

Blackengorge - The Goblin's Lair - Reports - Chapter #04, Scene #03

...continues from [Chapter #04, Scene #02](#)

Synopsis

The 15th Day of Ches in the Year of the Sudden Journey

Charged with investigating and perhaps even clearing a goblin warren near Blackengorge, the party headed off to the lair behind a waterfall. Encountering a strong force of goblins and kobolds outside the lair they were eventually victorious, and made their way past the cascading water into the inner chambers. There they encountered a stronger force, with a brute of a goblin that required all of their teamwork to overcome. Its treasure revealed riches, as well as a hidden message of a spy within the town. The group now returned to Blackengorge to report on their findings.

- [Khálin Grundokri](#) - 3rd Level Male Dwarfen Warlord
- [Kireth Majere](#) - 3rd Level Male Half-Elven Wizard
- [Tradden Aversward](#) - 3rd Level Male Human Fighter
- [Zero Uhlit](#) - 3rd Level Male Human Rogue

Scene Length

This scene starts on Friday 4 February 2011 and is expected to be completed by the end of Thursday 10 February 2011. Players are expected to be able to post at least once a day.

Me: *It wasn't long after Khalin was tucking into his second plated meal that Beltak came into The Bronze Lion behind Tremak and Tymander. The council duo congratulated the group on a magnificent result and how the town was indebted to them once more. However, they both seemed most concerned with the idea of a 'spy'.* Feb 4

"How could this be so?" enquired Tremak. "It is absurd to think such a thing. All of the villagers are honest and hard-working and are under the watchful eye of Pelor. He would not allow such a thing."

The debate rambled on, although no names were mentioned explicitly. Tymander pledged that himself, Tremak, and Barghest would root out any spy, should such a thing exist. The pair left the inn, with Beltak trailing after almost apologetically, and the group were left with their own thoughts.

Matt and me: *The four of them sat at what was fast becoming their usual table, near the fire in a little alcove. The exertions of the day had taken its toll on them all, and they all ate in silence, be it Kireth sipping his wine and occasionally forking something green and vegetable like that he had requested from Skillet, or be it Khalin who quaffed loudly and regularly (if there was another way to drink ale, the Dwarfes had yet to discover it) at the same time as decimating any chicken legs, or similar, that the bar maid could bring.* Feb 4

Indeed, it was the Dwarf who was first to speak, in any real way, about the days events.

"Strikes me, my comrades, that it is time to take stock of what we know. I believe we keep seeing this, this", he held up the obsidian dragon necklace, which bore the skull with rams horns motif on it, "...before. That Kobold had something similar did he not? A tribal marking perhaps? Maybe this Skautil, or whatever, maybe it is his coat of arms, or whatever those foul creatures call them?"

The Dwarf took a long swig of his ale – all gone. Again. He wiped his mouth with one muscular forearm. *"I sure would like to meet him, to ask him!"* he said, with a wicked grin.

"That letter," said Tradden, not taking his eyes from his ale. "It mentioned a keep and a burial site. I can't see that we have come across anything that really matches those descriptions. Maybe that should be our next move – perhaps the Council can point us in the right direction?"

The fighter had been in one of his quiet moods. In fact, it was simply that he had been particularly battered about that day and was feeling it.

"As to this 'riff', I might be a simple lad," Was there the slightest, fleeting, sideways look at Kireth when he said that? *"But I know when I don't like the sound of something – I don't like the sound of that."*

"Yes, yes." interrupted Kireth, snappily. "All valid points, but all in good time. We have a more pressing concern." He leaned forward and hushed his tones a little. "There can be little doubt that there is a spy in this town for whatever enemy hopes to destroy it. Goblins and Kobolds are not up to elaborate ruses and disinformation – we can take that letter at face value. That means the enemy is closeit could be anyone, and if it is the kind of person who would use Zero's new toy then we must be wary."

He leaned back again and joined the others in glaring at his drink glumly.

Tradden stood. *"Right, that seals it then. I am not one for waiting around for something to happen. First thing tomorrow we go and see the Council again and plan our next move. I am retiring now gents, but I will speak to a guard first."* He started to walk away, but then stopped, and turned. This time, his voice was slightly lower. *"Actually, not first thing – mid-morning. I have someone to see first. Good night all."*

The others watch the young fighter ascend the stairs to his room, limping ever so slightly despite the treatment he had received from Pelor's finest on their return to town.

