

SPRING//GOLDHELM

Despite The Party's plan to re-group back at the Pewterpail Estate, they find themselves as divided as ever-both physically and in values and trust. Vasira has left the room to waterboard herself, the Skoldvattens are in the dining hall having their own revelations, leaving just Siggy and Phoebe alone in the bunkroom...

Since first returning to the bunkroom, Siggy has kept themselves firmly on the floor with his eyes closed under the guise of relaxing, despite the fact he is calling out the harshest truths and their cynicism is growing exponentially. Phoebe sits near, curled up in her bunk, arms around herself before scooting forward to the edge of the bed

Phoebe: *We really are divided, aren't we?*

Siggy, snorting: *It cannot really be that hard to see. We barely fucking trust each other*
Phoebe opens and closes her mouth

Siggy: *You have someone ready to fucking kill you from the inside out, Harlow's got their eye, Elska gave me a verbal lashing for just trying to help you, and Vasira? Gods know what else she's fucking hiding- Why are we even fucking here?*

Phoebe: *We- We're trying to help people! That's why we're here!*

Siggy: *For what?*

Phoebe: *Because? Because it's generally bad to let an undead army run a city!*

Siggy: *When did it become our problem? There's a whole fucking city that can take care of itself!*

Phoebe: *But we're the only ones here!*

Siggy: *Berry has a whole fucking city behind her and doesn't say shit! Why is it us?*

Phoebe, struggling for words: *Alright, one thing at a time. I- But I- I trust you Siggy!*
Why don't you trust me?

Siggy, laughing: *Trust is a strange thing because- how do I phrase this?- Trust is like a sack of flour. You can open it, and it goes everywhere. Or you can contain it. Or you can take a little off the top now and then. Your trust in me is off the top-barely. Everyone's trust in me- in each other- is off the top. I do trust you but apparently to a certain extent. A little off the top.*

In a flurry of emotion, Phoebe stands back up and begins to storm for the door, but not before checking that Siggy will be staying put for the time being. She then declares that she is off the grab Vasira because it is about time she comes clean herself about why she left. She heads into the hall and follows the sounds of a very damp and soggy Vasira, who is still in the bathroom, half drowning herself and still screaming. One ear is completely filled with water, but one

remains clear and she is able to hear Phoebe calling her name.¹ Immediately she stands, wet hair flopping into her face with damp turtleneck constricting her, and acts as if she is not leaving a massive puddle underneath her

Vasira: Hello Phoebe, just one moment. **Violently shakes the water out of her ear**
What can I do for you?

Phoebe, *just now starting to register what she has set out to do:* Have- have you decided whether you're staying?

Vasira: Yeah...yeahhhhh? Probably. Decision made. I am very decisive.

Phoebe: What is it?

Vasira: That's a secret

Phoebe: Um...well either way if- if you're staying I want you to know this, and if you're leaving, then I want to tell you before I don't have the opportunity to

Vasira: Sure- Are you sure I'm the right person for this

Phoebe, *urgently:* Yes!

Vasira: Oh! Ok

Phoebe: You told me- you told me about Greysky before anyone else- before we even knew the rest of the Wayless and I didn't tell you anything and I want to tell you now

Vasira: Yeah of course! Nothing you could say is ever going to change my opinion of you

The Ryst Kids squelch their way back to the room where Siggy continues to lay on the floor.

Vasira: Siggy it's Girl Talk time to get out of here

Siggy: Fuck off?!

Phoebe: No! Siggy's staying! Can you two just not fight right now please?

Siggy: I think we are doing pretty well?

Vasira, *crossing her arms:* I mean I haven't punched him once! If anything, he's hit me!

Phoebe, *settling onto the floor, getting quieter and quieter:* So, um...I guess what I first want to say is I'm- I'm really sorry for not- for not- well for not trusting you, not opening up to you. It- even though I- I was scared- and Evara I'm still terrified- but you two have, especially over the last few days, you two have really helped me and I haven't made it easy for you and I'm sorry- That's the first thing.

