

## Preparing to Leave Sandpoint (19)

### [Heroes of Sandpoint Campaign Page](#)

#### [Session Summary](#)

**GM130127** - Oathday, 13th of [Lamashan](#).

The group has finally returned to the Kaijitsu Manor house in Sandpoint. Exhausted and hungry, everyone enjoys a meal thanks to [Ameiko's](#) servant staff. After the meal, [Vexeron](#) retires to his room to begin analyzing the magical items while [Ehlyna](#) trudges off to the Sandpoint Cathedral to see if the priests can heal the wounds she still carries from the demon Barghest. The rest of the group ponders over the pouch of jade and the engraved silver box filled with the sand. No one in the group has the skill to appraise these items, though they believe that the jeweler, [Maver Kesk](#), in Sandpoint would probably give them a fair price.

**Leela 130127** - Not wanting to show her frustration, [Leela](#) excuses herself and heads for the kitchen. After getting permission from a servant first, she starts up mixing up a secret old gnome sweet cake recipe, hoping it will relieve her tension. As she is waiting on her little cakes to cook she ponders on how she can get the group to go back to the ruins so she can finish her map. Smiling big, she knows just what to do.

Just as Leela is taking her cakes out she spots [Daellin](#) walking by and calls him in. She offers him a seat and a piece of warm cake. "Old family recipe" she says sweetly. "Daellin, I want to thank you guys for letting me tag along. You know that my whole purpose was to map those ruins but we left before I had the chance." Leela gives Daellin another piece of cake, making sure to have one herself as well. "I would really like the opportunity to go back and finish my map. The only thing that is stopping us from that is one ugly troll and a few crusty \*shudder\* kobolds. Now from what I understand is that Elves aren't scared of many things and love a good challenge. Maybe you can talk to the rest of the group about going back. I would be most appreciative." Yawning, Leela says she's going to get some sleep. Before heading out of the kitchen, she turns back to Daellin and says "I'm surprised at one thing that happened today. That you listened to a dwarf." grinning ever so sweetly, Leela turned away humming a song under her breath about how brave Elves are.

**Daellin 130131** - Brushing the last remnants of sweetcake from his tunic, Daellin eases back in his chair. Washing the delicious cake down with a fresh glass of water he ponders the problem for a moment. After a bit of reflection he grins, wondering if this very well may be the nicest way he's ever been manipulated. Realizing that he doesn't mind one bit, particularly if Leela's bribes continue to take the form of such amazing snacks.

Absorbed in his own thoughts he largely ignores the hustle and bustle of the busy kitchen. As the cook and servant work on preparing the next meal he sits in the corner and continues to muse over their options. Grabbing another piece of sweetcake Daellin admits to himself that he

wouldn't mind taking a last visit to the ruins with Leela. An accurate map of the area would look great in his report, if he ever gets a chance to turn it in. In fact at one time he had even promised to take the sage Broderick into the ruins as well. The only real concern is what to do about the troll and kobolds. The next encounter with them could easily turn ugly, especially if just a few of them get caught out without support.

Aware that the troll isn't necessarily their problem anymore Daellin is concerned that he could become a big problem for Sandpoint. Not wanting to make a decision like this on his own he decides to check in on the [Sheriff](#) and see how he feels about the situation. At the very least he should be made aware of what is going on just outside of town. Perhaps he may even have a solution as well. Finishing off the last piece of cake he heads off in search of the mayor. On the way he whistles a ditty about a crafty gnome who always manages to get her way.

**GM130131** - Daellin finds the Sheriff easily. "Good afternoon, Daellin, what can I do for you?" the tall Shoanti Sheriff asks.

**Daellin 130131** - "Ahh yes, Belor just the man I was looking for. If you have a few moments to spare I need to discuss a matter with you that may affect Sandpoint. As sheriff I would greatly appreciate your opinion. As you know we have spent quite a bit of time exploring the ruins. We had thought the infestations cleared so the area would no longer pose any threat to the gentle townsfolk. Unfortunately on our last visit we ran into a troll and some kobold henchmen. At the time we were unprepared and disinclined to do violence against them. However I am concerned that they will eventually pose a threat. How do you feel about having them so close by town?" Daellin pauses to take a breath.

**GM130131** - The Sheriff furrows his brow and scratches his chin, "A Troll, you say. And Kobolds? Sounds like trouble to me. How many Kobolds?," he asks. "Oh, only 5 you say? Well 5 Kobolds are not so much a problem as maybe nuisance. They are very infrequently brave enough to cause trouble on their own, though with a Troll at their heels, those little dragon-blooded creepers could wreak some havoc I'm sure. If they take up residence on Thistletop I'm sure they will set their sights on the road shortly. Now fortunately there are not a lot of settlements up that way, but given enough time and I'm sure a Troll could subjugate any number of local denizens. Anytime there is a shift of power, others move in to fill the void. Now I find it interesting that the brute and his minions did not engage you, you say it parlayed with you, with the Dwarf?" His face breaks into a smile, almost laughing in disbelief.

**Daellin 130131** - Daellin smiles to himself, still not sure he can believe how events unfolded. He certainly understands Belor's hesitation. "I have always heard that here is a first time for everything. At the very least I thought you should be aware of what's going on. There is also a chance that we may go back to Thistletop one last time. We may need to finish a bit of mapmaking to fulfill some obligations."

**GM130131** - "Well there is the possibility that the Troll is not planning on causing any trouble, I

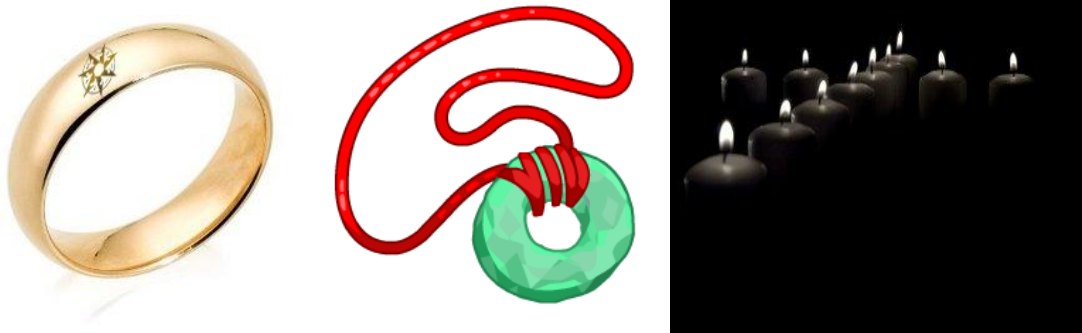
have heard stranger tales, though I would be hard pressed to believe it. I think at the least, a friendly suggestion to move on might be in order. Varisia is a wide open place, there would be many rocks and crags for a Troll to call home, though in all honesty, I'm sure he can't be any worse than an entire tribe of Goblins!" If you go back, ask him if he plans on setting up a permanent camp, if he says he does, ask him to set it up a little further along. Also, use fire. Trolls don't like fire. I'm sure the beast did not engage you all the first time because he recognized your apparent ability."

**Daellin 130131** "I'll keep your suggestions in mind if we do run into the troll and his friends again. We will definitely suggest moving on to friendlier locales. Thank you for your help!" Taking leave of the sheriff Daellin moves on.

**GM130131** - After Daellin's visit to the Sheriff, he goes off to find the other members of the party, gauging their reactions to see if any would be interested in heading back to Thistletop to allow Leela to get some mapping done and possibly 'parlay' with the Troll again.

**Vexeron130131** - After his return to Sandpoint, Vexeron got right to work on the new magic items they had found.

**GM130131** - Vexeron examines the magical items discovered on their most recent foray. There is a ring bearing the Sihedron Rune as well as a jade amulet and the 30 magical burning candles.



After several hours of magical spellcraft, Vexeron determines that the ring is a Ring of Force with 10 charges, the amulet is an Amulet of Armor and at least the first of the candles is an Everburning Candle. He looks at the other 29 candles and considers whether or not he should take the time and energy to Analyze each and every one of them. He finally decides to analyze a few of them every night for the next week or so until they have all been checked, just in case any of them are special or different.

After deciding on this plan there was a knock on his door. "Come in." It was Daellin.

**Calina130203** - Walking casually down the street, [Calina](#) had a broad smile on her face. Today was a great day. This was the first time since she came to Sandpoint that she didn't feel

threatened by outside forces, assisting people or lending a hand to protect others. Calina was looking forward to the time to rest, relax and spend time with Paka and explore the woods near Amieko's estate. Her eyes twinkled as she wandered aimlessly through the streets of Sandpoint towards the estate. But first, this was her first real chance to explore the variety of shops and the intriguing wares offered by the local merchants.

Calina strolled through various shops, intrigued by the vast assortment of trinkets, junk and the occasional extravagant items. Eventually, she found herself near the docks at the edge of town. As she turned onto Rum Street intending to head towards the bridge across the river, she spied a small, intriguing shop. The colorful sign above the door pictured a coiled hissing serpent with large feathered wings spread eagled above its scaly body. The Feathered Serpent's display window exhibited a wide array of items.

Calina's eyes wandered over the bony skull of a goblin with jeweled eyes, a staff topped with a harpy's clawed foot clenched around a small crystal globe, a silver filigree chain festooned with claws and fangs from different animals and various other odd articles. Many of the items were either garish or slightly terrifying, but Calina felt drawn into the shop and stepped through the door.

