

Allan, playing Hamish, a human male Wicca
Emily, playing Mira, a brand new character
Kevin, playing Stardreamer, a celestial elf
Bernard, playing Veor, a male human ice mage
Rosemary, playing Shemin-ah, a female human ice mage
Andrew, playing Faith, a female short elven E&E mage
Party employer is Stefan Astroll, male human

We met with our employer at the Guild, and were immediately impressed by his offhandedness. He didn't seem to know for certain what the problem was, what pay he was offering, or even whether we'd be executed for the crime of being Guild members. He was fairly definite that we couldn't admit to being users of magic, but seemed unsure of what steps we would need to take to avoid being burned as witches. He talked as if he were an E&E, but I suspect he is an E&E of the same persuasion as Faith, our ~~hobbit assassin~~, err, **short elven E&E**.

He told us his name was Stefan Astroll, and claimed to be in the service of one Lord Arthur, who would be glad to see us, though Stefan admitted that he was acting off his own bat, and had no approval from Lord Arthur to hire us. He further admitted that he was operating under a false name.

Lord Arthur has a quarry outside Cheb, where the workers have stopped work because they claim the quarry is haunted. They have reached this conclusion because they found equipment moved, heard sounds of digging when they knew it wasn't them, and heard howling and sporadic roars. To me, this sounds more like evidence of the quarry being infested with a troop of drunken dwarves than ghosts, but we'll find out when we get there.

The mine boss, Havison, ordered the men back to work, but the horses refused to re-enter the quarry, so there was nothing for the men to do, and they retreated to the pub, where Stefan encountered them. He said they weren't especially drunk by the time he spoke to them, and their stories all agreed.

Lord Arthur sent a messenger to Sir Carl, the Michaeline Knight who is Baron of Westphalia and leader of the forces of Light in the area, as well as being married to Stefan's sister. The messenger returned with the news that Sir Carl would be unable to provide any assistance until he had finished certain other business.

The "Astrologers and Philosophers" we would have to pretend to be (because magic is frowned upon) are required to wear a star to identify them as being involved in the Occult, and Basil was not terribly forthcoming about relations between the Church and Guild members, beyond saying that a certain party of Guild Members had made themselves unpopular with some of the nobility in the area. He seemed to be trying to avoid the subject.

We agreed to sail with him the next morning, and he departed. The party made various checks, of which the most profitable was carried out by Shemin-ah, who visited one of her friends and discovered that "Stefan" was known to various Guild members under the name "Basil". I called him by that name the next morning, and he didn't even notice, so it's obviously a name he uses frequently.

Much discussion and preparation ensued, and, in the name of diplomacy, I managed to hide my amusement when Faith accused our new-elected Party Leader, Shemin-ah, of being obsessed with food because she expressed the opinion that carrying ten days worth of spare food might be a little excessive. Much time was also spent discussing whether the fifth monkey (the one with the tail) would be permitted to accompany the party.

As we were boarding the ship, Basil just happened to mention that he was intending to stop off at Sanctuary to pick up some armour he was buying there. The party generally expressed doubts about the wisdom of entering Sanctuary, but Basil and the Captain (Feathersham) assured us we would be in no danger. I could see that the rest of the party did not believe him. I myself have never been to Sanctuary, but I have no doubt that if push comes to shove, I can outrun Basil and the Captain easily.

Day 2:

At sea. Bored. Some of the party decided a little exercise might be in order, and the Captain had to explain to them in words of four letters that keeping sharp implements away from the rigging was a desirable practice. Having grown up in the military, I understood him perfectly, and was able to translate for the benefit of those not as familiar with profanity as myself.

Day 3:

Arrived at Sanctuary Dock in the morning. Most of the party decided to stay on ship, leaving only Faith and I to escort Basil and the Captain on their shopping expedition. Basil repeatedly assured us that we would be in no danger at all, and the Captain explained that the more of us there were, the less danger there would be. Nonetheless, all the humans wimped out.

