

Decisions, Decisions (11)

[Welcome Home - Session 11 Summary](#)

GM 051812 - Vexeron, Kallin and Calina had just finished dealing with the horrible creatures that had apparently climbed up out of the catacombs under the town. One guard was dead at their hands and two others severely wounded. After the battle, Kallin found himself in a very perturbed mood. He kept thinking to himself why these situations kept coming up, and why could he not deal with them better. He was mad at himself, then he started thinking about his other companions that were NOT there that night, the Elf, the Dwarf and the Halfling. If they had been there, things would have been much smoother and there would have been less of a chance at anyone getting hurt. Then he got angry at Calina and Vexeron. What were they thinking, trying to fight these foes from a distance when there was no one else there to engage them in melee. He just did not understand the tactics of his so called friends sometimes, and it made him quite angry.



Before he could storm off, two of the young acolytes from the temple rushed up and attended to the wounded, though their healing powers were not as good as Father Zantus, they were appreciated. They told everyone to come to the temple in the morning and Father Zantus would finish healing them up. The town guards talked with Calina and Vexeron for a moment as Kallin stormed off to be angry somewhere else.

The next morning, everyone was gathered for a late breakfast in the common room of the Rusty Dragon. The mood was sullen and no one is really talking, though now two burning issues seem to float in the air between them. First, the demon-wolf-beast back at Thistletop needed to be dealt with in addition to Ehlyna getting her lost throwing axe back, and Second, the ruins under the town needed to be cleared out and the tiny sorcerous creature there dealt with, as well as any more of the shambling, split-jawed creatures.



Just then, the doors to the Inn open and in strides Sheriff Hemlock. He looks tired and haggard, but smiles when he sees you. "I arrived back to Sandpoint late last night. I was given a brief rundown of all you have done in my absence. My condolences on the loss of your friend. He was a brave warrior. Your aid and protection to the city of Sandpoint has been invaluable, truly you are great and noble heroes. Now, I must ask one more thing of you, will you delve back into the catacombs below the town and see if you cannot vanquish whatever evil lies there? I have considered sending a group of town guards down there, but I fear that their training will not be enough to let them be triumphant. You, on the other hand, are tried and tested, mighty heroes one and all, and I am certain you can best whatever evils lurk there. And, yes, I was successful in my mission to Magnimar. The Lord-Mayor was generous and lent us a detachment of soldiers to help protect the city, though with Nualia and the Goblin threat neutralized, it may be a bit of overkill, nevertheless, I will keep them stationed here as long as I can. Please consider my request in the name of Sandpoint." He takes a big breath after his lengthy spiel to the gathered heroes, then rests his hands on his hips.

Daellin 5/19/12 - Daellin eases his chair back from the far table where he was enjoying his morning breakfast. If his seat was the farthest away from the Dwarf and just so happened to be close to an easily accessible exit it was purely a coincidence. Reasonable and rational sentient beings don't hold grudges, Daellin surely doesn't ... although reasonable and rational aren't commonly used to describe Dwarves in general. With an uncomfortable look in the Dwarf's direction Daellin eases his chair back a bit more. One can't be too cautious after all. Keeping busy and out of sight the past few days has hopefully allowed things to calm down a bit. If not, well head trauma has been known to do funny things. Addressing Sheriff Hemlock he states bluntly, "We would be greatly honored to aid the fine town of Sandpoint once again my good sir."

Vexeron 5/20/2012 - "I say good show old boy!" Vexeron exclaims as he stands up from his chair. "I must wholeheartedly agree." He extends his hand to the Sheriff. "We've not met, I am the Wizard Vexeron. These fine adventurers have allowed me to join their ranks. I'm very pleased to meet you." After a hearty handshake Vexeron retakes his seat.

GM 052012 - The sheriff nods his head at Vexeron and gives him a firm handshake, "Thank you

sir, if you are counted as friend to these fine folk, then I am glad to know you.

CALINA 5/30/2012 Sitting a short distance from Ehlyna, Calina was trying to enjoy her breakfast. The tantalizing smell of the roasted vegetables on her plate combined with the tangy aroma of several sliced oranges but Calina only pushed the food around the wooden plate with her spoon. She worried about her friends, especially after the events of the previous day. Only her newest friend, Vexeron, and the ever smiling, Ellie appeared to be in good humor. Calina was sitting several seats from Ehlyna and was able to watch the dwarf without too much trouble. Ehlyna wasn't acting her normal boisterous self and Calina assumed she still felt the after-effects of whatever the monster did to her.

When the Sheriff entered the inn's dining room, Calina knew something important was about to happen. The new task requested of the friends was both welcome and unnerving. The beasts living under the glassworks were very dangerous. Daellin almost lost his life in a surprise attack by the small flying monster encountered during their previous excursion to the lower levels, and yet he was the first to jump at the chance to go back into the deadly catacombs. In addition, Hemlock's praise felt awkward in light of the unexpected death of Zursat; the group had yet to fully mourn his loss.

Calina glanced at Ehlyna once more, knowing that the dwarf would not be happy until the lost axe was recovered. Which mission would be pursued first had yet to be decided and would probably cause heated discussion among the group of friends.

Kallin 061612. Kallin steps in the room after the Sheriff gives his request. He quietly goes to sit down with a confused but satisfied expression on his face. Peck flies in quickly behind him and lands on the table where Kallin sits begging him for some food. Kallin looks for a morsel of bread, gives it to Peck, and whispers, "quiet".

GM 061612 - The sheriff says, "The troops that Magnimar sent us are a company of mercenaries whose charter is close to running out, so we won't have them long, though I have heard that the soldiers of the "Iron Carnival" are brave and stalwart warriors. I will have most of them stationed at the gates of the city, but will have a few of them set guarding at the Glassworks as well, they will help bolster our own local troops. I have informed them of your standing with the city watch. They will assist you in any way they can, though they are under strict orders from their superiors in Magnimar that they are here solely for the defense and protection of the town. Inside the town. They are not to leave the town proper." After answering a few questions from the party, the sheriff bows and heads out. He stops at the door, "Thank you all again. Sandpoint is forever in your debt."