This time it was Zero's turn to speak whilst not taking his eyes off his drink.

"Ah. 'Someone'. I wonder who that could be?" he said to his now empty wine glass with a wry smile. *"You there, my lady – more wine here! In fact, see – this empty chair has suddenly appeared beside me – surely a sign from the gods that you and eye should talk for a while?"*

The rogue's smile was as disarming as ever, and the barmaid rushed off to fetch a pitcher and inform Skillet that she was due a break, giggling all the way.

Matt and me: *The first rays of sunlight illuminated the back of a young man's hand and caused a long, sticklike shadow to cast on the door of the smithy as he lightly rapped a polite knock.* Feb 5

"Are ye sure she'll be up at this hour Tradden?" Asked his Dwarfen companion "She works late, that one."

Smiling down at the Warlord, Tradden gave a confident reply. *"Khalin I am fairly sure she never actually sleeps!"*

He was about to knock again, so it was just as well that he looked back up at the door – the elven face now present where solid wood had been just seconds ago would likely not have appreciated it.

"Tradden, Khalin – come in" said Caldring, walking back to her smouldering furnace.

"Told you!" whispered Tradden as he closed the door behind them.

As was often the case, Caldring worked whilst she talked – she knew not of how the expedition to the waterfall cave had gone so the two described their battle, culminating in the death of the Goblin leader.

"He was wearing this" said Tradden, tapping on the ornate shoulderguard of the armour Khalin now wore beneath his cloak. *"Can you tell us anything about it?"*

Raising a thin, elven eyebrow, the smith put down her hammer and came over to look at Khalin's new pride and joy. She circled around and around him, prodding here, touching there and generally taking it all in. Showing similar signs to those she had when confronted with the Fey armour, she was noticeably exited.

"This this is....." She made a conscious effort to calm herself down. Taking a deep breath, she continued. *"This is of Dwarfen make, as I dare say I don't need to tell you, MasterDwarf. It's also very new – hard to say exactly, but I would say months, possibly a couple of years at worst. See these runes? Here and ... here? They provide enchantments – some sort of protection or healing."*

She stood back, to admire the set from a pace or two back. Then, a thought struck her.

"You say this was being worn by a Goblin?"

"Aye, the leader." grinned Khain. *"I said I liked the look of it, but it took a wee bit of persuading for him to see my point of view"* he added, with a wink.

"Then that is odd – let me repeat that this is new, forged only recently, and only by someone with intricate knowledge of Dwarfen craft. How could it come to be in possession of such a foul thing?"

The man and the dwarf shared a split-second, awkward, eye-to-eye glance.

"Erm," stuttered Tradden, *"We were kind of hoping you might be able to tell us that. Who could make this? Could someone have used your forge?"*

Caldring was momentarily speechless. "I don't like what you are inferring Marling!" She took a step towards Tradden.

Khalin, stepped into her path - "Now, now lassie. The boy doesn't always think properly about things afore his big yap starts spilling things out. Neither of us think you had anything to do with this - we have fought by your side and the three of us share a binding only capable of being forged in battle. No lass, we also came to the conclusion that you did - tis a question that just asks more questions, but nevertheless we seek answers. For the sake of argument, and no more, could someone have used your forge to make this - maybe someone sneaking in whilst you were out?"

The smith eyed them both up and down with narrowed eyes that themselves looked like they could melt steel. In the eyes of Khalin she saw honour and steely determination. In the eyes of Tradden she saw nothing but innocence and the start of tears if she was any judge. Actually there was something else, she just couldn't quite place it...

"No. Impossible. I helped build this place when we first constructed the town. I have hardly left since then. I work here, eat here and sleep here. I have left on occasion, but know this - armour like this cannot be created in a day - it takes time and skill and no-one bar myself, to my knowledge has any such skills in this town and certainly no-one would have had the time to make it in the brief spells I have had outside my workshop. In any event, whilst I have of course studied Dwarven craft, I am not sure I could make something to this standard."

"As we feared. The mystery remains then." Said Khalin, scratching his beard.

