

2nd of Eleint, 1492 DR, 1st day in waterdeep.

Waterdeep is a vast city; carts pulled by horses carry people to and fro, persons of all types of Races crowd every street and tavern, I've barely even explored around and can already tell why it's called The City of Splendors. I set out with a simple pickpocket to see how the City Guard would act. I had picked out an easy mark and was making my move as a group of adventurers that was traveling by happenend to catch sight of me and confronted me about my theft, my prey took off without even paying attention to me and I was forcible absconded by the party as the big muscled one I have learned to call "the Butler" lifted me upon his shoulders and we made our way together.

The party is an interesting mix of characters; Rinn Nailo: cleric of luck, Arannis: ..creature from another dimension, The Butler: pugilist Barbarian , Twice: kenku Rouge, & Jesse: tiefling Wizard. On that matter, it's such a laugh that some of them tried to chastise my thieving act while traveling with a kenku thief, not that I hold anything against him, or seen him steal anything besides food.

The Yawning Portal, quite the tavern and adventuring hub; races of all types, beings of all shapes and sizes, haven for the strange and abnormal, and were we began our adventure and received our first quest. Rinn payed for the party's meal, as I enjoyed a stiff drink and hearty stew for my first warm meal on land, and boy while I may miss the night sky lit only by stars above as the ship rocks at sea, I will not miss the salt in my fur or being wet from the waves in a storm. The fiasco with the trolls and stirges allowed us to experience our first bit of combat together and attract the attention of a fellow looking to hire a group to look for his friend, who turns out to be captured as he happened to look like another fellow.

& thus the party tracked down the kidnapping thugs to a warehouse in the docks were we had our second batch of action and rescued Raenar, who told us the thugs or was it the Kenku? Someone was questioning him about repairing an artifact called the Eye of Beanor or some such like it, while the Kenku or other servants of their master took Floon (the friend we were sent to find) into the sewers with a trail of yellow signs to their master.

Which brings me to my new friend The Butler, he has been helpful and nice, but it does make me wonder, he serves a master, yet he does not seem like a slave. Yet at the same time he mentioned he grew up in service so would he even know any different? Either way he seems to be held in high regard in his service. Another note of confusion is Rinn keeps mentioning an or-pha-nage which I can not quite comprehend what it is, I have yet to ask for clarity on what exactly it is, but everyone seems to believe it to be something good.

As I retire for the evening in a room shared with The Butler, who has seen me as I am and then became dead to the world as he sleeps, and isn't that quite the thought. I don't know if it is simply that he trusts me, or if he is confident in catching me if i were to try anything. It brings me warmth much as the exquisite hot cho-co-late did as I think it is the former. My how it was an interesting day.

3rd of Eteint, 1492 DR, 2nd day in waterdeep

The sewers, something I never even knew existed before coming to waterdeep. a city so cast they built a massive underground water system to dispose of excrement, & now I will never forget what it was like down there. I don't even want to begin to scribe the smell as even thinking of it brings it back to mind as I almost lost my brunch when first entering, I had to go and requisition a pair of pineapples to help me calm my queasy insides, plus their scent reminded me of home and thus bolstered my mental fortitude.

*We were lucky as we found floon, not in the best of shape but he was alive, and those that had captured him didn't take us seriously as we took them down like they were just common thugs. The mind flayer or *il-LITH-idz* is unlike anything I ever faced before, and put me in a state of anxiety, yet it crumpled under our combined assault.*

4th day of Eteint, 1492 3rd day in waterdeep

After a long soak and a good nap I woke and headed down with The Butler to find most of the party gathering along to find that the tab only covered one night, still Butler paid

for us all and we got one last meal and drink. Half the party decided to try an experimental drink titled an energy drink, something I think would best be described as a potion rather than a drink really. The drink smelled and judging by the looks of my fellows tasted foul as well, yet it did as described and gave everyone a big boost of caffeine which after a few hours led to a drop in energy as they later decided to rest. The land surrounding Trollskull manor has a few shops, potions and a bookstore among them, and the manor itself is an impressive sight.

