

Problem Solved... More Questions (18)

[Heroes of Sandpoint Campaign Page](#)

[Session Summary](#)

GM 121230 - After finishing up inside the haunted mansion, the group headed back outside to find their horses, guarded heroically by [Philis the Red](#), one of the stalwart Iron Carnival mercenaries tasked with helping keep the peace in town. Once a safe distance from the 'Misgivings', first aid was given to the few wounded, and [Kallin](#) finished up by using some of his healing magic, saving all the healing potions for another time.

The group took a moment to look over the items that had been salvaged from their most recent foray into the mansion.

The first item was the set of keys found on the table with the maggot filled 'food'. One key was a thick, normal looking key that one would expect to open a heavier, exterior door. This key had the Foxglove family crest on it as well as a good sized opal at the end. The other key, though was a strange, little key with a very long tang and instead of teeth at the end, it contained a small carved lion's head facing forward, its mouth open.

[Leela](#) pulled out the gleaming longsword she had clumsily dragged from the caverns below, the blade being significantly longer than she was tall. Though it did not seem magical to either of the mages, the sword was definitely very well made and sharp. Philis takes a look at the blade and marvels at its construction. He says it is very finely crafted and well balanced and the blade is definitely not made of steel or bronze or any other common metal.

[Samad](#) vouches for Philis's expertise in the area as he was also one of the Iron Carnival's armorers. Philis suggests to have one of the local armorers or weaponsmiths look at it once back to town.



Aldern's knife, a war-razor, while encrusted with the blood of many recent victims, is enchanted

to [Daellin](#) and [Vexeron's](#) mage perception. This weapon appears to be finely crafted and can be used as a large knife or folded up and hidden in a sleeve, belt or boot easily.



The magical bracer that Aldern was wearing seemed to be able to deflect even [Ehlyna's](#) strongest blows as he was able to block them with just his arm. While it was constructed of hardened leather and some metallic edging, it was not near armored enough to be able to stop the Dwarfs blows on its own material merit.

The horrific mask that Aldern had worn also radiated magic and was removed from the mansion, though its appearance in the light of day reveals it to be quite a grisly trophy. This mask appears to be crafted from meticulously-preserved strips of supple leather, possibly the flesh of previous victims, draped over one another like scales, leaving the eyes and mouth exposed. The overall effect is similar to that of a scaled skull.



Vexeron, knowing something of strange and unique magical items, shares that often magical masks were constructed by cults and evil entities to enhance their skills and abilities, though they often also played upon the wearers shortcomings and flaws as well.



The ring that was taken from the finger of the defeated Aldern Foxglove was also magical. It is a silver band that wraps around from the back and is layered by alternating red and blue material. The red really sparkles and dazzles when the sunlight hits it, though no one knows enough about jewelry to make a guess at its worth as jewelry.

While going through the items recovered from Aldern's body, Ehlyna becomes more uncomfortable and impatient, finally

stating that she is leaving now to get back to town and plans on seeing the rest of the group back there.

Ehlyna 130104 - After asking for help to mount the foul creature, Ehlyna makes haste to the town upon her horse, knowing her companions were not far behind her. Quickly finding the Sheriff, she presents the evidence the team found at Misgivings. Gruffly, Ehlyna states "This mask produces my visage upon one who would wear it. Found on Foxglove's undead body. I have been subjected to the fool's role long enough. Foxglove did not concoct this on his own. I plan on finding the mastermind to this wicked plan!"

She leaves the mask on the Sheriff's desk and heads off to the temple, hoping to get some healing and have the priests make sure she has not contracted the Ghoul Fever. Then, she decides, its time for an ale or three.

GM 121230 - Meanwhile, back outside of Foxglove Manor...

Some folk express concern about Ehlyna's abrupt departure, and Daellin merely scoffs, "She'll be fine. She knows how to ride a horse. I think." Leela chuckles at this remark and the others agree to let the Dwarf have some time to herself after the upsetting events of the day.

Getting back to sorting the loot, Aldern had also possessed two items of value that both portrayed likenesses of the object of his obsession, Ehlyna. A gold locket inlaid with ivory he had worn about his neck had a small hand drawn likeness of Ehlyna. very similar to the image that appears on the axe he had presented her as a gift. The other item is a large and beautifully carved wooden picture frame that once held an image of Aldern's late wife, but had been covered up by a gross and very un-artistic portrait of Ehlyna, painted clearly by hand with blood, dirt, and other unmentionable substances.

Daellin estimates that the picture frame and locket could fetch up to 200\$ each to the right buyer, though both would have to be seriously cleaned up before attempting to sell them. Vexeron is positive he can identify the magical items if given several hours to work his magics.

The group then gets out the letter that was found in Aldern's lair. [Calina](#) holds it up for all to see and reads it again:

Aldern—

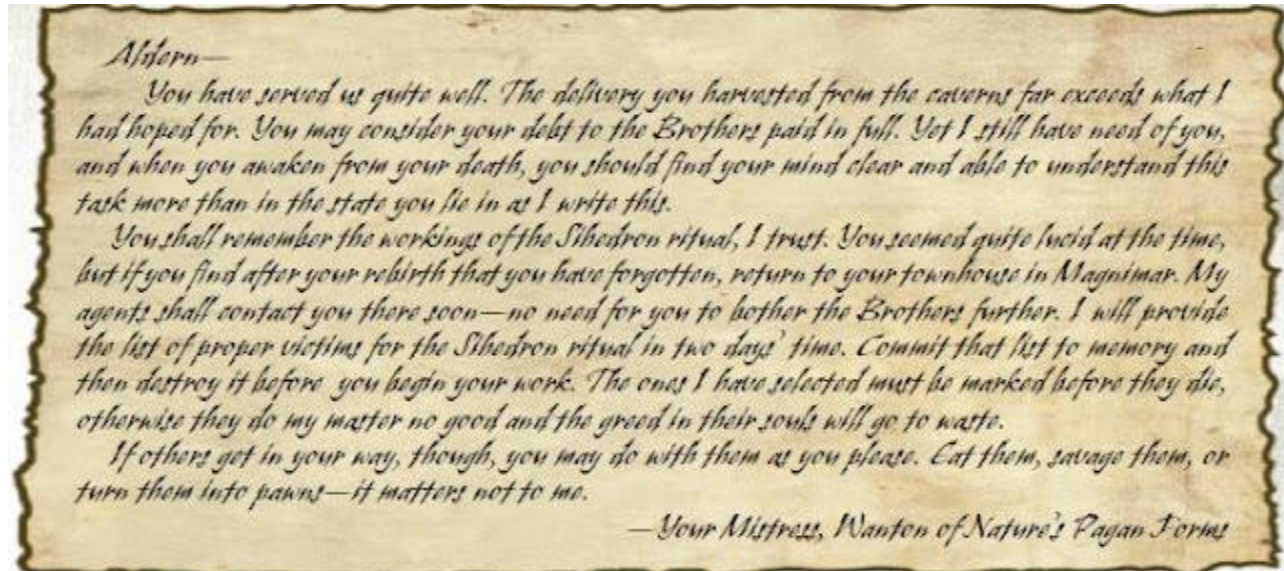
You have served us quite well. The delivery you harvested from the caverns far exceeds what I had hoped for. You may consider your debt to the Brothers paid in full. Yet I still have need of you, and when you awaken from your death, you should find your mind clear and able to understand this task more than in the state you lie in as I write this.