Sanctuary is an unpleasant place. It is smelly and cramped -- far more so than most human cities. Basil collected his armour, and the Captain received a purse from the armourer when Basil couldn't see. When we left, the Captain was recognised by some of the locals, and we were pursued. The Captain being unable to outpace the pursuers, we took refuge with the moneylender on whose behalf we were being pursued, and the Captain was forced to pay the money he owed. Late fees were waived when one of the moneylender's lackies entered and muttered something about Seagate and the Guild, while sneaking furtive looks at us. We returned to the ship without further incident, and Faith berated the Captain for giving me so rapid an introduction into the culture of Sanctuary. Personally, I was just relieved that he hadn't tried to sell us as slaves. One wonders what would have happened had we all been there.

Day 8:

Arrived at Artzdorf in the morning. Stopped at the Five Rivers (?) Inn, which seemed reasonably respectable. Since we had agreed that we would pretend to be from this town, we had a good look around, memorising landmarks and such. We visited the cathedral, so that certain persons could practise remaining on Holy Ground discreetly. The cathedral has a new stained glass window, commissioned *by the Bishop himself*, which shows "all four" Archangels. When we asked what had been there before, we were told that they "don't talk about that". Faith went shopping for a Miniature Artzdorf Horse, but was unable to find one for sale, though they knew what she meant.

Discovered the following, which may important, since we're going to have to pretend to be from Artzdorf:

[begin Artzdorf notes]

Artzdorf is now one half of the Kingdom of Flugelheim (and Artzdorf) ruled from the Capital city, Flugelheim. Most travellers access the Kingdom by boat arriving in either the Capital or Port Artz (which is closer to Seagate by about 3 days by boat).

In general Flugelheim is an Agrarian kingdom, exporting mainly grain (which is finally flowing Carzala's way as well as up to Destiny). The Duchy of Artzdorf produces fine horses (including hobbit sized ones) and has many mines.

Port Artz has a well enclosed and defended natural harbour and also has an active Guild of Magicians who have established a "lock" on mana use within the city. License fees are high (~10gp a month or so).

James seems to be an older brother/cousin (you're not quite sure of the relationship) of someone that Stephan/Basil knew at the Academy in Crefeinn. They're of similar disposition, a bit happy go lucky, up for any lark that's going. (James calls him both names, Stephan naturally, then correcting himself to Basey, it doesn't seem to bother Basil.)

Their talk of what Basil's been up to the last few weeks includes:

- hawking (though the season's a bit early for any good runs, but they've managed to get a slow rabbit, though James' hawk Peta is a bit heavy for those quick turns to get the ducks before they flew off into the brush).
- philosophical discussion (open presentation from a couple of mages about whether something that has been rendered invisible can still be smelt, but there never is a conclusive answer, and they only go along to meet up with their friends from out of town, "Hey, maybe that's where we met you lot...", see if any good looking girls turn up, and to be seen there.)
- parties (there was one big dance 10 days ago, where everyone was there, but sadly, there were too many people there to have a decent chance at dancing, so had to stand around flirting with that Jane and Maryam. There are other impromptu things that they would have turned up at too, but no-one really remembers what happens at those sort of hoolies afterward anyway.)
- watching horse races (there is a semi-authorized circuit a couple of miles East out of the city (well, the authorities presumably know about it, but choose to ignore it) that has half dozen horses racing at random times, advertised by the word on the street, mainly younger sons / gentry that race and watch. Billy the Boy, on Lightning seems to be the current favourite/winner)

Other things of note in Artzdorf:

- puppet show at the market, well actually two booths, a dozen yards from each other, each trying to be louder than the other, and the hecklers trying to goad both of them to beat up the other's characters.
- cloth merchants, selling fine woolen cloth from Westphalia are charging ridiculously high charges, claiming there is a shortage at the moment, and virtually no green dyed cloth available.
- you spot Basil in a shop which appears to be selling magical items, haggling over something. I assume you have the good manners to let him carry out his business by himself, but if you question him later, he'll look self-conscious and say that he didn't buy anything,

because it was the wrong colour, and a little bit pricey, besides, and he didn't need to be able to detect pacted people really - the church always takes a person's soul.
- There are all the usual beggars, street vendors, crowded streets with pickpockets operating, but for some reason your party doesn't seem to be affected by that particular malady.
[end Artzdorf notes]

Day 9:
We left Artzdorf by barge.

