



## CURRENT OBJECTIVE

- ★ Find out where Viola went while babysitting the children on their field trip along the way.

## ENVIRONMENT

**Location:** Alicorn Woods

**Weather:** Amicable, sunny, a bit chillier than expected. The gentle breeze of spring is rolling in. Fog casts the forest in a hazy glow as you travel.

**Time of Day:** Morning

## CAST

1. **Greyham** (played by Aka)
2. **Quincy** (played by Ozzy)
3. **Ubeu** (played by Wing)
4. **Edward** (played by Summers)
5. **Leo** (played by Gen)
6. **Roan** (played by Sorrel)
7. **Venture** (played by Mikael)
8. **Viola** (played by Elliot)

## CHECKPOINT 1

It's been a week since the train for Freeheart departed and you realized Viola has gone missing. Under normal circumstances, a Wayseeker slipping away after a pit stop wouldn't bat an eye. They all have lives outside the guild and Agnes isn't their mother. However, Viola is a special case. Perhaps the least normal Wayseeker there ever was.

The more you think about it, the less it makes sense. From what you gathered, she must have gotten off several hours ago, in the wee hours of the morning when there's no light to guide her way. Why not get off at a proper town instead of a refuel station? What could be so urgent that she'd brave last night's rain? All by herself on foot, no less?

Her suspicious behavior over the months topples over like a row of dominoes to ruin any calm her absence might have brought. No matter what the final straw was, you're certain she's up to something and you're going to find out.

You need to go about this investigation intelligently, of course. Raising the alarm bells to Agnes on little more than a hunch would be a bad look. You depart for Alicorn Woods as soon as you're able to grab your groggy fellows out of bed. This location is known for mythical animals teeming with life magic. If Viola is planning to exploit it for her own ends, this is the best place to start.

Your paws touch the ground on muddy soil. The grass and flowers are growing in vibrant greens and rainbow petals. Their leaves have the slightest gradual yellowing the closer they are to Mt. Starfree. In the light of the sunrise however, the entire world is basked in a golden glow.

You don't find any alicorns, but there are two tracks that could only be made by a pair of cats. Curiously, one of them was wearing boots. This could be a coincidence, but you don't have a better lead.

As you follow this path, you become aware of more pawprints. Many, many, tiny ones. Before you know it, you've been ambushed on all sides by squealing elementary school children.

A lanky orange tom in a newsboy cap waves frantically behind him. **"Benny, look! It's the Wayseekers!"**

His bespectacled tabby friend squints. **"How do you know?"**

A golden kit flips their mane like a miniature aristocrat. **"They're on the cover of every newspaper. Stop living under a rock, Benny."** They take a wobbly bow. **"I am Sebastian**

**Nightingale the IV. My da-father is one of New Star City's great inventors. It's an honor to meet you."**

The orange tom sticks his tongue out, shoving the shorter cat into the mud. **"Shut up, Seby! We got here first so we got dibs."** A shrill hiss rises from Sebastian like a kettle. **"How dare! One, it's *Sebastian*. Two, you push me, jail for Nick for one hundred years!"**

Benny's reserved smile widens when he turns to you all. **"You guys are living magic? Woah. You were right, this is *way* more interesting than waiting for alicorns."**

A loud whistle resounds through the air. You turn around to find more children running from the trees... and a brown and cream young adult running himself absolutely ragged counting heads. **"Please don't run off on your own! We follow the nature trail so we don't get lost."**

He enthusiastically shakes clasped hands to the sky when he notices who you are. **"Oh thank Aspel, you're here! My name is Acorn and I'm their chaperone. We were on a field trip to learn about the wildlife here and a few of them ended up wandering off. I need to find those kiddos before it's time to head back or the school will mount me on a wall. Can you watch them while I look around?"**

His wide grin twitches. **"Pretty please? You're Wayseekers, right?"**



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**Viola Howler**

 **The Lost Apothecary** 

Necromancy LV 4 | Void LV 1 | She/Her | [Reference](#) | [Application](#)

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Two cats trudged through endless rows of pine trees. They were both decked in shawls, though only Viola had a gambeson underneath. Her eyes were glued to her map, constantly checking between her compass and their route. The sickening sound of slop on her boots did her dour mood no favors.

This morning was off to a terrible start. Viola hoped to make it to the spot marked on her map with her bodyguard by now. They were never meant to enter Alicorn Woods, but had to make a detour when the rain became too much. They lost precious hours waiting in that cabin and its owner is a potential witness who could out them if she picked out the right identifying detail through her disguise. At least she had the foresight to not rely on dyed fur to obscure her identity this time.

She set up the perfect alibi (and a generous tip) before leaving, yet she can't take any chances.

***"To be loved..."***

***"That's what started all of this... Hopefully, it is all worth it."***

***"Be sure it is all worth it."***

The echoes of her past self's words stoke the flames propelling her aching body forward. *It will be.*

They reach a fork in the trail. Viola licked her teeth. They want to get out, so left obviously. Something—or rather—*someone* gives her pause. Two kits tumble out of the undergrowth ahead. They couldn't be older than eight. *Oh no.*

In the middle of their playfight, their eyes widened at Viola. The black molly with green eyes giggles. **"Wow, are you a knight?"** The blue tom with startling pale eyes she was wrestling with gasped. **"Maybe you could take us to the alicorns!"**

Viola's tail lashed back and forth, though slowed down under the weight of the leather it was in, it read more as gentle curiosity. She huffs.

**"No. We are ordinary travelers. Go back to your parents."**

The two kits trade each other confused looks. **"Um... we don't have any."**



Of course they're orphans. She doesn't have time for this. Viola begins to storm past them.  
**"Sorry, we're in a hurry. Find someone else."**

*GLOMP.* Suddenly, there's a weight on her tail. The little blue tom was grabbing it with the soggiest, most sparkling eyes in the world. **"Don't go. I'm Henry and she's Ada."** Ada sheepishly curls her tail inward. **"We were looking for alicorns and got lost..."**

Her pupils narrow to slits. Why, she has half a mind to slap a void orb on this scamp and leave! **"Didn't your teacher tell you about personal space?"** Viola jerks her head toward Venture. **"Can you deal with them? Be quick and remember to be discreet."** Unfortunately, if they use their magic here, it'll be easy to report them to the authorities. She's thrown away everything to see her happy future come to fruition. She won't let a couple of brats take it away from her!

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-3 STR | +1 DEX | +1 INT | +2 CHA  
+5 Perception ♦ +3 Performance ♦ +3 Deception ♦ +2 Medicine ♦ +2 Stealth ♦ +1 Intimidation ♦  
+1 Magic ♦ +1 History ♦ +1 Culture ♦ +1 Insight ♦ +1 Survival ♦ +1 Culinary

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**SUMMARY:** Viola is on the run with Venture. They didn't plan on entering Alicorn Woods, but they ended up stranded there and needed to get out. They're accosted by the two (possibly more) missing children from Acorn's field trip. Viola has no patience for this distraction and asks Venture to deal with them quickly.

**ACTION:** N/A

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## ◦. ✧ Venture the Deep Sea



Application | She/They | Lvl 4 || 1  
Lightning & Traversal

STR > 0 DEX > +2  
INT > -2 CHA > +1  
> +3 Stealth > +3 Intimidation  
> +3 Insight > +2 Performance  
> +1 Survival > +1 Magic



“E-Ey!” Venture tries to pry the kids away from Viola’s tail, and something thugs at her heartstrings. Ever since the letter she has been so on edge, trying to stay away from everyone until she can somehow amend her mistakes, and really, the last thing she would want is to be responsible for a bunch of kids.

However... They didn’t have parents, and went out into dangerous woods trying to find a magical creature– Just like how she and Snapdragon attempted to

go into the arctic waste to find a dragon's den. The last thing she would want is for this adventure to end like that one...

The two kids should be very desperate to latch onto the first adult they saw, and something deep inside them felt a softness for these kids **"You can try and go ahead, I can catch up pretty quickly"** Venture smirked at Viola. It wasn't really too safe to use their powers right now, so they didn't spark it up. However, Venture doubted the kids would understand traversal, so if needed, they could just blink out of existence before anyone took notice of them.

**"And you kiddos!"** Venture smiled at the kids, trying to take their attention away from her companion "So you want to find an alicorn huh?! What a hefty goal for a pair of such young adventurers! I can admire that" She then started to look around **"Any reason why are you on this quest? Or is it just the desire of the unknown?"**

Then, she turned around, to where she remembers there being a small mount **"Maybe we should find a better place to look out for anything first, wouldn't you say?"** Truth be told, she just wanted to see if she could spot any civilization out and about, it would probably be best to leave the kids with them.



➤ **Summary:** Venture tries to help Viola and feels kinda bad about the kids being alone, so she decides to help them out finding an alicorn– Or at least, some other cats to leave the responsibility with

➤ **Action:** N/A

## ◦.✧ INVENTORY ✧.◦

- > **Metallic Cutlass**
- > **Conceal-Dagger**
- > **Gear Bag**
- > **Laurelstone Charm**
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- > **Lucky Coin x4**
- > **First Aid Kit x1**
- > **Fish Oil x1**



APPLICATION SHE/HER POST 1/4

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Ubeu was grateful that Roan had decided to come. As soon as it had become apparent that Viola might be heading towards Alicorn Woods, and would be near where her family might be — and undoubtedly others from her homeland — she knew she couldn't sit idly by. Not that she would have in the first place, given Viola's suspicious track record. But now, especially, with the idea that she might be doing something *with* Venture, a highly destructive cat who had *killed someone with lightning...* The idea of *either* of them stepping foot near her family made her fur bristle and her blood boil.

But when she had brought it up to Quincy and Greyham and gotten their blessing to approach Roan (*not that she'd need it, if they'd said no she probably would have done it anyways*) she was all too grateful that she wouldn't be alone. Most importantly, that she would be facing this with Roan by her side. She wouldn't have it any other way.

Ubeu recalled what she had said, now.

**“We think she’s heading near Alicorn Woods and... and remember how I said that’s where my family is?”** *Might be — no, have to be.* **“I... I would want you to be by my side, if you’ll have me...”**

So now here they were, trying to follow Viola’s trail after losing valuable time. Ubeu had wanted to tell Agnes, but Grey convinced her better of it. She stayed close to Roan’s side, hoping that she wasn’t bringing her into terrible danger by asking her to come with her. But if Roan had asked her to follow her into the unknown, she would have done it in a heartbeat. Perhaps that made it okay.

When they reached Alicorn Woods, Ubeu felt her heart rate increase. And not just because of who they were searching for. Was it possible she would encounter her family in there, even when she wasn’t actively looking? She had been here before, on her travels. Often with her parents by her side. They had so often been by her side, a trio that explored Waywardia together. Her chest tightened with affection and longing as she imagined their faces. Illusions began to flicker at the corners of her eyes, but she pushed them back and continued onward into the beautiful forest.

It isn’t lost on her that leaves are yellowing the closer they get to Mt. Starfree.

Suddenly, there were a lot more pawprints. Lots of *little* pawprints, belonging to *little* cats.

*“Benny, look! It’s the Wayseekers!”*

Ubeu felt like she was experiencing some weird kind of déjà vu. She half expected Aqua to jump out from behind a tree. She looked towards her companions for help, her eyes only widening in mild distress when Acorn begged for their assistance.

*How come we always end up being kitsitters?*

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## ***ILLUSION***

**&**

## **PUPPETRY**

**-1 STR +2 DEX +2 INT -2 CHA**

Perception (+5) Survival (+3) Stealth (+1) Nature (+1) Insight (+3) Intimidation (+3)

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### **SUMMARY**

Ubeu is grateful for Roan’s presence on the trip, even if she worries about putting her in danger. She feels a strange blend of worry and excitement when they reach Alicorn Woods, wondering if she will encounter her family when she’s not even actively looking for them. When she and her team are ambushed by kittens, she has a strange sense of déjà vu. This keeps happening, doesn’t it?