Um, so obviously we haven't decided what we are doing yet after whatever we ended up doing here and that's- But if we go back west to the League to intervene in the war, that direction won't just be on course with things Vasira has been trying to escape, but also things I- I thought I'd escaped until the last few days. So, um, Siggy...I mean you've- and Vasira told you what was causing- it's only fair. I mean it's just me with the nightmares right now but it won't be just my

¹ Perception Check: 23

problem for long if we go back. Um- So Siggy, you know this but, Vasira I don't think you do, but my dreams aren't just nightmares...I- I'm being attacked through them. By someone I left behind. In Uryn. Um-

Siggy: Do you want me to give you a breath and cast Calm Emotions? I should've asked the last time and I got reamed out for that

Vasira: Ha reamed out

Phoebe: I mean yes, I think that would be appreciated please

Siggy: Did I even prep for it today is the question

Vasira: I don't have magic, but I could run downstairs and get a shot of something to calm emotions that way?

Siggy: You know- maybe some water instead?

Vasira: Good call!

Siggy: Just wring out your shirt

Vasira: I am trying so hard to be nice right now

Siggy: Oh- wait- I didn't ready it today...sorry

Phoebe: No I- That's fine I need to say this anyway. His name is Sam. Samson Morgenstern.²

Vasira: Sam?

Phoebe, *taking a sobbing breath*: He's my husband

Vasira: Jesus Phoebe³...He's pissed at you?

Siggy: Well he is trying to kill her so

Phoebe: It's more complicated than that um. I don't- I mean he's- I don't know where he is currently, if he's on this side of the Velvet Sea- still I'd be very worried but I think it's less- it's more about scaring me and weakening me into coming back

Vasira: That sounds like 'hurt' to me personally

Phoebe: Uh- That's- I honestly didn't think- I mean we went to school together. I knew he was capable- not of this, but is very talented- but I- I didn't think he could do something like this. But I guess I didn't know a lot about him

Vasira: People who are not great, are really great at hiding it

Phoebe, *bitterly laughing*: Yeah...yeah

Vasira: You couldn't have known Phoebe

Phoebe: Maybe not but- It's still my fault is the thing

Siggy: Elaborate

Phoebe: I- I- I- I didn't just stay in Uryn after graduating because I wasn't ready to go out into the world. I stayed in Uryn because I rejected that calling. I was- I was- I was in love and I thought maybe just this once I didn't have to choose the happiness of people I've never met, or family, or community- What's so bad about wanting me to be happy? Plenty, as it turns out

² **History Check: 18.** He is not a mover or shaker in Uryn but is known to be a very private individual not from the city, but comes from money that is not flaunted

³ Ah yes... Jesus

Siggy: *I don't think it's a problem with you wanting to be happy. I think it's the cards you were dealt were shit*

Vasira: *Who even names anyone 'Sam'?*

Siggy: *Let me guess? He's blonde?*

Vasira: *He dyes it- I know that motherfucker*

Phoebe: *You do?!*

Vasira: *...No I was just trying to be supportive*

Siggy, finally opening their eyes: *I don't know if you're up for answering the question, but you don't have to I guess. Besides the obvious of what the fuck Sam is doing, what made you leave?*

Phoebe: *Oh. Um. Oh that's a whole other story. Honestly, Harlow and Elska should be back for that too. Where did they go?*

Siggy: *I don't know. Harlow just said ***proceeds to mock imitate Harlow*** 'Can you step outside for a second'⁴*

Vasira: *I hate it when you all do that*

Siggy: *You do that! You just said 'I'm done talking' and stomped right out of here!*

Conveniently Harlow comes back just as Siggy begins their mockery and just stands and watches in the doorway. Vasira bursts into laughter as the door is closed and she ruffles up her hair to mimic Harlow's shaggy cut while Phoebe continues to look miserable

Harlow: *Should I come back?*

Phoebe: *No- No I was just about to get you and Elska actually*

Vasira: *This is a very serious conversation- should we get Elska? Are you guys on speaking terms?*

Harlow: *We're fine. She's just taking a minute⁵*

Siggy: *Phoebe could just fucking sending her to get her ass upstairs*

Harlow: *I can go get her*

Vasira, sitting in a puddle from her clothes: *Siggy, you peed on the floor*

Harlow heads back to the dining room, where Elska has finished writing 3 letters, a recipe down for Siggy, and **finally thinks she has a moment to finally breakdown and try to process the events of the day**, before being brought back upstairs to listen to the rest of Phoebe's tale⁶