Day 16:
Our barge arrived at Katys Pass. We rearranged watches for the less civilised lands ahead.
Watches:
First: Faith and Veor
Second: Hamish and Mira
Third: Stardreamer and Shemin-ah.

Day 17:
Got to stay in an inn at Larkmoor. Not sure whether I prefer the woods or not, but the humans seemed relieved to be indoors. At least it saved cooking.
[begin session 2]
Charles Lindensouth, Lady Kathleen's factor, sought us out to find what arrangements we needed to make to take Lady Kathleen's coach south – a minor detail which Lady Kathleen had omitted to mention to Shemin-ah during their discussions.

The party was invited to dinner at Sir Peter's. Lord Martin returned in the middle of dinner, and was not pleased to see us, least of all Shemin-ah. There is obviously some history there, because his words to her were along the lines of "Haven't you hurt us enough already?" He calmed down a little during his second brandy(?) and invited us along on a troll-hunt, plainly expecting that we would refuse like the nithlings he took us for. We, of course, were thereby compelled to accept.

[begin session 3]

Day 18:
Spoke to the local priest about obtaining the ridiculous badges required by the local Church for the practice of magic. For a rural priest who seemed so against the use of magic, he seemed remarkably well-informed about the various Colleges of Magic. I thought it better not to omit more than he would believe, and admitted to my capability to use the Celestial magics, truthfully denying that it was my intention to use them within the area. I did not, of course, mention that my primary motivation in such a course of action is the fact that, as yet, I am more likely to suffer a magical backlash than succeed at a spell. Shemin-ah also spoke to him, and he mentioned that he would send word to the Bishop at Aslam.

Assisted Lord Martin's men to kill the troll, which had been driven into our ambush by four large grey wolves led by an even larger white one. For some reason, the white one put me in mind of Lord Martin's long white hair – a thought I kept to myself, since it appears that expressing such thoughts aloud might be impolitic, to say the least. One could almost feel sympathy for the troll – killing it seemed more like simple butchery than a heroic deed – but doubtless things might have seemed different had it had a chance to strike a blow in its own defence.

We returned from the hunt to Basil packing for a side-trip to Hasem. After much discussion, we agreed to continue, subject to Lord Arthur's approval, after Basil gave us letters of introduction to the Bishop at Aslam and to Lord Arthur.

Sir Peter showed Faith a map of the area. He mentioned that some wolves had been spotted near where a bolt of cloth had disappeared under mysterious circumstances. Faith tactfully refrained from asking for details about the wolves.

We stayed for dinner, intending an early departure.

Day 19:

Set out early for Aslam, and arrived in the evening after a trip notably uneventful apart from spotting some wolf tracks.

Spoke to the Bishop, who was expecting us. He interviewed each of us in private, and granted licences, that is a certificate and a star to be worn at all times, to Shemin-ah and Stardreamer immediately, telling the others they would need to return in the morning. I don't know what Faith said to him, but he had a vaguely stunned look on his face as he showed her out of the interview room.

Day 20:

The Bishop, having conferred with his peers overnight, granted the remaining party members their certificates and stars, but took a considerable time doing so. And blessed each party member before they received their licences. I let him bless me as well – after all, what harm could he do without magic?

On inspection, we noticed that Faith's, Veor's, and Hamish's Stars all had black marks upon them, which were obviously *meant* to be there.

We set out for Cheb, and had a relatively uneventful journey, though we did arrive after the gates had closed, thanks to the Bishop's extended blessing rituals, and had to compensate the gatekeeper for his extra effort.

Faith noticed that someone appeared to be spying on our arrival from the edge of the wood, but we didn't do anything about it at the time.

It being late, we retired to the inn recommended by the gatekeeper, and settled in for the night, after informing the local priest of our arrival.

After we had retired to bed, someone or something hurled a heavy object through a stained-glass window in the local Church, and some concerned citizens paid us a visit. They were persuaded that they could find no evidence to directly implicate us, and that we had legitimate business in town, so they departed, frustrated, and we went back to bed.