## GREYHAM (GREY) WHELK

ELITE SENTINEL OF THE HOUSE OF WHELK

Application . He/Him . 43yrs . New Star City

Flora Lv.4

Air Lv.1

STR +1

DEX +1

INT 0

CHA -1

Survival +3

History +1

Nature +1

Culinary +1

Perception +1

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### Post 1/4

Once again, Viola was missing— and Grey had felt uneasy about it ever since the news reached his ears. He had tried to talk to her while she was still on the train—to no avail, of course. He wondered if she was even in her room at that time? It was too much for him to leave this matter unattended too— every time it happened he grew more and more concerned. Not just for her wellbeing, but for *everyone's* well being. What was she scheming? It had to be *something*.

Grey felt as if he lacked enough evidence to go to Agnes directly. No— he didn't want to alert her just yet, lest it make him look like a fool if his intuition truly *was* wrong. He would investigate this matter with his own two paws first.

The Alicorn Woods was a good starting point, though Grey wasn't too hopeful. He almost felt as if this location was *too* obvious, but he supposed that if Viola was up to something, it would be here. The thought of it made him uneasy— even now that they had magic— it wasn't their place to interfere with magical creatures. Grey knew all too well how dangerous they could be when catfolk crossed their path— intentional or not.

As Grey reached the outskirts of the woods, he could feel the flora singing to him. It was warm— and he relished in the feeling of the sun on his fur. Even now he was amazed at how in-tune with nature he was. This was a beautiful place— it wasn't meant to be disturbed.

His search for clues on the outskirts continued for an hour or so— until curiously, he came across some cat tracks in the mud. He ducked over them, brow raised. Well— it was *something*— but it could be the tracks of any old cat. Grey looked up at the trees again. He supposed not many cats would *willingly* venture into these woods alone. He decided to follow them.

After barely a minute of walking, Grey stood up straight— his ears swiveling around. Someone was coming— two cats? The flora in his vicinity tried to 'warn' him, but he found that their 'voice' was garbled and uninformative— all he knew was that something else was here. Thankfully, he was delighted to see that it was only Ubeu and Roan. He waved, making his way over to them.

**“Greetings Ubeu— Roan— I—”**

Oh, the flora really *was* disturbed. He paused again.

Grey suddenly noticed even *more* footprints in the mud. Before he knew it, they were surrounded by *kittens*. His mouth formed into a thin line.

*“Benny, look! It's the Wayseekers!” - Orange cat*

Grey winced. *‘No, not this anything but this, why now?’*

*“I am Sebastian Nightingale the IV. My da-father is one of New Star City's great inventors. It's an honor to meet you.” -Sebastian Nightingale the IV*

**“Ah.”** Grey side-eyed Roan and Ubeu, looking desperately for help.

They started to argue, and while they did, Grey bent down to whisper to Ubeu and Roan.

***“I was following some strange tracks. I don't think it was made by the kittens, they were larger— boot size. Did you want to join me in investigating?”*** He gave Ubeu a look, as if to signal that this might be about 'you know who'.



*“Oh thank Aspel, you’re here! My name is Acorn and I’m their chaperone. We were on a field trip to learn about the wildlife here and a few of them ended up wandering off. I need to find those kiddos before it’s time to head back or the school will mount me on a wall. Can you watch them while I look around?” -Acorn*

Grey was relieved, for a moment, when another adult cat arrived on the scene. Unfortunately, Acorn was not here to solve their current kitten problem.

*“Pretty please? You’re Wayseekers, right?” -Acorn*

Grey let out a long sigh and looked at Roan and Ubeu again. Well...did they really have much of a choice?

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### **Summary**

Grey decides to investigate the Alicorn Woods for Viola clues. He meets up with Ubeu and Roan, and is unfortunately halted in his tracks by a swarm of naughty kittens.

### **Action**

N/A





## ◆ Edward Garance ◆

[Bio] | [Visual] | He/Him | Lv.4 Puppetry | Lv.1 Umbrakinesis

♥《 STR -2 》《 DEX +0 》《 INT +1 》《 CHA +2 》

《+ 4 》Deception《+ 3 》Culinary, Performance, Survival

《+ 2 》Culture, Medicine, Perception 《+ 1 》Insight, Stealth

### ◆ POST 1/4 ◆

Edward didn't think he'd be out in the woods looking for the woman he'd sworn of contact with so soon. Or well, saying that he was looking for Viola specifically is quite generous. No. It would be more accurate to say that he's looking for the cat who left him a note that he'd be out in the woods searching for her instead. *I can't believe this guy... he left a note. A note!* Edward convinced himself that this was far different from the times he'd left his mysterious letters at Greys door.

Now that he was no longer under Viola's thumb he had been let in on the information of what had been going on but still not invited to the hunting party? It offended him. And so, Edward had taken it upon himself to find Grey and join him in his search, whether he liked it or not.

**"Grey!"** It was nothing short of a miracle that he actually somehow found and caught up to him. He wasn't alone either, Edward recognized Ubeu and Roan with him. *So Ubeu can bring her friend but I wasn't invited?* He added this onto the list of things to be upset about. Though he didn't have the time to voice it right this very moment as the group of cats had found themselves hopelessly surrounded by curious kittens.

**"Aha! So you've heard of us!"** He was quick to change his demeanor as he turned towards the young cats. **"Why yes, we have been bestowed with all sorts of magical abilities."** He showed off his strings by animating his bandana, untying

itself and quickly snaking across his arms from one side to another before retying itself. **"...You know, I actually got my powers from a magical wildebeest wandering the savannah. Now, if you do find a unicorn it could maybe grant *you* powers as well, hmm?"** He pondered aloud. **"Not just to any cat, of course. But only those that can prove to possess a true hero's heart, naturally! Do you have that?"** He gave the kits a mischievous smile.

Edward was banking on his suggestion being able to stir up another argument amongst the kits. He quickly turned to Grey, eyes narrowed. **"A note?"** he whispered with clenched teeth.

#### ◆ SUMMARY & ACTION ◆

Edward is pretty mad that Grey left to chase Viola and only left a note behind. He hunts him down to join in on the hunt, still being kinda mad about it. But he is also not going to miss the opportunity to play pretend with the kittens.

[ Edward lies to children (+4 Deception) ]



Roan Whittaker □ She/Her □ 25  
Mattershift Lv. 4 □ Shapeshift Lv. 1  
Post 1/4 □ [APPLICATION](#)

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When Ubeu came to Roan's door and asked her to come with her on a search in the Alicorn Woods, Roan had been expecting her call for some time. She didn't wait for Ubeu to finish her sentence before saying "yes." She knew what this was about. Ubeu's parents were rumored to be in the area, and she wanted cats to come help her find them.

Only that's *not* what this was about.

Viola had gone missing, as had Venture—the subject of the strange letter they'd all received. Roan almost waved her paw dismissively. Venture the Tempest, Venture the alleged murderer, was the same cat that had cast the first vote to spare Silas's life on moral grounds. Not to mention that Roan had beaten Venture within an inch of her life during the Boundless bloodbath, and as much as Roan would like to believe that her actions were out of her control...

She felt like she owed Venture bigtime, given all that. The least she could do was defend Venture's good name. And as for Viola, her disappearance was hardly unusual; the apothecary appeared to come and go as she pleased, but Ubeu assured her that this was serious. She was planning...something, they didn't know what, to resurrect her long-dead wife.

Well. That was certainly some news.

Though this was likely not the intended reaction, Roan's heart twisted with sympathy. All the times she'd inwardly derided Viola as pointlessly stirring the pot for some esoteric end—they began to fall into place. She was only grieving.

Roan would have come along regardless, and it was important to find them and ensure they didn't do anything reckless. But stopping Viola entirely...well, that was secondary. Truth be told, Roan had never felt the need to clutch her pearls over a bit of raising the dead. If such powers of life and death existed—and they had very clear evidence that they did—then who was she to question their place in the natural order? As perplexing as Viola could be, Roan could not in good faith purport that the widow should be held to a harsher standard than, say, Mathias and his ghostly orange bird.

But Ubeu was adamant that this was deeper than that, that there had to be some reason Viola was going into a known epicenter of natural magic, teeming with the magic-touched wildlife Roan had been ready to kill Silas to protect. This got Roan's attention. And of course she couldn't forget the original reason she'd agreed to go with Ubeu:

*"...remember how I said that's where my family is?"*

Roan donned her bow and pauldrons and set off with Ubeu before the sun's first rays crested over the horizon. She wouldn't dream of letting her friend face this alone. They walked in mostly silence,

interrupted only by the flickers of two cat-shaped illusions in front of them. Roan pressed her shoulder against Ubeu's in a wordless gesture of comfort.

It wasn't long before they were approached by Greyham, a cat whose opinion Roan held in high regard, someone worthy of being the adult in the room—followed by Edward, who was less so.

But any hopes of a mature adult conversation about matters were dashed when the group was suddenly swarmed by a gaggle of excited kittens, and Grey, Ubeu, and Roan were all left staring wild-eyed at each other, as if to say, *"No, you handle it!"*

It's Edward who comes to save the day. *"Now, if you do find a unicorn it could maybe grant you powers as well, hmm? Not just to any cat, of course. But only those that can prove to possess a true hero's heart, naturally! Do you have that?"*

Roan nods her head vigorously, exchanging looks with Grey and Ubeu that say, *Yes, yes, let's just go with that.* She stands behind Edward and conjures a crystal spire horn atop her head, just for a moment, striking a noble equine pose to underscore his point.

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**STR +0     DEX +1     INT +2     CHA -2**

+3 Perception, Magic, Nature, Animal Taming || +2 Survival || +1 Stealth, Performance

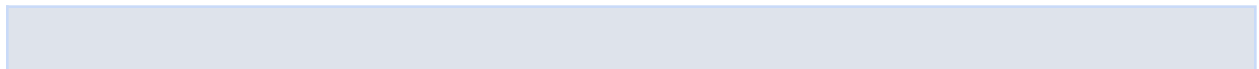
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## ■ SUMMARY

Roan agrees to go with Ubeu before she even knows what this is about. When she does find out, she's kind of on Venture and Viola's side—but agrees to go because Ubeu's family is in the area, and she doesn't want them to do anything reckless. She doesn't know how to handle the kittens, but she does back up Edward in his lie.

## ■ ACTION

Roan shapeshifts alicorn features to impress the kids and underscore Ed's point. (+1 Performance)





## QUINCY WISEACRE<sub>-(REYES)</sub>

✧ *THEY / THEM* // *APPLICATION* // *TRACKER* ✧

✧ *WATER* ▶ *LVL 4* // *ENERGY* ▶ *LVL 1* ✧

[ *POST 1/4* ]



They had begun to wonder just how much recovery they had done on the train ride to have the sort of lack of sense to accept Grey's proposal right away. Even if Leo had blurted out some rebuttal when Grey found them, they would have had the same answer. They're coming with — and found it best that Leo come with them. Quincy could... keep an eye on him better that way. So they dragged him along, or he dragged them along by the detective's nose, as both could apply to their shared, itching curiosity.

A score still remained to settle. A story to unearth. After all that she had dragged them through with holy claws clenched tight to their family name, they still had to even the field now that the bite was in *their* control. She couldn't run for much longer after they'd already had the taste of her flesh. So to speak.

Quincy walked close to Leo's side through the damp blades of spring grass, arms crossed close to their chest as they shifted their spine uncomfortably. Bandages still coiled stiffly around their midsection, and the pain still persisted beneath. Yet they had still pushed themselves from the barracks early to run off to the alicorn woods based on Grey's note of Viola's disappearance. They looked down at the tracks he was carefully following and found that they didn't find anything about them that stuck out as *Viola's* paws. In fact, there were *two* sets of tracks. And why would she drag someone with her? She, like them, had enough sense to keep innocent parties out of her poisoned past, surely. Seeing this, Quincy fought the urge to shoot a side-eye in Grey's direction, wondering how concrete his assumption was. They sighed. Even if it ended

up not being her up to something, they supposed it gave them something to do that wasn't curling up in the train cars.

*"Greetings Ubeu— Roan— I—"*

How convenient of Ubeu to be here.

They turned their eyes away, not verbally sharing Grey's sentiments, but acknowledging the two mollies with a flick of their tail. At least they could handle Roan; their patience was always slimmest with Ubeu, however, despite their shared goals. Well, honestly, how shared were they really?

Just like their desperate attempt at conciliation after being blackmailed to silence, the three of them stood together again now. Grey offered up his thoughts to Ubeu and then they truly were back in the abundant city. Only, with a couple extra eyes prying into their discussion...