Calina moved into the cluttered shop surrounded by floor-to-ceiling shelves and almost immediately the sights and odors that assailed her caused a dizzying light-headedness. Her hand touched her forehead slightly as she made an effort to clear her senses and a voice gently called out, "I am so happy you were able to visit today. I have the item you are searching for."

Calina looked up as a man stepped out from the shadow of a cluttered aisle nearby. He was an unusual looking man with long, bright red hair, clear blue eyes, and bronze colored skin. He rushed forward, clasped his hand around Calina's and smiled, speaking very quickly, "Hello! My name is [Vorashali Voon](#)... Voon to all my friends. Which is very convenient since everyone is my friend! Please call me Voon, and I know who you are! You are one of the heroes! I have heard so much about you, Calina."

Calina smiled back as she shook his hand. "I *am* with the group that helped the sheriff with a few things, but how did you know my name?"

Voon gently pulled Calina down the aisle towards the back of the shop, "In my business, I find it useful to know everyone, Calina, and very valuable to know what everyone desires. You, my friend, want THIS!"

Voon took a small item out of a box from a high shelf on the back wall and carefully holds it out to Calina. It is a gorgeous red bird figurine about 3 inches high and made from finely crafted blown glass. Small tendrils of orange, white and black glass swirl throughout the body of the bird, which is perched on a small branch that flows up from the square wooden mahogany base.

Calina takes the small statue in her hands and marvels at its beauty. "But, Master Voon, how are you so sure that I want this, let alone need it." And even as she utters the words, her heart tells her that this is exactly what she was looking for.

"Voon, dear lady. Call me Voon, and of course you need it, that is why you want it. You may not know *why* you need it now, but indeed, I am quite sure you will in time."

Calina looks at the shopkeepers eyes, and knows that he is right. She does need this bird, and she needs it as soon as possible.

"Then Mas .. I mean Voon. I will make this purchase if the price is within my means. How much?" Calina asked.

"My friend, you have exactly the right price. And before you go, let me show you one more thing. Turn the statue over ... see there, the key on the bottom of the base? When the key is wound, sweet music will play, but for the true owner's ears only."

"I see," stammered Calina, unsure what the strange man meant. And even though she never heard him say the exact price, Calina handed the man 2 gold pieces and is escorted out the door.

Once in the street Calina, shook her head and looked down at the delicate bird. What just happened? Did she really spend money for something she didn't want? Calina carefully turned the figurine over and wound the key on the base. She waited, but nothing happened.

Disappointed, she realized it must be broken. She turned to go back to the shop, but the window shutters were closed, and the closed sign hung on the door. "Oh well," she thought to herself, "I will come back later." She placed the figurine in her bag and hurried to meet her friends.

It wasn't very long before she saw her new friend Leela walking along the road nearby. "Leela!" called Calina. "Wait up!" As Calina approached the gnome, Leela's eye's sparkled and lit up. "I've been looking for you, Calina," the gnome exclaimed.

Calina smiled, "And I've been looking for you too," and pulled the bird figurine out of her bag, "Leela, I have a gift for you. I found this in a store and just had to get it for you. I'm sorry, though," she said, crestfallen, "I think part of it is broken ... but it's still beautiful."

The gnome shrieked with delight and held the bird in front of her little chubby face. "This is just what I wanted. And look it's a music box too." And before Calina could say anymore, Leela turned the little key on the bottom of the base and listened. "I've never heard anything so beautiful. Thank you! Thank you, Calina." Calina stood wide-eyed, watching the gnome swayed back and forth.

“Umm, I don’t ... Ok, You’re welcome. So, umm, why were you looking for me?” Calina asked confusedly, not hearing the music.

Leela smiled, pulled Calina down close and whispered in her ear, “I’m going back to Thistletop. I’m going to finish mapping before we go to Magnimar. I was hoping you’d come with me. Please, please, pretty please?”

Calina stood up and looked at Leela’s cheerful face. “Of course, I’ll go with you. I don’t have any plans.” She furrowed her eyebrows for a moment, “At least I don’t remember planning anything.” Calina nodded to the gnome, “I look forward to helping you with your work.”

**Daellin 130204** Daellin opens the door and gracefully steps into Vexerons chamber. Looking around the room he notices the cluttered table in front of the mage. Ring, amulet and a multitude of candles lie scattered about its well worn top. The remnants of spell components still sparkle with mystical energy to one attuned to them.

Daellin’s eyes widen slightly. “I see you have been busy. Can't say that I am surprised, nor disappointed either. My curiosity has been nagging at me ever since we found them. What have you learned so far?”

As Vexorn explains his findings Daellin studies each of the items. “Very interesting indeed,” Daellin begins. Speaking his thoughts aloud as much as asking the wizard Daellin inquires, “I wonder if one might find a small vessel to store a candle in. Might be useful to have a light source that won’t burn or shed heat.” Daellin’s mind drifts for a brief moment as he considers the possibilities.

“You have done excellent work identifying these items so quickly. But these trinkets are not the only reason why I have come to see you my friend. Leela and I have been discussing the option, rather the *necessity* of returning to Thistletop. We did promise Leela the opportunity to map the area and I feel we have failed to deliver our end of the agreement. To be honest I feel as if we have still a few loose ends to straighten out before we leave as well.”

Daellin pauses, scrutinizing the male wizards face. Human expressions could be to expressive at times he thinks. It always did make it a mess trying to sort out what they were thinking. Surely it is a metaphor on how they live their short lives. A wild jumble of emotions flashing from one extreme to another in brief spurts you might miss in the blink of an eye. With a mental sigh Daellin gives up on trying to predict what the mage might decide and asks him rather bluntly, “What do you think?”

**Vexeron 130204** - “I think it is an excellent idea!” With a look of extreme excitement on his face Vexeron started pacing back and forth thinking out loud. “Yes, yes we must go back, for the mapping yes that is important too. But there are all those books we left behind. Yes I’ll need a cart I think and of course that would mean a horse to pull it.” Vexeron stopped and looked at

Daellin with a look of concern on his face. "How much do you think that might cost old boy?" Then he started pacing again. "I'm sure I'll have enough."

When Daellin left Vexeron was still pacing but he definitely knew the wizard would be going on the trip.

**GM 130204** - Leela, Daellin, Calina and Vexeron have decided that they are going to head back to the ruins of Thistletop one last time to allow Leela to get her maps of the place. Daellin is also thinking he would like to try to drive the Troll and Kobolds out of the area before they post a threat to Sandpoint. Seeing as it is already fairly late in the day, the group agrees to leave at first light the next morning. That will give them time to gather some supplies seeing as this trip looks to take at least 2 days, they can choose to camp out at Thistletop or make the trek back and forth several times, though that route only increases the chances that someone is going to run afoul of the stinging nettles the Nettlewood is named after! Everyone decides that camping out at Thistletop is the better of the two choices, seeing as taking a horse and cart is going to take that much longer trying to find a good way through the overgrown forest.

It is easy enough to find a cart in Sandpoint that is offered up for the trip, the owner, a Radic, a friendly, older gentleman that works at the granary, is happy to let the group use his cart.

**Daellin 130205** While acquiring the supplies they'll need for the trip back to Thistletop, Daellin decides to pay a visit to [Maver Kes](#). He is hopeful that the Chelaxian jeweler will be able to give them some insight into the pouch of jade and the small engraved casket. At the very least selling the items would finance their travel costs. Walking through the doorway he looks around for the jeweler.

**GM 130204** - Kes greets Daellin and looks over the jade and the silver coffer. "Very nice workmanship, where did you come across it, if I may ask. It is old, very old, I would say. I will give you 300 silver for it. A fair price for a fair fellow. Now, as for the jade, let me take a look at these pieces. Quite a lot of jade you have." He looks over the jade carefully, gets some jeweler's tools out, measures them then looks back to Daellin. "They are all just under a half carat. Good looking pieces. I'll give you 1600 silver for the lot. These I will be able to trade with a merchant I know is coming into town from Magnimar in a few days. Do we have a deal?" He smiles at Daellin and the Elf smiles back.

Daellin tries to sort out whether he thinks this is a fair price for the objects, and then figures, regardless, they were worth nothing to him sitting in his backpack, a nearly 2000 silver would get them a long way on purchasing camping supplies and food for the trip back to Thistletop.

The weather was getting cold and something more than just a blanket would be needed to get through the night, and even then, Calina and Leela were the only 2 that regularly carried even that much. Fortunately, most of what needed to be purchased now would be usable by the group later on the trek to Magnimar, and even after that, if it was all kept in good order. The



group would need 4 sleeping furs, 2 blankets (for Daellin and Vexeron), at least 4 waterskins and, to be on the safe side, probably 30 meals of travelers rations, though Daellin could probably forage, at least for himself. They would also need to purchase 2-3 days worth of feed for whichever horse they took with them, 12 to 15 pounds of grain should cover it, at only 1 silver per pound. They would also need a lantern, if at least for those with poor night vision to find their way to relieve themselves.

#### **Overnight gear, estimated cost and weight**

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4 sleeping Furs.	200\$, 32lbs
2 Blankets.	40\$, 8lbs
4 waterskins.	40\$, 33lbs
Travel rations, 30 meals.	60\$, 15lbs
Horse feed.	15\$, 15lbs
Lantern.	20\$, 2lbs
1 pint of lantern oil.	2\$, 1lb

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**Total Cost and Weight: 337\$, 106lbs**

While Leela, Daellin, Calina and Vexeron prepare for their journey back to Thistletop, the other four, Ehlyna, [Kallin](#), [Samad](#) and [Ellie](#), all occupy their time with other endeavors.