"And before you ask Tradden, no the Fey armour is not yet usable. I am still working on it but I lack the necessary knowledge to complete it at the moment. And now, I have work to do."

That was clearly the end of the conversation. Well, it nearly was. Khalin filed out, but Tradden lingered a moment.

"Caldring, I ..."

"Goodbye Tradden." the Smith interrupted, not looking up.

The young fighter was starting to gain an appreciation of what battles to fight and which ones could not be won. He closed the door gently behind him.

Caldring's neighbours on either side met in the street later that day, both commenting that the rings peeling forth from the forge that morning suggested harder hammer blows than were usually the case...

 Mark: The duo trudged away from the smithy. If Tradden had seemed gloomy after the battle at the waterfall, he seemed positively morose now.

Feb 5 ▾

Khalin patted him on the back. "We had to ask her, lad," he said softly, "we'd have been derelict in our duty if we hadn't."

The young human remained silent and continued walking.

"She's a bright lassie, give her time and she'll realise the same."

Tradden hoped his friend was right, and that the latest casualty of this growing mystery wasn't a broken heart.

 Me: In time the party met at the Town Hall for their next meeting of the Council.

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Slightly unusually, the first to speak on this occasion was Barghest. "You have all been of great service to our fledgling town, and for that you again have our thanks. And yet, I start to fear talking to you, as each meeting seems to bring even worse news."

It was hard to tell whether this carried any hidden meaning - the man's face was completely impassive.

"Yes, well, that cannot be helped." interjected Tremak. "I fear to think what situation we would be without you all." He smiled warmly at the group.

"Indeed," added Tymander, "And you are now as least as well placed as us to determine what our strategy should be now. Tradden, you are so often spokesperson - what say you?"

"Erm, don't know." replied the young fighter, sullenly and petulantly. He was still down from earlier in the day. "Ow!" he followed up with, just as if he had just received a kick from behind, right below his knees...

"Ha ha - What Tradden means to say is," interrupted Khalin, now moving from behind Tradden to alongside the young fighter, "We have of course deliberated this. In the letter we recovered there is talk of a 'riff' - that is a very generic term and we have nothing to link it to, so that must be disregarded for now. There is also talk of a 'Keep' and a 'Burial Site'. Do you know what either of these could be?"

"Yes, we discussed this point ourselves," said Barghest, reaching for a map scroll. "If you would all care to view this?"

They all circled the table, straining to see what the Guard Captain had to show.

"We know nothing of any 'keep' - there is no such construct that our scouts have yet come across that would match that description." he circled the whole area as he spoke, but then pointed to a spot towards the edge of the map. "However, we may have located this 'burial site'. I can tell you that Gilmoril and Rindall, our two finest explorers, found something of that description a few weeks ago, way out to the east. Rindall returned to report this, and we have since awaited the return of Gilmoril. His failure to return is now a concern, and fear for his safety despite his extreme competence in the wilds. We were considering putting a further scouting party out that way in any event, so this is fortuitous timing ... assuming you now are willing to go and carry out a further check on the area?"

This time, the blow came from the side. Steel, Dwarven elbow protectors can really hurt.

"Ow!" squealed Tradden. "Yes! Yes, I believe we are in agreement that we should check it out. We will set forth as soon as we have made our final preparations."

"Now, now," chuckled Tymander, "not so hasty. Whilst our numbers here remain thin, especially as we look to secure the crumbled tower and waterfall cave, we can spare perhaps one person to go with you. This will be your first real excursion out that way, and if there is danger you risk being outnumbered. Rindall is keen to return to find Gilmoril - he will accompany you."

"Whilst I agree in principle, my honoured friend," piped up Tremak, "Beltak has already proven himself to be a fine addition to our quartet of adventurers here - if anyone, it makes sense that he should again accompany them?"

"Ahem" coughed Barghest. "My friends, I agree that this will likely be the most dangerous operation yet, and whilst I have no doubts over the martial prowess of our friends here, it is high time a member of the town's militia became involved in this process. Valino has expressed a keen interest in going with them to keep an eye on their mission. I can spare him for that long - he is the obvious choice."

"But Rindall knows the area ... surely he is the ..."

And with that the Council devolved into bickering - all they could agree was that the town could only spare one, but each Council Member had sound arguments for each of their chosen.