You shall remember the workings of the Sihedron ritual, I trust. You seemed quite lucid at the time, but if you find after your rebirth that you have forgotten, return to your townhouse in Magnimar. My agents shall contact you there soon—no need for you to

bother the Brothers further. I will provide the list of proper victims for the Sihedron ritual in two days' time. Commit that list to memory and then destroy it before you begin your work. The ones I have selected must be marked before they die, otherwise they do my master no good and the greed in their souls will go to waste.

If others get in your way, though, you may do with them as you please. Eat them, savage them, or turn them into pawns—it matters not to me.

—Your Mistress, Wanton of Nature's Pagan Forms



Once everyone else got back to Sandpoint, and since it is only early afternoon, Vexeron says he is going to go start working on analyzing the magical items while the rest of the group takes care of other duties. He then realizes that Ehlyna had run off with the magical mask that he was so curious about. "Now I say, where did that girl, Ehlyna run off to with that mask!" he exclaims.

Samad think a trip to the temple is in order since he had been wounded by ghouls claws and did not want to run the risk of being transformed into the undead creatures themselves. Everyone then decides who will do what task before meeting back up for dinner at the Rusty Dragon in a few hours.

Calina 121231 - Calina seems deep in thought for a few moments. The bracer looks interesting and she privately hopes the magical properties are useful. Then she feels guilty about wanting it for herself. "But," she thinks to herself, "It's just the very thing I've been trying to design for my bow arm." She smiles with the realization that if it's meant to be, it will happen. Calina looks up and sees Samad heading to the temple. "Wait up, I'll come with you!"

GM 121231 - Calina hurries off to follow Samad to the temple to have one of the clerics take a look at her wound to make sure there was no traces of Ghoul Fever.

When they reach the cathedral, they see that there are quite a few town guards and Iron Carnival mercenaries in the vestibule, all of them suffering from varying degrees of wounds. Apparently several scouting groups ran afoul of herds of Ghouls in the countryside earlier this day. Despite suffering multiple wounds, no guards men were killed and most of the Ghoul's were destroyed. It takes a while before the acolytes of the Cathedral finally get to the heroes, but eventually they do. Their wounds are checked and [Father Zantus](#) comes in and makes sure that none of the wounds are infected with Ghoul Fever.

"It's a good thing you came here," the priest of Desna says, "I fear that young Samad's wound may have been infected. We have had enough of a problem with these unholy creatures recently, we sure don't need any more of them, especially on the inside of the town walls!"

Father Zantus and the acolytes are chatty but when they are done with their divine healing, they have to move on to other wounded soldiers.

Daellin 130101 - Daellin bids farewell to the rest of the party as they enter town. With most of the group occupied with other tasks he decides that someone needs to appraise the sheriff of recent events. Not for the first time, Daellin wonders what Belor Hemlock ever did before he had a group of brave adventurers to call upon. Ashamed of his less than noble thoughts Daellin reminds himself that Belor is actually an accomplished sheriff compared to most that he has encountered on his travels.

GM 130101- Daellin finds out from one of the gate guards that [Hemlock](#) was back at the town garrison, so he heads there.

Daellin 130101 - For a few minutes Daellin stays at the gatehouse chatting with the gate guards regaling them with highlights of their latest adventure while running a shrewd eye over the checkpoint. Feeling satisfied that all is in order, Daellin compliments them on their preparedness and heads off for the garrison. In good cheer he whistles an old tune in elvish. Something to do with the Farstriders rescuing dwarves from goblins - unfortunately not in time to prevent them from having their beards shaved off.

GM 130101- The sheriff is happy to see Daellin and hear news about what they were able to accomplish today. "Aldern Foxglove. A ghoul you say. Your companion, the Dwarf Ehlyna, was just by here, She mentioned something like that. She left this here too." He motions to the mask that Aldern had worn to make his face look like that of the Dwarf.

"Ahh, yes, the mask. Foul magic there. Cursed to make the wearer look like a Dwarf," Daellin said matter of factly.

Sheriff Hemlock continues, "So it was Aldern Foxglove all the time. He was always a strange kid. In and out of Sandpoint for the last few years. I always knew that house would be the death

of him. It was never any good for any of the previous generations of Foxgloves, why would things be different now. He should have stayed in Magnimar. But anyway, it sounds like you have gotten to the bottom of it. There are still roving packs of Ghouls out there, but I've sent out as many scouting groups as I can to try to dispatch them before they make create any new ghouls. Many of the outlying farmers and communities have holed up together or come here, so hopefully it won't be more than a day or so before we have taken care of the biggest part of the job." He slumps down in a chair, looking completely exhausted, "I really can't thank you all enough. I could never had managed all this without you."

Daellin 130101 "My companions and i are more than happy to be of assistance Belor. It was nothing more than what all good folk of the realms should do to aid one another." says Daellin simply.

GM 130101- The sheriff nods at Daellin's statement, "I wish more folk in the world felt as you did, it would be a much safer place. But nevertheless, I will make sure to remind the Mayor of your outstanding civic duty to Sandpoint and its people. We truly are in your debt."

Daellin 130101 "I have sworn my life to do no less. Think nothing more of it please." Daellin pauses and then continues rather gravely, "There is perhaps more to this story however. We have stumbled upon evidence that more trouble may be on the horizon." Daellin produces the note for sheriff Hemlock to study. "As you can see my friends and I were deeply troubled when we discovered this note."

