



[Blackengorge - An Odd Couple - Postscript](#)

Dec 14, 2010 ▼


...to be read in-line with [Chapter #02](#)

Synopsis

The 12th to 14th Days of Ches in the Year of the Sudden Journey

As Khalin and Tradden head out towards the marshes with Caldring, the rest of the group have deeds of their own to perform.

- [Celestia Gaja](#) - 2nd Level Female Elven Cleric of Melora
- [Kireth Majere](#) - 2nd Level Male Half-Elven Wizard
- [Zero Uhlit](#) - 2nd Level Male Human Rogue

 Me: **The 12th Day of Ches in the Year of the Sudden Journey**
Inner Sanctum of the Temple of Pelor, Blackengorge - Evening

Dec 13, 2010 ▼

Kireth carefully shut the door behind him and surveyed the small room. He didn't have long and mustn't be disturbed.

The room was small, sparsely furnished with a long bookcase against the wall opposite the door, and a reading desk with two chairs against the one to the right. On the wall to the left hung three paintings, a mixture of depictions of Pelor. In each corner stood a tall candleabra with candles burning brightly and filling the room with clear yellow light.

Kireth took one of the chairs and propped it against the door, under the handle, before removing a small pouch from within his robe and placing it on the reading table. From the other side of his robes he took out his ritual book and placed it carefully down next to the pouch.

Crossing over to the bookcase he looked through the tomes until he found the two he desired - the ones that had been found here on the old continent. He reverently laid them down on the reading table.

After a quick glance at the door and a pause for breath he opened the first of the books and quickly skipped through the delicate pages. He repeated this with the second of the books.

From within the pouch **Kireth** retrieved a small crystal and with a few whispered words the crystal began to glow gently. He opened his ritual book and then began to touch the writing in one of the old tomes, tracing the characters as they were on the page. As he did so, the words began to flicker into existence on the pages of the ritual book, and exact copy.

Kireth spent a full ten minutes carefully tracing sections of the books and then with reluctance he closed the tomes and replaced them on the shelves. The crystal, now dull and useless he pocketed in the pouch and replaced that and his ritual book within the folds of his cloak.

Carefully removing the chair from the door he stepped back outside the sanctum and across the hall to where **Zero** and Dania sat together on a bench.

"Thank you, m'lady," **Kireth** said to the initiate, placing a measured hand on her shoulder. "However, I am afraid that the writings in the books were meaningless to me. You were right to think that I may have been of help to His Radiant Servant, but unfortunately, in this case, it is not so."

Dania looked a little disappointed, and **Zero** offered her some murmurings of comfort. "You did the right thing, Dania," he said. "Sometimes we don't find the answers we're looking for, though."

Zero looked up at **Kireth**, who seemed impatent to leave.


"Probably best not to mention this to your superiors," **Zero** added. "We didn't find out anything new, so not much point, eh?"

"I guess not," she sighed.

"Well, if that's all decided, we better be calling it a night," said **Kireth** quickly.

"Yes, well, I'll, er, escort Dania back to her rooms and meet you back at the inn, Kireth," blushed **Zero**, and took Dania's arm and led her away from the wizard.

Kireth smiled and headed back to the inn, the next steps already forming in his mind.

 Me: **The 12th Day of Ches in the Year of the Sudden Journey**
Upstairs Room in The Bronze Lion Inn, Blackengorge - Late Evening

Dec 13, 2010 ▼

Kireth locked the room door behind him, hands trembling with excitement. The first part of his plan had flowed seamlessly. The scriptures from the two ancient texts found near the town were now perfectly copied within his book thanks to the Amanuensis ritual. The crystal he had used, now dull, lifeless and worthless, he cast to one side, it's role completed and usefulness expended. The crystal had not been cheap, but he hoped would be more than worth it's cost.

He was confident that the girl wouldn't remember anything about his time in the inner sanctum - his Memory to Mist spell, cast as he held her shoulder, would put pay to that. **Zero** wouldn't talk either - the rogue seemed to be quite adept at knowing how and when to keep secrets.

He placed his ritual book on the small bedside table and sat down on the bed. From his pack he pulled out a small vial of ink and began to murmur words of spellcraft. After a few minutes of concentration he turned towards the book quickly and threw the ink across the pages where he had copied the texts.

It seemed like furious madness, but once all of the pages were covered they seemed to take on a life of their own, the text transforming into mundane writings of basic wizardry practices. **Kireth** smiled - anyone looking at his book would just see boring incantations, whilst he could see straight through the illusion and view the original text underneath. Perfect secret pages.


He rose from the bed and crossed the room nervously a couple of times. He checked the door was locked, just to be certain, and stood quietly, listening out in case anyone was coming up the stairs.

Confident that he had time, he sat down once more upon the bed, and turned the ritual book to the first page of the copied text - the illusionary writings disappearing before his eyes to reveal the true copy underneath. This was the last piece in his plan, and perhaps the trickiest.

From his pack he withdrew a small piece of glass, slightly smoked and tinted. Holding this up to his eye, almost forcefully and painfully, he began to try to read the text, boldly incanting as he went. The words were unintelligible, even some of the runes and letters were completely unknown, but he tried his best. After a few minutes the glass started to clear and moments after that the letters and words transformed in **Kireth's** mind and he found himself reading the text aloud in a clear, strong voice.

Stopping himself, and turning to look at the door once more, he put down the glass and waited. He could hear no noise. He picked up the ritual book and started to read the text from the start. Words came clear into his mind as he read, his comprehension of the language now fully understood.

By the time **Zero** struggled with the locked door, **Kireth** had read both texts and put all of his items away, laying on the bed with a smile on his face. Not all of it made sense without some context, but he had learnt so much more about the Old Continent this night.

 Me: **The 13th Day of Ches in the Year of the Sudden Journey**
Upstairs Room in The Bronze Lion Inn, Blackengorge - Very Early Morning

Dec 16, 2010 ▼

Kireth awoke with a start, sweat streaming down his face and the hairs on the back of his neck stood at end. He tried to calm his racing heart and wheezing breath, clutching tightly onto the blanket over his bed. It took him more than one attempt to raise a softly glowing orb of light, his hands trembling uncontrollably.

A snort, followed by the onset of loud snores, came from the bed at the other side of the room as **Kireth's** light flickered. **Kireth** composed himself and pushes back his covers, rising to his feet and heading towards his pack.

Padding across the floor as quietly as he could he winced as the floorboards creaked. He paused, but the snores continued. Turning once again to his pack he withdrew the dark tome he had found on the dark robed elf's body in the ritual chambers underneath the mausoleum.

He turned to a random page and studied the writing therein.

After a few moments he laughed out loud, catching himself as he did so. It was so obvious, he had no idea how he had missed it. His nervous anticipation disappearing as clear thoughts coalesced in his mind. The dark robed elf had even shouted out the clues at them.

"What was it he called at us?" he muttered to himself. "Your blood will aid in my work, interlopers!" - that was it. Perfect Common grammar. As though he had been brought up in Deepingwald. Writing to match! How did I miss this?"

*"Miss what?" groaned a slumbering **Zero**, turning over in his bed and shielding his eyes from **Kireth's** light.*

*"Nothing, my friend," replied **Kireth** casually, talking more to himself than to the prostrate rogue. "Only we are not alone in discovering these lands, I think. Though how or why they are here remains to be solved."*

*With that, **Kireth** returned to his bed and dimmed his glowing light. Thoughts fired continuously across his mind as he slowly drifted back off into a fitful sleep.*

Tags: 

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