



We are in the Thestal Halls of Heorot(!)

There are two floors (hence the two numbers in each room—higher numbers; higher floor). The darker gray circles are spiral staircases that go higher than the two floors, like observation turrets for looking in as well as looking out. Once you go high enough, above the rooms, you can see into the inner courtyard/balcony. In the middle is a courtyard that is also a balcony at the higher level. An empty pool lies in the center. Around the empty pool are urns. This whole place was clearly designed as a place to party, to celebrate victory, etc.

Darnit looks around and says it looks like it's been rebuilt several times by several different architects. Lots of different people have called this place their particular hall and they've redone a lot. It's definitely a hodgepodge of identities.

Dorinda pours some of Darnit's water in the closest urn. The water goes into the jar. When she twists the faucet, a little dribbles out.

There's a wide array of lounging equipment—a chaise lounge, a divan, a love sack, etc. Hanging on the walls are paintings, tapestries, etchings of a wide variety of different kinds of battle scenes, whether man vs beast or giant armies conflicting. There's a little bit of everything celebrating the different victorious stories that drove people to come here to celebrate.

We are on a reconnaissance mission for hints of divinity. We look for any religious symbols or phoenixes in any of these rooms. Darnit suggests we don't want to antagonize or give our locations to either of the armies nearby. We don't want to draw any attention and we should probably make a quick exit if either spots us.

We start in room 1 (though DM is adamant that the number system is arbitrary and just for us, and has no hidden meaning). We walk up and all of these rooms are enclosed with absolutely massive doors. We walk up to the room and these doors, as we approach, pull out. As Hrothulf reaches for the massive wooden door handle, and the whole thing turns into satin curtains that flow open and he catches a huge waft of relaxing aromatics. Some lavender, some patchouli, some peppermint. As we step through the curtains we find ourselves in an elegant bathhouse and spa—the perfect place to relax after an epic battle. There are no people here. The hall was silent and we could almost hear the lava flow. In here there is very subtle harp-like music, like where when you try to listen to it it disappears but when you focus away you hear it again. Dorinda peeks out to make sure the courtyard is still there and we haven't gone through a portal or anything. There's a jacuzzi, a place with mud salts, massage tables (though unmanned). There aren't any windows to the outside. The walls seem to be intentionally sparse for meditative purposes. Izar and Darnit are like, "You know we could stay a little bit. I think we've earned this." Izar lays on one of the tables and Darnit gives a shiatsu. Everything in this room is like the Cheesecake Factory in color, shades of pink beige and copper. Those of us who aren't Izar and Darnit want to get them to move on, but Darnit wants a turn on the table. Hrothulf says we move on, we must be in haste. Asks Ego to do a scan of it so we can recreate it in the ReDream. Dorinda is getting weirded out by all of the touching. Darnit asks about a round in the jacuzzi.

Ego says weren't you just saying we need to be on our way? Armies and some such?

Darnit They won't see us in here! What do you think, Izar?

Izar I think it'll be ok. We can be on our way and be on our ship. Yeah, yeah, yeah. The branch of empty promises.

We go to door number two. Another massive wooden door. When Hrothulf touches it the door becomes a polished stainless steel door. As he pulls it open we get another huge waft of new aromas. This one takes us into a chocolatier, like a warm baker. Chocolate, peppermint. As we step in we are in this kitchen dining area dedicated to all things sweet and delicious. The left half is all seating and dining and opportunities to do tastings. The right half is this really well-equipped kitchen, fully stocked to bake anything you could hope to bake. Multiple ovens, an air fryer, ingredients for milk duds... There are no finished foods available. Just ingredients. The only thing out of place to Dorinda is, on the counter, there are shelled eggs in the trash can and there are some crunched up peppermint bits on the counter top as though someone was just in here baking. And a shimmery metallic substance by the oven on the ground. Like highly reflective metallic shavings, but in circles and star shapes. Like glitter fragments.

Izar looks up. It's a very well-lit space, a little blinding, but makes it easy to clean up in the kitchen. We check out the door in the back of the room, to the turret. The turret has this spirally window thing you can stand inside, and we don't see anybody in there. Izar feels like someone is here, like we're being watched. He's by the ovens in the kitchen. The nearby oven has chocolate, peppermint crumbles, an open bottle of peppermint extract. Very sloppy.