**Daellin 130205** Daellin accepts Kesks valuation of their goods. Taking the proffered coins he thanks the human for his assistance. Realizing that they will need the coins to outfit themselves for the upcoming trip.

With his small sack of coins he takes leave of the jeweler and heads for the outfitters. Doing his best to anticipate the groups needs he acquires a few basic necessities. He tries to plan for the trip back to Thistletop and the upcoming trip to Magnamar.

Daellin makes arrangements with Calina, Vexeron and Leela to meet at sunrise on the following morning.

**Calina130210** - Calina smiles at Daellin as he shows off his purchases for the trip. She doesn't have the heart to tell him that she still had left-over group provisions after serving as wilderness guide many weeks ago, her last job before heading to Sandpoint. She plans to load them on the cart out of his sight." Never hurts to be too prepared", she thinks to herself.

**Ehlyna 130215** - Strolling about the estate, Ehlyna notes activity near the stables. Peering around, she sees some of her companions with a cart. And supplies. And they look to be leaving.



“Ho the cart!” Ehlyna yells, thinking the lot of them are preparing for a journey. *Odd that, if we were planning on leaving for Magnimar then they would have said something to me I would think.* Paranoid the elf and gnome were pushing her out of the group, she begins to scowl.

“Oh, um, hi Ehlyna,” the gnome, Leela, says with an odd look to her face. She then looks to the elf.

“Dwarf. What brings you this way?”

“You could hear the commotion of your departure from halfway to town. Headed out?”

Calina jumps in, “Oh, Ehlyna! We are headed back to Thistletop so as Leela can map out the area. We did tell her that she would be able to map the areas we went. Did you...” she left it hanging. Vexeron interjected at the silence.

“Yes, yes! Quite right! Off back to the ruins we are! Perhaps you should like to accompany us on this endeavour?”

Spying the looks Daellin and Leela were exchanging, which looked to be one of resignation, Ehlyna shakes her head. “Not today, Vex. Me thinks I shall continue preparations for departure. Have any of you a list of what else we need to leave? I should like to be off with minimal delays. Aside from the sheriff finding more things he could be doing that he will ‘let’ us do, we have imposed on Ameiko for too long.”

Calina smiles. “I have prepared such a list. Let me make a few slight changes.” Crossing off a few things, changing a number here and there, Calina hands the parchment to Ehlyna.

Scanning the list, Ehlyna thinks, *Nothing here surprising. Should be able to haggle this down some, save should I have to run into that Elf in the alchemy shop. Shrewd that one.* “I will acquire what is on the list, Calina. When will you return?”

Daellin and Leela continue to stow away things in the cart, whispering between themselves. *How did they get so chummy so fast? Must be the shared interest of Dwarf Bashing. I just know they are saying disparaging things about me.* Breaking Ehlyna’s train of thought, Vexeron exuberantly says, “Why just a night or two! We depart in the morning and will return as soon as possible!”

“May you find the trip satisfying.” Ehlyna nods to them, attempting a smile. Unfortunately, by the look on their faces, they must have taken it for a grinning scowl.

**GM 130205** - The next morning, **Fireday, 14th of Lamashan**, the four adventurers head back out to Thistletop. The morning is cold and wet, fog hangs heavy in the air. Using **Zursat’s** old horse to pull the cart of gear, the group hits the Lost Coast Road on foot, heading north and east, for

what seems like the hundredth time. There are no travelers on the road, but a light rain overnight has made the road muddy and a little more difficult to travel. The walk to the Thistle River is just about 6 miles. From that point, the plan was to trek inland, following the Goblin trails the group had followed before but realizing that the horse and cart would not be able to navigate the narrow and overgrown trails. Daellin and Calina both scout out and search for a better, wider path to bring the cart and horse through.

After some time, a suitable path is found and the scouts lead the way through the woods. The mile long trip through the woods takes about 2 hours, nearly as long as 6 miles along the road. Daellin and Calina expertly lead the group through the forest and manages to avoid any pitfalls and more importantly, they avoid any patches of the stinging nettles that are so uncomfortable.

Eventually, the group comes clear of the thick forest and sees the rickety, swinging bridge that leads out to the now abandoned, or at least partially abandoned fort that used to be the home of the Thistletop Goblins. Scanning the structure from the high bluffs, Daellin does not see any signs of movement, though he can see the hole in the roof where the Troll ripped his way through the previous day. The front doors of the fort are opened, like they were when the party left the day before.

**Daellin 130205** Hobbling the horse and cart the brave adventurers set out across the bridge. With Leela (the lightest) in front followed by Daellin and Vexeron. Callina provides cover as the rest secure the far side. Once safely across they slowly advance on the structure. Daellin pulls forth his sword and takes point. Leela puts aside her parchment for a moment and draws her starknives. Callina draws arrow to bow and focus' on the open doorway. Daellin hears Vexeron muttering the beginnings of a spell under his breath.

Entering the stockade the party spreads out into the great room beyond. A few quick steps bring them to the room where they last encountered the troll. Intently watching the gaping doorway Daellin pauses. "Greetings! Is anyone home?" Daellin waits for a response.

**GM 130205** - Daellin's call gets no reply.

**Calina130210** - Calina looks around at the others quizzically and shrugs.

**Leela 130206** - Sighing and hoping the dirty troll and kobolds have moved on, Leela also calls out "HeIIIIooooo, anyone around?"

**GM 130206** - Silence mocks her by doing what it does best. It remains silent.

**Daellin 130206** Daellin spares a quick glance away from the entrance to the troll lair. "What do you think Leela? Shall we charge in? Or risk them sneaking up on us later on?"

**Calina130210** - You can charge in if you'd like, but I recommend the careful approach, ok?

**GM 130207** - Carefully, the small group of adventurers enters the Goblin's former fort. The quiet is broken by several birds who suddenly take flight and flap their way out of the open front door, cawing as they go. Paka, still outside, makes a lunging leap at one of them, but only finds a paw full of air as the birds nimbly evade his attack.

The hallway that the Troll and Kobolds had taken up residence is off to the left, and the double doors to that area is open. Peering in shows it to be empty. There is evidence that they had been there, but they were gone now. No bedrolls or sleeping furs just some partially eaten animal parts, trash left over from the Goblins remaining food stores and some Kobold droppings. A quick search of adjacent rooms did not turn up any sign of them either.

Sticking together and at the ready, the group made a quick search of the ground floor of the compound and again found no sign of the most recent occupants, though they did discover one very interesting thing. At the back of the compound, just off a hallway leading to the back set of stairs to the lower level, was what must have acted as the privy. It was nothing more than a stinking, dirty hole in the floor with evidence of Goblin's poor aim all around. The room had been discovered the first time this area of the compound had been explored, but no one had wanted to give it more than a cursory glance. It turns out the privy had another function as well, to hide a secret chamber behind it. The back wall of the privy has been pushed back, revealing a small space, no bigger than a yard and an half square. Laying on the floor of this space is a ripped and torn womens evening gown and a handful of copper and a few silver coins, all laying atop a dark smear of dark blood on the floor. The blood is not fresh, but it is not that old either, more than likely no more than a day old.

**Daellin 130207** Daellin feels his curiosity rise up and threaten to overwhelm his good sense. "What was hidden here? Was the blood from someone hiding in the room or a squabble between the kobolds over the spoils? How did they even manage to find the room in the first place?" Daellin mutters half aloud. Daellin knows he has the ability to track the troll and his party and he's confident they could intercept them easily. What to do after that is a bit more problematic. He's also acutely aware that the whole reason for this expedition was to satisfy their obligation to Leela by giving her an opportunity to map the area. Feeling conflicted he approaches Leela and asks her opinion.

**Vexeron 130207** - Looks in the blood an around the door for human foot prints.

**GM 130207** - Vexeron examines the 'crime scene' and cannot make out any Human footprints, though there are many smears and splotches around the edges of the spot as well as in the privy area, though his lack of true tracking skill prevents him from being able to decipher their origins.

**Leela 130207** - Leela walks over and picks up the coins examining them. She then picks up the gown and thinks out loud, "Wow I bet this was pretty before it got torn up". She calls Callina over

and shows her. "Callina, why would there be a woman's gown in here? Seems weird doesn't it?" Hearing Daellin say her name, Leela hands the gown to Callina and walks over to Daellin. After hearing Daellin's dilemma about following the troll and kobolds, she reminds him that we were going to "encourage" them to leave anyway and it looks like they already did. So why going looking for them?"

**Calina130210** - Calina stares down at the bloodied gown draped over her arms. She'd never worn a dress before, let alone hold one in her arms. She wasn't quite sure what to make of it, and even further yet, what to do with it now that she's holding it. "Um," she says to Leela, not realizing the gnome was no longer nearby. "I guess it's pretty ... or was pretty ... I'm not sure though, I'm not an expert, really."

**Vexeron 130207** - "If the owner of that dress is still alive I think we awt look for her! Can any of you chaps make out the ladies tracks?"

**Leela 130208** - Leela searches around the room for any possible footprints. Luckily her natural glow helps illuminate the darker areas.

**GM 130208** - Leela is able to pick out several good footprints. They are most decidedly not human though. She sees a few bloody Kobold footprints in the blood in the secret compartment, privy and hallway. There are no Troll footprints to be seen, though it is quite possible that both the privy and secret chamber would have been too small for the Troll to comfortably enter.