Make it a *few* — A new voice joined the search party.

*"Grey!"*

*Edward.* Somehow it didn't surprise them that he had chosen to sneak off the train after the three of them like the weasly tom he was. Though, it didn't sour their mood either. That was the sort of clandestine tracking they needed here.

They were about to add their two cents to the bloated size of their party, when *more* pawsteps rustled the grass. Paws that were hurried and noisy and threatened to instantly blow their cover. Their shoulders tense as a chestnut cat ushered a group of kittens into their paws without a second thought. *Wayseekers*, that they were. They weren't sure how keen they were on the knowledge of apparently being on the cover of a newspaper, as that was more Leo's area of interest. Because they were Wayseekers, not celebrities, and certainly *not* kitsitters.

Quincy huffed. **"Don't encourage them, Edward..."** They muttered to him beneath their breath, shooting a glance in Leo's direction as though to urge him to use his charisma in a far more helpful way. Please don't tell them the *Grassbeast* was responsible for their magic. Why not

just tell them the truth? They had *died* to get their magic. Did the kits want to go through that? Surely not! It was bound to shut them up. But Quincy wasn't exactly keen on dealing with any potential waves of unease amongst the kittens that would make this any more difficult, so they kept their own mouth shut after that, allowing his lie to sink in and possibly stir a new discussion. Instead, they watched towards the path ahead, and the footprints barely visible in the frayed grass and dark soil.

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*STR 0   ✱   DEX +1   ✱   INT +2   ✱   CHA -2*  
*INSIGHT (+5) ✱ INTIMIDATION (+3) ✱ SURVIVAL (+3) ✱ STEALTH (+1)*  
*MAGIC (+1) ✱ PERCEPTION (+1) ✱ NATURE (+1)*

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## 🐾 SUMMARY & ACTION

Quincy joins Grey in his hunch-driven tracking, despite being in the midst of their recovery still — maybe that's why Leo tagged along too, or because his own detective nose could smell the same trail that Grey was leading them down.

[ Quincy attempts to see which way Viola and Venture's trail goes to follow it, not caring if the kits are convinced to follow — they're *going*. (+1 Perception) ]

## 🐾 INVENTORY

- *Magnificent Cloak (Usages Left: 1)*
  - *Nostalgic Snow Globe (Usages Left: 2)*
  - *Scientist's Muffin (Usages Left: 1)*
  - *Lucky Coin (Usages Left: 3)*
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## CHECKPOINT 2

Henry clung to **Viola's** tail. His little kitten arms were surprisingly strong. He didn't dare let go until Venture tried to pull him off. He resisted for a few seconds, his little back legs



flailing in the air, **"Nooooo!"** He pleaded, but eventually, he let go. He rubbed his nose and looked away with a sniff.

Ada stayed close by, but the timid little cat was unsure of what to say or do. Tears welled in her eyes as Viola dismissed them. It seemed as if she was sensitive to even the slightest negativity. It looked like she was about to break into full-on crying, until Venture cut in.

**Venture** asked them what had inspired this quest, and Henry ushered Ada forward to speak. She sniffed again, before looking up at Venture, her little ears squished flat against her head.

**"U-uhm..."** she mumbled.

**"Go on!"** Henry encouraged her.

**"A-alicorns are my FAVORITIST a-animal and Henry s-said that— that he saw one and that—"** Henry decided to butt in, seeing she was getting nervous again.

**"I did, I did! And we can find one too! You're adults, you know how to find Alicorns! Please, take us with you!! I'll even tell you where I found one— come on, you have to come with us!"** He grabbed one of Venture's paws and bounced up and down. Ada giggled and tried to take Venture's other paw.

**"I know the BEST place to look out for Alicorns— c'mon, I'll show you!"** Henry tugged on Venture's arm, trying to pull her along.

**"OOOoooooOOOO,"** the kittens cooed as **Edward** danced his bandana. All of them were fully transfixed. **"A wildebeest?"** Sebastian questioned, seeming to not fully believe Edward. **"That's not what I heard!"**

Benny stuck his tongue out at the golden cat. **"It doesn't matter what you heard, Seby! Whatever they say is true!! They are the Wayseekers after all!"** The group of cats all nodded and chirped to each other excitedly, some trying to climb onto Edward to catch his bandanna. Another little kit called out, the lanky orange tom again.

**"I'm gonna catch the unicorn! My heart is the TRUEST!!"** A lighthearted debate broke out among the kittens. It seemed as if **Edward** had fully distracted them, giving the rest of the group time to decide what to do next.

As **Roan** shapeshifted a horn upon her head, some of the attention was taken away from Edward. A little black cat with a bent tail tip pushed her way to the front of the crowd and stared at her in wonderment. She seemed a little shy, but was the most eager to get close.

**“A-are you a unicorn in disguise?”** she asked, timidly, pawing at Roan’s fur. She looks as if she fully believes that Roan is a unicorn. Others crowd around her as well— an adequate distraction that buys the others even more time. The kittens are thoroughly entertained.

As the kittens are distracted by Roan and Edward, **Quincy** has a moment to see the forest floor unimpeded by swarming kittens. While most of the footprints in the mud are tiny and uninteresting, Quincy’s perceptive eye might notice some larger footprints obscured in the mud. Bootprints— followed by the footprints of what appears to be an adult cat. There’s no mistaking it— a duo of cats passed through here recently. But why?

Then, out of nowhere, a little kitten launches themselves onto Quincy’s back, fastening their claws into their clothes. **“What are you looking at? Do you see Alicorn tracks? LET ME SEE!!!”** They clamber over Quincy’s shoulder and pounce right onto the tracks in front of them. Mud splashes all around them— the fresh tracks are now nothing but kitten mush. You can thankfully still see where the tracks ahead of you are still going, but this new kitten might prove to be a problem. They walk on all fours, curiously sniffing at the mud before looking up at the older cat expectantly.

Satisfied by your clearly superior babysitting skills, Acorn waves the party goodbye. **“Thank you so much, I owe you one. Hopefully, Henry and Ada didn’t get too far. I’ll be back in a jiffy!”**

He takes the long way around the search party, recognizing Ada’s pawprints by the extra toes they have like himself. The chaperone vanishes from their view as he starts to dig through every nook and cranny a kit could hide in. He’s loud as he pries open bushes.

**“Henry! Ada! Where are you?”** His voice cracks higher. **“You aren’t in trouble, I promise!”**

Acorn’s assumption they ran off the beaten path leads him to go down right looking for them. The wrong direction...



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## Viola Howler

🌹 The Lost Apothecary 📖

Necromancy LV 4 | Void LV 1 | She/Her | [Reference](#) | [Application](#)

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### Post 2 of 4

The moment Venture yanks Henry off her tail, Viola hugs it close to her chest. Thank goodness Venture is a natural with children. Her gaze lingers on the trees behind them, searching for flickering shadows while the words shared between them fade into the background.

She squints when she faintly hears yelling in the distance. Time to go. She gives Venture a curt nod. **“You know where to meet if you can’t find me.”** *Cornflower Mine*. When she was still an apprentice, she’d join her mother in town hall meetings about what they’ll trade with the northern settlements this season. Laurelstone was such a popular commodity, it kickstarted a gold rush at the base of Mt. Starfree. Most of these efforts were absorbed by New Star City’s mining companies once the cost of running them outpaced their profits, leaving dying shafts in their wake. Mistmeadow is the closest frontier left untapped. Due to its remote location and natural resources being too delicate to excavate with the same ravenousness, the consensus has always been there are no treasures besides flora to find.

Fortunately, she got to peek behind the curtain of history they didn’t even know was there. There was a major battle on Windrose’s ancient map where her hometown stood. When there’s war, there’s advanced magical technology and where there’s advanced magical technology, there’s one of Russ’ farms of potent laurelstone tucked away underground. It didn’t take many innocent questions before she learned there was a fresh, scrappy excavation not too far from her old home. Cornflower laurelstone had already become a quality local brand, renowned for their incredible consistency among artificers. She’ll wager it all on those laurelstones containing the same power that rose ninety-two cats from the grave.

Viola's panting quickened the longer she ran down the left side. The enchanted patches she slapped on her body were wearing off. Ever since Quincy's mauling, her arms struggled to stay steady. Their quills punctured too much inside for life magic to repair. Their perpetual aching and from her left shoulder felt like they were still gnawing away at her flesh, phantoms no amount of willpower can dispel. Were she treating herself, she'd say it's too early to catastrophize, but who is she kidding? She was so frail to begin with she'll never run on fours again.

She collapses against a nearby weathered trunk. Is she far enough from the children? Hopefully. Still upright, but losing the war against fatigue. Traveling by foot so far only a week after barely surviving getting gutted would have had her ranting a patient's ear off. Along with a lengthy lecture by the physicians' board about improper use of painkillers. *Well, I don't have to worry about either of those anymore...*

No, she can't rest. This is the last chance she has. Who knows if Quincy is on her trail now that she's alone in the woods, seeking revenge for what she did to Leonardo? *It wasn't supposed to happen.* He shouldn't have looked. *Why did he leave her be?* He knew from the start she isn't one to trifle with. They're both fools, dangerous ones at that.

A crack in the woods. Her ears pinned back. Another ahead, twigs crunching growing louder. Viola winced as she crawled backwards step by step into the nearest bush. From above, her dark green shawl blended into the foliage. When she tilted her head up, her jaw dropped. Pale, almost ethereal hooves... it couldn't be? Its elegant trot halted.

Viola hadn't seen a unicorn since she was a kit. Mountain orchids bloomed where it walked just like she remembered. The guardian animal of her hometown craned its neck down to sniff her.

She'll never forget that day.

Their eyes meet and the winged beauty is transfixed by Viola's sickly glow. Hairs turn gray, eyebags fade away. A coat turned brittle, a gaunt face filled out. Slender legs stiffen, her own joints soften.

Viola cradles its weary head gently. This was the blessing she needed.

**"Thank you. I'll remember your kindness."**

She opens her can of rations to leave a single carrot as an offering. Onwards for a brighter tomorrow!

—  
-3 STR | +1 DEX | +1 INT | +2 CHA

+5 Perception ♦ +3 Performance ♦ +3 Deception ♦ +2 Medicine ♦ +2 Stealth ♦ +1 Intimidation ♦  
+1 Magic ♦ +1 History ♦ +1 Culture ♦ +1 Insight ♦ +1 Survival ♦ +1 Culinary

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**SUMMARY:** Viola continues down the left path without Venture and then realizes that pushing her body this much when she's still recovering from almost dying was a bad idea. She sips on an alicorn's life force like an energy drink to keep going. It'll be fine... probably.

**ACTION:** N/A

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[Leonardo D'angelo](#) || He/Him

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Lvl. 3 Puppetry   Lvl. 1 Lightning

STR 0   DEX -2   INT +1   CHA +2

Perception +5   Performance +4   Insight +2   Magic +1   Culture +1   Survival +1

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Leonardo moved with a measured, cautious stride. If one looked closely, they might notice the subtle drag of his paws against the ground. This was uncharacteristic of him, and though he had agreed to accompany Quincy on this investigation, he couldn't shake the feeling that something within him was holding him back.

He brought his good hand to his face, right where blood had stained it a week ago. Just a week since Viola had unleashed her usually hidden claws on him, revealing the many faces she had spent months trying to conceal. He couldn't deny it; it had been his fault. He had insisted on possessing her, made promises he wasn't sure he could keep. And yet, when her claw had slashed his eye, he felt something inside him shatter.

It wasn't his heart, or at least not just that. That second suspended in time, where he could only, through her slippery blue eyes, see how his own face was lacerated, marked forever in a gesture of hatred. *Of fear.*

He had to admit that he had learned a lot about her in that brief period of time. Mere seconds had sufficed to reveal that everything he thought he knew about the apothecary was not enough. There was so much more. And perhaps, more than anything else, this realization was what hurt the most. A selfish, childish pain surged within him, knowing that despite all his efforts to escape her manipulation, he had once again lost. Over and over, like a mouse that allows itself to be caught repeatedly, falling in the same traps again and again.

He had earned it, and for what? To satisfy the demands of his inflated ego as a renowned detective? Or perhaps there was a deeper, more empathetic drive—to understand her complex demeanor, her icy intellect, and to ease her from the pain that was so painfully obvious? Had it been born of a genuine 'friendship', or merely an insatiable need to prove his own worth?