Day 21:

Went to see Lord Arthur, first thing. We presented our Letter of Introduction. He approved our continuation of the investigation, and mentioned that a body appeared to have dug its own way out of a recent grave and a statue of the Archangel Michael going missing as evidence of further strange occurrences.

Church service – a must-attend in this area – had been delayed until three o'clock to allow time for some of the damage from the previous night to be cleaned up. We took lunch out in the woods where Faith thought we had been observed from. We found evidence of a lengthy

wait, and some game remnants, but nothing more incriminating than that. We overheard some woodcutters talking about a high requirement for wood in town, “because there’s a lot of them”, which was a bit worrying, given that they burn witches in this part of the world, and their definition of witches includes strangers they don’t like the look of.

Nonetheless, we went to Church, even Hamish, because not going would practically guarantee that they would try to burn us as witches. We sat in the Raphael pew, because it was close to Lord Arthur and the nobility, without being too presumptuous. It also matched my green clothing nicely.

Saint Ernst, the “saint” we had been warned hung around Sir Carl, appeared in the middle of the service, and gave Hamish, amongst others, a religious experience, while delivering the following oration:

Evil is awakening in Chebia,
She walks the streets at night casting stones at the holy.
She tempts the weak to do her will.
She consumes all that are unholy.

With evil intent did she bring them forth, to slay them in the mountains and to consume them
from the face of this earth.

But I ask, when old enemies come face to face, which is my friend?

Does the enemy of my enemy make the evil one my friend?

No, I tell you, and the angel speaks.

If you harken attentively to his voice and do all that he says, then he will be an enemy to your
enemies and an adversary to your adversaries.

The Defender returns and woe betide all evil bitches.

He then disappeared. We didn’t linger after service, but returned to the inn, and changed back into our working clothes before heading off to the Three Fingers Inn to meet Havison, the pit boss and quartermaster.

Havison was drinking with two large gents called Ding Dong and Picky Dick, obviously quarrymen. We listened to their version of the story. They had returned to the pit six weeks ago, after a summer’s absence, and used the first day to set up their equipment. On the second day, they returned to find their equipment moved and they heard moans and groans and thumps and “the roaring, the roaring, it was terrible”. Several other men joined us later, including Wolfie, a large lad who earned his sobriquet by claiming to have been delivered to the village by talking wolves. Our party were probably the first to believe him since the wolves left him here. Havison agreed to guide us out towards the quarry and introduce us to Joey-Joe, who tends the horses. He also mentioned that the mine had been “haunted” when they first opened it thirty or forty years ago.

He also mentioned Marko Smith, brother of John the local smith, who is a trapper around the region we are interested in, as being someone we might wish to talk with.

We agreed to meet at the gate next morning to head off to the quarry.

Day 22:

Met Havison at the gate and headed off. Marko crossed our path and Faith and I followed him and spoke with him, but he was nervous and unhelpful. I returned to the party, but Faith followed him until he met someone who looked like a hunter, but was obviously a magic-user also. Marko gave this man money, and received something in exchange. Faith then followed this mage until he saw her and attacked her with spells from an invested item. She escaped and rejoined the party, saying, “Bad man – kills children on sight.”

Despite all this, we arrived at the house in time for lunch, much to Faith’s relief.

Joey-Joe is short, around 5’2”, stocky, and scarred in the right hand and the right side of his face. He commented over lunch that there have been less rats than usual, when we asked him if there had been anything unusual happening.

After lunch, we headed to the quarry. Actually, I’d have called it a mine, because it is actually dug into the side of the hill so far that it is not open to the sky, but since the locals call it a quarry, I shall continue to use their word.

The door was somewhat decrepit, but a little judiciously applied muscle opened it enough for us to enter the quarry, which consists of several large rooms cut out of the limestone. As they progress, all the little bits and cutoffs accumulate in the closest room until they are eventually used for roading or whatever. This rubble pile is treacherous and unstable, and I and several other members of the party injured ourselves upon it, though Faith and the tailed monkey seem to have little difficulty negotiating it. They found a primitive flute on the far side of the pile.

I also found a short, wide footprint made by a boot. Further investigation showed that rather more equipment was missing from the mine than we had originally been led to believe.