Trollskull manor, a place that turned out to indeed be haunted, but The Butler was shortly able to make a deal with them. Lif, the ghost was a tavern owner and wanted the place to be lively (hah!) again. With the help of Lif, who kindly revealed a secret room in the library, we found that a Wizard? Or a sorcerer had also died within. The magical theories within the study are out of my grasp, and so Jesse gets yet another spellbook, but with the chest of precious gems and 300gp I contributed from the art sale we have a decent start on savings for renovations.

Sixth of elient, 1492 DR, 5th day in Waterdeep

Hnm been a bit, and much to write of. I am now part owner along with the rest of the part of a manor that was at one point a tavern, and the previous owner who is clinging to life as a specter has welcomed us to his home as the Butler has bargained with him in allowing us to live here as long as we bring it back to its former glory it once was. Trollskull manor as it is called is interesting in its size, consisting of six floors, Six! The bottom most floor is a cellar for storing the drinks that were sold at the tavern and is dark and damp for that purpose. The second floor of which is the entrance floor holds the kitchen and pantry along with a big room tavern style. The third floor is where the residence would spend their time when not doing business holding what I assume would be a guest bedroom, an even smaller room that was pretty empty that I have claimed for myself and two rooms in which to relax in, though why you would need two I can't fathom to think of. The four floor is the family floor as it holds the main bedroom, an additional bedroom, both which have personal baths, two rooms in which

to relieve your body's needs in, and a room full of books. The room of books also hides a secret room that the ghost was kind enough to point out, the room is a wizards quarters though it did lack a bed, it held a mysterious corpse that Rinn took swift action of disposing of. The fifth floor was used for storage, and then the six is the top of the tower which holds a ballista emplacement.

Most of the first day in the manor was filled with cleaning the place up as it has been quite awhile since it was last inhabited and has fallen in quite a bad state, rotting wood, broken portions, it's not a pretty site and we have actually gotten ahold of a carpenter that will help us reinforce and patch it up so that it will be better then it is now. Agatha, the aforementioned carpenter is... she has shown interest in me in a way that no one has before, very affectionate and touchy as she carried me around and talked to me in a weird voice as we inspected what needed repairs. On the 5th day we went on an investigation as we waited in a tavern in the docks to catch a man that had been sneaking in wild critters to harass the barkeep as they had a bit of bad history between them and meet another that had joined our party. Polaris, there is something that, is welcoming about her that I can't put into words.

14th of flamerule, 1490

I don't know exactly what I am doing with this, but Sorjack suggested I should keep a log to help keep track of days while at sea, and perhaps to ether honor those that fell or write to pass the time so I don't just sit with such a long look on my face, and while we may have parted ways after they dropped us off at port, perhaps it will help. Sometimes at night I can still smell the flames and death that cling to the ruins and I can not begin to fathom the strength of those that stayed to attempt at rebuilding what we have lost, I don't know what I would have not done if captain Mortain's yearly trip to our isles was delayed or canceled, that they still sailed to us despite the smoke rising from our home, The sight of seeing The Jeweled Dinichthys approach our isles, the lot of us knew it would be our only chance to leave our shores and hunt the cursed pirates, yet a merchant vessel is not suited for such acts, and so they faired us to this port so that we may find a crew that will ether allow us to join, or would help us with our cause. Roan

has chosen to stay with Mortain as a cabin boy, a decision that I can approve of as though he survived scuffling with raiders, fighting is not his calling.

Seventh day of Elient, 1492 DR. 6th day in waterdeep

Mhnm the bathhouse was an interesting experience, and I am glad for having been able to spend some time with Agatha. Agatha was once more affectionate and quick to call me friend, while still managing to be professional when talking trade, I should speak with her on her intentions. I am conflicted on what I should do, I should sort my feelings for her. The thirst for adventure remains strong and still too soon to settle but perhaps there is fun to be had if she is indeed willing, yet I feel I may be missing something in mainland relations.