GM 130101- The tall Shoanti man reads the note carefully over and then reads it again, "Yes, this is troubling. What do you think it means?"

Daellin 130101 - Daellin considers for a moment and then replies. "I believe someone needs to follow up on this note with a visit to Magnimar. If indeed this Mistress Wanton does exist she could pose a grave threat to the free folk of Sandpoint. It has to be taken seriously until someone can prove otherwise."

GM 130101- "Yes, Magnimar. Be wary if you travel there. Though we are under its protection, that is not my jurisdiction and I have no power there. It took me 2 days just to get an audience with the Lord-Mayor, and I had to remind him several times exactly who I was during my plea for help! The City of Monuments is a big city, over 15,000 souls live there permanently, and its a home to many seasonal merchants and traders as well. Then there are the Varisians. It's almost like another city outside the city. There is always a permanent Varisian camp outside the walls of the city. Good people, just watch your pouch and your women!" He chuckles a bit at this comment.

Daellin 130101 -"Other than the Lord Mayor, is there anyone we can rely on for assistance if there is a problem in Magnimar?" Daellin inquires.

GM 130101 - The sheriff laughs even more heartily now, "I would not expect to 'rely' much on the help of the Lord-Mayor, though I would happily write you a letter of introduction, I just do not think it would help you much. The political machinations of Magnimar are beyond me completely. There are just too many people in the same place to deal with them all at once." He pauses and rubs his thick, brown hand over his chin. "Seek out Hobart Deverin. He is the Mayors uncle. I believe he could be of assistance to you if you find yourself in need. The Deverin manor house is located in Naos, along the top of the Seacleft, just two gates down from the Lord-Mayor's residence. I will have [Mayor Deverin](#) write up a letter of introduction for him as well, though I would caution against seeking him out directly at his Villa. The family owns a brewery and restaurant called the Fancy Reefclaw down below in Lowcleft. I would go there to make contact with the family. The Deverins are all good people, much like the Mayor here in Sandpoint. The Scarnettis and Valdemar's also have family villas in Magnimar, though I would not suspect you would find friends there. The Kaijitsu's also own a villa in Magnimar, but I believe that no one has lived there for quite some time, the majority of the family having re-located here in Sandpoint.

The Sheriff and Daellin chat for a bit longer, then the Sheriff writes a letter of introduction to the Lord-Mayor of Magnimar, Haldmeer Grobaras and then heads off to find the Mayor to share with her the news of the Skinsaw Man's unmasking and defeat and get letters from her as well. Daellin takes the mask and heads to the Rusty Dragon.

Kallin 130101 - As Kallin watches his friends leave, he ponders a few things. First in his mind is his visit with the Lady. He knows that now that he has devoted himself to her service that he needs to be more mindful of his meditation and prayer. Second, he knows that the party needs to retrieve Ehlyna's axe. It is not just to help her feel apart of herself again but the fact so many demons seem to be here, near Sandpoint. There is a certain curiosity about this demon that Kallin feels compelled to explore and do away with. Thirdly, he needs a bath. Even he is starting to smell his musky orcish stench. Plus he probably needs to get his armor cleaned but he realizes that requires more money than he has so that will wait another day. He figures it is best to get the easiest done first so he heads off in search of someplace to clean himself.

GM 130103 - The scruffy Half Orc considers going down to the river to get washed up, but chill bite on the Lamashan breeze changes his mind. Instead he heads to the Rusty Dragon to ask Ameiko where one would go to take a bath, hoping that she, as an Inn owner, would know the answer.

Ameiko chuckles when Kallin asks her and she tells him that the Inn has bath services that she would be happy to set up for him. She then stops, puts her hand to her chin for a moment of ponderous thought, then says, "No, that won't do. Come with me, Red." She grabs Kallin by the hand and heads out the door, calling back to Klem, the young man wiping off some tables, to start getting dinner ready. She turns left out of the front door and heads down Market Street, right past the large stone Two Knights Brewery, past the handful of town guards and Iron Carnival mercenaries at the the South Bridge. Kallin's cheeks burn as he hears the quiet

snickers, whistles and catcalls from the young men insinuating something between Kallin and Ameiko. The exotic beauty, Ameiko, pays them no mind as she hurriedly pulls him over the wooden bridge onto the Lost Coast Road. A moment later, she jerks his arm to the right and leads him along a smaller track to the south that follows the curve of the boggy southern edge of Sandpoint's harbor. Ahead, another wooden bridge appears, this one over a narrow, mucky looking creek. Ameiko takes the bridge in just 2 steps as she increases her stride, nearly running up the path on the other side. The trees close in on either side of the wide path and the ground rises steeply and the trees block sight of pretty much anything around. After a moment, the path levels off and the trees begin to clear a bit. Several smaller paths break off to either side of the main path and Kallin can see that they lead to what appears to be large mansions nestled back amongst the trees. Through other breaks in the trees, Kallin catches glimpses of Sandpoint off to the right and the blue of the Varisian Gulf stretching out ahead and to the left. As they continue their run, Kallin counts at least 4 mansions up on this hill and Ameiko takes him to one back and on the left.



She runs up to the nicely appointed front entrance of the house, stops, puts her hands on her knees, takes a few quick breaths, then smiles and says, "Welcome to my home."

She leads him in and introduces him to the staff of servants that are in the middle of cleaning and other household chores. She calls out, "This is Kallin. You may not know it, but he has saved your life, several times in fact. Give him a bath. Give him food. Give him whatever he needs!" Some of the nearby servants raise eyebrows and many of them look at Kallin with disdain and contempt, but they all smile and nod their heads in compliance. Ameiko looks back to Kallin. "The house is mine now, with my father gone. I decided to move back in and I'll tell you, it's quite a bit more comfortable than the beds down at the Rusty Dragon. But make yourself at home, take a bath, get some food. I've got to get back to the Inn." With that, she turns and jogs away, back toward Sandpoint. Kallin just stands there, stunned.

One of the household servants approaches tentatively, "Sir?" he asks.