He questioned himself, pondering whether his motives had stemmed from a genuine desire to aid her or from the relentless hunger of his own ambition. Whatever the reason, both his mind and heart had emerged wounded from a conflict he had willingly ventured into alone...

**"Edward?! What are you doing here?"** Leo blurted, having been engrossed in his thoughts until he heard the puppeteer's voice running in his direction. ***"Just what we needed, the whole gang's getting reunited in the end..."*** he whispered, a small, incredulous laugh escaping his lips as he shook his head.

**"Why yes, we have been bestowed with all sorts of magical abilities."**

**"He's right, although some of us are more powerful than others,"** he said playfully, trying to annoy the older one.



Seeing that those kids could end up being a problem if not controlled, Leonardo whistled softly to draw their scattered minds toward him. **"Young heroes, there's something you must know and consider if you wish to join us on this quest..."** he began, a warm smile gracing his lips as he lowered himself to their level. **"Legends tell of alicorns appearing to cats with pure hearts, yes, *but you must also be aware that they are wild creatures who target naughty kittens who misbehave and don't listen to adults...*"** He subtly raised a branch with a single thread of his puppetry powers, ensuring the kittens wouldn't notice. **"They sneak up on the misbehaving kittens and when they least expect it... BAM!"** The branch gently tapped the kitten named Sebastian.

**"But fear not, for I see you are all intrepid and well-mannered kittens, so we shall have no trouble, right?"** he reassured, offering a warm smile to the golden cat as an apology for the slight scare. **"Moreover, you have me, Leonardo D'angelo, to protect you should anything happen, ha HA!"** With a flourish, he unsheathed his saber, dazzling the children with his display, while Quincy and the others scrutinized the path ahead for any clues.

He'll keep them entertained, and hopefully they'll keep him from wandering into his own mind too much.

---

#### SUMMARY:

Leo has mixed feelings about the whole situation but tries to conceal them when he sees the kittens could potentially become a problem for the group. He'll keep them entertained, and hopefully they'll keep him from wandering into his own mind too much.

#### ACTION:

Leo uses his Performance +4 to keep the kits occupied while the others decide on what to do next.



## ◦. ✧ Venture the Deep Sea



Application | She/They | Lvl 4 | 2  
Lightning & Traversal

STR > 0 DEX > +2  
INT > -2 CHA > +1  
> +3 Stealth > +3 Intimidation  
> +3 Insight > +2 Performance  
> +1 Survival > +1 Magic



Venture got the two kids a nervous smile, these two were a pawful. *Not like me and Howard weren't, but...* Oh well, at least she could deal with this for the meantime.

**“Alright! Alright. No need to cry or anything of the sort– alright?”**

Calming or making kids behave wasn't really their strongest suit– If anything, their presence usually made kids behave more, but well, as long as they do it far away from Viola... **“So why then don't you show me where you found this**



**alicorn?"** Better to indulge them in the time they figured out what to do or where to send them.

As they dragged her away, Venture tried her best to locate where she could find where to leave them– She heard some voices in the distance, but she didn't want to get too close... Maybe something around?



➤ **Summary:** Venture lets the kids drag her around if only to keep them from crying, and tries to see if there is somewhere she could take them.

➤ **Action:** Venture tries to listen to the noise in the distance– Trying to see if she could leave the kids with someone without being spotted

| °.❖INVENTORY❖.°     |
|---------------------|
| ➤ Metallic Cutlass  |
| ➤ Conceal-Dagger    |
| ➤ Gear Bag          |
| ➤ Laurelstone Charm |
| —                   |
| ➤ Lucky Coin x4     |
| ➤ First Aid Kit x1  |
| ➤ Fish Oil x1       |





## APPLICATION SHE/HER POST 2/4

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Ubeu perked up when Greyham arrived with the others, giving them a trill by way of greeting. Edward was close behind, which she figured wasn't *surprising* given his unlikely friendship with Greyham, but... *well*. Everyone in their little trio had brought a friend, hadn't they?

She leaned in to hear Grey's whisper, and her fur prickled. Undoubtedly, it was Viola, and possibly also Venture. She wanted to ask more, but Greyham was interrupted by Acorn's plea. Luckily, Edward almost immediately began putting on a show. Roan was quick to join in, and Ubeu couldn't help but blink in shock and surprise at the mattershifted horn she produced on her head. Leo joined in, too, introducing himself as *Leonardo D'angelo*, and *huh*. That was his full name, was it?

While Quincy tried to continue looking, one of the excitable kittens launched onto their back and promptly landed to ruin the tracks leading away into the distance. Ubeu winced. This would be no good if they couldn't continue their search. She decided she might as well offer herself up as a distraction.

**"You won't be able to find any tracks if you mess them all up,"** Ubeu said to her, coming around Quincy's side. She tried to direct the kitten away from the Viola-prints and towards another direction, nudging at them gently with her nose. **"You have to walk carefully and keep your head down, close to the ground. Little details can easily be missed, and you don't want to step on them."**

The tortoiseshell demonstrated, head close to the ground, walking with delicate pawsteps. She looked up and waited to see if the child would follow her lead.

---

## ***ILLUSION***

**&**

## **PUPPETRY**

**-1 STR +2 DEX +2 INT -2 CHA**

Perception (+5) Survival (+3) Stealth (+1) Nature (+1) Insight (+3) Intimidation (+3)

---

## **SUMMARY**

Ubeu realizes that the VDA have all brought a friend. How quaint, even if some of them are Edward and Leo. She quickly tries to distract and redirect the kitten that pounced on Quincy to avoid losing any

more tracks, teaching them how to properly track without ruining what's below them.



## ◆ Edward Garance ◆

[Bio] | [Visual] | He/Him | Lv.4 Puppetry | Lv.1 Umbrakinesis

♥« STR -2 »« DEX +0 »« INT +1 »« CHA +2 »

«+ 4 »Deception«+ 3 »Culinary, Performance, Survival

«+ 2 »Culture, Medicine, Perception «+ 1 »Insight, Stealth

### ◆ POST 2/4 ◆

Edward felt a normal amount of pride and smugness as he managed to captivate the small audience of kittens with his scarf trick. He kept his mood up even when they tried to climb on him to get the scarf, politely putting a paw between them to discourage them from getting all up in his personal space.

**"He's right, although some of us are more powerful than others,"** - Leonardo

The teasing pulled Edward's ego down from his high horse. He gave Leo a quick side eye before turning his attention back to the kittens reaction to their extremely accurate claim on where magic abilities come from and how they work.

**"A wildebeest? That's not what I heard!"** – Sebastian

**"It doesn't matter what you heard, Seby! Whatever they say is true!! They are the Wayseekers after all!"** – Benny

If Edward had thought that lying to kids was wrong then he might have felt a little bit bad. Luckily for him, this was just about spreading joy and whimsy and not *actually* something that could harm the kids. **"Right you are! The Wayseekers would *never* lie."** he agreed with Benny with a glint in his eyes.

**"I'm gonna catch the unicorn! My heart is the TRUEST!!"** – Nick

The kits were distracted enough to turn around and address Grey again. **"Being left with just a note and no option to offer any help or assistance, it well... it makes me feel helpless."** A thought just hit him like a truck. *Is this how Mina felt?* The feeling of guilt and discomfort was overwhelming, but he couldn't sit in it for too long. Not when there was a mission to deal with, technically *two* now and wildly different ones at that.

Edward swallowed his emotions and sent Acorn away with some reassuring words. **"Don't you worry, we'll take care of them!"** It would be difficult and kind of stupid to have the kittens tag along their search. **"We'll have to keep them in line so they don't get in the way or hurt."** he turned to whisper to his team. Edward wouldn't want to believe that any Wayseeker would hurt them, not Viola and certainly not Venture. The tempest could scare the public with her powers like in the Talent show and the allegations in the letter were... *concerning*, but from what he knew of Venture Edward could never believe that she'd let a young cat get harmed.

The argument was fizzling and Edward had to think on his feet. **"Having a hero's heart is important to find the alicorn yes – in fact they can sense it."** He was back to his theatrical voice.

***"Legends tell of alicorns appearing to cats with pure hearts, yes, but you must also be aware that they are wild creatures who target naughty kittens who misbehave and don't listen to adults..."*** - Leonardo

Edward blinked. Leonardo certainly had his own idea of how to get the kittens to stay in line. Ed hadn't planned to scare the kittens by telling them the alicorn would *hurt them* if they didn't behave but this was the cards they had been dealt.

**"Right, we won't let any alicorns here harm anyone of course. But the best way to avoid any mishaps is to stay quiet and stay *together*. So no running off okay? Don't want to get stuck alone with one of those wild animals, okay?"**

## ◆ SUMMARY & ACTION ◆

Edward is having a normal one as he continues to interact with the kittens. He's happy to impress them but also now he has to share the spotlight with Leo. Edward is still mad at Grey for only leaving a note but when he addresses that he has some awful realization. Moving on, his priority is keeping the kits safe and in line, he assists Leo.

[ Edward lies some more with Leo to try and get the kits to behave. ]



### CHECKPOINT 3

Henry and Ada take **Venture** along with them, Henry tugging more fiercely while Ada looks up at her with large eyes. They continue through the forest, although it's a little unclear just *where* they're going. It seems that Henry has a destination in mind, given the way he wears his adventurous grin.

**Venture** listens to the noise in the distance, trying to pick up on where it's coming from and if she can sneak away without being spotted. But before she can get a proper chance, someone comes out of the bushes and knocks right into her.

**"Ow! Oh, I'm so sorry—"** the tom says in a rush, before realizing who's with her. **"Ada! Henry! Oh thank the stars you're safe."**

Ada immediately ducks behind Henry to hide, while the young boy tucks his paws behind his back bashfully and lowers his ears. **"Hi Acorn... We were going to find the Alicorns and we found someone to help!"** He gestures emphatically to **Venture**.

**"I'm very glad you did,"** Acorn says with a sigh of relief. **"Thank you for sticking by these kids, I'm sorry you got saddled with them,"** he adds with a sheepish smile. Then, recognition dawns on his fawns. **"Are you a Wayseeker, too?"**

Meanwhile, the kittens back with the search party are becoming absolutely *entranced* with **Leonardo's** performance. All of them, save for the kitten Ubeu is with, stare in rapt

fascination as he spins his tale. Sebastian practically *leaps* out of their skin, before snorting and crossing their arms, trying to pretend that they hadn't been spooked. Nick even laughs at them, much to their displeasure.

Then **Leo** unsheathes his saber, and all of the kittens gasp. **"Do you use that to fight? Have you ever fought anyone evil?"** Benny asks, eyeing the blade like he's imagining blood on it.

Many of the kits turn to **Edward** for his judgment. They're hanging on to his every word. He can hear whispers of agreement from the crowd, though more worried they already blew their chance to see an alicorn by not listening to their elders today than the prospect of a kit-eating animal. *"Okay... do you think it'll take my gumball as sorry?" "Mama said not to feed wild animals." "But what if it hates us forever and everrrr!"*

The kitten who had pounced on **Quincy** is briefly distracted by **Leo**, but quickly refocuses on **Ubeu** when she begins to show her how to track. She perks up and follows, still rather clumsy and heavy footed, but eager to learn.

**"Like this?"** they say, and shove their nose in the dirt, practically dragging it along the ground as they walk.

But when **Ubeu** lifts her head, she sees the shapes of cats on all fours walking through gaps in the trees, far in the distance. The longer she looks, the more she recognizes their figures. Their postures. The way they move. Those are cats from the Lake of Plenty.

By now, the fog has lifted. It's midday and the sun is bearing down your backs. As your gaze follows the kitten imitating Ubeu, you realize you can see much further down the muddy trail than before. **Greyham** notices it first, a wobbly line of mountain orchids. You'd assume they were natural were it not for how evenly spaced they were along the beaten path. Their blooms are short and droop from their stems. Are you seeing things or are those hoof prints underneath?



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## Viola Howler

🌹 The Lost Apothecary 📖

Necromancy LV 4 | Void LV 1 | She/Her | [Reference](#) | [Application](#)

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### Post 3 of 4

It's been a long time since she felt this *alive*. Viola ran like her paws had wings. Not to win her race against an unseen enemy, but to let this surge of energy free.