"Enough!", said Tremak, raising his voice and again showing that he was quick to temper. "This is folly - let the adventurers decide and lets be done!"

"Riiiiighhht. Right." Said Tradden. "Give us a moment please, er, esteemed Council Members...."

He turned into the huddle that had now formed behind him.

"Alright - what do we think?"

 Me: As the party gathered round to start discussing the matter, Tremak rose from his chair and strode towards the door.

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"Let me know when you have made your decision," he uttered as he left. "Choose wisely," he added with a fixed stare at Kireth.


Tymander and Barghest also rose, still continuing to argue their cases with each other, although not so vehemently as they had with Tremak.

"I suggest you get yourselves ready for the journey," offered Tymander. "Skillet should be able to supply you with provisions, and I'm sure others in the town will be able to supply you with anything else that you need. Let Skillet know when you're ready and have made your decision - he will let us know."

As the pair started to usher out the group, Barghest handed the map scroll over to Khalin. "It's not a perfect map by any means," he said apologetically. "But at least it should give you some idea of where you are with some points of reference. And, of course, feel free to add to it!"

Khalin rolled up the scroll and stowed it away in his pack.

"Right, I suggest we retire to *The Bronze Lion* for a wee while to make our plans," suggested the dwarf, and strode out towards the inn.

 Me: At the inn **Khalin** ordered some food and unfurled the map scroll out on a table. The group gathered round. As the food arrived on platters, the party moved them into the corners to hold the map firmly on the table. Feb 7 ▼

With a map before him, and planning and logistics for a march and potential battle, **Khalin** started to feel 'at home'. At last they were striking out into the 'wilds' of the continent, ready to explore and return with stories of honour and valour. His anticipation and excitement grew as he began to plot out a sensible route.

"We should follow the remains of the old road, where it still exists, towards this gate as it is marked on the map," said **Khalin** to the others, following the scrawled line of markings on the map with his finger. "It's about a league or so, assuming it doesn't get heavy going, so if we leave after sunrise we can be at the gate before midday."

Khalin tapped the glyph denoting the remains of the gate in the broken gorge wall with his finger and looked at his fellows intently to ensure they were listening.

Zero had already started to daydream somewhat. He didn't relish the thought of hours of forced marching, or sleeping rough at the end of it, but the potential to find more gold, or even shinier things was quite alluring. One thing was worrying him somewhat, though, the thought of futher spectres - a burial site wasn't his perfect choice for a venture.

Satisfied that everyone was paying attention as they should, **Khalin** continued.

"It looks as though the burial site is some three or four leagues from there, further east, though whether the old road continues in that direction is anyone's guess. Perhaps Rindall may know if that's the way he and Gilmorri went. If the journey goes well we could be there by sunset."

"So, we need one day out, perhaps one day there, and another back?" questioned **Tradden**, starting to understand **Khalin's** instructions.

"It appears so," replied the warlord. "We'd better make sure we have provisions for a camp if we're staying a couple of nights."

"Erm, I don't want to state the obvious," interrupted **Zero**, a little nervously, "but should we be arriving at a burial site in the dark? Doesn't quite sound like my favourite idea!"

"Hmm, good thinking lad," replied **Khalin**. "We'll look out for somewhere to camp before we get there. Principal is the same though." He seemed very pleased with his plans.

"Perhaps we should find out a little more of this burial site before we leave, too, regardless of whether Rindall accompanies us or not," interjected **Kireth**, speaking for the first time. "For example, what is buried there?"

"Well, that's simple," piped up a small voice from the middle of the group. The halfling, **Skillet**, was stood between them all, staring at the map. How long he had been there was anybody's guess. **Kireth** immediately began to scowl.

"Go on," said **Tradden**, putting an arm on the wizard's shoulder, which drew even further scowls.

"The burial site," responded **Skillet**, "as Rindall mentioned one night after a beer or two - he drinks a fair bit o' stout, y'know, although he's been off it a little since Gilmorri's not here to join him, I think he's pining for his friend. Bit morose, like."

"Get on with it," seethed **Kireth**.

"Yes, anyway, as I was sayin' before I was rudely interrupted," continued the halfling with a glance at the half-elf, "the burial site is a place full of bones, some of 'em dug up, other to be found. But it ain't no consecrated ground."