Daellin and Calina confirm Leela's findings about the tracks.

**Vexeron 130207** - "Can you tell how old they are?" Vexeron asks the others.

**Leela 130208** - Leela sighs. "I guess we should go see where those footprints lead. I'd rather not have to deal with that troll and disgusting kobolds, but there might be someone in trouble. Especially since there is somewhat fresh blood and a torn woman's dress. I would feel bad if we didn't at least check it out. What do you guys think?"

**GM 130208** - The dried pool of blood on the floor in the secret chamber is thought to be less than a day old, so the footprints in and around the blood cannot be any older than that. The bloody footprints are visible in the secret chamber, the privy and in the hallway leading back to the front of the compound. The stone floor does not extend past the near hallway as the rest of the front areas of the fort have only dirt floors, and those areas have been trampled over too many times to be able to get any good tracks from. The tracks simply do not lead anywhere and it would take considerable time and effort to search for the tracks elsewhere.

**Vexeron 130208** - "Terrible shame that. Well if we can't track them down, we best get on with our own mission." Receiving no objection from his companions, he and the rest of the party continue exploring.

**Daellin 130208** - Feeling more than a bit distraught that some evil has gone unanswered he reluctantly assists Leela in mapping the compound. Before long the craft of surveying and mapping distracts him from his worries. Leela is obviously a talented cartographer and Daellin soon finds himself totally immersed in recreating the compound on paper.

**GM 130208** - Over the course of the next several hours, the group moves through the upper level of Thistletop. Leela spends some time in each room, carefully marking and plotting the rooms and corridors. In the end, she had produced a nicely drawn map of the above ground level.



(Leela's map was UN-numbered though, if anyone wants to know what the rooms were, I can tell you based on the number!)

With many hours still left in the day, Leela is ready to begin exploring the first lower level. Vexeron is interested in getting started going through some of the artifacts, tomes and other archeological stuff that was discovered in that area. It will no doubt take some time and effort. "Do you think, chaps, that we could bring the horse and cart over here? Otherwise, its going to take days to cart all of this stuff out of here," the wizard states. "And what is the plan for security while Leela and I are on the lower levels doing our research?"

**Daellin 130208** - "Our best bet would be to split up. Callina and I can play bodyguard for you

two in order to wrap things up a bit faster.” Daellin can’t help but grin. He continues, “There has to be a way to get the horse and cart across. Perhaps if we took a bit more to check out the bridge we can figure a way to get them both over.”

**GM 130208** - Daellin heads back outside as the other 3 head below to start their work. Leela and Calina head down the front set of stairs to start mapping while Vexeron heads down the back stairs to start sifting through all the ancient stuff. Daellin gets to the bridge and starts checking it out, thinking there has to be some way to get the horse and cart across.

On this side, the bridge is affixed to two heavy posts driven into small cracks in the stony ground. The thick, hairy ropes are knotted and tied off in various different ways. Daellin sees that some of the ropes can be tied and untied. As he examines the knot configuration, he quickly realizes that the bridge has been purposefully tied in a way to only support a minimal amount of weight and that if they were tied off in a different fashion, the bridge should be able to support a much heavier load.

**Daellin 130208** - Relieved that at least one mystery has been solved Daellin quickly gets to work resetting the rope guides. Getting the horse and cart across would be a big help. He’s not particularly fond of running Vexeron’s library of ancient tomes across one armload at a time.

As Daellin begins rearranging the tied off ropes, he realizes just a moment too late that he must have untied a wrong knot as the bridge support rope he is holding suddenly rips from his grip and the entire bridge falls, swinging down and crashing into the side of the bluff on the forest side.

Daellin calls back over his shoulder to the rest of the group, “We don’t have to worry about anyone sneaking up on us now everyone!” Realizing that no one has heard him and even better, no one actually saw what happened. Daellin wonders if he could get away with some tall tale about how the troll and kobolds returned and how he bravely fought them off only to have the mischievous kobolds slash the bridge letting it plummet to the surf below. Unfortunately for Daellin’s ego he’s too honest to mislead his companions. Already fearing what the Dwarf will say when she hears about this his shoulders sag. An observer might even say his ears drooped a little bit.

**GM 130208** - Looking down into the gulf between the island and the mainland, Daellin sees the surf crashing on a very narrow beach line some 80 feet below. As he looks, he sees a dark, sleek shape cutting swiftly through the water. The sea creature, bearing the shape of a seal, but nearly 10 feet long, briefly crests then dives back into the surf, disappearing.

**Daellin 130208** - Sighing heavily he begins to cast a spell. With a few gestures and few elvish phrases thrown in for good measure he completes the spell. Leaping into the air he gracefully flies across the chasm to land near their cart. Once safely by the cart he begins to cast another spell. The cart quivers and then lurches up into the air. Methodically it floats over the chasm. Daellin follows, guiding it effortlessly. He takes it into the compound slowly navigating around



corners to finally land at the top of the stairs.

**GM 130208** - Meanwhile, down on the 2nd level, Vexeron settles himself into looking at some of the more interesting things in the staging area they first discovered on the lower level. A large wooden work table sits in the middle of this room, its surface cluttered with scrolls, books, stone tablets covered with dense, spiky runes, and fragments of carvings that appear to have been chipped off of statues or bas-reliefs. To the north, a floor-to-ceiling set of wooden shelves sags with picks, shovels, brushes, lanterns, and other equipment one might expect to see at an archaeological site.

**Vexeron 130208** - Vexeron starts to load the contents of the table then stops to look at one of the scrolls. Disappointed he loads it with the rest of the table contents. "Well every rolled up piece of paper doesn't have to be a bloody spell. But why would someone put instructions for securing a rope bridge on such a nice piece of paper?"

**GM 130208** - Vexeron notes that quite a bit of the scrolls and books he is packing up are written in what appears to be ancient Thassilonian, though none of the texts appear to be old at all, which is strange, since the Thassilonian Empire supposedly fell some 10,000 years ago. Most of the other documents appear to be written in Chelish and refer to Thassalonian ruins and legends. Clearly whomever this belonged to was quite interested in old Thassilon.

**Daellin 130208** - Daellin makes his way down to where the mage has sorted books to take topside. Vexeron notices that the elf is strangely subdued and withdrawn. With nary a word he begins transporting the stacks up to the cart.

**Vexeron 130208** - "See here Daellin I've found quite a few documents written in old Thassalonian. Have you ever see anything like this. I can't translate it myself. I only know it's Thassalonian because of the queer lettering."

**Daellin 130208** - Daellin nods in agreement with Vexeron. "It does appear to be Thassalonian. Unfortunately I have no working knowledge of that language. I do believe that Bordert could translate though if we can get these back to him."

**Vexeron 130208** - "Jolly good! Here I'll take these heavy ones if you could just grab that light bag and we'll take them over the bridge to the cart. You look a little winded. Did the horse get loose and need chasing down?"

**Daellin 130208** - "No need to go after the cart I've brought it right to the top of the stairs. Much more convenient that way. Didn't really see the need to bring the horse over just to take it right back across, she doesn't really like *flying* anyways."

**Vexeron 130208** - "*Good show old bean!* That'll cut the the hauling time down a bit." Vexeron stopped with a puzzled look on his face. "Did you say *flying* old boy? Why should that worry the



old girl?"

**Daellin 130208** - "Well the good news is I had an opportunity to work on a few of my spells."

**Vexeron 130208** - "Yes yes always a good thing."

**Daellin 130208** - "The bridge didn't quite go as well as I had hoped. There was a bit of an engineering miscalculation. They definitely won't be anyone sneaking up on us by that route. Flying? Flying across the chasm of course. Wouldn't really expect the horse to leap all the way across there. But no worries. Its not like we will be trapped on here forever you know. Or at least not *all* of us anyways." Daellin continues packing the assorted items into the cart.

**Vexeron 130208** - "So ... I'm clear on this ... I take it you did something to the bridge so no one would sneak up on us but, you forgot to bring the horse and cart over first. So you had to fly the cart over. Is that about it old man?" Vexeron pulled his pipe out and lit it. He gave Daellin a look while waiting for his answer.

**Daellin 130208** - "The bridge falling was definitely an unexpected benefit. I believe you humans have a phrase, 'The Silver Lining' that would be appropriate here. The whole situation arises from the unusual engineering behind that bridge. In fact I do believe that if a stronger elven rope was used this whole mess probably could have been avoided altogether. I do however have a plan to get us all safely across the chasm when we are ready to leave." Daellin grins at Vexeron.

**Vexeron 130208** - "A plan?" There was a moment of uneasy silence. " Well that's good enough for me. Let get to that library." Vexeron smiled back then headed back down the stairs.

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**Leela 130209** - After drawing such a great first map, Leela grins as she works on her 2nd. She's quite pleased with how it turned out. As they explore this level, Leela is curious about Callina so she sweetly asks her to talk about her background. Leela thinks to herself as Callina starts telling her story, "I really should know more about the lady who gave me such a wonderful music box." The chatty duo then moves on to the next room.

**Calina130210** - At first Calina was very uncomfortable talking about herself in such a personal fashion, but she soon warmed up to the affable Leela. She told of her early life with her nomadic family of Grove Tenders and how her uncle raised her following the deaths of the rest of the family. She spoke about learning herbal and healing skills from her uncle, along with beginning archery skills. She briefly mentioned that her bow skills were enhanced later by another teacher. "The last few years, I have worked as a guide to various groups of pilgrims or merchants who needed my services in order to travel through the wilderness safely. It allows me to help those who need it and I can spend most of my time in the woods while doing it," Calina smiled at the gnome as she realized that she is doing most of the talking, something slightly out of character for Calina. Suddenly a noise caught her attention. She abruptly stopped and put up her hand,

indicating quiet. She heard something in the corridor just ahead of where they were standing.