Hrothulf raises his head and calls out, like an old high school teacher, "I say, hello, is anyone there? It is I, Hrothulf, Lord of the Southern Territories, y'all." (No response)

Izar takes the open bag of flour with mage hand. He walks to the other side of the oven and sort of tosses flour about. It looks like it's snowing! And he says, "Hellooooo, are you here?"

Dorinda, thinking someone was standing near the glitter, thinks where she would hide from that position if it were her. She sees the pantry is ajar. She throws a flash grenade in the room. There's a burst of light right behind Izar. She runs to the pantry and opens it up to find... copious amounts of ingredients, unaffected by the bright light. She'll take a second and examine them to see if she sees movement of any kind.

Ego checks out the dining side of the room. A combination of booth and table seating. Each table is already set with appropriate flatware and napkins rolled like a croissant. Each table has a tiny vase with a single silk flower coming out, each slightly different from the last. One has a little airplant succulent thing going on. The floor is all like a navy and white checker all throughout both sides. The two sides are only separated by a counter with bar seating. The walls are predominantly shelving for different ingredients. The ceilings are only about 10-12 ft up. They have very ornate chandeliers. A molded brass, all shaped to hold the lighting with various kinds of pastries and confections. Ego says, "Hey maybe we should just check out the next room."

Hrothulf: "By the way, I should add, we mean you no harm. Y'all".

No response.

"Yeah, I'd be ok if we just went to another room. We should set a timer though for when these brownies finish."

We look at it turns out there's already a timer set. 7 minutes remain. We decide to check out the next room and come back in 6 minutes. Dorinda steps again into the pantry. She leaves the door cracked as it was before, but leaves her droid inside to make a recording of the oven and the vicinity of the oven.

Izar has his mage hand quickly clean up the flour as everyone is starting to file out.

Izar says he thinks he heard a little noise! A little giggle as he walked away. "They seemed to be flattered by my compliment. And they make good brownies!" he says as he follows up behind us. He seems content to still leave though, figuring whoever is there already knows we're here and seems harmless.

The next door has an etching of a castle floating in the distance over a large mountain, but the mountain itself seems to be the focal point. Hrothulf doesn't recognize the mountains or the castle but Izar does. It's from Janus! The castle is the primary dwelling place of the house Roderick. Izar notes that there are eight eyes on this door. The sigil of the house is a door with eight eyes on it. They fancy themselves a house of fate and hope and pathways. They're primarily kind of a druid fold.

Hrothulf pulls the door, and it does not transform. Inside is bed chambers. It's done up in a very Victorian, gothic theme with very dark green velvet curtains and draperies and duvets on the

beds, and they're all lined with a golden thread. There are candelabra all about, and many fractured mirrors. Cracked but intact (none of the pieces have fallen)! They look like they've been assaulted, different ones with different numbers of impact points. There are no rocks on the floor. Neither is there obvious water on the floor as though they were hit with an icicle (though it's hard to say given the thick carpet). The beds are made and very inviting. Pedestal beds with the drawstring where the heavy velvet curtains could drop, effectively soundproofing it. None of the curtains of the eight beds are closed. None look like they've been slept in. The only other sign of wear and tear is that many of the nearly-excessive candelabra have little nubs of candles, largely used.

Ego suggests maybe they were broken because they're dangerous portals somewhere. Asks whether someone has *mending*!

Dorinda suggests someone didn't want to see their own reflection.

Hrothulf looks in a mirror and sees himself many times with the many pieces, as expected.

Hrothulf pulls out his soul blade spear and waves it in front of the mirror. It seems to have a normal reflection.

He then summons Magura, and gives him a welcome fist bump. Magura looks around. Hrothulf picks him up and holds him in front of the mirror. Magura does the classic lick-the-fingers-and-fix-the-eyebrows. He appears as one would expect in a fractured mirror though.

Dorinda is investigating. As she walks past one of the mirrors she does a double-take because she has a clown wig on in the mirror. She looks again and she also has the big red nose on her face. It's just in the mirror though. She is not amused. She looks for someone to stab. Darnit is closest. She looks at the reflections of her compatriots in the mirror, but they look like their normal self.

She says, "My reflection looks strange, as if somebody is playing a joke. I think that's what you call it, anyway."

Ego looks in the mirror and sees the clown wig and nose on Dorinda. She laughs, then stifles it a little.

It shows up in all of the mirrors Dorinda looks in.

When Ego looks in the mirror, she looks normal, as the way she is currently presenting herself to the world.