Skillet looked around each of the party members with wide eyes, leaving just enough pause for what he believed was dramatic effect.


"No, this is the burial site of a dragon!"

It was difficult for the group to stifle the laughter. **Zero** condescendingly ruffled the little barkeep's hair. "That's a good one!" he guffawed. "Dragons are just scare stories to keep little boys in line. There's no such thing."

Skillet turned in a huff and headed back towards the bar. "You'll see!" he said.


As the laughter died down and attention turned back towards the map, **Zero** suddenly had a nasty thought. If undead roamed these lands, and goblins, kobolds, and carnivorous frogs existed, why not more?

"What if he's right?" he whispered.

 Matt: "Hmmm." said Tradden, stroking his chin with a grin. "if he is right, you are in trouble - I read a book once and their favourite food is urbanite rogues on toast!" Feb 7 ▼
This caused a guffaw of laughter from Khalin. Zero put on his best mock "shocked" look, and grinned also. Kireth ..., well, Kireth didn't grin. "Skillet, do you know where Rindall is now? Maybe we should go and have a chat with him before we go, whether he comes or not."


 Me: "E might be in here tonight," replied **Skillet** from the other side of the bar. "Usually comes in around sunset for a drink or two." Feb 7 ▼

 Matt: "Right - time for another ale then!" said Khalin, eyes fixed on the Halfling. Feb 7 ▼

 Me: The afternoon was spent gathering gear for the trip. Furs and blankets were sourced, as were a couple of sturdy tents. **Khalin** already had a compact dwarven tent within his pack, but the others were large enough for two to share each. Feb 7 ▼

Skillet managed to find a couple of days provisions to go with some dried rations from the original voyage. In all the group would be fine for up to five days travel should it come to it.

As the group packed their belongings it was noticeable how **Tradden** and **Khalin** looked confused at their heavy packs, whilst **Zero** and **Kireth** appeared to have quite light ones. Still, the party were ready, and only awaited a conversation with Rindall before they could make up their minds.

 Me: Shortly after sunset as the group were finishing their evening meal, Rindall entered the inn for a drink, just as **Skillet** had suggested. He nodded to the adventurers and sat himself down at a table in the corner all alone. Feb 7 ▼

The group nudged **Khalin** a couple of times, urging the warlord to go speak to his fellow dwarf. Getting his tankard filled at the bar, **Khalin** strode over.

Rindall seemed a little morose, his head bowed as if concentrating on something unpleasant. He was dressed in simple clothes rather than any warrior garb, and wore his black hair and beard braided and well kept.

"Hail and well met, Rindall" nodded **Khalin**. "Mind if I join you?"

"Be my guest," said Rindall. "It's not often I have the pleasure of hillfolk brethren to talk to with Fafnir away at the mines. I see you have a drink, good health!" Rindall raised his tankard and quaffed a small amount.

"No doubt you've heard we will be heading out east on the morrow?" enquired **Khalin**.

"Aye, I have that," replied Rindall. "Though it's likely you'll be taking that scribe, Beltak, with you I guess? Tremak will see to that."

"Well, actually we've not decided..." started **Khalin**, but Rindall continued.

"He never wanted me and Gilmorri to go out in the first place, y'know. Said the elf could look after himself and there was no need for a follower of Moradin to be out there."

Rindall shuffled closer to Khalin conspiratorially.

"Between you and me I think that Tremak wants all of the glory to himself, and to keep anything he finds within his confounded church of Pelor. I've nothing against Pelor, but there's something odd about that Tremak.

"I'd love the chance to get back out there and pick up Gilmorri's trail. He'll be alright, the canny fellow, but we could do with him back here."

"Well, we were just going to ask you about where you think he might have gone," *Khalin managed to interject.* "You went together to the burial site, yes? Did you part there? What was at the burial site?"

"Ach, there's nothing much there," *replied Rindall.* "A few old bones that we saw in a big pit. Pretty big ones though. Skillet over there," *he nodded at the barkeep,* "has decided that they were dragon bones, even though he's not seen them. Gilmorri asked me to head back and report the findings whilst he had a further scout around the area. I should never have left him."


