Wagon Age: Oregon

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1490.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Nonbinary
Fandom:	Dragon Age (Video Games)
Relationship:	Shale/Sten (Dragon Age)
Character:	Shale (Dragon Age)
Additional Tags:	Crack, Setting Change - Oregon Trail
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-08 Words: 1,053 Chapters: 1/1

Wagon Age: Oregon

by hanktalkin

Summary

Shale packs up their family and moves to Oregon. Yes this is completely historically accurate. Yes they’re still a giant rock monster.

“I think we have enough bullets, Kadan.”

“Bah! We will have enough bullets when we can kill every single prairie chicken from here until Fort Kearney.”

“I do hope you plan to *hit* every single prairie chicken,” MORRIGAN sniffs as she holds a wagon tongue. Something got confused with the art department, and it’s rather wet and pinkish. “Considering we have spent all eight hundred of our funds on ammunition.”

“As opposed to?” SHALE sniffs right back.

“…Rations?”

“Bah!” SHALE says again.

How they are meant to cross the entire continental United States while their fleshy companions require such menial things as ‘rations’ and ‘bathroom breaks’, SHALE hasn’t the faintest. Maybe they won’t. Maybe these various flesh creatures will perish on the journey. Wouldn’t that be sad.

With the wagon loaded up with bullets, they are on their way.

ALISTAIR dies of dysentery.

“Oh come on! Really?” ALISTAIR says as they haul him into a grave. “We barely even left! I can *still* see Independence, and I’m lying down!”

“Hush you,” MORRIGAN says as she pours a shovel full of dirt onto him. Most of it lands in his mouth. “You are dead.”

“An annoying start,” SHALE says when all that business is done, climbing back into the wagon front and taking the reigns. “But not surprising.”

“Battling darkspawn is a dangerous business,” ZEVRAN says, using the space now vacated by ALISTAIR to stretch out. He puts his feet on a crate of bullets.

“Travelling to Oregon,” WYNNE corrects gently.

“Ah,” ZEVRAN shrugs. “Not so different.”

DOG barks his agreement.

LELLIANA barks her un-agreement. Whatever you’re imagining, that’s what it looks like. Man, it sure is good that no one has a name longer than eight letters, otherwise we’d be getting some real annoying when trying to type them in.

They’re halfway to Chimney Rock before STEN straightens in the shotgun seat, solemnly composes himself, and says, “We have forgotten OGHREN.”

"…Booey," SHALE says.

(Four hundred miles away, OGHREN is still sleeping on the floor of the Independence general goods store. The residents have gotten used to him. They use him to prop up the wagon wheels so they don't fall over. Wagon wheels because apparently that's all they sell in this fucking store.)

Their first river crossing, they caulk the wagon and float it across. It does not capsize, and they make it to the other shore with all their bullets safely dry.

"You all," SHALE calls back to their children. Children? Family at the very least, for these present cirumstances. "Have you all survived?"

"We are all well," MORRIGAN says. After a moment, she adds, "The bard did fall out, however."

"…Booey."

The second river crossing, they decide to ford it. They probably should have done that back at the Green River though, which was only 2.9 feet at its deepest part, instead of here at the Snake River, which is a balmy 6.2. It's not balmy actually. It's very cold, as SHALE's human/elf/qunari companions inform them as the oxen just keep sinking deeper and until they're well past their chests.

Granted, STEN's way of saying it's cold is by cryptically saying, "There is a chill in the air," as he stares off into the distance, as opposed to the others who more forwardly say things like, "Aaaa, oooo, so cold…"

"Bah, why do we even bother with these oxen?" Shale says. "I will carry it myself."

"How, dear?" WHYNNE, in a pair of mitten and earmuffs, asks as she leans out the wagon side.

"I weight over 3500 pounds. I will sink straight to the bottom, and I do not need to breathe."

"…It's ridiculous we didn't do this to begin with," ZEVRAN says as SHALE lifts the wagon over their head and transports it to the other side.

However, as soon as SHALE resumes their seat, the entire front half of the wagon shatters under them.

"*What*," they say, flat on their ass, wishing for anything they had a prairie chicken between their hands they could take their frustrations out on.

"You acknowledged your incredible weight within the story's narrative framework, Kadan," STEN explains serenely, also flat on his ass. "The wagon will now no longer accommodate you."

SHALE offers some colorful swears that cannot be printed here. After much deliberation, and ZEVRAN chasing after one of wheels like a medieval boy hitting a hoop with a stick,

SHALE hoists the remains of the wagon onto two wheels and carries it the rest of the way. As much as I'd love to say they let the oxen go and they lived happily in the plains of Idaho forever after, the flesh companions haven't actually eaten since Independence, so instead there's a cartoon cloud of dust that dissipates and leaves nothing but a skeleton.

This way, they manage to make it to Oregon without further hullaballoo, rigmarole, or tomfoolery. Well, except for the night a thief snuck into camp and stole a single bullet, which sent SHALE into such a rage that they forced the entire party on a nine day detour through the Rockies in order to get it back and extract bloody vengance. But other than that, no hullafoolery, rigaballoo, or tomarole.

"Ah," STEN says, breathing in deeply. "Air."

A blissful chiptune plays over an idealized and frankly offensive portrayal of the American west.

"I can hardly believe it," SHALE says sarcastically. "We survived it all, hoorah. I thought for certain the old bag wouldn't make it-"

SHALE turns to see WYNNE has collapsed on the ground, expired.

"…Booey."

"At least the rest of us have made it intact!" ZEVRAN declares. "No missing limbs, our sanity within our skulls…it could truly have been much worse."

DOG barks his agreement.

"Right you are my friend!"

"Uhg, *you*," SHALE says. "I always forget you're there unless you're speaking."

DOG barks.

"Do not slobber on me! I am starting to determine that the only thing that comes close to my detestation of birds is my loathing for *mangy mongrel drool*."

"Come Kadan," STEN says, gently leading DOG to heel. "There's much to do."

SHALE sighs. "I suppose. But if you attempt to make me sell any of my bullets, I will take the remains of this cart and drag it all the way back to Missouri!"

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!