Phoebe: *So...um...right...um... Harlow, Elska, to bring you all up to speed since Vasira has revealed some information for us to know if we are going to go back west and get enmeshed in the civil war, this is me being honest about that and about my*

⁴ **Performance Check: 15.** Its recognizable but not passable

⁵ **Insight Check 15.** They're fine

⁶ **Recipe for Siggy**

nightmares and who is causing them.⁷ So. The person attacking me through my dreams is my husband. Samson Morgenstern. And Siggy wanted to know why that was and it's a rather long story and I'd rather not repeat it more than necessary. Um...So. When Sam and I first realized the depth of our feelings for each other, he disclosed that he had almost been engaged before. Um...to a childhood friend of his back in Pommes. Her name was Ligeia and her family did not get along with Sam's very well. They were well- it was none of these- Um- Former magisters from Kessistraud descendants and those, they had a very particular view of the world, but what was important is when they announced their engagement, um...her family conveniently revealed that their efforts to reclaim ancestral lands had finally paid off, and they were leaving- taking Ligeia with them. A few months later, news filtered back to Pomme that the entire estate had succumbed to the plague with no survivors that anyone could tell. And it devastated Sam um... so much so that it well- he eventually landed in Uryn for a change of scenery and that's how we met...but that's another story. But the point is he had his reservations but at the same time, he- he was sure that he loved me, so one thing led to another, and that led up to late winter of this year. He got a letter from his sister back in Pommes that his mother was sick and things were- no one was sure where things were going so he was going back home for a time, and I stayed in Uryn and I wanted to go to Pommes to support him but the thing is we got married in secret. My family didn't know, and I'm not sure if his know- at the time they did not- it's not important. He left and I stayed behind but promised to stay right there. I was looking through the letter his sister sent and reading through it and she- she knew about me a little bit and there she said something about me hoping that I was 'as like in her devotion to you, as she is in her likeness to Ligeia'

Siggy: He left that out to find? What a fucking prick!

Phoebe: So...um... obviously I- I never pressed Sam for details about Ligeia- whenever I asked questions he answered candidly but never mentioned that so I snooped through his study and I discovered a different room...um... and some things there. **Goes and grabs her knapsack and capelet** It's a good thing I never sewed this back up. **Phoebe spreads out various documents on the floor and the Wayless begin to filter through. Including looking at the sketch Siggy had seen that now in clearer light, does NOT show Phoebe, but instead someone who looks eerily similar**

Elska: This is creepy as fuck

Siggy: Not to be talking out of my ass, but weren't you found?

Phoebe: No that's not it I mean- Sam's only a year older

⁷ Phoebe looks to Elska for a reaction, since Elska knows none of what Phoebe has been going through, but Elska is just intensely listening, attempting to ignore her own issues and just be a supportive friend

Vasira: No no- she could be your sister...For the record I think you're way prettier. Is that helpful?

Phoebe: I don't know

Elska: Do you need a hug?⁸

Siggy: Whenever you get the chance, can you give me a vivid description of Sam?

Vasira, *smacking Elska away from grabbing a document*: Number one, you were right to run away. Two, you couldn't have known what was happening. Three, want me to ice him? Stone cold dead?

Phoebe: I- No- I- I just want him to leave me alone

Vasira and Harlow: We can make that happen

Phoebe: I mean I left there with nothing except- I want any money or anything except out marriage license ripped up and for him to leave me alone

Vasira: First, we make sure that happens. Second of all I um... Sorry he was looking at you and seeing someone else

Siggy: That fucking hurts

Harlow: I don't know if this is reassuring to hear but there's nothing [magically] I can see on you now

Phoebe: Yeah that's why I uh- that's why I asked you and Siggy to...you know...

Siggy: And then we went back on that

Phoebe: Understandable I didn't give you much to go on

Siggy: That wasn't a 'how dare you' it was clarification- ya I won't turn you into a fucking zombie that's awful

Vasira: No one is becoming a zombie...well I mean-

Elska snorts

Vasira: In the meantime we could look around for magic items to help ward- Those things exist right? Circlet of Protection? Shoes for Mind Steal? I don't know

Siggy: Seems like you do know. Do you have one you want to share?