Over the next hour or so, Kallin is treated to the most lavish time he has ever experienced. He is bathed, washed, his clothes are cleaned and mended, even some of the minor tears on his

armor is patched. He is perfumed and brushed and treated with a plate of cheese, fruit and wonderful tasting wine, better than any wine ever served to him down in the Rusty Dragon. After all this pampering, he almost feels embarrassed or ashamed at having enjoyed the time. He wanders about the house, the servants keeping their distance, but close enough to keep an eye on him. The mansion is quite expensively decorated with various art and other expensive and strange looking items. Much of the art is very unfamiliar to Kallin, even in his very limited exposure to art. It seems foreign in some way, just very different. That makes sense, once he thinks about it. He remembers hearing that Ameiko's family was from some distant country far across the crown of the world, all the way on the other side supposedly.



Kallin wanders outside to a veranda and is stunned by the breathtaking view of the Varisian Gulf stretching out in front of him. Sandpoint is hidden behind him and to the right, and to the left, he can catch small stretches of the Lost Coast meandering away to the south. The ocean in front of him is expansive and blue, shining in the late afternoon sun. He finds a nice flat spot down the slope a bit toward the rocky cliff that stretches down to the surf some 40 feet below. He lowers himself to the ground and begins to meditate, focusing his thoughts on his newfound devotion to Pharamasma, the Lady of Graves.

Vexeron 130102 - Vexeron heads to the Rusty Dragon intent on analyzing the newly acquired magic items. Upon entering he sees Ehlyna enjoying some ale. He's face lights up and he runs over to her.

"Ehlyna! I'm glad to find you here. I was just getting ready to find out what all our new acquisitions do. I thought I would have to start without the mask but, now that I've runn..."

"I gave it to the sheriff." Ehlyna says cutting him off then taking a deep drink.

"Well then I'll just head over to the good sheriff and get it before I start."

"No you don't need to do that right now. It can wait. Sit down and let's celebrate our victory! Where is everyone else?"

"Well I must say I'm not at all sure. We all went our own ways when we got to the town. I would really like to start on these items there terribly interesting."

"If you stay and drink with me *I'll teach you some more Dwarven.*"

"I *would* rather like to pick up a few more phrases. You've talked me into it."

Ehlyna's teaching was in the form of dwarven drinking songs. Vexeron didn't mind this in the least. The two she taught him were rather old and not only taught him some of the Dwarven tongue it also gave some insight into Dwarven culture. They were just getting ready to start on a third when Daellin walked in. Vexeron waved and shouted to him.

"Over here my good fellow! Here we are!"

As Daellin came up to the table Vexeron greeted him. Ehlyna's greeting was in belch form.

"We are in perfect voice I see," said Daellin, "I see you two have got the party started"

"Ehlyna was teaching me a bit of the Dwarf tongue. Where have you been off to?"

"Dwarf! Well I suppose it would be an easy language to pick up but, I would think a learned man like yourself would like a challenge. You should let me teach you some Elven. It would be much easier on your ears." He says with a smirk.

"Delicate, soft words for delicate, little ears" Ehlyna retorts back.

"As to where *I* have been. I had a calm and productive conversation with the sheriff"

"Do you have it!"

"Have what?"

"The mask old boy, the mask. I'm dying to get to work on it."

"Yes *I did* remember to get it. If we don't use it, it should get a good price. Here it is"

"AH! Thank you I'll get right on it"

Vexeron goes to his room and begins to analyze the magical items the group has just acquired. The strange mask has his curiosity piqued, so he starts with this item.

GM 130103 - Vexeron gathers the items around him, sorts his thoughts in his head, mentally preparing to begin analyzing the items. Each item would take an hour, and a lot out of him, to analyze, especially if there were more than one enchantments on any of the item, and he guess there may be, especially on the strange mask.

He works on the mask for a while, in the end having to cast the spell 4 different times to sort out all the strange enchantments on the item. As he thought, the mask, which he is now sure is made from the skin of some sentient race, has some cursed enchantments on it. Wearing the mask will force the wearer to suffer horrible nightmares and visions when sleeping. Otherwise, the mask does a few other things as well. For one, he learns that it is called a **Stalkers Mask**, and when worn, it makes the wearer sneakier, allowing them to blend into shadows and hide from searching eyes. The other main powers it has are its powers of disguise. The mask can take the face of any one person they can see or are very familiar with and as an added bonus, if the actual person sees their own image on the person wearing the Stalkers Mask, it will throw them into a berserk rage, attacking the wearer with no thought to tactics or defense.

Vexeron realizes that he has missed dinner and is very hungry, so he grabs a quick bite to eat then moves on to the next item in his pile, the magical ring.

After another few hours, he is able to identify the ring as a **Ring of Deflection**, a wonderful item that helps you avoid blows in battle, very similar to the one that Kallin wears, not an uncommon item. The armband, on the other hand, is quite a rare find, he believes. **Bracers of Defense**, they are called and allow the wearer to magically block incoming attacks with the arm. It utilizes the Iron Arm spell, one which he has considered as a useful last defense. The curious thing about these Braces is that they require no power on the part of the wearer to function. The enchantment has been powered by very powerful magics. This is indeed a worthy find and will aid them in their fight against evil.

Realizing it is close to midnight, Vexeron thinks that it is time to go to sleep, but his curiosity

drives him to stay up to identify the one remaining magical item: Aldern's enchanted **War Razor**.

The analyzing is going along quite well, Vexeron had determined that the main enchantments on the weapon were Accuracy and Puissance, making the weapon easier to use and having it cause more damage. But there was another, more powerful enchantment, so even though it was now after 2 in the morning, and he was beginning to get tired, he began another round of Analyze Magic. This time, something went wrong and the spell did not work, in fact, as he completed the spell, a surge of magical energy flowed into him, stunning him momentarily.

Thinking this to be a good omen telling him to top, he sets the item down on his table and steps away, tired and ready for sleep. But as he turns to take his hat and shoes off, he looks back over to the table and begins wondering what other enchantment could be on that blade. He just had to know, so back to the table he goes. Knowing he does not have enough energy to complete the spell using his own energy, he pulls his staff closer, to call upon its energy to aid him. He arranges himself and goes back into the hour long ritual to discover the enchantments placed on the weapon. He drains the energy from his magical staff but manages to uncover the final, insidious enchantment on the sharp blade. The magics on the blade cause its wounds to bleed even more than usual. No doubt this was the weapon Aldern used to kill and sacrifice all of his victims!

Curiosity satisfied, Vexeron finally shuffles off to bed, knowing full well that the sun will be ready to rise in just a few short hours. As excited as he is to tell his friends about what he found, the young wizard quickly drifted off into an uneasy sleep.