The sewers have once more been proven as a dismal place to be, we got in quite the spaznaka as Rinn took a nasty hit from the Grey sludge, thankfully we were able to dispatch of the ooze & tend to fastly. Lucky the fool we went in to save was in one piece and even in such a state as to drop some of his findings along as his pants parted by the acid, thought he may have had some still hidden in his upper garments hopefully this was enough of a trip as to quell any further urges for him. The Reward of Bathhouse tickets was a godsend with the treatment they provided.

Another note that the Stalking quest pointed out to me is how others may post notices to get us specifically and such there may come a time where they could lead to a trap, and I am unsure how to counteract against that happening, as while having Lif be on watch for shady characters only warns us of the possibility and while being informed beforehand of the trap would be beneficial we would still need to spring the trap less others fall victim to it, perhaps the others would have wisdom on what to do.

8th day of summertime , 1490 DR.

I have met a Dwarven monk, Brother Mathias he calls himself. He has taken me under his wing, said his heart breaks thinking of me fighting for revenge as I am, yet if it was he, he would do the same. He says if what happened to my people happened to the Dwarfs they would march out in force against the aggressors, and that it's important to remember those that would come to your aid in an hour in need. It does indeed warm my heart that we are not alone in our quest, that our suffering will not be unnoticed by others. The other night during a big storm that made my night terrors creep in Brother Mathias lent me his pipe to smoke, I remember little else of what has transpired yet the crew has taken to calling me Stormglow for how I stood upon the deck not a care in the world as the boat rocked with the waves. I can only presume that the glow was from constant use of prestidigitation, and while I haven't had the call to repeat in the rain without the pipeweed, I imagine it was a pleasant experience to enjoy the rain without soggy fur and the gentle warmth the spell brings.

28th day of Summertime, 2490 DR.

Brother Mathias insists on calling me a child all the time, yet I can't bring myself to blame him. His kind reaches adulthood around the same mine passes away due to old age it really is quite something. He has also started to show me how to use my speed to my advantage in a fight, or to simply get away, his use of Ki allows him to surpass even Riku's at his fastest. My claws have been proven ill suited for hand to hand combat so he is training me in use of short blades to give me another option for when things come to blows. As for my prime weapon, my eyes have given me a good advantage in using a bow in ranged combat, I can be efficient with a dagger as well but a bow is more practical as I don't have to focus on retrieving the arrows as I would the Daggers, and when fighting another crew that may be on a sinking ship, well I can't expect to be able to retrieve them all the time. On that matter Captian Whitefang believes the reason we haven't heard anything about pirate activity is as it's just the quite before the storm, they are planning something and he thinks the only way we might be able to get ahead of them is sneaking someone into their ranks to try and learn something.

12th day of Mirtul, 2191

We had a bad stroke of luck as trade winds hit us mid battle with a great big pirate ship, the ship despite its size had little for weapons and before the storm the battle was looking well for us. Yet then the pirates got a lucky shot on our mast and we had to break away before them combined with the storm would tear our ship apart. Later captain Halmean confessed that he believed the pirate ship to be a prison ship, and that they could have had slaves. After all this time, the Battlebirds could have taken some of my people, they could still be suffering at the hands of those damnable pirates. While i spent the rest of the evening helping the others with repairs, I think i will start casting mending on everything i can, maybe exhaustion will snuff the feelings of rage and despair, I don't think i would be able to get much sleep tonight anyway.