"Can you remember exactly where this site is? Could you get back there easily enough?" *asked Khalin.*

"Aye, wouldn't be much trouble I guess. Mainly east from the gate and then north when you hit some woods. There's a rise in the distance, and if you keep a bead on that line from the start of the woods you'll get to the site.

"I know that Tremak will make you take Beltak, but if there's any chance that you don't follow his instructions, then I'm ready. Will be good to join a fellow dwarf on an adventure."

Khalin made his excuses and headed back over to the table to share his conversations with the rest of the group.


"I guess our decision becomes harder then," *mumbled Tradden.*

 **Matt:** Tradden sat at the table, now on the border of inebriation despite having taken it easy that afternoon. One arm propped up his head, the other cupped his flagon, one finger tapping repeatedly on the rim. Feb 7 ▼

"I know," he said slowly, *"what I would think if I were Rindall. I would want to go back after my freind."*

Tradden thought further. *"Beltak was a good fighter, and he is a known quanility... quankik.... quintat we know all about him. My head says Beltak but my heart says Rindall..."*

Tradden sat back - he for one had made his mind.

 **Me and Mark:** Khalin took another sip from his latest ale, and stared over the rim of his tankard, deep in thought. Feb 8 ▼


"I agree my friend. Beltak has earned our respect in battle, but I cannot overlook the advantage of local knowledge that my countryman would bring to this mission."

The warlord took another sip from his drink and glanced round at his companions from over the tankard. Zero was absent-mindedly surveying the female clientele, and Kireth's brow was furrowed in thought, no doubt analysing some wizard's tome or other he'd recently read.

"Kireth," hailed the dwarf. *"You've struck me as having a fine strategic mind ...hidden behind that slapstick comedy persona of yours."*

The half-elf threw back a sarcastic scowl.

"What do you think?" asked the dwarf.


 **Neil:** 'Slapstick comedy persona?' Where the hell does he get that from? Kireth thought silently. *The dwarf is more a simpleton that I originally gave him credit for.* He stared at the dwarf intently yet expressionless, holding the look just long enough for the dwarf's ever hearty smile to falter slightly and his eyes look to the side breaking contact. Satisfied that his point had been taken, Kireth gave his opinion on the situation. Feb 9 ▼

"Well, I would first take Valino out of the equation. Capable a fighter I am sure he is, I think we have the sword swinging covered already. Also... I don't like him." The mage moved on.

"Beltak has already proved his worth to us and was quite simply invaluable during our last encounter. I think it fair to say at least one of us would have perished on that last outing had he not been there." He took a slow sip of his wine.

"I do not know Rindall and have no opinion on his skill. His desire to find his friend, I am sure, is admirable but there is no room for sentiment when an axe is falling on your neck. Will his words of loyalty heal your wounds? I think not. No, Beltak is the obvious choice. That is my opinion" turning again to the dwarf "Slapstick as it may be"


 **Matt:** "Any thoughts, Zero?" asked Tradden of his freind. Feb 9 ▼

 **The.brainbuster@googlewave.com:** Zero whipped around, his attention rudely diverted from the sexy blonde over at the bar. Feb 9 ▼

"Hmm?"

The others looked at him with a mixture of testiness and pity.

"I agree," he finally said. Then he stared furtively at the tabletop til the inquisitive gaze of his friends had moved on.

 **Me:** Khalin rolled his eyes at the rogue's ambiguous response before returning his attention to Kireth. Feb 9 ▼


"Good points well made, sir," the dwarf acknowledged, nodding towards the half-elf.

The warlord closed his eyes and massaged the bridge of his nose between his finger and thumb. He could feel the beginnings of a hangover headache already kicking in.


"We take Rindall this time," he finally declared. "His knowledge of the wilds around the burial ground could prove decisive in locating the elf scout. And, granted, Beltak is a formidable ally, but he reports to Tremak, and I'm not sure I trust that one yet. Hell, I'm not sure I trust any of the Council."

As if to make his point he slammed his empty tankard down on the table.

"Skillet! Another round if you'd be so kind."

 **Me and Neil:** Kireth raised a single eyebrow at the decision. It was as far as his suprise went. Bad decisions were something of the norm around here. Feb 10 ▼

He said nothing, at this point, and merely leaned back in his chair, cradling his glass of wine with both hands. His head cocked slightly back he stared at the ceiling silently asking some kind of god just to strike him now and get it over with. "It's not like going to a burial site could ever, conceivably, find a use for a priest. Fracking idiot" he mulled, smiling to himself.