After her quick visit to the clerics at the temple, Ehlyna headed straight for the Rusty Dragon to get an ale. The events of the day, and the previous weeks had begun to hang heavy on her and she needed a drink and food to sort it all out. She was heavy into her drink when her companion Kallin entered and was quickly whisked away by the proprietor, Ameiko. Ehlyna paid no attention to them, only to her beer.

Leela 130103 - Leela, quite new in town and still unsure of her place with her new companions, decided that the events of the past two days were quite exciting and exhilarating, even if they were a little dangerous. She felt that she had performed well, even stacked up against these seasoned adventurers she had fallen in with.

Leela headed back to her room she had rented at the White Deer Inn on the north side of town to jot down some notes and make a few rough maps of the lands to the south of Sandpoint, most notably the environs surrounding Foxglove Manor, where she had spent the last few days fighting haunts and Ghouls!

On the way to the Inn, she stopped by her immediate favorite place in town, Sandpoint Savories, a small bakery and sweets shop located right in the middle of town on Main Street. She grabbed a few red frosted cakes from the two lovely twin Human girls that ran the shop.

Another short detour took her past the weapons shop that she had heard Daellin mention earlier. There she met the owner, Savah, a Human woman of Chelaxian descent. She asked her to please examine the weapon and appraise its value. Happily the owner of the weapon shop took the sword and told Leela to come back tomorrow.

She was excited to document her adventures but was more curious to meet back up with the group at dinner time at the Rusty Dragon to see what their next order of business was. They had procured several items, some of them valuable and possibly magical, or so the Elf and Wizard had said.

Ehlyna 130104 - A sip of ale. A sip of mead. A sip of ale. A sip of mead. Pondering between each drink, Ehlyna stares at the stonework making up the fireplace for yet another time. There are too many loose ends here, too many questions. *The visage on the axe or the necklace, are either of those the mark mentioned in the note?* Ehlyna thinks. *Is it safe to continue using either item? Will I be an easier target?* At any rate, it is time to get that axe and track down the mastermind. With the feeling of moss growing under her heels, she heads to bed.

GM 130104 - After several hours, the group reconvenes in the dining room at the Rusty Dragon. The room is crowded and loud. Vexeron is not present, still up in his room identifying the magic items and Ehlyna is also not present, apparently having had a few drinks already and retiring to bed early. Daellin, Kallin, Calina, Leela and Samad all gather around the table to talk. The group talks about what to do with the other items recovered from their latest encounter, namely the sword, the portrait and the locket. Everyone is anxious to hear from Vexeron about the magical items but know it might take all night to work his magic. Talk also turns to what their next course of action is. Magnimar seems to be where the trail is leading, though it is brought up again about Ehlyna's axe. Magnimar is several days journey to the south, while Thistletop and the axe are just a few hours away. Leela mentions that she would greatly like to have some time to explore and map the ruins under Thistletop as well as the ruins directly under Sandpoint. Samad remarks that he is very interested in finding out some more as well, and that his current contract with the Iron Carnival runs out in just three days, and if the party waited until then, he would be happy to accompany the group south to Magnimar to continue investigating these goings ons. As far as a trip to the dungeons under Thistletop, he is sure that he can arrange to go with the party on 'official liaison' business.

Kallin 130105 - As the meal begins to wind down, Kallin excuses himself. The present party members notice that Kallin's usually unruly locks are neatly tied into a single braid which leads them to notice that his clothes are clean and repaired. He seeks out Ameiko. As usual he finds her tending the bar. She says, "What can I get you, Red? We just got in this stock of very fine Varisian Pale. That is, if the dwarf hasn't drank it all." Kallin responds, "No, that is fine. I just wanted to thank for what you did earlier. That was very kind for one who did not deserve it. I truly appreciate it. Now I must attend to some business with the sage, Brodert Quink. Again, thank you." Kallin turns and proceeds out of the Rusty Dragon. He meanders the streets of

Sandpoint looking for the sage's place. When he finally finds, he knocks and says, "Mr. Quink, I am sorry about appearing at this late hour but I need to speak with you about some things."...

GM 130105 - After Kallin excuses himself from dinner, [Ameiko](#) comes over and sits with the remaining group. "I can't help but having overheard some of your conversations, but it sounds like you may be leaving Sandpoint sometime soon? I am sorry to hear that, but I too know the life of an adventurer. Several years ago, before I bought this place, I did what you did. But I had to give that life up, it truly was not for me, though I miss it, which is why I have enjoyed having you all stay here! Though I am sad to see you go, I honestly must admit it will be nice to be able to rent out your quarters again and earn a silver or two for meals and drinks." She smiles playfully as she says that. "Seriously though, there is a large merchant caravan coming into town tomorrow and I would love to be able to accommodate them here, but I have no further rooms." She frowns a bit at the looks from the group and waves her arms back and forth, "No, no, no, I'm not kicking you out, not at all! Consider it an upgrade! Since my [father's, um, untimely passing](#), I have taken up residence back in the family villa just outside of town. I am the sole remaining Kaijitsu in Sandpoint, hells, in all of Avistan, for that matter, and that house is BIG! I would like to open my doors to you and your friends. Come stay with me at the house, whenever you are in town. There is plenty of food and drink, and we have hot baths and more than enough space for all of you to have your own rooms." She turns to Calina, "and you can even bring your, um, friend, Paka, I believe his name is. I have seen him prowling about outside of town. Seems to be a very well behaved Firepelt. He would be welcome on the grounds, as long as he left the chickens and neighbors alone!" She stands back, crosses her arms and smiles.

Calina 130105 - Calina smiles at Amieko and nods. "I have greatly appreciated the use of the inn's accommodations, but I long for the comfort of the grass under my feet as I walk, the rough bark of a tree at my back as I sit, and the stars overhead as I lie at night. I shall vacate my room leaving it free for your new guests. I want to spend some time in the nearby woods until we leave on our next adventure." Calina stands and looks to her friends, "I will not be far from the road out of town towards Thistletop. You are welcome to share my fire at any time." Calina climbs the stairs to her room, gathers her belongings and looks around at the small room. She cocks her head slightly as she remembers the days before meeting her friends during the goblin invasion of Sandpoint. Her solitary life before seems far away, even though she has only spent a short time with the group. Calina briefly saddens when remembering [Zursat](#) and his boisterous ways. But she knows he died as a hero and his memory lives on. In the meantime, she met 3 new friends, Vexeron, Samad and Leela. Her growing companionship with all the friends, which at first seemed strange and hard to understand, is now warming, accustomed and natural. Still, she feels the pull of the woods in her soul, and she misses spending time with Paka. She waves to the friends as she leaves the inn. She stops at the stable to get Shadowmist and instructs the stable boy to make sure that Leela receives Calina's riding horse. Calina then heads down the dusty road towards the woods. She [finds a good spot](#) to camp near a small brook, and stand of trees. Here she hopes she will be able to [find plants necessary](#) to [prepare poultices](#), restock her yerba supplies and prepare dinner. She makes a small campfire, and sets up a line nearby to

hang herbs, roots and leaves to dry. Then she rolls out her blanket to prepare for bed just as Paka pounces into the clearing. They wrestle for a few moments, then sit quietly together, watching the fire pop and hiss. Calina scratches Paka near the ruff of his neck, his favorite spot, and his eyes slowly close.