**GM 130210** - Leela sets down her cartography gear and pulls a Starknife from her belt, holding it at the ready as Calina aims her bow toward the corner of the hallway. Leela and Calina were in the portion of the 2nd level of the dungeon where the strange tentacle creature had been encountered. This part of the compound was more natural caverns and rough carved caves. A slight scratching and rustling sound could be heard again up ahead, then it stopped.

**Leela 130210** - Even though Leela is a curious gnome, she's not stupid. She whispers to Callina that maybe they need to back up and go in search of Daellin and Vexeron before they proceed any farther.

**Calina130211** - "Maybe nothing," Calina whispers back, "But it will only take a moment to sneak forward a bit. Wouldn't want to be accused of being frightened a mouse, right?" With her bow ready, Calina carefully sneaks towards the area of the sound.

**GM 130211** - As Calina slinks forward, quietly and cautiously, keeping her nocked arrow pointing ahead, the source of the sound presents itself, leaping forward out of the shadows cast by Leela's glowing presence. Forelimbs outstretched, claws protruding, a small, raggedy looking cat bounds forward with a shrill shriek. Calina leans back toward the wall as the dirty white and orange spotted feline skitters past. Leela lets out a 'ooh' as the cat rushes past her as well. Paka, on the other hand, who was lounging in the previous chamber, pays it no mind as it leaps over him and disappears off into the darkness of the adjacent chambers.

Calina and Leela both let out a sigh of relief as the cat runs past, happy that it was not another one of the dangerous tentacle creatures they had encountered near this area before. The smell of cat urine now reaches Calina's nose, being pushed into this area from beyond by the several small cliffside openings that line the next cavern.

**Leela 130211** - Leela and Callina decide to continue on their way down the hall to the next chamber. Leela has no intention of telling Daellin and Vexeron that she got scared of a little cat. But hey who can blame a little gnome for being a little jittery.

**Calina130210** - Calina lets out a huge sigh of relief, then wrinkles her nose at the ammonia smell of the cat urine. "At least it was something small and not vicious. It was probably just as scared as we were," Calina laughs quietly. She turns to Leela and asks, "How much more is left to map on this level? We should probably check in with the others soon."

**Leela 130211** - Leela turns to Callina and laughs. "How would I know how much is left to map. You guys are the ones who have explored all of this before. How much do you think is left? And I agree about the urine smell although it smells better than a kobold."

**Calina130210** - "I don't remember how exactly how much is down here. I was too busy shooting

at things last time I was here! I've been following you. I know which way is out, and I can tell you which way is north." Calina scratches her head and tries to remember all the places the group explored. "I guess once we hit a dead end, then we are done! Unless something finds us first and we have to fight. We seem to be good at fighting our way out of places." Calina laughs at her own feeble attempt to make a joke.

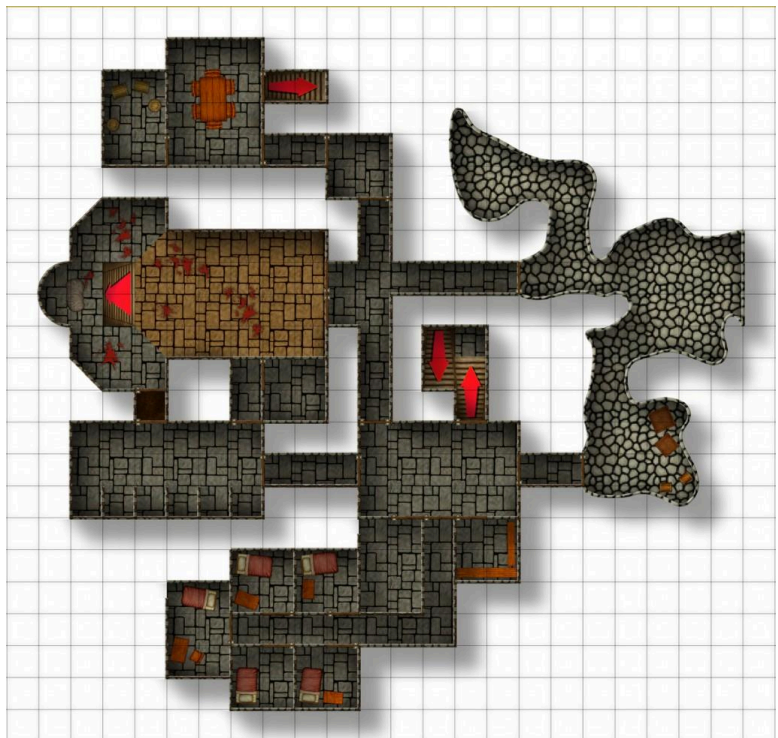
**Leela 130212** - Leela and Callina head into the last room on this level and start finishing up the map. While Leela maps, Callina looks around the room. Almost finished drawing, Leela looks up at Callina, "I wonder what Daellin and Vexeron are up to. We haven't heard or seen them in awhile. Maybe they are having a picnic on the other side of the bridge." Leela giggles as she pictures the 2 of them on a picnic. Callina stares at Leela, puzzled at her laughter.

**GM 130216** - Leela and Calina manage to finish their mapping of this level, Calina cringing at the sight of the dead tentacle creature that was still laying where it had fallen, though much eaten and scavenged upon by birds and other small creatures that have entered the ruins through the several cliffside openings in that chamber.

Leela finds a nice spot with some flat flooring to finish up the details on her map and then shows it to Calina.

"What do you think? Does this look good?" the Gnome asks, her natural illumination lighting up the map and surrounding chamber.

Calina marvels at the Gnomes cartography skills. "Why yes, this looks very good, Leela. A fine map of a not so fine place." Calina shudders again, seeing the structure all at once and being reminded of all the different horrors they had encountered there: the Goblin performing a sacrifice on the crows Kallin now called companions, the demonic flying dogs that attacked them in that same room, the ambush by Tsuto, the Bugbear and more Goblins, the first encounter with the dark skinned sorceress, and then the room filled with Goblin babies in their little wooden cages....



**Calina130216** - In spite of Calina's arguments, she had been overruled and the goblins were slaughtered. She also remembered the rabbits released by the companions. She hoped they found shelter, food and carried out their productive lives as rabbits will. Though she hadn't seen

any rabbits on their return trips ... she pushed that thought out of her mind.

**GM 130216** -She shook her head and got her thoughts back to finding her companions and making a camp for the night. There was still one more level to map and the it was far too late to to begin that this day.

**Calina130216** - "Leela, your ability to draw maps is fantastic, almost magical. You are very talented!" Calina declared. She handed the map back to Leela and pointed towards darkening opening of the nearby cave. "I agree that we need to head back to the surface and find Vexeron and Daellin. It is getting late ... far too late for a picnic, I'm sure." Calina shook her head, remembering the gnomes earlier laughter, "Though why they would come here for a picnic is puzzling."

As Calina and Leela wound their way back through the corridors to the top level, her stomach growled. "It won't be a picnic but dinner over a campfire will make my stomach happy."

**GM 130216** - Up above, Vexeron and Daellin were just finishing up putting the last things from the research room into the cart. Vexeron made sure to leave room for the remaining artifacts that were scattered about in several rooms on the lowest level of the ruin. As Vexeron finished packing, Daellin began thinking about plans to camp for the evening. He felt confident that they were fairly safe in the fort now, with the rope bridge cut, though he did worry about the horse trapped on the other side near the Goblin's thistle maze. He would go check on her and try to find her a safer place to wait for them in a little while, now his thoughts turned to where to make their encampment here this evening.

The open courtyard was a possibility, as were any of the many rooms on the ground floor of the compound, or camping in one of the two towers might not be a bad idea either.

**Calina130216** - Calina and Leela arrived on the surface and searched the compound for Daellin and Vexeron. They quickly noticed the cart and other items sitting near the ledge. Something didn't seem right and Calina slowly walked over to check it out. First thing she noticed was that the horse was nowhere around. The second thing was that the bridge was no longer swinging between the two cliff edges. She quickly drew an arrow and readied her bow. She motioned for Leela to hide. Calina crouched next to the cart and looked around. "What is it?" Leela whispered.

"Yeah, Calina, what is it?" chimed in Daellin as he crossed the open field near the cart.

"I say, can anyone join this party?" Vexeron smiled as he waved to his friends.

Calina slowly stood, puzzled at their lack of caution. "Either of you have an explanation for the missing bridge? Where you attacked while we were in the lower levels?"

"Oh, that ..." Vexeron started, "We, uh, I mean he ..." Vexeron pointed at Daellin.

Daellin pointed at the non-existent bridge, "The bridge? Not too worry. Minor inconvenience." Daellin proceeded to explain the day's events, with Vexeron adding bit and pieces.

"Let me get this straight," Leela interrupted. "You lost the bridge .. dropped it actually; flew the cart over here ... without the horse ... and plan to do what? Fly us and the cart back over the chasm??" Leela stomped with emphasis. She whirled around towards Calina, " Don't know about you, but I'm not planning on dying in a flying cart, not today, tomorrow or ever!"