 **Matt:** As preparations continued apace, one of the group found a moment to slip away, heading for what was still the most striking building in the town – the church of Pelor. He hadn't told the others where he was going - he couldn't explain why, but it just seemed ... right to do this. Feb 9 ▼

Enquiring of the young initiate Dania, Tradden found who he was looking for in one of the scribing rooms. Typically the man was hard at work, the sound of a quill scratching onto papyrus being the dominant sound in the chamber.

"Err... Beltak?" coughed Tradden, as the door clicked into place behind him

him ... Beltak? coughed Tradden, as the door clicked into place behind him.

The Radiant Servant of Pelor turned in his seat to face the newcomer, a smile breaking out as he saw who his visitor was.

"Ah – Tradden! Well met. How go the preparations for the journey eastwards?"

"Yes, yes, very good thank you. I may be packing a little too much – it's hard to tell really. Never been on such a long expedition of this type. Erm, actually I wanted to speak to you about that ..."

The scribe held up one hand.

"You want to take one of the others. I surmised as much when His Most Radiant Servant, "his eyes flicked upwards with the merest hint of exasperation – whether this was with regard to Pelor, sat in his Marble throne in the home of the Gods (unlikely thought Tradden), or Tremak, sat in his quilted reading chair in the plush room upstairs (more likely thought Tradden), was not clear, "informed me of the developments. I assume you will be taking Rindall? That makes most sense, I think?"


The young fighter paused a moment and smiled. Here was a person who was like him – up front and to the point. None of this political nonsense that the Council demonstrated, or shadowy riddles as practised by Kireth.

"I am sorry – it's just that the Council were adamant that we could only take one, and Rindall knows the area. We did very much value having you by our side at the waterfall though."

"Yes. War is not my first calling, but I must admit, just to you, that the thrill of battle was an exhilarating one. That is not an ... ideal feeling for one in my position, and I could not admit as much to Tremak! Pelor knows my heart, however, and I will discuss that failing with him personally when my day of reckoning comes! Pelor allowing, we might be allowed the chance to fight evil side by side once again. But for now, I have important work do here – may Pelor guide my hand. I shall pray for the success of your expedition – and that is no little assistance. Farewell, my friend."

With that, the scribe turned back to his work.

"That was easier than I thought it would be," thought Tradden as he went to meet the others.

 Me and Neil: With the decision made and night drawing in, the group dispatched Skillet to let the Council know the outcome and then began to retire to their rooms. Feb 10 ▼

Khalin walked over to Rindall's table. "You'll get your chance to find your friend," he reassured his countryman. "But make sure your weapon is sharp and your armour ready, I'll wager we'll need them." He nodded a final time to the seated paladin. "Good night, friend."

As Khalin trudged towards his room, he only hoped his gamble on more defensive muscle and knowledge of the wilds, ahead of Beltak's healing light of Pelor, would prove a wise one.

Tradden followed **Khalin** up the stairs, slightly worse for wear and already regretting waiting in the inn for most of the afternoon. **Zero** took a little longer, making sure that certain girls would still be waiting when he returned as the victorious hero once more from the wilderness.

It was **Kireth** that stayed up the latest - unusual for him, more used to being the one to retire early and study his tomes. The wizard moved tables to one in the far corner, mostly draped in gloom away from the main lamplight. From there he watched the comings and goings of the townsfolk with interest. Now and then a small gesture with his hand towards a group of townsfolk could be seen, with a whisper from his lips, and then a look of far-away listening.

After some time Kireth finally rose from his chair, tipping the now sleepy Skillet a nod as he left the inn. Yawning, Skillet kind of halfwaved at the mage but stopped feeling slightly awkward. He didn't know what it was but there was something "off" about this mage.

Not long later a door within the Church of Pelor opened for the second time that night. The lone figure in the room was writing at a table, his back to the door. At the sound of the opening door the figure looked up from his work but not behind "Kireth" said Beltak, statement not question "Tradden informed me of the decision"

"Indeed" Kireth shut the door behind him.

 Me: [...continued in [Chapter #05, Scene #01...](#)] Feb 10 ▼

Tags: 

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