If only that freedom wasn't sweltering. Sweat stuck to her fur underneath the layers of cloth and leather. Viola tugged at her mask. *Good grief, I'm boiling alive*. She's a tea bag in this weather. Her paw hooks into the top of her shawl. It'd be so easy to take it off for a while. Who's around to see it?

She quickly spun around. Hmm, the fog is gone. This is... unfortunate. All it'd take is the wrong cat passing by and they'd have her appearance in their mind. *So you're going to let the heat strike you down? Are you stupid?* No—it's the first week of Mars! *Go ahead, faint and make it easy for them to drag you back*.

A minute passes in indecision. She taps her foot faster and faster. Can sweat get so hot it steams? Eventually, her discomfort wins out. Viola spins on her heel and retreats to the safety of the bushes to pull her hood back.

\*GASP\*

Afternoon's gentle breeze against her face chilled her nerves. Now that she thinks about it, wouldn't it make more sense to find her exit off the beaten path? She squints at the tightly packed walls of pine trees. No good going down that route if she can't tell what's coming. Unless...

Viola pulls out the portable camera obscura from her satchel. The ability to preserve a moment forever in your hands, what a beautiful invention. When her wife returns, they'll celebrate like it's their honeymoon. Her memory will never grow faded again. Through its viewfinder, she flicks on thermal mode to see what dangers lie ahead.

---

-3 STR | +1 DEX | +1 INT | +2 CHA  
+5 Perception ♦ +3 Performance ♦ +3 Deception ♦ +2 Medicine ♦ +2 Stealth ♦ +1 Intimidation ♦  
+1 Magic ♦ +1 History ♦ +1 Culture ♦ +1 Insight ♦ +1 Survival ♦ +1 Culinary

---

**SUMMARY:** Viola starts to overheat under her armor and shawl. She debates going down the riskier path of getting off the trail into the untamed forest to be more clandestine in her exit.

**ACTION:** Viola uses thermal mode in her Portable Camera Obscura to see if there are living beings to navigate around.

---



## GREYHAM (GREY) WHELK

ELITE SENTINEL OF THE HOUSE OF WHELK

Application . He/Him . 43yrs . New Star City

Flora Lv.4

Air Lv.1

STR +I

DEX +I

INT 0

CHA -I

Survival +3

History +I

Nature +I

Culinary +I

Perception +I

---



## Checkpoint 1

*“Grey!” - Edward*

Grey turned, and his fur spiked. Oh no, was that—?

**“E-Edward, what are you doing here?”** Grey seemed a little more ruffled than usual, but he was able to calm himself as Edward quickly assumed the role of entertainer in their prickly situation (along with Roan, who was doing er...well, something).

He let out a sigh of relief— okay, he could at least trust Edward to be able to entertain kittens. Perhaps this wasn't so bad afterall.

*“A note?” - Edward*

His fur spiked again, and Grey looked like he had been caught with his paw in the cookie jar.

**“What??”** He gestured.

**“I simply went out to do some scouting— I was not expecting to find much,”** he gestured— again. He was weirdly animated around Edward today. His gaze softened.

**“I don't want to drag you into danger when I don't have to...”**

It seemed as if many cats had this location on their mind today. Grey greeted Quincy and Leo with a small nod. With the kittens distracted, he decided to follow after Quincy to see what they were investigating.

## Checkpoint 2

### Notes:

- Grey would have trilled back to Ubeu. He does this now. It's a quiet trill but a trill nonetheless.
- *“Being left with just a note and no option to offer any help or assistance, it well... it makes me feel helpless.” -Edward.* Grey would have looked sad and apologized. He would have explained that he didn't want to make him feel that way. Working as a team is hard actually— he doesn't want Edward to get involved but Edward still wants to risk himself for *him*??? Ughh!! Okay, he'll accept it, even if it feels weird.

Grey found himself wondering again why Leo and Edward didn't get along. They were both good at the same things, weren't they? He wasn't one to foster a rivalry, so perhaps it was simply beyond his comprehension. He wasn't so sure about Leo's approach of *scaring* the kittens, but, well, if it kept them off their track, perhaps it was worth it. Grey still believed it to be too dangerous out here for little kittens, especially if any ran off by their lonesome.

Grey also winced as one of the kittens launched onto Quincy's back. He did his best to help out with the situation, and then listened to Ubeu— attentively.

*Of course!* Ubeu more than any cat would know how to track. Now, he himself also possessed such a skillset, but he found that he could still learn a thing or two from Ubeu. The ways in which the both of them knew the wilds differed greatly, afterall.

*"You won't be able to find any tracks if you mess them all up," -Ubeu*

**"We still have plenty to go off of, look—"** Grey pointed ahead.

*"You have to walk carefully and keep your head down, close to the ground. Little details can easily be missed, and you don't want to step on them." -Ubeu*

Not how he would do it, but he didn't argue. He nodded.

**"What have you picked up thus far?"** Grey asked.

**"Unfortunately I am not sure if these tracks even belong to one of our own. Can you pick up a scent at all?"**

### Checkpoint 3

Grey watched tensely as the kitten followed Ubeu's instructions. *No, that was...*

**"Erm, perhaps we should leave the tracking to the adults, little one..."** he awkwardly tried to scoop the kitten up into his arms, looking back at Ubeu and Quincy as if to ask, *'what do I do now?'* He was completely helpless...

Grey realized that a lot of time had passed already as he looked up at the sky. He then looked down the path. If they were going to find the two mysterious cats then...wait, *what was that?*

Still carrying the kitten, he wordlessly walked down the trail. Eventually, he gently placed them onto the ground, and then continued forward. *Orchids?* Why were they?

While a Grey without magic may not have realized it, one *with* magic, *Flora* magic at that, knew something was up.

“**Over here,**” he gestured to his team with a swing of his arm, careful to not re-open any of the stitches running down his chest. He crouched down to observe the flowers.

*Now what could he hear from these strange little blooms?*

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### **Summary**

Grey asks Ubeu what she can glean from the tracks. He tries to pick up the kitten to stop them from causing more trouble but then he...doesn't know what to do next. Seeing the strange orchids, he beckons for the others to follow and then tries to see what he can hear from them.

### **Action**

Grey picks up the kitten bothering him, Quincy, and Ubeu. He then goes over to the orchids to investigate, putting the kitten down in the process. He uses his flora magic to see if the flowers can tell him anything!



## ◆ Edward Garance ◆

[Bio] | [Visual] | He/Him | Lv.4 Puppetry | Lv.1 Umbrakinesis

♥《 STR -2 》《 DEX +0 》《 INT +1 》《 CHA +2 》

《+ 4 》Deception《+ 3 》Culinary, Performance, Survival

《+ 2 》Culture, Medicine, Perception 《+ 1 》Insight, Stealth

◆ POST 3/4 ◆

Edward couldn't stay mad at Grey for very long. He accepted the apology without hesitation, though he also made sure to stay firm in his decision. It was way too late to return now! He was coming along, even if it was a risk it was a risk he thought was worthy to take.

**"Do you use that to fight? Have you ever fought anyone *evil*?"** – Benny

Edward looked at Leonardo. He had already scared the kittens once and he could only imagine the kind of awful things he was willing to tell these kits to both scare and impress them. *"Don't"* he silently mouthed to Leo. They didn't have to know what kind of bloodshed that weapon may or may not have seen.

**"The Wayseekers fight boundless on the daily!"** he butted in on the conversation, trying to hog back the spotlight. **"Not only that but we've come face to face with many fantastical creatures..."** Time moved quickly as Edward was happy to tell the abridged version of his own encounters with hippogriffs, leaving out the moments when he was terrified to get killed by a protective mother. He also had to mention the way that Wayseekers had seen moving statues, ghosts and come face to face with a talking skeleton of a dragon. All while leaving out any mentions of Windrose and The Emissary. That was too complex to bring up, he made sure to wrap their adventures in a fairytale sense, fantastical, but also not completely untrue either.

**"Over here,"** – Grey

Edwards' ears perked up. *Did they find something?* As much as Edward wanted to inspect whatever Grey's had found, he knew there were many kittens who would want to rush him to see it as well. Instinctively he held out his arms to try and block the path.

**“Hold on..! There may be danger lurking ahead, remember what we said? Let’s be very quiet, and take it slow. Listen carefully now.”** Edward warned the kittens as he wanted to hear what was up ahead.

#### ◆ SUMMARY & ACTION ◆

Edward forgives Grey. He tells the kittens an abridged version of their Wayseeker adventures to keep them busy while continuing their search. Once Grey spots something up ahead he tries to prevent the kittens from rushing on ahead, warning them about the dangers Leo told them about.

**[ Edward tries to wrangle kittens to be quiet and not rush forward. ]**



◦ + ✧ Venture the Deep Sea



Application | She/They | Lvl 4 | 3  
Lightning & Traversal

STR > 0 DEX > +2  
INT > -2 CHA > +1  
> +3 Stealth > +3 Intimidation  
> +3 Insight > +2 Performance  
> +1 Survival > +1 Magic



She almost sparked out of her skin when a mystery cat turned behind her— was there someone coming to catch them?! But when the brown cat addressed the children, a wave of relief washed through her. What a lucky find!

**“No problem!”** She smiled sympathetically towards the older cat- clearly worked out of their mind “I was hoping they didn’t run all the way over here from the nearest town”

Then, at the mention of the Wayseekers, her ears flickered and a smirk formed **“Of course I am! And we are always at your serviiceeeee...”** She dragged out as she realized her terrible, fatal mistake.

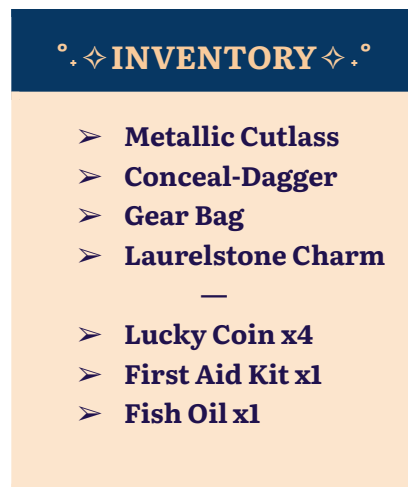
**“E-Excuse me, huh, what do you mean by ‘too’?”** The question nervously left her. She knew Viola didn’t want to be followed, and Venture still needed to fix things before she could face them all again! **“Have you met others?”**

They might even be here trying to catch her, not knowing she was trying to fix her mistakes! And they probably wouldn’t listen to her as she tried to explain without some proof... She... She needed to get to Viola quickly!



➤ **Summary:** Venture is glad to see Acorn but accidentally slips up she is also a Wayseeker, and asks if there are others around.

➤ **Action:** N/A



APPLICATION SHE/HER POST 3/4

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The kitten was picked up and pulled away from her. Ubeu was about to listen to what Grey was saying, when her eyes caught something on the horizon. Her heart felt like it stopped and then picked up again at double time. Those were Lake of Plenty cats. She recognized them. They weren't her parents, but they were cats she knew from home, acquaintances, familiar pelts, they were *right there*.

The tortoiseshell's eyes went wider than ever and she began to trip over herself to scramble towards them, not even bothering to explain to her companions what was going on.

**“Hello! HELLO! I’m over here!”** she called desperately to the distant figures. **“It’s Ubeu! I’m here! I’m right here!”**

---

## ***ILLUSION***

**&**

## **PUPPETRY**

**-1 STR +2 DEX +2 INT -2 CHA**

Perception (+5) Survival (+3) Stealth (+1) Nature (+1) Insight (+3) Intimidation (+3)

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### **SUMMARY**

Ubeu notices the Lake of Plenty cats and calls out to them, trying to get their attention despite the distance.



Roan Whittaker ☐ She/Her ☐ 25  
Mattershift Lv. 4 ☐ Shapeshift Lv. 1  
Post 2/4 ☐ [APPLICATION](#)

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The horn on Roan's head vanished into dust as quickly as it arrived, her concentration broken as she found herself accosted by kittens. She could only sigh in relief as Ubeu knelt downward to guide the kittens away from the obvious catfolk prints and toward something else, instructing them to keep their noses low to the ground.