Behind the pile, there was a section of “rotten” stone, with a gap into which wind went. There was another such rotten section and hole high on the wall in one of the other rooms, into which air also flowed. We concluded that this indicated some sort of opening behind the quarry, and decided to look for wherever the air might be coming out again.

We climbed the cliff above the mine and found a hole where the air came out again. This hole was large enough that one could crawl into it, though we chose not to do so at this time. The tailed monkey ventured in a short way, but couldn’t see anything. Hamish spoke with some bats, and they indicated that they lived in the cave on the other side of the hole.

We returned to the house, and Joey-Joe verified that there was still more equipment missing than there had been at the last inspection. We showed him the flute, and he said something to the effect of “I thought we’d managed to lose that damned thing.” Apparently, it had belonged to a quarryman who played it incessantly, even though he wasn’t any good at it. So much for that particular lead.

Hamish then had the bright idea of speaking to the horses who had been frightened by the noises in the quarry. Stomper, the largest of the horses, also seemed to be the brightest and most forthcoming. Via Hamish, he gave us descriptions of the scary noises, none of which dispelled my theory about drunken dwarves being behind the whole thing. He also mentioned a person he called “the Betterer”, who had healed the horses on occasion. We decided that

this Betterer was someone we would like to speak to, and asked the horses to relay that message for us. They agreed to do so.

We then rearranged the watches to allow those most fatigued to get early rest, and retired for the night.

Day 23:

We searched the hills, but found nothing new. Hamish spoke to the bats again, and they also were familiar with the Betterer, who sometimes appeared in their cave and healed injured bats, and seemed to them like a really nice person. They had no idea how she got in or out, and knew of no other entrances to the cave than the one we knew about. They reported having seen the Betterer “finding” things, including some of the items we knew were missing. Interestinger and interestinger...

We returned to the house, and found Tomas the Carter there to pick up a load of rubble for the roads. He gave us the latest gossip, which was that Lucilla (the maid for Lady Agnes, who was Lord Arthur’s wife) had been arrested for stealing jewellery, which she denied emphatically. We put two and two together, and decided that we needed to tell Lord Arthur about the Betterer’s acquisitive habits immediately, before anything irrevocable was done to the maid.

Nothing unusual occurred overnight, except the watches noticed an unusually large number of bats.

Day 24:

We went back to town and reported our suspicions to Lord Arthur. He offhandedly said that if we wished to pursue Faith’s “Bad Man” we were welcome to do so, but that we could not use violence to force him to return. We took this as a refusal.

Basil had returned and we mentioned our need for digging equipment. He said he’d arrange it, and we returned to our inn, it being a little late to set out for the quarry.

We did not set watches that night, which was a mistake, because someone dumped a pair of earrings that we took to be Lady Agnes’s on our window-ledge during the night.

Day 25:

Faith, Shemin-ah, and I, being the only party members aware of the earrings’ presence, decided to hide them outside of our rooms, because they were obviously a plant. Faith levitated them on top of a beam in the common room of the inn, where they would be safe, not in our direct possession, and easily retrievable.

We left town soon thereafter, before whatever trap had been set for us could close. We saw no sign of Basil, nor the promised tools.

We spent the rest of the day trying to widen the hole behind the rubble heap which what tools we could find, and cursing Basil. Faith managed to break Joey-Joe’s hammer, which was obviously not up the task she was using it for.

After dinner, the “Betterer” showed up. She appeared to be a female dwarf, and was dressed as an Earth-Mage. She said her name was “Wenda”. She knew exactly how many of us there were, and wouldn’t talk to us until Faith showed herself. None of us managed any magical detections on her, though this is probably our own failing.

She told us that the noises had been made by a group of orcs which had become trapped in the caverns behind the quarry. Given Ernst’s proclamations at Church, we believed her, but had doubts about her involvement in them becoming trapped. She told us that they had been scared away by her pretending there was a gorgon in the caverns. She didn’t seem too concerned about the possibility of Church Knights coming to “investigate”. Later, we figured out that she might have used the missing statue of Michael to provide “evidence” that people were being turned to stone. Faith was convinced that she was the evil of which Ernst spoke, and wanted to kill her just in case, but we forebore for lack of evidence.