Ehlyna 130105- The next morning, Ehlyna awakens from her ale and mead induced slumber drenched in sweat. Beads running down her face, pillow and small clothes saturated. Remembering with a shudder what awakened her...the smell of rotten flesh, her face upon the human male which was once Foxglove. Wanting nothing more than to be done with this town, Ehlyna prepares for the day's adventures. As quiet as she can be, Ehlyna leaves the room and heads for the warmth of the fire in the commons area. Taking steel to whetstone, the raspy sound soothing her soul, she sharpens her blades, praying silently that her companions will be amiable to retrieving her property in the catacombs and leaving this Godsforsaken town.

GM 130107 - The next day (Wealday, Lamashan the 12th) rolls around, Ehlyna is up early and chomping at the bit to go, through none of her companions seem to still be in the inn. She finds Ameiko she explains that she has opened her family mansion up to the group to stay at, but Ehlyna had already bedded down for the night. She calls one of the inn boys to come help Ehlyna carry her gear up to the house. They should all be ready for breakfast soon. She also explains that Vexeron is still upstairs sleeping because he stayed up all night analyzing the magic items and that Calina decided to camp outside of town in the woods near the road north to Thistletop.

Ehlyna, her gear in tow, heads up to the Kaijitsu estate located on a hilly point just south of the Sandpoint Harbor. She joins the group for breakfast. The Dwarf is quite disappointed to find out that there are no plans to go after her axe this day as Vexeron is no doubt sleeping in until at least after noon and Kallin was hoping to get at least one more day to recover his divine energy.

Daellin had been appointed to take the Ehlyna tribute art objects into town to get them appraised and sold, and he returns with 200\$ for the both of them, explaining that they could have fetched much greater prices but for the fact that both items were damaged and very dirty, requiring much care and skill at cleaning them up.

Leela goes back to visit the armorer, Savah, and finds out that the sword is indeed unique. It is forged from Adamantine, a skymetal, known to have fallen to Golarion in meteorites. The metal is very expensive and very hard. It can only be forged in very few places in the world, one being the Gas Forges of Riddleport to the north. She says the blade is no doubt worth over 30,000\$ and she offered to buy it for 10,000\$ on the spot but could afford no more, she suggests that a better price might be had in a larger city, like Magnimar, if selling was what was going to be done with it. Savah did require a 50\$ appraisal fee for her work, which Daellin repays her from the sale of the art items. He then spreads the remaining 150\$ out on the table and looks at it, "It's not much, but actually, I think we are owing the man down at the stables a bit of coin for taking care of our mounts. I'll take what's left here down and see if it's enough to cover our bill."

Meanwhile, Calina spends time out at her camp just north of town. She works the morning on finding and preparing some herbs for personal use and for use as poultices for healing aids. She finds enough yerba root to fill her tea stores back up and is able to find enough medicinal herbs, roots and leaves to make 3 poultices that, once dry in the next day or so, will be an aid for whenever mundane first aid is performed.

Eventually, Vexeron rises from his late slumber and brings all the items to the party to look at. He proudly tells everyone present about all the [items found](#), the Stalkers Mask, the Ring of Deflection, the Bracer of Defense and Aldern's enchanted War Razor.

After a nice lunch, the rest of the day is free for anyone to do as they wish. With much pressuring, the group has decided to head out the next morning to attempt to recover Ehlyna's axe and allow Leela an opportunity to map the ruins under Thistletop.

Vexeron 130108 - Vexeron spends the rest of the day studying the magics of illusion.

Leela 130110 - Leela decides to roam around the Kajitsu estate since she had never been there before. Starting in the kitchen, she finds a jar of sweet sticks so she pops one in her mouth (and a few in her pocket) and heads off to explore. After looking thru a few rooms, something catches her eye in the next one. She sees sitting in a corner of a bookshelf a small figurine of a cardinal. Leela grins at the bird and slides the figurine into her pocket and then continues exploring.

GM130112 - After a while, Leela notices one of the Kaijitsu servants following her around, not saying anything, just watching her closely.

Ehlyna 130112 - Taking the opportunity to thoroughly check her armor for any needed repairs, Ehlyna finds everything to be in fair working order. Finding a rocky outcropping on the estate grounds, she sits to ponder a good strategy for defeating a monster which is formidable. Wondering if the impending battle is worth the effort to retrieve the axe she lost, E decides to head into town to find out if there are any potions within her pocketbook availability to help her and her companions see this blinking bastard.

GM 130112 - Ehlyna looks around then finds, just around the corner from the Rusty Dragon, a shop called the Feathered Serpent, which is something of a 'magic shop' run by an eccentric Human enchanter named [Vorvashali Voon](#). The enchanter tells Ehlyna he can enchant her armor to make it stronger and lighter for a mere 150\$ and can also provide the needed enchantments to required to maintain the enchantments for only 25\$ every few weeks or so, depending on how much action the armor sees. Grumbling heavily, Ehlyna hands over her armor and the 150\$ for the enchantments. Voon says to come back in the morning to pick up the newly enchanted armor. She asks the strange enchanter if he has any potions or items that would help her see things that were magically invisible. He tells her that there are such items but that they are generally very very expensive and he does not currently have any of them. He

suggests she go check out Bottled Solution over near the Sandpoint Theatre and ask Nisk Tander, the town alchemist. He may have something that will help.