Hrothulf looks under the beds. It is very clean and empty under all of them, except one, where there is a very large briefcase, like 3'6" x "18. Hrothulf retrieves Magura and points at the briefcase. Magura grabs the handle and drags it out really slowly. As he pulls it out from the bed entirely he points and there's a three-digit code to open it.

We try 666, for the various rooms and pillars and urns. Locked.

888, but it's still locked.

Dorinda uses her thieving skills to try to listen and find the code. The mechanism is well-oiled and almost silent.

Hrothulf tries 314 and it opens! Inside is bdsm equipment. A series of whips and chains and fuzzy manacles. Hrothulf thoroughly searches to make sure there's not a false bottom in it, and he wants to examine the chains to see if he can add them as weapons or as actual tools.

Our brownie time is about up, so Hrothulf leaves it where it is and leaves it open, but also puts everything back how he thought it would be. He lets Magura select anything he'd like. We all walk out of the room and Magura trails behind with handcuffs around his ankles. Hrothulf makes a mental note that, whenever Magura leaves, the handcuffs come either with him or with Izar (who expressed interest).

We make haste to the kitchen, trying to get there just as the brownies are coming out of the oven. Hrothulf gently but purposely opens the door and announces himself, "Hello I beg your pardon we have returned." He stands at the threshold to make himself known. As he opens the door the timer is going off, and he advances slowly into the room. Ego sneaks into the room like the little jazz dance cartoon sneak.

As we advance slowly we find the the oven door is open but the brownies are still in.

We find Izar's flour was clean up in part but some remains on the ground.

Hrothulf goes to the oven and takes out the brownies, bare-handed.

Dorinda goes to its door and it is covered in a hardened orange chocolate. She takes a knife and carefully pries the shell off.

Ego goes to check out the brownies and they smell amazing, though very pepperminty. She snags an apron on her way to the oven, turns off the timer, grabs a spatula and cooling racking, and starts cutting brownies and placing them on the cooling rack. Hrothulf has also turned off the oven and shut the door.

The stand mixers, of which there are three, start whizzing to life. Directly in front of Hrothulf in the dining area a dozen chairs start marching in his direction.

Ego starts sweating seeing everything happen and hastens her process, really wanting to get the brownies on the cooling rack before anything happens.

Dorinda sees the video her drone took, watching the oven, where a floating bowl of soupy chocolate floats up to the drone then the image goes brown. And there's more of the glittery stuff on the floor of the pantry. She sees the chairs stepping with their legs toward Hrothulf.

"Maybe we should leave the brownies alone," she says, backing slowly toward the door, past the stand mixers. Though while passing she checks the whirring mixers, spinning with increasing speed and lots of noise. She respects that whoever is here wants us to back away from the brownies. She tries to get around and dodge everything to disengage all of this.

Izar says, "We just wanted to try the best brownies in the whole universe."

A tiny voice cackles from the ceiling, "But they've been ruined!"

"Ruined? They smell amazing."

"They're crumbled mush! You didn't Wait! You have to wait!"

"We're sorry!"

"You will pay!"

"Lend me your hand if we be friends!"

(No reply)

Looking up at the ceiling we can still only see the brass chandeliers. With the chairs still advancing Izar readies ranseur — if the chairs come within one foot of us she will attack. Darnit will stand with him and fight to the bittersweet chocolate end.

Hrothulf says, “I have years of culinary experience! Would you like me to whip up another batch?”

The disembodied voice from the middle part of the ceiling says “Too late.” Then in the tiny voice’s best intimidating voice says, “Meet me in the fighting rooms! We’ll settle this there!”

The door goes to slam all of a sudden, but Darnit is in the doorway so it just kind of bounces off of him.

Hrothulf: “Which one of these rooms is the so-called ‘fighting room’?”  
(no response)

The chairs are still coming at us. They get close and Izar’s lightning goes off, charring two, and Darnit dispatches three himself.

Ego says, “Ah, sorry guys, my bad. But you know we came back in here to figure out who was here and we did that, so I think we can hang our hats on that.”

As she’s leaving the room she sees tiny footprints in the flour, smaller than a child, and says, “And besides, I think we can probably take him.”

Dorinda wants to get out of the room and shut the doors. “Retreat! Retreat!” she says, popping out the room back into the courtyard.

We all exit and close the door. As we step away, the door is back to its regular, wooden door form, as all of the other doors are also.

We have determined the Greg is not to be questioned in matters of BDSM neither Joel in spelling. One body many gifts, as both are apt to say in their own way.