

**MOONSHADE** (she/her) (any ethnicity): A maker: tanner, weaver, and artisan. Devoted lifemate to STRONGBOW. Though she errs towards peace-making she's not afraid to speak her mind when needed.

**SCRIPT SIDES:** The Wolfriders have been forced to flee their forest holt and have been tricked into marching out into a desert hellscape. With no choice but to boldly march into the unknown, the tribe considers their resources.

CUTTER

(raises voice, to group) What supplies have we got?

ONE-EYE

A water skin less than half full and two pieces of dried meat.

MOONSHADE

(considering) Some double-shell nuts and a mouthfull of brownberries.

NIGHTFALL

It will be hot again, won't it?

CUTTER

Yes. Let's make shelter as best we can and we'll march again come darkness.

PIKE

(grumbling) Shelter, he says? How do we make shelter... out of \*this\*?

MOONSHADE

(optimistic) Those robes, Pike? We can use them to hide from the sun. Here, let me stitch this one together with my cloak. We can use your spear and another to make a frame.

PIKE

(impressed) Oh, Good idea.

STRONGBOW

(sending) Here. Take my bow. I hate to be without it, but, better than see our tribe fry.

## MOONSHADE

Oh, Strongbow! I know what this  
means to you, beloved. Dewshine,  
come help me sew!