Ehlyna then makes her across town and finds the alchemists shop. She enters the cluttered shop that is filled with shelves upon shelves of bottles, bags and other alchemical containers, some covered with dust and others so new that the pungent stink of their brewing still fills the air. Ehlyna, feeling a bit uncomfortable without her armor on anyway, jumps a bit when a small, winged creature, resembling a tiny dragon, swoops down off a shelf, buzzes past her head then flies off further into the shop. Ehlyna hurries after the tiny dragon, only to find it having perched itself on the shoulder of a stooped over Half Elf watching some complex alchemical apparatus bubbling and boiling. The Elf looks up and smiles a wicked grin, "Good day, Mistress Dwarf. I am [Nisk Tander](#) and welcome to Bottled Solutions. What can I do for you?" Ehlyna can hear the Half Elf's haughty attitude dripping from his words. The little dragon hops from one shoulder to the other, wrapping its long, scaly tail around the Half Elf's throat.

Ehlyna 130113 - "Master Tander. I am looking for a potion of some type to see invisible things. What have you in this...fine shop, which may assist my companions and me?" standing as close to the door as she can, she looks about, hands at her side.

Drumming his fingers together, Tander, continues to eye Ehlyna, "I may have just the thing. I like to modestly call it 'Black Dust.' For it is just that, black dust. Oh it took me hours of hard labour to concoct this dust and place it in a vial. It must be sprinkled upon the object you wish to see."

"Can it be thrown, Master Tander? I need to be able to throw it upon the beast and have the vial shatter so as we may see it."

"Call me Nisk! Oh and yes, it can be thrown, Mistress, uh?"

"Mistress Fuzziface, Master Tander. Mistress will suffice. How much are these 'Black Dust' potions?"

"Why just a mere 55\$ a piece. A bargain, even by Dwarven standards!" As Tander retrieves the potions, the tiny dragon turns about on his neck, eyeing Ehlyna and hissing at her.

"That winged beast is in a dark mood. Perhaps it would be wise to cage it while I am patronizing your...fine shop."

"Oh she is just playing!"

Ehlyna harrumphs, "Playing...you Elves and your ideas. The potions, man! I am becoming vexed with this process."

Producing the vials, Nisk drums his fingers together again, leaning in to see Ehlyna's reaction.

"Here they are, Mistress Dorf."

Hearing a change in the inflection of her race, Ehlyna stiffens and breathes a heavy sigh. "These tiny bottles are it? For 55\$? What is their guarantee? If they do not work, will I be able to receive a refund? Silver doesn't grow on trees, ya know!"

Looking either offended or cunning, Ehlyna wasn't sure which, she heard Nisk explain, "Oh no, Mistress, no refunds! If I knew exactly what you were throwing them at, I could give you a better reference of how long they will last if they work."

"If! If! This is the best you can do? Tell me IF!?"

Placing his nose in the air and inspecting his nails, Nisk states, "Well, if Elven potions are not good enough for a Dwarf, then perhaps you could look elsewhere. Though, there is no other place in this town. Perhaps you could take up alchemy..." Tander giggles softly.

"Fine, I shall take 2. As your wares are all that is to be had, I shall have to settle."

Wrapping the potions well, Tander hands them to Ehlyna after testing the 'authenticity' of her coins. "Ah, good. May you enjoy them! Come back to Bottled Solutions any time. I love to take the money of a Dwarf. Always a challenge!"

"Good day, Master Nisk." Ehlyna begins the hike back to the manor. Instantly regretting the purchase. *Too much, it is simply too much for these tiny bottles. Elves...always doing their best to agitate, with their lofty, better-than-Dwarf attitude...*

GM 130113 - The Half Elf alchemist crosses his arms and smiles as Ehlyna leaves his shop. He shakes his head and peers at the diminutive dragon clinging to his shoulder, "Dwarves. Hmmm. I sure hope those concoctions work!" He shudders, then turns and heads back into his shop to continue working on his current project.

Daellin 130114- While wandering down the streets of Sandpoint, Daellin suddenly stops in mid stride. A warm glowing sensation envelops him for a second. It feels almost as if stepping out from under the shade of an elder tree during a brisk fall afternoon to bask in the bright sunshine. Daellin can't explain it but somehow he feels as if somewhere, somehow an Elf has achieved a victory over a Dwarf. It may not have been much, but it just feels so right. With a grin from pointy ear to pointy ear, Daellin heads off to find out more about their next adversary. Whistling a merry tune, he ponders whom he should seek out first.

Realizing that he has to start somewhere and that he most likely would have to visit many people to gather enough information to be of service - he decides to pay a visit to [Iisoari Gandethus](#). He wonders what news the Chelaxian school master and former adventurer will have for him.

GM 130114 - The Master of the Turandarok Academy is happy to see Daellin, "Greetings, friend. How are you? I have been wondering when you would come by to start your lessons?" He invites Daellin into a nicely appointed sitting room and pours him a cup of tea.

Daellin 130114 Daellin graciously accepts with a short bow and moves to sit across from Ilsoari. Taking the tea proffered by the master he sips slowly while pondering his reply. "It is truly remarkable brew," says Daellin "I haven't had a cup this good since I left home. Thank you for your generous hospitality." Setting the cup down, he leans back and smiles. An aftereffect of the warm fuzzies he felt earlier no doubt. "My companions and I will be moving on before too long my friend. We do however have some unfinished business to attend to before we go. Which is why I have sought you out this afternoon." Daellin goes on at length explaining the situation to the wizard, leaving no detail out. Draining the last of the tea he pauses for a moment and asks of Ilsoari, "Can you assist us?"

GM 130114 - The old man closes his eyes in thought and rubs his chin, "Hmm, interesting. It sounds like the creature you are describing may be a Barghest." He stands up and begins walking about the room, talking as he muses.

"It is said by scholars that in the time before time, Lamashtu saw the creatures known as Barghests as slaves to the devils of the Outer Rifts. She saw promise in their bestial form, yet shackled as they were to their devilish masters, they were hobbled. Lamashtu stole into Asmodeus's Barghest kennel and rescued the four most promising, fleeing with them to the Material Plane, to hide and wait for Asmodeus' wrath to fade.

The four powerful Barghests quickly noticed that when they killed creatures native to this realm, the spilled blood gave birth to smaller versions of themselves — Goblins.

Eventually Asmodeus grew tired of his search and gave up on the four stolen Barghests. The Mother of Monsters created a realm for the four Barghests above her rift in the outer spheres, a place she called Basalfeyst, and it was to here she brought them. In return for this new home, all she asked of them was the loyalty of the hordes of Goblins they left upon the world.

