

Continuing Story - The Lost Dwarf (6)

GM 4/16/12 - The group vacates Laur's trashed apartment and huddles together in a nearby alley to discuss the next order of business. Do they return to the Gold Goblin and report to Saul what they had (or had not) discovered at the Dwarf's residence or do they press on to the moneylenders establishment?

Aragon 4/17/12 - Aragon peers in the door. "So, no Dwarf? No gold? Aethel, can't you turn into a bloodwolf or something and track the fellow by scent? Maybe whoever took him didn't go far."

Shayla 4/19/12 - Shayla cleared her throat. "Well, I've done some tracking in the woods, not by scent of course. I don't know that it would be easy in the city, but let me have a look." Stepping inside Shayla looks around before stepping outside again to look once more.

GM - 4/24/12 - Looking around the place, it is clear that Larur had kept a reasonably clean apartment, but it seems that in the last few hours, there have been many, many feet and hands going through the place. Nearly anything of even minimal value has been removed from the place, and pretty much everything else left has been broken, abused or destroyed. No sign of the Dwarf nor signs of any type of struggle can be seen here.

Snargash - 4/24/12 - Well, there doesn't seem to be anything further to be learned here. I think we should check next as to whether or not Mr. Laur made his appointment with the lender last night.

Shayla 4/25/19 - Shayla nodded. "Agreed, we should move on for now."

GM - 4/25/12 - With directions given by Saul, the money-lender is easy to find. It is a dilapidated 2 story flat on Rat Street nestled up against the rocky boundary of Riddleport in the Leeward District. The outer edges of Leeward look a bit like the Wharf District or the better parts of Rotgut. Taverns and brothels sit on every block. Drunks and whores walk the streets. There are many groups of folk huddled in lots and alleyways getting high on whatever illegal substance is popular these days.

A sign hanging above the door with a faded painting of a pile of coins has the words "Money Lender - by appointment only" written underneath in Varisian. The few windows visible appear to be boarded up from the inside.

MISSING!



Have you seen this Dwarf?

Bodi spies a group of Half-Orcs hanging out near an alley way across the street. They seem to be eyeing the group as it nears the money-lenders. "Half-Orcs. We must be in Boss Croat's territory. They are not the nicest bunch around," then he smiles at Snargash, "not like you, of course."

Aragon 4/26/12 - Aragon sizes up the ruffians in the alley and sneers. "They aren't a threat. You guys talk to the nice shylock, and I'll keep an eye on the riffraff."

GM - 4/26/12 - Aragon watches the group of Half-Orcs across the street as the rest of the group heads towards the money lenders shop. Several of the Half-Orcs stand or shift positions to get a better view of the companions. One of them leans over and whispers something to another one who promptly heads off down the street in the other direction. The Half-Orcs make no attempt to hide the fact that they are scrutinizing the group.

Snargash - 4/26/12 - The monk pushes his helmet back on his head so that his face is clearly visible as those before him enter. He turns to look across the street and flashes his biggest, snaggiest-toothiest grin at the set and gives a cheerful wave and nod of recognition before entering himself, saying quietly to his friends, "Not one of them's half as pretty. . ."

Shayla 4/27/12 - Shaking her head Shalya mutters, "Boys" and moves forward open the door to the shop, allowing someone else to go in first.

GM 4/28/12 - The door to the money lenders establishment is firmly locked. It is a heavy wooden door with metal banding. There is a small square viewing window but that is also securely locked.

Shayla 4/28/12 - With an explosive sigh Shalya pounds on the door. "Open up; you've got business."

GM 4/28/12 - As Shayla beats on the door, Aragon and the others see the Half-Orcs across the street shift and move a bit, most of them getting to their feet, though none of them making any moves for their weapons or moving across the street at all.