Calina stared at Leela for a moment then walked up to Daellin, looking him in the eyes. "I wouldn't worry Leela. I don't think Daellin will survive the attempt to fly Paka across." Calina rubbed the big cat's head as he padded up to Calina's side.

"Time to start dinner. Everyone hungry?" Calina said as she started to walk back to the goblin fort. She stopped and turned to Daellin asking, "With all this flying you plan to do, do you think you could fly the loose end of the bridge back up here. I'm sure Vexeron would be happy to help you tie it back up."

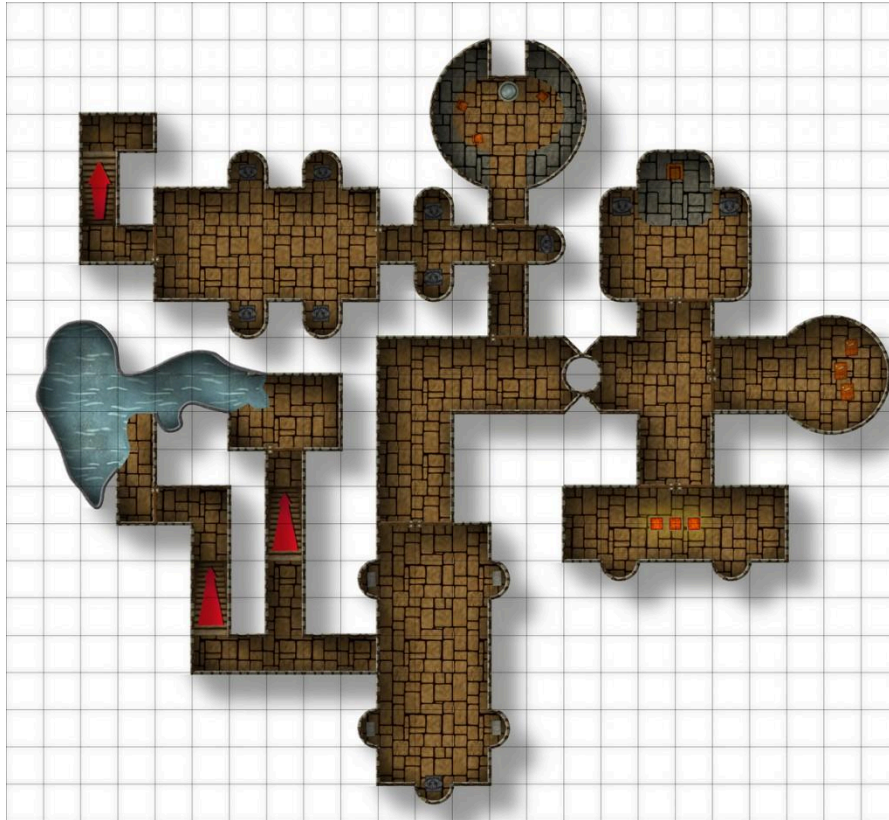
**GM 130216** - A little later on, after camp has been set...

**Leela 130216** - Leela is so ready to finally relax after a long day of exploring and mapping. Just as she was about to ask who was going to start the fire, Vexeron waves his hands around and spoke the words "Gahyvee Feetahy" and the wood bursts into flame. Leela claps in amazement. "Wow Vex, that was exceptional!" Vexeron grins, "It was nothing."

Leela sets about to make a tasty meal for the group. Once its finished she calls everyone over. As the group enjoys their hot morsels, they discuss the days adventures. Finished eating, the companions all relax around the fire. Leela starts humming a tune. She then breaks into song...then back to humming...then back to song. After the 3rd song, Vexeron cries out, "Leela, why do you sing that way?" Leela just looks at him puzzled, "What way?"

**GM 130219** - The next day, Starday, 15th of [Lamashan](#), goes by quite quickly. The third level is explored and mapped again, special care is given to avoid the remaining Shadow creatures that continue to lurk in the long hallway and just a cursory expedition is mounted into the partially submerged chamber housing the giant hermit crab, though it does not come out of the water when they enter the room this time. Leela and Calina manage to get the rest of the area mapped while Vexeron and Daellin carry out the remaining relics, tomes and other objects that catch Vexeron's fancy. Daellin continues to wonder how he is going to levitate the heavy cart back across to the other side. Maybe Calina is onto something when she mentioned trying to re-attach the bridge.





**Vexeron 130221** - The four companions stood at the edge of the cliff looking at the rope bridge hanging from the cliff on the other side from them. "So what's your plan Daellin?" Vexeron asked as he puffed away on his pipe. A grin came across Daellin's face as he spoke "I will cast a spell of flight on you and you can fly over to the bridge and apportate it back here. The rest of us will grab it and tie it back in place." Leela looked at Daellin with a puzzled look on her face. "Why don't you go fly over there and do it yourself? Like you did with the cart." Calina said nothing but folded her arms and looked at him waiting for his answer. Daellin seemed to be struggling to find an answer. Vexeron chimed in with "You see ladies magical forces can be a fickle lot. While the cart is a free standing object, the bridge is still attached to the ground. This attachment forms a reflexive bond. Because of this it will require both of us to raise the bridge up. instead of one." Calina and Leela looked a little confused but satisfied with Vexeron's explanation. Of course Vexeron knew why he had to do the apportation. Daellin couldn't apportate something that big and he could. But Daellin would never admit it. Vexeron pulled a scroll of paper from his pocket and handed it to Calina "Here. I found that bit inside. It will show how to tie the bridge up proper to hold all our weight and that of the horse. You three study it over for a bit and then we'll give it a go." After about thirty minutes they were ready. While Leela and Calina stood at the ready, Daellin cast his spell on Vexeron. Vexeron was a little taken back by the sensation of flight at first but he is soon flying to the loose end of the bridge. The wizard places one of the loose ends in his hand and speaks the words "Potatee" and slowly the bridge and Vexeron floated over to the other side. As he reached the other side Daellin grabbed the other side of the rope bridge while Vexeron kept hold of his. Calina and Leela worked to tie up the bridge. In a

few minutes they were done. When the men let go the bridge stayed in place. "Well it looks good but will it hold any more weight than it did before" said Leela with a tone of doubt in her voice. Again Calina stood with her arms crossed but was not silent this time. "You two thought this scheme up you should go first." "So theres nothing more for it old boy" said Vexeron "I have no doubts. Lets go." replied Daelin. With that they both stepped onto the bridge and fell on their faces as the knots holding the rope slipped. Just as soon as they slipped the knots tightened up. As they got up they looked back to see the women smiling. Leela looked at the instructions. "Didn't you read this all the way through? To finish securing the knots a weigh needs to be applied to the bridge. It says there maybe some slippage." She said the last part with a rather pleasant smile. Soon the the four of them were on there way back to Sandpoint to see what the other half of their group has been doing while they have been gone.

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**GM 130216** - Meanwhile, back in town, earlier that morning...

**Ehlyna 130215** - Waking feeling refreshed, Ehlyna searches the grounds for Ameiko. Not liking to leave a debt or an enemy trailing her backside, E really wants to do something for her. Not finding her, Ehlyna tracks down a servant and inquires about the mistress of the house. *I should have known, she is tending to her inn.*

Finding Ameiko scrubbing down the bar, smiling and humming to herself, Ehlyna asks her if there is something she could do for her before she left her company. "I hear you have a list of purchases for you and your companions. Perhaps you could pick up these trifles while you are out shopping for your trip."

"I would be most welcome to help you. It is the least I can do for you."

Handing E the list, she says "Everything has been paid for, so just let them know you are picking these up for me."

*This will be a better part of the day, between the 2 lists.* Nodding, "Easy enough. See you when I return."

**GM 130216** - Ehlyna spends the day going from one merchant to another, gathering supplies for Ameiko and for the group's trip to Magnimar. As much as she hated to admit it, the Elf had done a good job procuring some basic traveling needs for the group, though some more things still needed to be purchased. Each member traveling would need sleeping arrangements and tents. The weather this time of year in northern Varisia could be unpredictable and cold. And then there was the matter of food.

<p><b>More needed traveling supplies for 3 days on the road to Magnimar</b></p> <hr/>
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<p>4 Sleeping Furs. 400\$, 32lbs.</p>
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4 blankets. 80\$, 16lbs  
2 four person tents (one for the boys, one for the girls). 300\$, 60lbs  
4 6'-poles (for the tents). 20\$, 12lbs  
100 meals of travelers rations (8 people by 3 days plus some extra). 200\$, 50lbs  
4 waterskins. 40\$, 33lbs  
Horse feed (1lb per day by 6 horses plus some extra) 25\$, 25lbs  
total for this part: 1065\$ and 228lbs

-the possibility was discussed of purchasing a mule to help carry supplies as well as the possibility of purchasing a cart or wagon for the trip.

Currently the group has access to 1 war horse (Calinas) 5 riding horses and 2 ponies. Vexeron has been riding Zursat's old mount and Samad could ride Calina's 2nd horse, so Leela would need a pony or need to double up with someone (Calina) if the group wanted to ride.

If the group has to ride like this WITH all the gear, the daily distance covered will end up being the same (or worse) than actually walking due to weight of supplies and riders!

**GM 130219** - Ehlyna spends most of her day purchasing supplies and picking up packages for Ameiko, by the end of the day, she is exhausted and sits herself down at the Rusty Dragon to have a pint or 3 of ale. After drinking a few, she becomes aware of a group of strangers at a nearby table looking in her general direction, possibly talking about her. She turns to give them a fearsome glare and quickly notices they are decked out in the garb of sailors. One of them cocks his head to the side when he sees Ehlyna, a look of confused recognition flitting across his face.