Vasira: I had a ring that was a laser pointer once

Siggy: That's fucking sick

Vasira: My brother stole it

Siggy: Which one?

Vasira: Take a guess- it was the one Phoebe met. It was his birthday gift. He thought he deserved it back

Phoebe: I'm with Osian on this one

Vasira: EVERYONE IS!

Siggy: What I said before still stands. I don't like what he's doing. I'd probably go there over this to be honest. I'm in the opinion we let Berry finish this

Vasira: I second

Phoebe, *with watery eyes*: Does this mean you're staying?

⁸ Phoebe nods and the two fall into each other

Vasira nods and both Phoebe and Elska lunge forward to hug her

Siggy: *But I don't know we could finish what we came here to do. But not really. Also do we get paid if we don't finish what we really started?*

Phoebe: *Well that's the third thing...so this one you might actually get mad at me for*

Siggy: *What we got?*

Phoebe: *Um...no not graveyards for obvious reasons I was worried at first, but we all know who's responsible...so I- We can stay here and finish up business and I think I will be alright for the moment. That said-either we stay here and finish this and get paid and move on to other things or still stay here because that way I can repay this. *Phoebe pulls off a ring from her finger that turns visible once it is removed. She hands to Elska to inspect who hands it back after looking*⁹ It should safeguard my mind I just haven't had a chance to test it*

Harlow: *When did you get this?*

Phoebe: *3 hours ago*

Vasira, laughing: *Phoebe I'm so happy!*

Harlow: *From?*

Phoebe: *An agent of Willow's*

Vasira: *So you knocked them out?*

Phoebe: *I know it was a bad idea but we- I didn't know what was going on, if Sam was still in Pommes- So when you all went separate ways to cool off after what we found out about her, I circled back. We talked- I didn't bring any of you into it if that's what you're concerned about- I kept the concerns to my own issues*

Siggy: *I guess my concern is does she know about Sam?*

Phoebe: *She knows about Sam*

Elska, quietly but ardently: *I'm not going to fault you for doing what you needed to do for yourself to get out of there*

Siggy: *How much fucking money do you owe?*

Phoebe: *It's not so much money as information*

Vasira: *About who?*

Phoebe: *Not any of you- if that's what she was going to request, I wouldn't have made the deal for the ring.¹⁰ But she's concerned about economically what is going on in Goldhelm. She thinks there is a plot against the Consortium*

Vasira: *Ok that's not bad. It's eh- but not bad*

Phoebe: *So I- I mean if we can find another item that works the same way, I give it back. And frankly yes, I'd like to pay this ring off ideally, but more likely I wanted to find out if what else she told me was accurate. The night- well- morning after the first night nightmare I had, she reached out to say that the other Morgensterns are missing...Except for Sam*

⁹ <https://www.dndbeyond.com/magic-items/4725-ring-of-mind-shielding>

¹⁰ *Phoebe notices...something*

Siggy: *Fuck Sam*

Phoebe: *Who has allied himself with Greysky*

Siggy: *I like how you thought we were more mad about the ring, rather than the deal.*

Actually now the assassin killing you makes more sense

Phoebe: *I know none of you like Willow, and what I did was stupid but-*

Siggy: *Stupid or not, better than dead. Those dreams are fucking doozies*

Phoebe: *Yeah. They really are. So that's everything- cards on the table. Necromantic*

ritual childhood love allied with the person trying to kill Vasira and I'm

connected to someone you all hate

Vasira: *We won't ice your husband. We can put him in prison a little bit and away from*

you. Just a little jail time- no magical components- and you get your divorce

papers

The Wayless then turn their attention to making plans for the rest of the day. Majority votes for heading back out towards the mountain sages while Siggy advocates for rest until tomorrow. Elska agrees but cannot bring herself to speak up. As The Party rises, heading back out the door. *She slips Siggy a piece of paper to a recipe she wrote down in an attempt to calm down, and tells Phoebe that the letter to A is still open if she wants her to find anything else out that she can*