Barghests can take on the form of a wolf or a goblin. Their natural shape is an evil hybrid of the two the size of a worg. They generally walk on all fours, although their feet bear a greater resemblance to clawed hands rather than paws. Like Goblins they have oversized, pointed ears, a snub (nearly non-existent) nose, and a mouth full of razor sharp teeth. Their powerful bite can tear through flesh and bone, and when pressed, can consume an entire Human-sized creature within a few eye-blinks. Their bodies are covered with dark, matted hair and they possess a wolf-like tail.

Barghests possess a keen intelligence easily equal to that of most humanoids, and possess innate magical abilities which allow them to avoid detection through divination magic, charm,

levitate, and teleport for short distances. They can also insinuate themselves into the minds of their prey and flood them with thoughts of utterly hopeless despair. Barghests are best hurt by magic. The one you describe sounds like one of the more powerful of their type. Very dangerous.”

Daellin 130114 “What my companions and I desire is to see this abomination put down. We fear that it may one day strike out at the inhabitants of Sandpoint. At the very least to banish it from this area altogether.”

GM 130114 - “Yes, I heartily agree. The beast must be dealt with. I just hope you and your companions are the ones to do it. I have heard that you all are becoming quite the ‘heroes’ these days, that is wonderful. You have the magics to let you see that which is unseen, correct?” the school master asks Daellin.

Daellin 130114 Daellin nods in agreement, “Yes, I have sought out and mastered a spell that allows me to see that which is hidden by magic. It became a high priority once we we started exploring below the city. Apparently hidden creatures are quite common here.”

GM 130114 - Ilsoori chuckles, “But of course, the magic of invisibility is quite useful, for many reasons. To be unseen holds great advantage. Do you have the means of strengthening your will to ward against the creatures powers of the mind? The Barghest uses powerful but subtle magics to warp the minds of its enemies. It can turn a stalwart companion on his friends, but they are known to wield an even more subtle magic, one of crushing despair. Those under the effects of this magic become more susceptible to its other magics. A strengthened will and assured resolve will be necessary to combat this creature! Attack the creature directly. Does your mage have energy spells? Fireball or Lightning? Use those. Do not try to combat the creature’s mind, for it is otherworldly and I fear most enchantments may not work!”

Daellin 130114 - “I agree with you Ilsoari, there is little to avail us against this foe. If we prepare accordingly and with some fortune we shall emerge victorious. You have given me much to think upon.”

GM 130114 - Sensing their meeting is at an end, Daellin gets up to leave, Master Gandethus rises and puts his hand on the Elf’s forearm, “Before you go, I have a favor to ask of you.”

“Of course, Master Gandethus, how can I be of service to you?” Daellin replies.

Shortly thereafter, the Elf is seen leaving the Academy at a quick pace, as if he had a task to [accomplish](#).

Meanwhile, back at Kaijitsu Manor...

Leela 130115 - Leela quickly becomes bored with wandering around the house. She turns

notices the servant following her and grins ever so sweetly. She pulls a candy stick out of her pocket and offers it to him. Leela then heads into a room filled with so many shelves of books. After running her fingers over several, she sees one that might be interesting....Scouting Skills for Dummies. Although she is definitely no dummy, it wouldn't hurt to give it a little read. Leela spots a huge comfy chair and heads for it. On the way to sit down she spots another book and grabs it also. Once settled in the huge chair, Leela opens up How to Make Maps with Invisible Ink and begins to read.

Calina 130105 - Early in the morning, Calina and Paka walk through the woods for several hours. This is Calina's favorite time of day. The new morning sun streams down through the trees, dust motes float upward and the songs of many birds fill the air. Paka, being his usual rambunctious self, pounces on every rustling leaf and blade of grass, then chases several small animals off into the distance. Calina is pretty sure one hapless squirrel may have been breakfast for the large cat. She is thankful that Paka usually makes his kills in private. Just because it's necessary does not make it a welcome sight.



Before long, Calina finds a large patch of lavender and collects several large handfuls, placing them gently in her pouch. Soon, Calina gathers several bundles of other helpful herbs and roots, including enough Yerba to replenish her dwindling tea leaf stock. Though it is still early, Calina decides it is time to head back to camp. Paka appears out of a nearby bush beside her and they walk quietly through the woods for a while. Suddenly, Paka emits a low growl and crouches down, his eyes intently staring at something in the distance. Calina halts, quickly looking in the direction that Paka is facing.



In the distance she sees a large bear clawing at the trunk of a tree. After scooping out something sticky, the bear's long tongue licks and cleans his lifted paw of the gooey substance. Calina smiles and slowly touches Paka. Honey! If she was lucky, the bear would soon leave and Calina could collect some honeycomb for herself. Sure enough, the bear ambles off in the opposite direction. Calina waits a few more minutes then walks to the tree where the opening was close enough to the ground that she could reach in and pull out a large chunk of honeycomb. She wraps it in a piece of oilcloth then adds it to her pouch. The several bee stings she received were worth the prize.

An hour later, Calina and Paka arrive back in the small camp. Soon all the herbs were drying on

the line near the fire, and the roots were ground or mashed then wrapped neatly. Calina carefully ladles hot oatmeal from her cooking pot into a bowl. She adds some of the newly found honey, pours a steaming cup of yerba tea into a small mug then leans against the trunk of a tree to enjoy her breakfast. It was a very good start of the day.



GM 130123 -The day progresses without further incident, some folks spend some time purchasing equipment and spending some time dividing out the loot from their previous delve. Daellin is curiously absent from town for almost the entire day. He supposedly had went out exploring the hinterlands on some quest for Ilsoari Gandethus, the headmaster of the local academy. Calina also spends her time out of town, working on her herbal poultices and other such endeavours. Daellin eventually arrives back in town and [shares his tale](#) over dinner and drinks at the Rusty Dragon.

Eventually, all business has been attended and everyone retires, hoping to get a good nights sleep before heading off to Thistletop again in an attempt to recover Ehlyna's axe and vanquish the demon creature, a [Barghest](#), according to Ilsoari Gandethus' story.

After that, the party has their sights on Magnimar to the south, to try to track down the real evil behind the recent murders committed by Aldern Foxglove as the Skinsaw man.

The next morning.Oathday, Lamashan the 13th, the group convenes and leaves Sandpoint, following the Lost Coast road to the north and east on their way to Thistletop to settle some unfinished business.