**Ehlyna 130221** - Returning her mug to the bar, Ameiko smiles and takes it from her. "Care for another?"

Slightly looking behind her, Ehlyna shakes her head, "No, I will be going. Mind if I leave out the back? And if you don't mind, may I leave our supplies here? I feel an urgent need for rest."

"By all means, Ehlyna. And thank you for picking up my supplies as well. You all will be leaving soon?"

"Yes, perhaps tomorrow, perhaps the next. It depends on if those four come back from their trip. I am not sure how long we will wait on them before either going to look for them or leaving them to their fates."

"I am sure they will return, and with another good story!"

Checking behind her again, Ehlyna nods and bids Ameiko farewell. Leaving out the kitchen, she heads down the alley for a bit and takes a position where she can watch the back door for a bit.

Assured she is not being followed, Ehlyna heads to the estate for some much needed rest.

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**GM 130221** - While Ehlyna spent the day shopping and running errands, Kallin had a very different sort of day...

**Kallin 130221** - Kallin wakes up the next morning happy in the fact that the party recovered Ehlyna's ax. He bounds down the stair of Ameiko's mansion ready to greet his fellow party members and catch a quick breakfast of grains and fruit. As he wanders the house, he notices that no one else is about. He says "good morning" to the staff but they apprehensively turn away and go about their business. He finds a container of granola and some apples. He quickly finds some type of milk to pour on his granola. He slowly eats his breakfast in the kitchen hoping to find a least one party member to say "good morning" but no one shows. Did he really sleep that late?

Disappointed, he goes into the woods and finds a nice clearing to do his meditation with his goddess. The time spent with his goddess is always calming. He is starting to feel more closeness with her with each time he meditates. He sees his power growing as more of her care shows him more paths to his journey. After a few hours of meditation, he feels great. He decides to go off into town. He says to himself, "I spent enough time with the dead. Today is a day for the living." With that he walks into town.

After spending some time walking the streets of Sandpoint, and saying "Hello" to reluctant citizens, Kallin finds a building that seems to be a hive of activity. As he approaches the door, he sees a sign that says "Fatman's Feedbag." On the sign is a rotund human in an apron smiling as he carries food and drink. Kallin thinks this place looks like fun so he walks in. The tavern is alive with a rowdy behavior. There are some sailors in the corner playing some kind of game. Some lavishly ornamented female giggling as sits on a man's lap. Everyone seems to be laughing, talking, and having a great time. Kallin is very glad to have walked in here. He sees a rotund man in an apron behind the bar which looks the duplicate of the man on the sign. The owner says to him, "Wadda ya 'ave?". Kallin ponders a moment and says, "I'll try a beer?" "Comin' r'yup," responds the owner. A surly man next Kallin looks him up and down and mutters under his breath, "don't care if you are a hero of Sandpoint, stinkin' orc." Kallin looks at him and says, "Good day!" The man responds, "'twas 'til yur stinkin' carcass came in 'ere. In fact, I think I am gonna make me a "Hero of Sandpoint" kill yur goblin-lovin' ass right now." Kallin's eyes open wide as he sees the man's hand go for his blade. He doesn't want to hurt the man but he also doesn't want greet his lady quite yet. He starts bring his staff around to smack the man upside the head as a throwing dagger hits the man in the center of his sword hand. As the room goes quiet, a raspy female voice, "Now, now, we don't want to be makin' you a killer, Jarl. Leave this good citizen of Varisia alone." Everyone turns and looks this short, muscular woman with long gray unkempt hair. She rushes over in front of Kallin, pushes him directly behind her and says while facing Jarl, "I think you, my half-orc friend, need to depart." No one else makes a move as she pushes Kallin back towards the door.

As Kallin cleared the entrance, he runs up the street towards the Rusty Dragon Inn. Kallin sees Ameiko and finds a table not near a window or a door. The older female burst in the entrance then walks toward Kallin in a casual pace. She sits down at Kallin's table and says, "So you were ordering a beer?" Kallin catches a waitress and orders a couple of beers. He notices that the female is wearing a similar outfit as Samad and the other members of the Iron Carnival mercenaries. She observes Kallin's inquisitive looks and says, "Listen, Sonny, I have been many things in this life but right now I am the quartermaster for the Iron Carnival. My name is Sandi Aerin but you can call me 'Mother'. The rest of my boys do. I hear you kept some of them alive recently." As she lifts her mug of beer, Kallin thinks to himself, "those have to be the biggest arms I have seen on any woman, actually on any one person." Sandi interrupts his thoughts by asking, "So 'Hero' what other trouble do plan on getting into today?" Kallin looks at her blankly then says, "I was going to walk through the woods then maybe hang out at the cemetery." Sandi says, "We can do better than that! Maybe you can hang with me today. I got some supplies to buy for the group then we'll go from there."

As Kallin goes around the town getting supplies with Sandi, he notices two things. One, she is a cunning negotiator. He seems to think she got everyone to her asking price before she left the business. Two, the folk of Sandpoint seem to be giving them second glances. Kallin wasn't sure if it was him or Sandi. Late in the afternoon, when all purchases are done and delivered, Sandi says to Kallin, "Now the fun begins!" She grabs him by the hand and winks. Not really sure where he is going but his curiosity getting the better of him, Kallin goes with her. She leads him to what looks like an abandoned warehouse. Sandi knocks on a door and a slit opens with a pair of mismatched eyes looking out. "Waddya want?" says the eyes. Sandi responds, "I left last Tuesday." The slit closes. Kallin waits what seems like an eternity, only to have a lock "clunk" and the door creak open. Sandi says, "Welcome my friend to the 'Rounds'." Sandi explains that they are an underground fighting group where others pummel themselves into unconsciousness with their fists (or whatever is handy). Kallin is not sure why she brought him here. Then she says, "To answer yer question, my friend. I need someone in my corner." and then she winks at him. She pulls him down to whisper in his ear, "I need you to heal me just enough to keep from going unconscious." Kallin pulls back appalled. He says, "I can't do that. My group needs me to stay rested for...well...they just need me." Sandi stares at him, "Come on, Red, you owe me. Jarl would have killed you if I hadn't stepped in. He doesn't like orcs much since his time up north. All I need is a little boost every couple rounds." Kallin responds, "Isn't that illegal? I mean for the fights an' all." Sandi winks and says, "What they don't know won't hurt 'em. Just don't make it obvious." Kallin nervously agrees. Quickly, it becomes Sandi's turn. As they call her name, she drops her weapon belt and pulls off her armor and shirt. As she is standing there in bra and pants, she ties back her hair, and says, "Ready, Red?" The fight goes well for Sandi. Like she stated he only need to give the most of minor healing energy every couple of rounds. She finally has her opponent on the ropes when the biggest ugliest human (At least Kallin assumes it is human) pulls both fighters off their feet and apart. A weasel of a man stares Sandi and says, "You know we can't allow that here. It is against the rules, Mother." Sandi yells, "KALLIN RUN!!!" Without hesitating, Kallin bolts for the door. He

doesn't think as he feels thousands of arms tug at him. Someone trips him just as he within a few feet of the door. He is pulled to his feet. Within moments he is looking into the eyes of the weaselly looking man. "Look my friends, a 'Hero of Sandpoint'! Caught out without his 'chaperone'. What would the dear Sheriff Hemlock say now, knowing one of his precious few are cheating at the 'Rounds'," says the man.

The 'Rounds' have finished, most of the participants had disbanded when the brawl erupted. Apparently underground fight participants were not too keen on cheaters in their midst.

"What're we gonna do with him, Lyman?" asks a dirty little man missing several teeth.

"Let's gut him and cut him into bunyip bait," says another. An argument breaks out amongst the scoundrels over Kallin and Sandi's fate. Kallin sees Sandi, considerably more battered and bruised than she had been a mere moments before, being held by several men nearby.

The weasley man, Lyman, puts his hands on his hips and smiles at Kallin, "We're gonna lock 'em up and wait for the boss. He'll know what to do with them!" He steps toward Kallin and then sends a powerful punch to his midsection, knocking the wind out of him.

When Kallin comes back to his senses, he is locked up in some sort of tiny, smelly closet. He can hear heavy breathing and some grunting coming from behind the wall to his left. His arms and legs are bound with thick rope. As Kallin gets a little more of his senses back, He tests his bonds and tries to loose them enough so he can get his hands free. He sees this is a futile effort so he tries to relax to meditate. He can't relax enough to get into a trance. Frustrated, Kallin bangs the back of his head against the wall. This action gets the noise from the other side of the wall to say, "who'sh there?" Kallin responds, "Mother, is that you? Are you ok?" The voice chuckles and says as she coughs, "Is that you, Red? I've been worse. Ya, know, Red, I told you we could do better." Kallin can almost hear her smile and says, "I'm sure my friends will find us soon." Then Kallin smiles, too. Then he realizes his exhaustion, he drifts off to sleep.

