-I've got you.

[HE PICKS UP THE BIRD AND CARRIES IT ACROSS THE DECK.
IT CAWS AGAIN.]

Shh, it's alright. It's alright... *(pause)* Well I don't know
your name huh.

[CAW.]

What about... Thela?

[THE SEAGULL CHITTERS.]

Do you mind that name?

[CAW.]

I'll take that as a no. *(pause)* Hm, looks like your wing is
hurt. Did you get a bit too close to the storm?

[THELA CHIRPS.]

(with a smile) Don't worry Thela, I'll fix you right up. You'll
be off flying again in no time. Come on, in we go. Don't want to
get caught in the rain.

[A FEW MORE SECONDS OF WATER AMBIENCE, THEN THE DEVICE
CLICKS OFF.]