16th day of Elient, 1492, 15th day in waterdeep

Work for the Mariners guild is both interesting and tedious, restoring old charts and hunting for lost maps can be wondrous and tiring for my writing paw. John jacob Jingleheimerschmit Jameson, a man with a mouthful for a name, and quite the respected man within the Mariners guild is who I work for though he keeps periodically asking for 'pictures' a spiderman. the so called pictures are a work of art developed by his gnomish assistant Peter Piper Parker Potter who proclaims himself a Mage. a mage is a curios mix of wizard and sorcerer as he admits that some things come naturally to him while others he had to work hard for. Parker's pictures utilizes a branch of divination to capture a beings likeness and he has made these contraptions that allow you with a press of a button take these pictures and they come out of the device on what has termed polaroids, a small hand sized canvas. still have no idea on who this Spiderman is, he does not seem to be a servant of Ioth at least, and everyone simply rolls their eyes fondly whenever JJ makes his demands. Parkers seems shifty about something but I sense no harm for him so will let him have his secrets.

The Manor is coming along Nicely, and everyone is preparing for the big opening, I

think I will look for a sandy stretch of coastline to show Agatha what it is like to have a tropical date, we both can use a break from all the work.

20th Day of Elient, 1492 19th day in waterdeep

Ugh what a mess, I should have been more insistent on learning more about the ships before attempting to board, the Captain and crew were quite courteous considering catching me aboard. Rinn has continued to confound me, they are quite careless with their words and reckless in their actions sometimes, I think I need to speak with them and mayhaps fortune will favor us and I can convince them to have more care. As for the whole death at our door fiasco, is it the Xanathar gang or someone else that now has the stone I wonder, and what does it actually do?

*“Oh it’s been quite the year since I saw you my dear, and oh how I long to again.
But by oath & creed I am bound to the sea, though I keep you in my heart.
Through storm and Gail we are riding on their tails, the terrors of the sea.
Your killers in sight, we chase through the night, oh how will make them pay.
Morning light is met by battlecries, as both sides begin to fight.
Their ship is large and heavily armed as our Captain gives a cry for care.
Watch your aim, they have captives in their hold, he says to my dismay.
Battle is raged as we hold against their might, as volleys are exchanged.
With a mighty crack, our mainsail takes a hit, mast crumbling into the deep
the skirmish breaks as the pirates turn to go, we are forced to watch them flee
by oath and creed I am bound to the sea, your killers while you still remain
Port to port, we sail along the coast, as I long to once more.
So Until I am dead, I’ll have you in my heart, steady as I go.”*

26th day of Elient, 1492 25th day in Waterdeep

Hnm it's been awhile since I wrote, and much has occurred. The Gralhunds turned out to be demon worshipers, yet justice has been dealt to them, though I can't say weather their children can be saved from the path that they were on, they are in the city's hands now. The Nimblewright that was rouge has also been arrested and put to death, how much of a role they actually played we still do not know. Rinn has been different since the blast robbed them of their life, mutilating their face and disintegrating one of their arms. That their God managed to save them and even grant them a replacement arm, even one that is a boon of magic, well lucky may indeed be a saving grace despite their current feelings of that luck turning downhill. well there are always two sides of a coin are there not? What a funny saying. Then there is either the current ruler of waterdeep, or a drow in disguise that tasked us in interrogating a prisoner to find the current hiding place of the stone. The crew managed to successfully extract the information from him without stepping on too many toes only to find out that the drow already knew were it was, or overheard it's location somehow. The drow were using flintlocks, nasty, smelly, and loud weapons, still I can see the use of using one in a pinch or as an element of surprise. We managed to beat the threesome and recovered the stone, though we left the interrogation of them to the city watch. A new element to our group, a Pixie merchant, bonded to the stone and spoke to the Aboleth, a creator of ancient legends that is also bound to the stone, (or is the stone bound to it?) Anyway they managed to find out where the vault was and the keys to the opening of said vault. The keys to the vault turned out to be more of an audible thing, though how the drunken elf pertains to that I don't know, other than that the Dwarves who may have built the vault would never believe an Elf to do so willingly or some such, so now we are going to set out to see what lies within.