*“Right, we won’t let any alicorns here harm anyone of course,” Edward said in response to Leo’s horror stories. “But the best way to avoid any mishaps is to stay quiet and stay together.”*

Roan nodded along, keeping her voice just above a whisper. **“Alicorns are said to be shy creatures, easily startled by loud noises.”** She fell into position near Ubeu, moving silently even on her large frame, bent so low that she could feel the protective pouch over her stomach touching the ground. **“Best practice is to place your back paws in the prints made by your forepaws. Direct register—keep noise to a minimum. Walk single file, nose to tail. Alicorns have a wide field of vision.”**

Against her own advice, she stepped quietly out of line and investigated the boot tracks, snuffling like a hound through the loam and leaf litter. Careful not to disturb them, she took a few tentative steps forward, and her eyes followed the path deeper into the woods. *Now where did that cat get off to?*

She was about to start tracking when she heard Ubeu’s voice rip through the air, edged with desperation. *“It’s Ubeu! I’m here! I’m right here!”*

Roan whipped her head toward the commotion, watching the normally agile cat trip and scramble to get close to whatever she saw in the distance. For a moment, she thought it must be Vioa, but then her pulse quickened as the possibility dawned on her: *Has she finally found them?*

She wanted to cheer Ubeu on, but woods like these could be dangerous. Magic commanded a healthy respect, and it could play tricks on you if you weren’t careful. Roan didn’t doubt Ubeu’s acuity, but anyone could get lost in a place like this, out there on their own.

She turned to the kittens and whispered, **“Stay here,”** and it was clear by her tone that she meant it. Without question, she tore off after Ubeu, prepared to follow her wherever she might go.

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**STR +0      DEX +1      INT +2      CHA -2**

+3 Perception, Magic, Nature, Animal Taming || +2 Survival || +1 Stealth, Performance

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## ■ SUMMARY

Roan doesn’t know how to act with kittens. When Ubeu gives tracking lessons, Roan joins in, telling them to move quietly and in single file to minimize their presence. Equines have a wide field of vision! Wouldn’t want to get out of line and blow the group’s cover. She moves to investigate Viola’s tracks before Ubeu starts bolting toward someone clearly familiar to her in the distance. Worried that the forest might be playing dangerous tricks on her, she prepares to follow Ubeu for backup.

## ■ ACTION

Roan gets ready to follow Ubeu in case she gets herself into anything dangerous.



### ➤ QUINCY WISEACRE<sub>-(REYES)</sub>

✧ THEY / THEM // APPLICATION // TRACKER ✧

✧ WATER ▸ LVL 4 // ENERGY ▸ LVL 1 ✧

[ POST 2/4 ]

➤ The charisma they had *hoped* Leo would use was something at least a little more humbling — but, no, of course he'd have to put on a show. They weren't even annoyed as he swung out his sabre for the kits to gawk at, glancing in his direction via a playful roll of their eyes. And watching his shine, they felt blood congeal between their fingers as it had not too long ago. Lucky enough to watch the scar fade, but it didn't matter; the damage was done. Quincy couldn't grasp how he still held such a light in his eyes.

Not that they were complaining, of course. If she had swept it away with her audacious act then her karma would have surely increased tenfold. No — they were relieved by the rumble of adventure in his voice despite the way he carried himself. Edward joining in with his show almost made them smile. They could sense the uncertainty in the start of Edward's addition, but he played along, and the kittens seemed to love it, greatly invested in their tales. Roan's own shapeshifting theatrics weren't helping the trio's case at the silly impression, but she had them entertained. Distracted.

Most of the kits seemed to be distracted, that is, but not every kit was keen on the story the puppeteers were spinning. Quincy winced as a weight pressed hard on their wounds just as they had turned to focus on the tracks. A young molly, sticking their nose over Quincy's shoulder and expertly stepping into each sensitive point. They can't even get out a response as

the kit tumbled down onto the path and muddied up the footprints, holding back a cry as they clenched their teeth so hard they swear something cracked. Perhaps they ought to be *furios* at the kit, but they didn't seem to be. They stared at them with an incredulous look as pain rolled down their back in waves, letting out a shaking breath that sounded something like: "**No...?**" before Ubeu plodded over.

And thank Aspel she did. Quincy had never appreciated the tortoiseshell as much as they did at that moment, weakly nodding to her words (had they the gall to, they would have said something a little more on the scolding side), and straightening up to gain their bearings. In hindsight, they could have made their bandages a little more visible instead of giving them the double layer hiding. It was a habit, though — they'd rather not have to see the look in Leo's eyes whenever he noticed those scars. They knew what he felt was the same thing they did whenever they pictured the bite hidden beneath that layer of fur, but there wasn't much he could do to hide the fact that it was there. It was always going to *be* there. The least the two of them could do was hide the marks.

Quincy offered Ubeu a grateful look as she led the kitten a little ways forth in a demonstration. Then Grey came along, scooping the kit into his arms just when they had gotten a taste of the hunter's life. At first, they swallowed hard to stomach the buzzing stings piercing their spine, but managed to huff out a trying laugh. They were about to say something until Grey walked off with the kit in his paws. What a *strange* guy... for as well as they thought they knew him by now, they thought he had the sense to at least set the kid down first. At least he found a lead.

**"What am I looking at exactly?"**

They stared down at the flowers he gestured to.

**"Are they telling you things?"** Quincy now turned to Grey with a raised brow, intrigued by how intensely he scrutinized the orchids. Note that they were not *serious* about him talking to them; he's got the look on his face like he's reading the nonexistent minds of the plants. They're not aware that's something his magic is capable of. So they look away, and towards the path stretching onwards. **"Like if we're making any headway? At all? The sooner we find—"**

Ubeu took off.

She bolted from their side and went down the path alone, *shouting*, putting the whole world's attention on her with those words. *I'm here. It's Ubeu.*

Did she not get the memo? What the hell is she *thinking*?

*"Ubeu—"* Quincy hissed, but cut themselves short once she'd gone too far. There goes a quiet approach. They could have even achieved an ambush if she hadn't so wonderfully given them away. Now that they think about it, though, why had Roan and Ubeu been out on this path? Surely Ubeu wouldn't barrel off yelling if she knew it was *Viola* they were after, right? They squinted to watch her plod off through the soil. She wasn't here for *Viola*. Not a heartbeat later, Roan was running after her. Just as they'd started, the pair had chosen to set off alone. At least for now. Quincy didn't move, but they gave Grey a look, wondering if they *should* follow.

They sighed. Even if there was the chance that she was sprinting straight to *Viola*, Quincy wasn't keen on being in that front line of a failed ambush. It had to be even. Just when she would think she's safe and certain of her steps they wanted to strike, and make their pain even. What she was planning to do would have more rewards than consequences to both her heart and her pride, but after dragging theirs through the frigid snow, she didn't deserve to see it through. They're running out of time.

A frown settled on Quincy's muzzle. **"Well. What's your call, Greyham? Make ourselves fools by running into the mist after your friend or keep our heads on and our eyes sharp?"** They glanced back towards Leo and Ed, eyes softening for a moment to land on the former. **"Even if it's her, running in head-on will only put the kits into danger."** *The kits* rolled off as such an obvious lie to cover what they actually meant, but they didn't care if he saw through it.

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**STR 0   ✱   DEX +1   ✱   INT +2   ✱   CHA -2**  
**INSIGHT (+5) ✱ INTIMIDATION (+3) ✱ SURVIVAL (+3) ✱ STEALTH (+1)**  
**MAGIC (+1) ✱ PERCEPTION (+1) ✱ NATURE (+1)**

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## **🐾 SUMMARY & ACTION**

Quincy sees the light for a couple seconds until Ubeu steps in offering a bit better guidance than they would have given, or even Grey as he sweeps the kit away to where his own paws take him. Ubeu sets off and Quincy doesn't want to follow, certain she's either lost her mind, completely blew their cover to Viola, or both. So they let Grey decide.

[ N/A. ]

## 🔑 INVENTORY

- *Magnificent Cloak (Usages Left: 1)*
- *Nostalgic Snow Globe (Usages Left: 2)*
- *Scientist's Muffin (Usages Left: 1)*
- *Lucky Coin (Usages Left: 3)*



## CHECKPOINT 4

When **Viola** looks through her Portable Camera Obscura, she finds her potential path is safe. The orange bodies she sees are small, squirrels scurrying about and birds taking roost. She tucks it away and marches onward... right over a snake. The coldblooded reptile blended into the aging leaf litter. Its fangs are unable to pierce through her padded ankle, but in her attempt to shake it off, the apothecary is sent rolling down a steep slope.

Oblivious to **Venture's** sudden apprehension, Acorn tilts his head. **"Oh, you aren't exploring Alicorn Woods together? There's a whole party of your fellows who were kind enough to watch Henry and Ada's classmates while I was looking for them. I can take you there if you want to say hello."** His ears perk up.

Does she vaguely hear... Ubeu?

Acorn jumps out of his fur. **"Eek! Please don't tell me another one wandered off... Come on, you two."** He lifts them under his arms like potato sacks. **"Absolutely *no* wriggling, jiggling, or finagling."** He almost trips over his own feet gathering speed, bolting off. Mews of protest from the kits she's met faded over the horizon with his auburn tail.

**Edward's** vivid storytelling draws the entire class around him like moths to a flame. On his orders to stay back, the taller children herd their peers behind him. Many little heads poke out from the sides to watch **Greyham** with bated breath.

He hears long, winding groans. A once noble equine wanders in ill health, its exhaustion unfurling in its blooms. The orchids and sentinel shudder as one. As he bends down to examine them, the silver tabby he plucked along waddles next to him, straining their neck to imitate the knight. The instant they recognize hooves, they holler, **"LOOKIT! IT'S AN ALICORN!"**

**"What, where?"**

**"Let me seeeeeeeee!" "No, it's scary out there!" "You can tiptoe to see it, that's not fair!" "He told us to be careful!" "We can handle it!" "You really believe that greasy old man slayed a dragon? The spiky cat got knocked over by Nat and they're puny."**

Pandemonium breaks out as the children take sides. Nick, Sebastian, and a few others fight tooth and nail against the baby barrier to see for themselves. Dozens of paws cover their mouths in a chorus of shushes. Schoolyard friends bite and kick and wrestle. Mud balls thrown everywhere. Curses on each other's mothers hissed (whose gravity they do not understand).

It's muffled, but the scuffle reaches **Venture's** ears. She can make out their voices are high-pitched and not much else.

**Ubeu** and **Roan** run towards the Lake of Plenty cats, **Ubeu** calling out to them. But the distance is too great, and the many trees and bushes absorb the noise like natural mufflers. One cat among the group raises their head, and two specks of their ears swivel and turn. But then, after an agonizing moment, they turn away. The distant clowder continues through the undergrowth, and they disappear into the foliage, out of sight.

In the corner of Roan's eye, she spots a familiar white-tipped tail in the distance before it vanishes. Was it a mirage or—?

**"FFFFFFFFFFFFTTTTTT!"**

Acorn's whistle freezes the entire class in place. They turn their heads in unison to find their chaperone *fuming*. Henry and Ada slip from his grip, playing dead on the floor. He clutches his head as he surveys the chaos. Tears of frustration well in his eyes. **"Seriously!? How did you all let this happen?"** He stomps his foot. **"If you think you can get away with misbehaving because your teacher isn't here, think again. You're going to line up single file and head for the carriage. No ifs, ands, or but!"**

When the children begin to complain, Acorn holds up his whistle. **"If you quiet down, I'll consider pretending this didn't happen. Or your class could be banned from field trips for the rest of the year. Your choice."**

Cowed and tired, the kits are shepherded. Acorn turns back towards the Wayseekers, tail twitching in thought. He looks away and sighs. **"Sorry, it wasn't your fault. I don't know why they didn't wait for another day to visit when the person who was supposed to help me called in sick. They're a rambunctious bunch and with all the earthquakes? Irresponsible. I get they want to bring some joy to these kids when they're cooped up inside all day, but it's not worth getting hurt. Um... thanks again."**

With Acorn's charges accounted for, your party can turn their attention to where the line of orchids came from. As you follow those sickly blossoms, the pair of paw prints that led you to the children remerged, free of kitten interference. You arrive at a fork in the trail with a new dilemma. Your lead has split in two.

On your left, there are the prints left by boots. On your right, the paw prints from their companion diverge with two smaller ones in tow. While you see hooves emerge from the left side; there are vibrant glacier lilies in the fresh tracks down the right. Signs of another alicorn...

