

For the Farie King and Karma

(A mini-adventure by Ben Tabenar)

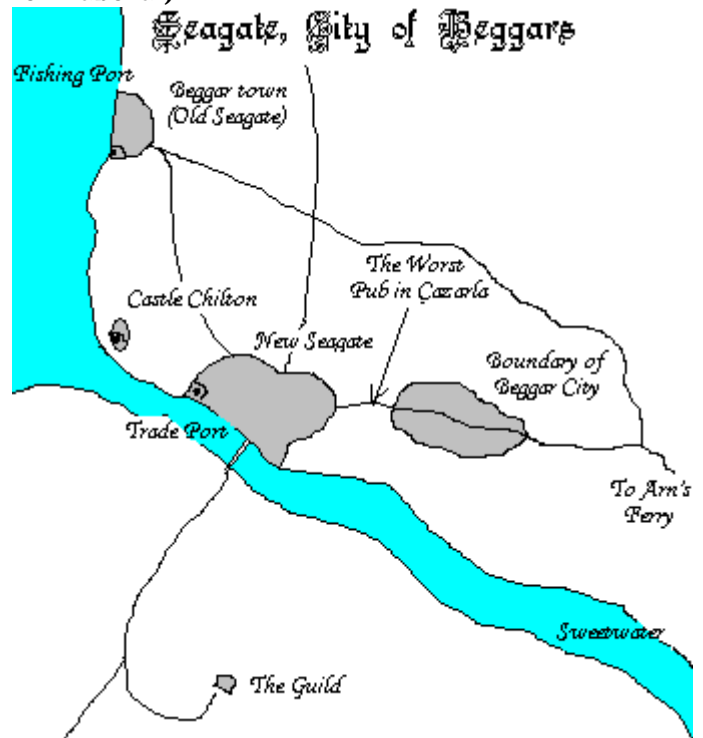
13th Ice

Seagate the city of beggars, Despotism of Cazarla, ten weeks and four days after the guild meeting. Being at a bit of a loose end we hire out to the local farie prince to relocate some followers of Botis who have been disrupting the karma of the region.

It seems they are hiding out in a beggar city which has congealed along the road to Arn's Ferry due to excessive feeding by the white hats. Reconnaissance by Morgan and Reck uncovers that the beggar urchins are particularly stupid and disgusting, the hovels rancid and the population about three thousand. A nearby pub is the worst in Cazarla with beer watered down with goats piss and rat and rotten fish head soup of the day.

Suspecting they may be looking for guildmembers babies as ritual ingredients we decide to lay a baited trap to attract them rather than search through sewage clogged streets and hovels looking for them.

Leaving Michael and Morgan in the pub to let drop that they are waiting escort a young lady with a couple of babies we return to the guild to prepare the trap.



Dramus magically creates two living babies from the bones of the dead while the guild illusionists show their intimate knowledge of the subject doing a fine job of disguising Reck as the far more motherly and less intimidating Viola. Hiring a slow and stupid peasant woman to be the one placed in the dangerous position of holding the babies we return to the pub in Dramus's carriage where we loiter for a time in hopes that the followers of Botis would take the bait.

Leaving the pub an hour before sunset we were encouraged to find someone had partially sawn through our axle and sure enough a short distance into the slums the carriage axle broke as the wheels dropped into a water filled pit in the road sending Reck flying into Dramus's lap, showing off her astonishing illusionary assets.

Attacked by eight warriors in partial plate, three agility fighters and a pacted celestial mage I learn some interesting things from our foes misfortunes. Hollow viscera such as the stomach, bladder, guts and heart burst open when chopped into by Morgans really big sword, sending foul crud everywhere whereas solid viscera such as the kidney, spleen and liver's main purpose seems to be to sheathe Michael or Reck's rapiers in and then bleed a lot as the owner screams and writhes about in the mud and sewage.

End result, The weedy little celestial mage was killed and when I tried to get him resurrected by the guild healers they failed due to his third stage pacting or some such. Six henchmen died making a nice little pagan graveyard to grow mushrooms in and four henchmen were subdued and captured. One henchman was lost, as was Recks hiring the little old lady and the babies, and given the sounds coming from the nearby hovels we presumed they had been eaten by the beggars, but due to our delicate sensibilities we declined investigating further into their worthless little lives.



Earl Botis with sword

Adventurers

His Majesty, King Dramus, Prince of Oz, A tall rakish elven wizard with floor length hair. He lives in a tower with his young child, nanny Clarissa, ancient evil monsters and numerous truesilver eating rock trolls. Party employer.

Prince Michael, Heroic warrior of light and merchant specialising in armaments and the spice trade.

Arnaud de Montfort Esq., your friendly scribe.

Lady Reck, An attractive blond lady armed and very competent with a main-gauche and rapier.

Morgan, An asymmetrically endowed female orc from a family of goblin farmers she sports silver capped teeth and plays with black mana.