Kallin wakes suddenly as he hears a "clunk" of the door lock. The door creaks open and Kallin spies a face he knows. Kallin surprised whispers, "Ellie, what are you doing here?" Ellie responds, "Any shiny things in here, Kallin?" Bemused, Kallin replies, "Uh, no, just me and some rags. Can you help me?" As Ellie fumbles with Kallin bindings, she notices a something in a corner and goes to look at it. Kallin whispers, "Ellie! I am still tied up." She says to him as examines the trinket, "No, you're not." Kallin tries his bindings and finds them they fall away. He tugs at Ellie, "Come we gotta go. Not sure where my guards are at but I am sure they will not be happy when they find my friend and me gone." Ellie just walks out the door with Kallin following closely behind. When he gets out of the closet, he sees Samad, two other Iron Carnival, and Sandi finishing off the last of the guards. Kallin notices the one they called Lyman nowhere to be found. Not wanting to be here when more show up he quickly runs out of the warehouse as Samad tosses him his staff. As Kallin runs toward Ameiko's house, he quickly thanks the others for the rescue. He yells, "Mother, thank you for the good time!" He plans to

stays inside meditating until the others show up.

**GM 130222** - The next day, **Starday, 15 of Lamashan**, the group is reunited in the evening when the explorers return from Thistletop.

**Calina130222** - The ride back to Sandpoint was mostly uneventful, except for the moment when a squirrel ran across the road with Paka sprinting quickly after it. The sudden movement caused the horse to jerk to a halt, tossing everyone around a bit. Calina kept control of the animal and Daellin was able to soothe the horse's nerves with some odd sounding horse chatter.

Upon arrival back in town, they drove the cart down the main street and the four companions looked around hoping to see the remaining friends. Vexeron saw Ellie briefly, but she was too quick and Vexeron was only able to point in the general direction before she slipped into a crowded shop.

"Oh there is ... Well, she will turn up later," he stated with a smile, "She always does eventually." Suddenly a man bolted in front of the cart and grabbed the horse's halter, "Wonderful!" the man cried out, "It's so good to see you again, my dear friend," he says to Calina, then bows with a flourish towards everyone, "Vorashali Voon at your service. Please call me Voon ... all my friends do."

Calina immediately recognized the shopkeeper from the Feathered Serpent and nodded to the man. Again she noted his unusual appearance with shocking red hair surrounding his bronzed, cheerful face and piercing blue eyes.

"We have just returned to town and need ..." Calina began, her exhaustion showing in her voice. "I know! I know!" Voon exclaimed with excitement, "I know what you need! And I am prepared to see that you obtain it!"

Voon released the horse's head, winked at Leela and stepped aside to let the cart go by, "Meet me in one hour at my shop. We can go over the details then." Then Voon danced a brief jig in the dust of the street, "Imagine, the Heroes of Sandpoint actually in my shop, and offering to do me a favor!"

In the blink of an eye, he turned and walked away speedily, almost running down the street, leaving the four companions looking at each other confusedly. Vexeron blinked, then looked at Calina, "I say, friend of yours?"

"I, uh, well. I guess so," Calina stuttered. "I've met him before."

The companions took the cart back to the owner, after making arrangements to temporarily store the contents in a back room at the Rusty Dragon. They found Ehlyna at a table in the corner of the main room and motioned for her to join them.

The five of them eventually tracked down Ellie in a candy shop, only because Leela ran in to “buy some necessities.” They found Samad near the Garrison as he was finishing his last day of duty with the Sandpoint guard. Several of the other Iron Carnival mercenaries choose to sign new contracts directly with Sandpoint, though Samad decided he wanted to travel to Magnimar with his new found friends. The companions looked for Kallin as long as they could without missing the meeting with Voon, then headed towards the Feathered Serpent without him.

“I’m sure the big, green one will make his appearance with some story about following dead crows or otherwise equally weird,” smirked Ehlyna, “But more importantly, what’s with this mysterious appointment about anyway?” she continued.

“Yes, Calina,” inquired Daellin, “I love a good mystery as much as the next Elf, but I don’t want to be heading down the road ... literally ... into trouble.” He cocked his head slightly and smiled, “Or maybe I would.”

“Well,” Calina began hesitantly, “I don’t really know much about him at all. He seems nice. I bought something from him before our trip. He gave me a good deal ... he had exactly what I wanted ... or I guess I wanted ... I am not sure actually.” She nodded her head with conviction, “Yes, he is a good man, and I think we should hear him out.”

Ellie giggled and ran ahead of the group, calling back, “He has a fun shop. Hurry! Let’s go.” Leela felt a tickling sensation in her pouch at her waist. She stroked the small bird figurine through the leather, “Yes, everyone! Let’s hurry. We can’t be late for the appointment.” Samad shrugged his shoulders and took off after the sprightly Ellie, “I’m game! Let’s go. Not like I have anything else to do!”

Once inside the cramped store, Voon eagerly found places for everyone to sit while he served them tea. The cups were an assortment of odds and ends from different collections, colors and decorations, but the tea was excellent and Daellin proclaimed it worthy of an Elf.

Ehlyna grumbled about it not being “stronger” and noted that it was a good thing that the large Half-Orc wasn’t along, and muttered “Bull in a China Shop” under her breath several times.

Voon breathlessly explained his predicament. He stated that his latest goods & supply shipment had arrived in Magnimar, but his only transport wagon was in Sandpoint and in addition, his trusty driver and guards were in Magnimar as well. He further stated, “You need to get the Magnimar, I need to get my wagon to Magnimar. My driver will meet you there, load my wagon and bring it back here! You will have arrived safely in Magnimar and continue your adventures. As you can see, we all have needs and our needs are mutually partnered!

“So we are agreed, then?” Voon continued, “You will take my wagon to Magnimar. Of course it comes with two mules, harness AND of course I would provide the necessary provisions for the

mules AND I would be ever so grateful.” He finished with gestured flourish of his hands and waited eagerly for their answer.

Ehlyna eyed the man carefully, “Let me get this straight ... you regularly ship goods in from Magnimar ... with a driver on your wagon, along with guards, but somehow they have become separated?”

Vexeron nudged Ehlyna and answered quickly, “Of course we accept, my good man!” and as Ehlyna growled behind his back he continued, “I say, never look a gift horse - uh mule and wagon in the mouth, err, in the tongue ... or ...”

Flustered he broke off as Ellie and Leela dance around in the small spaces of the crowded shop, “Yay, we have a wagon!”

**GM 130222** - Before the group leaves his shop, Voon writes down all the important information about where to look and who to look for once in Magnimar. He gives the note to Vexeron and says, “from one friend to another, please make sure this is actually who you are giving the note to. I would hate for my merchandise to be turned over to the wrong person.” He then winks, slaps Vexeron on the back and laughs loudly.

While you all are here, I wanted to offer you any of my more, ehem, useful wares, of course at a discount. He shows you a selection of strange and expensive magical items, as well as a few cheaper and potentially more useful scrolls (that can be read by ANYONE who reads Varisian.)

#### Magical Items

- **Scroll of Terror** 12045\$ Embroidered Cloth Level 19
- **False-Bottom Chest** \$10,600, 40 lbs. (DF8 39)
- **Hellish Amulet** \$210,000, 0.5 lbs (DF8 40)
- **Arms of Ekeshti** \$50,000, 4 lbs. if carried as equipment. (DF8 39)
- **Tinderbox of the Brave** 10,000\$ .01 Gives Bravery to all present when a fire is lit using the tinderbox as long as the fire is burning and within 10 yards of the fire.

#### Scrolls

(Universal and Charged. Skill 15, ordinary paper, no FP, anyone can use, written in Varisian):

- **Stone to Flesh** 1,000\$ Restores a petrification victim. 10 seconds to read.
- **Resist Fire** 400\$ gives 1st level of protection from fires, lasts 1 minute. 2 seconds to read.
- **Resist Cold** 400\$ gives 1st level of protection from cold, lasts 1 minute. 2 seconds to read.
- **Magic Mist** 1,000\$ protects an area up to r5 for 10 hours. 10 minutes to read.
- **Breathe Water** 1000\$ allows subject to breathe water for 2 minutes. 2 seconds to read.
- **Dispel Magic** 900\$ Dispels magic in an area up to r3. 18 seconds to read.



*He offers any of the above items (top list) for 25% off and any of the scrolls for 10% off.*

The group leaves after perusing the magical items he has for sale and as they leave, he pulls Calina aside.

“My dear, you are special, I can sense it. You have a good heart. I have something that you need. Here.” He passes her a very worn set of high, leather boots. “These are special boots, Boots of Endurance,” he says. “They may not look like much, but when wearing them, you can draw upon a reserve of energy to help push you to great feats. Please, please, try them on!”

Calina smiles and accepts the boots from the eccentric wizard. She notes the intricate stitching on the boots. It looks like tree tops with wind blowing through the leaves. She sits and pulls the boots on, they seem to fit perfectly. She instantly feels energized, as if she could run farther, jump higher with these boots on. “Thank you, kind sir. We will deliver your wagon to your agents in Magnimar. I promise this.”

“I know you will, dear,” he says. “When you have need to call upon the energy in these boots, you will have to replenish it. I do not think your wizard or Elf know the correct enchantments for this. You will have to find an enchanter to do it or you, but it is a trivial magic and should only cost you 10\$ at the most. Be safe on your travels, may Desna lead your way.” He bows and holds the door open for Calina as she exits.

She rejoins the group and everyone heads back to the Rusty Dragon for dinner and drinks. They plan to get some planning done this evening, turn in early and then head out for Magnimar in the morning at first light.

Kallin pops out of some shadows near the Rusty Dragon and sighs a deep sigh of relief to see his friends. “I’ve been waiting for you. I didn’t want to go in without you. There may or may not be some folks inside, um, looking for me,” he says sheepishly.

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[Read about the groups journey to Magnimar -->here<--](#)