Which way will you go?

[Your characters must make a choice for which path they'll follow! They may split up or stick together. Where each cat goes must be decided by the next checkpoint. (Players who miss it can retcon their cats to have been down one all along at any time, this is more so I know how many on each side I'm working with.)]



◦. ✧ Venture the Deep Sea



Application | She/They | Lvl 4 | 4  
Lightning & Traversal

STR > 0 DEX > +2  
INT > -2 CHA > +1  
> +3 Stealth > +3 Intimidation  
> +3 Insight > +2 Performance  
> +1 Survival > +1 Magic



They had to use all their efforts to not let a low hiss escape their throat at Acorn's proposition **"Oh that won't be needed..."** They needed to figure out how to get out of this one. If they sounded too suspicious, Acorn would tell them anyway, but they couldn't just go and say hi.



**“You know, we usually do a lot of jobs and we are not always doing the same thing so I must go...”** She tried to excuse herself, but she drifted off when a way too familiar dark fur flashed into her view, and it felt like falling into the arctic waters.

*Of course, of all cats, Ubeu was following them.* Of course Ubeu wanted to capture her after just getting proof of being annoyingly right, and she probably would be equally as annoyed with Viola despite what she was doing was trying to use magic to help. Some nonsense about is not how things are meant to be.

A low whistle sounded way too close to her, and this time she couldn't help but explode in sparks, hair perking up in fear of the loud sound– Acorn seems to be running back to the kids, so at least it seemed like she managed to wiggle out of him. Just not in good time.

She dashed as quickly as she could away, but with how breathless she was already getting, she wouldn't be able to outrun her or anyone she was traveling with–

Her best option was up. She could try to intercept Viola from the path of the mine, she just had to lose their trail...

*And I already gave them a lightshow anyways,* Venture thought, starting to charge electricity towards her legs. Getting up in a tree would give her the advantage from where to do this again and then teleport– She could even jump one way and teleport another, if that mixed them up!

She jumped up towards the tallest tree, leaving a bunch of flashing sparks on her wake.



➤ **Summary:** Venture panics trying to talk Acorn away, and even more when she spots Ubeu— So much that when Acorn plays his whistle, she sparks in surprise. Afraid she might have already given up her location, she runs away and decides to electric-jump up into a tree to try and see where to teleport. After all, if they already saw her shine once, a second, quick time is the least of her worries.

➤ **Action:** Venture electrically jumps towards a large tree

| °. ✧ INVENTORY ✧ .° |
|---------------------|
| ➤ Metallic Cutlass  |
| ➤ Conceal-Dagger    |
| ➤ Gear Bag          |
| ➤ Laurelstone Charm |
| —                   |
| ➤ Lucky Coin x4     |
| ➤ First Aid Kit x1  |
| ➤ Fish Oil x1       |





[Leonardo D'angelo](#) || He/Him

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Lvl. 4 Puppetry Lvl. 1 Lightning

STR 0 DEX -2 INT +1 CHA +2

Perception +5 Performance +4 Insight +2 Magic +1 Culture +1 Survival +1

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Post 2/4

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When Leo read on Edward's lips that it was best not to mention the blood that had been spilled by his saber, he agreed, remaining silent so that the other puppeteer could continue the story. In those brief, unspoken exchanges, a bond emerged, forged from the undeniable complicity of their natures, revealing two cats who could be completely opposite in one light but very similar in another.

Leo stood back, observing the pandemonium with a mix of amusement and concern. The children's excitement and chaos were a reminder of the innocence they still held, despite the world's dangers. As Acorn tried to restore order, Leo turned to Quincy, giving him a reassuring smile before addressing Edward.

"**Looks like our audience got a bit *too enthusiastic*,**" Leo said, his voice calm but laced with a hint of humor, apparently his attempt to scare them from being naughty had not worked as well as he hoped. "**We might need a better plan for next time to keep the little ones in check.**"

When Acorn apologized and thanked them, Leo nodded, his expression softening. "**No need to apologize, Acorn. *Kids will be kids*. We're just glad no one got hurt.**"

Turning his attention to the fork in the trail, Leo's eyes narrowed as he studied the prints. The vibrant glacier lilies caught his attention, their presence whispering of something magical and significant. He exchanged a glance with Quincy, their brow furrowed in contemplation. They wanted to follow the other path, he knew it. They wanted to reach Viola, to confront her. Just the thought of it made the detective shiver uncomfortably, however, he knew he couldn't stop them, so he might as well be there to keep the exchange peaceful—or, if it came to that, to protect them.

He approached his partner in silence, his hesitant steps betraying his reluctance to move forward. **"Shall we?"** he asked with a half-smile, tilting his head towards the path marked with boot prints. He extended his paw, ready for Quincy to take it if needed. Both were still battered from their recent ordeal; fortunately, his broken rib seemed to be healing with the help of medicine, but he knew Quincy's back wasn't faring as well.

Seeing his lover's slightly hunched posture, trying to ease the tension on those dreadful wounds, made Leo's heart ache. Though Quincy tried to hide the pain, Leonardo knew it was there. The orange shirt still bore stains of their blood, as did his own paws. He sighed, pushing those feelings aside for now. He already had enough to deal with concerning Viola without also punishing himself for the state of Quincy's back.

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#### SUMMARY:

Leo agrees to Edward's unspoken advice to keep silent, revealing a bond forged in their mutual understanding. As the chaos among the children unfolds, Leo observes with a mix of amusement and concern. When Acorn apologizes, Leo reassures him and turns his focus to the trail, ready to protect Quincy despite his own hesitations and injuries.

#### ACTION:

Leo takes the left path



## GREYHAM (GREY) WHELK

ELITE SENTINEL OF THE HOUSE OF WHELK

Application . He/Him . 43yrs . New Star City

Flora Lv.4 Air Lv.1

STR +1 DEX +1 INT 0 CHA -1

Survival +3 History +1 Nature +1 Culinary +1

Perception +1

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 **Post 3/4**

Checkpoint 3

Notes: Grey would have stared hard at Quincy as the kitten jumped on their back—terrified that they might give them the baby Quincy treatment. He's relieved when that doesn't happen. Crisis averted.

Grey didn't have room to protest— it seemed as if Edward was staying on this mission whether Grey liked it or not. He was still a tad worried, but he would do his best to trust Edward. It was important that he have faith in the puppeteer's abilities.

His ears flicked up as he turned to look over his shoulder, noticing that the kittens may come to investigate his discovery too. *Shit— he didn't think of that.* Thankfully, Edward noticed his blunder before he did, and was quick to capture their attention once more. He let out a sigh of relief. Thank Aspel for that.

**“Hello! HELLO! I’m over here! “It’s Ubeu! I’m here! I’m right here!” -Ubeu**

Grey looked around for Ubeu. Huh? He could have sworn she was right there. The tortie was nowhere to be seen. Worried, Grey almost turned back from his chosen path to go look for her. It was then that he noticed that Roan was gone too. Grey's brow furrowed.

**“Ubeu? Roan? Where did you—”** He searched the faces of the remaining cats, looking for an answer to their disappearance. Quincy looked at him, just as confused, and all Grey could do was shrug. Hesitantly, he turned back to his findings. If they didn't turn up soon, he would go looking for them. *Still, he didn't like the idea of cats running off into the woods like this.*

*“Well. What's your call, Greyham? Make ourselves fools by running into the mist after your friend or keep our heads on and our eyes sharp?” -Quincy*

**“Ubeu knows the area— I’m sure that she will be fine. I do think it foolish to run off without letting anyone know but— ah, that is Ubeu for you. Let us continue onward, for now.”**

He remembered that Ubeu grew up around this area, and he relaxed. If she knew this place well then...she wouldn't get lost. He did his best not to worry too much.

*“What am I looking at exactly?” -Quincy*

Grey turned to Quincy— who had followed his footsteps towards the orchids.

*“Are they telling you things?” -Quincy*

**“Yes, actually—”** he frowned down at the orchids.

**“After our time in the desert, I developed the power to ‘communicate’ with flora. I was even able to communicate with the Treehaven Tree. The plants do not speak to me in the way that you and I would speak to each other— but I can sense their intentions— their woes— their desires. These little flowers here seem quite unusual— I am wondering if they are able to tell me about why they are here.”**

#### Checkpoint 4

*Groans... and the image of a beautiful unicorn fills his mind...*

Grey’s ears stand up straight and his back straightens as he receives this shocking information. He looks at the others, surprised.

**“A unicorn left these, but not just any unicorn— Ah—”**

He remembered the eyes of the kittens were on him. Oh dear. He crouched down to whisper the rest.

**“It did not seem to be in good health as it came through this way. Strange, for a unicorn...”** his expression hardened into something more serious.

*“LOOKIT! IT’S AN ALICORN!” -Silver Tabby*

Grey almost jumped out of his fur. He had completely forgotten about the kitten he had pulled along with him. Oh, oh dear....

He cringed, once again, looking to the others for assistance.

Pandemonium erupted in the clearing, and Grey almost considered it worth his time to turn away from the trail and try to contain these kittens. Thankfully, his savior arrives. Acorn returns, and (somehow) manages to get the class under control. Grey let out a *big* sigh of relief. He didn't know how Acord did it, but he did. *Bless this cat.*

Grey regarded Acorn almost with *embarrassment* for letting things get so out of hand— he felt as if he had not contributed enough to be thanked— but he did his best to offer his most sincere, 'you're welcome'.

Now that they were free from tiny feline beasts— it was time to turn back to the main quest. With everyone gathered, they followed the row of orchids.

The path eventually forked— both yield compelling evidence to be followed. Grey stopped to consider both options carefully.

Leo had decided to take the left path— and it seemed as if Quincy would be following him. While Grey also wanted to take the same path, he didn't want to leave any stone unturned. With a heavy heart, he approached Leo.

**“Leo, take this—”**

He gave the chimera one of his tinctures.

**“I sensed the presence of a unicorn in ill health. If you find them—this may come in handy,”** He nodded to the detective, carefully folding the vial into his paws. Grey then turned to the right path, and looked at Edward.

**“Will you accompany me if we go this way?”**

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### **Summary**

Grey explains to Quincy how he can communicate with plants now. He is worried about Ubeu and Roan, but trusts that Ubeu knows the area well enough to not get lost. Grey would have liked to take the left path, but with Leo and Quincy covering

it, he decides to take the right path, asking Edward to join him. He gives Leo one of his tinctures and informs him about the sickly unicorn.

 **Action**

Grey takes the right path!



◆ **Edward Garance** ◆

[Bio] | [Visual] | He/Him | Lv.4 Puppetry | Lv.1 Umbrakinesis

♥《 STR -2 》《 DEX +0 》《 INT +1 》《 CHA +2 》

《+ 4 》Deception《+ 3 》Culinary, Performance, Survival

《+ 2 》Culture, Medicine, Perception 《+ 1 》Insight, Stealth

◆ **POST 4/4** ◆

As soon as one kit yelled about the alicorn the rest soon followed. Edward watched helplessly as one by one they began to argue on what to do. It seemed like Leo's attempt to scare them into behaving wasn't as waterproof as they had thought.

**“Now now! Let's not– Hey! Greasy?! No throwing mud! Oh Goddess,”** there was no way that Edward was going to be able to get the kits to behave now.

A whistle sounded and Edward whipped his head around. He sighed. *Oh thank Goddess.* Acorn was back to rescue them. He had no idea how they managed to get them to all listen and get back in line but he was thankful that it worked. **“Heh, Leo is right. Kids will be kids.”** He nodded with understanding towards his fellow puppeteer. **“Don't be too hard on them, okay? It's not too late to make this outing a memorable one! Here,”**



With a swift motion Edward used his powers to summon one of his puppets. This time, it didn't take the form of his usual knight but that of an alicorn. It splayed its metallic wings before it ran around the kits, giving them all a good view at it. **"I'm sure this won't be your last outing, there is still a chance that you will see the real deal one day! Don't give up."** Edward stayed until the kits and Acorn was satisfied with the display. He couldn't give them the real deal, but at least he had shown them some Wayseeker magic to remember their time together.

Edward bowed and said his farewell to the young cats and joined his original group. He stopped at the fork in the road and listened in on what their choices were. He only really had one goal in mind though.

