



1.1 Fruit Salad

- Mel Chen

Stumbling up the stairs, you're greeted by a flying wrench.

"Oi! What have you done with your automail?!"

"Automail?"

"Yes, your automail! Look what you've done to it! Gosh, you worry me too much these days. I swear if you keep practising alchemy your arm won't last much longer!"

As Wendy's hands run over your right arm, you notice her overalls stained with rust and grease. Typical of an automail mechanic.

"Anyway, we've having lunch soon, but I'm missing a couple of fruits for the salad. Hop down to the store and grab some for me, would you?"

"Uhhhh where's the store?"

"Are you serious? Down the road, take a right. You can't miss it!"

"But what fruits...?"

"NOW!"