**"Will you accompany me if we go this way?"** – Grey

**"Of course."** He answered without any hesitation, a soft smile on his face. If Grey was going down the right path then he was going to follow. **"Do you think we'll find the alicorn?"** Edward had almost begun to believe everything that he and Leo had told the kittens, excitement and fear lined his face.

#### ◆ SUMMARY & ACTION ◆

Edward has no way to deal with the kittens as things turn to chaos, thankfully Acorn is back to save the day! He shows the kits some more magic tricks before parting ways. Edward agrees to follow Greys lead, excited but also a bit scared about the potential of running into an alicorn.

**[ Edward takes the right path. ]**





## APPLICATION SHE/HER POST 4/4

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Ubeu knew Roan was by her side, she didn't have to look. She didn't have to listen to know that her teammates were trying to call her back. She knew she was making noise, she knew she could give away their position, but it *didn't matter*, because her colony was *right there*.

But it was fruitless. They couldn't hear her. She was too far away, and the trees and undergrowth soaked up her voice like a sponge. Ubeu felt tears prick at her eyes, she didn't stop running, she kept *reaching* for them, and one of the cats even *paused and listened* and —

And then they were gone.

Ubeu staggered to a stop. She looked out at the empty forest, and stared.

**“They were *right there*,”** she whispered, her voice only carrying to Roan. She blinked once, twice, a droplet of water falling from her eyelashes. And then her ears swiveled back to catch the distant voices of her companions.

**“Sorry,”** she murmured to Roan, and turned back to the others.

The tortoiseshell trudged back, tail drooped and head bowed until she reached them. She didn't even blink twice at the displays of magic or the kittens. **“I saw my colony, but they didn't see me.”** She thought they ought to deserve an explanation. Ubeu raised her head, squaring her shoulders. **“It doesn't matter, stopping Viola is more important right now.”**

She looked at the boot prints and followed them down the left side. It had to be Viola.

---

## ILLUSION

&

## PUPPETRY

**-1 STR +2 DEX +2 INT -2 CHA**

Perception (+5) Survival (+3) Stealth (+1) Nature (+1) Insight (+3) Intimidation (+3)

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## SUMMARY

Ubeu is distraught that she can't reach her colony, but knows that Viola takes priority and comes back to the others. She chooses the left side to follow what must be Viola.

OZZY ACTION POST !! Quincy leads Leo down the left path after very adamantly taking his paw

**ROAN ACTION POST:** Roan follows Ubeu again, keeping low to the ground to look for signs of Viola's trail {+3 Perception}

## CHECKPOINT 5

Edward's alicorn comes to life, tin clicking against tin. When it unfurls its wings, metallic feathers gently chime in the wind. The children look up in awe. A few approach it hesitantly, remembering your warning about alicorns playing tricks on naughty kittens. It gently huffs and lets them run their paws over its cashmere mane. Delighted squeals erupt from the class as they line up for a once-in-a-lifetime encounter.

One particularly scuffy kit holds up a gumball as an offering. His puppet gingerly chews it. *Mmm... grape.* Unbeknownst to Edward, his tongue is now stained purple from that sweet, sweet confection.

In the corner of his eye, he can see Acorn smile wistfully. Maybe the real alicorn was the memories they made along the way...

The chase is back on. Your path is bathed in rich oranges. Time is of the essence. When the sunlight runs out, you'll have no choice but to turn back before what lurks in the dark becomes the greater danger.

Four brave adventurers head left. They scan every nook and cranny for signs of a certain well-dressed molly. It's eerily quiet. Not even the cicadas cry. The occasional crack of twigs under your paws is the only sign of life for a good while.

**Leonardo** can tell from the soles these boots were unlike any he'd analyzed before. They had a distinctive, repeating rounded square pattern. The lack of deep grooves indicates they weren't made for scaling mountains.

**Roan**, with her nose close to the ground, is the first to notice the boot tracks suddenly slowed down. Whoever this was took a breather here. She also notices that the alicorn tracks after it passes by this set of bushes are unevenly spaced. It seemed to have rounded back around at some point, but the comparison between the equine's steady gait and later wobbliness couldn't be more obvious to the experienced farm hand.

Unfortunately, her astute vision can only do so much. In the place of their target's next step, a Noah's Arc worth of animals ran over them. Wolves, deer, hares, voles—all haphazardly laid over each other.

**Ubeu** is the first to spot what's coming. Flashes of white barrel right into their path. Hooves raised against hooves as two stallions vied for dominance. It wasn't a fair fight however. The alicorn challenger could dance and weave around the sluggish movements of its wingless elder. Her sharp eyes notice the faintest sickly green glimmers around the unicorn's horn.

Whatever affliction it suffered from didn't snuff out its fighting spirit. A powerful hind kick slams into a tree instead of the alicorn's side, sending a thick branch falling over **Roan**. **Leo** trips over, a whisker's length away from hooves pounding the soil. A burst of energy magic almost sends **Ubeu** flying. You've found yourselves caught in the middle of a territory dispute!

Was it their imagination or did **Quincy** faintly hear a kit's sobbing further ahead?

**Venture** scales the highest tree like a firecracker. Stray sparks leave singes in their wake. From her place at the top of the canopy, she sees there are only two cats following her. Gray hair and a fancy purple hat doesn't give her much to work with. At the very least, she can tell that neither is Ubeu.

Greyham and Edward find that the pair of smaller pawprints are joined by a cat's with extra toes, likely Acorn's. They turn back around early down the right way. As the older toms continue forward, they start to faintly smell burnt wood. There doesn't seem to be a fire in sight.

The trees don't reveal anything to **Greyham**. By all accounts, they appear to be ordinary, their exposed bark and blemishes coming from nature's wear and tear. **Edward** is drawn to one with a particularly long yellow crack running up its side. It's like a vengeful god sunk its

claw inside and sliced it in twain. Around him, he realizes many of the trees have smaller, sideways cuts. He'd liken them to a knife were it not for them being too high up for a cat to reach.



### ◆ SUMMARY & ACTION POST ◆

Edward is happy that the kittens will have some nice memories of this day. He dismisses his unicorn puppet, still oblivious to his purple tongue. Alright back to the chase. Now it's just him and Grey, whatever they'll find he feels confident that they can handle it together. The smell of burnt wood is a bit concerning though along with the large crack in one of the trees. The higher cuts in the trees are also suspicious. Could it be a mark from some sort of wild animal?

[ Edward is on high alert, keeping his eyes open for threats that might jump them ]



[Leonardo D'angelo](#) || He/Him

Lvl. 4 Puppetry Lvl. 1 Lightning

STR 0 DEX -2 INT +1 CHA +2

Perception +5 Performance +4 Insight +2 Magic +1 Culture +1 Survival +1

Amid the chaos, Leonardo found himself on the ground, having narrowly escaped a fatal blow. The adrenaline surged through him as he realized just how close he had come to losing his head—literally. Shaking off the shock, he quickly assessed the situation. The beasts were fierce and relentless, and trying to control one would only leave him vulnerable to the other. He needed a new plan, and fast.

Drawing on his experience and quick thinking, Leo decided to use his strings in a different way. He spotted some nearby rocks and, with deft movements, used his threads to grab and manipulate them. He began to clatter the rocks together, creating a cacophony of noise. The clattering echoed through the chaotic scene, catching the attention of the beasts. His hope was that the distraction would be enough to buy his group some precious moments to regroup and regain control of the situation.

Leo's heart pounded as he continued to create noise, his eyes darting between the beasts and his companions. The tension was palpable, but he remained focused.

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SUMMARY:

Amid the chaos, Leonardo manages to get back on his feet after stumbling and nearly losing his head—literally. That was close! Realizing that trying to control one of the beasts would only leave him vulnerable to the other, Leo decides it is best to use his strings to grab some nearby rocks and start making a lot of noise with them, hoping to distract the animals just long enough for the group to regain control and make sure everyone's safe.

ACTION:

Leo attempts to distract the battling creatures





As the quadruped figures disappeared for all the underbrush, and the flash of a white tail caught their eyes, Roan had no chance to console Ubeu before they took a sharp turn and kept on running, chasing the trail of boot prints that *had* to lead to Viola.

The boot prints began to slow, spaced closer and closer together, and Roan too slowed to a trot, heartbeat pounding in her ears and throat burning. She noticed that here, these tracks were interspersed with something else—U-shaped hoof prints. A one-toed ungulate. *Horses*.

She opened her mouth to say something, but her words were stolen away from her by a blinding wall of pure white fur...

She had expected the alicorn to be big, but standing here, looking up at their towering horns, she realized that this description, while objectively true, wasn't really telling the whole story. Though it was clear that only one of these alicorns was in its prime, both of them were huge, ripped with waves of muscle that stretched and corded under its skin as they reared up—

Hooves crashed to the ground, narrowly missing Leo as he and Quincy emerged from the brush. A shockwave of energy magic ripped through the air, nearly knocking Ubeu asunder, and the tree above Roan rattled into an ominous *crunch*.

*I said I wanted to see alicorns—her last clear thought as she watched the branch tumble down toward her—and I got what I came for.*

Her next actions were based not on thought, but on instinct. She leapt to the side, out of the branch's path, and called on the memories of her time at the ranch, nipping at the heels of horses alongside short-legged sausage dogs. *The lower to the ground you are, the less likely you are to get hit.*

She expected Ubeu to get with the program without any help, but Leo was a different matter altogether, shouting and throwing *rocks* at the animals and just begging to be pulverized. Roan spares a split-second, knowing glance with Ubeu—the last time someone had thrown a rock at a panicked ungulate, it went very poorly for them. With all the strength she could muster, she bellowed above the shouting and thunder of hoofbeats: **"GET ON THE GROUND."**

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**STR +0      DEX +1      INT +2      CHA -2**

+3 Perception, Magic, Nature, Animal Taming || +2 Survival || +1 Stealth, Performance

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## ■ ACTION

Roan doesn't have time to console an obviously distraught Ubeu before they're off chasing after Viola. She is in awe of the alicorns, but the awe turns into self-preservation as they start fighting. Remembering her training from Unity Ranch, she tries to get out of the way and as low to the ground as possible to avoid getting kicked. Seeing Leo throwing rocks at the alicorns puts her in mind of her and Ubeu's trouble with the boar in the Forest of Stones, so she loudly shouts for him and Quincy to get on the ground.

## ■ ACTION

Roan leaps out of the way of the branch, warning everyone to stay low to the ground.



APPLICATION SHE/HER POST 5/4

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Ubeu went onwards with those who chose the same path. She stuck nearby Roan, trying to get her head back into the game. *It'll be fine. The Lake of Plenty cats are here, I know that definitively now, and I can find them again. It'll be fine. Viola comes first. That's the only way to keep them safe.*

She was so busy repeating a mantra in her head that she almost didn't notice what was in front of her. *Almost.* The tortoiseshell's keen senses picked up a flash of white, and she had barely any time to dodge out of the way before two equines crashed into their path. And something was wrong with one of them.

A tree crashed down which Roan narrowly escaped, the hooves pounded the ground, and a burst of magic nearly launched Ubeu into the air. She hissed in distress and clung to the ground, trying to keep her footing and look for a way out of the fray. Then, she caught Roan's eye, and knew they were thinking the same thing.

*This looks familiar.*

Her fear mixed with a strange burst of affection. She remembered how well Roan had taken charge of the situation with the boar, and she had no doubt she would do it again.



*“GET ON THE GROUND,”* Roan commanded, and Ubeu didn’t waste a second to follow her advice.

*She’s so cool.*

With her belly against the earth, Ubeu stayed out of the way of the thrashing hooves. From her new vantage point, she tried to look closer at the sickly unicorn. Had it been drained of magic?

---

## ***ILLUSION***

**&**

## **PUPPETRY**

**-1 STR +2 DEX +2 INT -2 CHA**

Perception (+5) Survival (+3) Stealth (+1) Nature (+1) Insight (+3) Intimidation (+3)

---

### **SUMMARY**

Ubeu and her team encounter a familiar ungulate problem. Ubeu follows Roan’s advice and stays low to the ground. She tries to look closer at the unicorn that seems sickly to find out why.

**ACTION: Investigation check on the sickly unicorn.**

**[NEXT DOC >>](#)**