Faith managed to get a good-enough look at her to allow location spells.

Day 26:

We went into the wilderness and raked stuff for half a day, while keeping a careful eye out for Church Knights.

Faith did some location spells on Wenda, and located her about three miles under the mountain. Regular location spells sometimes failed to locate Wenda, so she was either a shapeshifter or had some way of blocking the spell.

In the evening, we waited for Wenda to show up, but all she did was send a pig. The pig was rather stupid, because it didn’t deliver the message that Wenda wasn’t coming until we had immobilised it, and were about to add it to Joey-Joe’s larder. Either that, or the pig was Wenda shapeshifted, and she’d had to change her plan because we’d beaten her.

Day 27:

Basil showed up in the late morning, accompanied by Sir Richard Corkins and two retainers. He had a quiet word to us about the earrings, which is to say, he asked us why we’d stolen them, which we truthfully denied, and we refrained from asking him why he’d planted them on us, because his question told us that he hadn’t. Until then, he’d been our prime suspect. We agreed to get the earrings back to him in time for him to “find” them in time for his mother to wear them to Church.

He also asked why we hadn’t collected the tools he’d arranged for us. Humph!

We spent the rest of the day excavating by accelerated ice erosion, courtesy of Shemin-ah and Veor, and were able to send a scouting party of our thinner members into the cavern before dinner. They found orc footprints, and lots of bat guano.

We decided to spend the night in the quarry, because we’d left a hole open, and had lit a fire in the cavern so that we might see anyone entering to investigate the fire.

During first watch, about ten o'clock, I investigated a noise and found Wenda mending the sabotaged crane in the quarry. We had a little chat, and she agreed to provide us with evidence to take to Lord Arthur in the form of a dead orc.

So we woke the party and followed her into the cavern. She led us deeper into the caverns, and all seemed to be going well until, around midnight, when a swarm of bats descended on us, and Wenda was seen to dematerialise.

Then we heard orcish grunts, and since we were only lightly armed, retreated, with the intention of returning in force as soon as possible.

Day 28:

Sadly, the next day we had to go to Church. We met Basil well before service and returned the earrings. Saint Ernst was in fine form:

“Evil has awoken in Chebia
She has left her lair and true evil follows her footsteps
She has let loose the forces that wreck our livelihood,
That will destroy all in their path.
With her dark ignorance, she attempts to have dominion,
But she has failed and now flees her defeat.

All women take heed of her folly,
Unless she keeps in her place, in the solar and kitchens of our land,
She is always doomed.
Evil will have its revenge for the mistreatment by her hand.
We need fear not, The Sword has returned to Defend its Faithful
The Holy will triumph over all evil (b/w)itches.”

Faith fell under his spell and failed to memorise the words, so we had to get a copy of the official transcript. As an interesting sidenote, two of the quarrymen announced their engagements that week. Basil invited us to lunch while we waited, and asked Hamish to visit Lucilla with him, so that they might find out the truth. He asked Hamish to hypnotise Lucilla, but Hamish was unable to find the spell in his mind, for which he immediately blamed the blessing the Bishop had given him. Later evidence suggests he was correct.

Sir Carl arrived in the middle of lunch. While making polite conversation, Sir Carl made it clear that the Church was taking over the investigation, but that they would have to deal with the matter of the disappeared body first. While he did not want our help, he did not specifically forbid us to continue our investigation, but did ask us to be available for further discussion the next day. He seemed remarkably urbane and civilised for a Michaeline knight. We, of course, consented.

As soon as we could escape, we headed back to the quarry, fully armed, with Basil in tow. At the stables, we noticed the footprints of a small orc, and began to follow them, without, unfortunately, warning Joey-Joe to lock himself in. We were about halfway to the upper entrance to the cavern when we noticed the footprints of an orcish party coming towards us and leaving the side of the path. The bushes were trampled and broken, yet we had heard nothing. We suspected some magic had been used, and began to follow the prints. It soon

became apparent that they had deliberately avoided us and were heading for the house. We put on speed, and headed for the house. As I burst into the kitchen, I found Joey-Joe backed against the wall defending himself against two scrawny orcs while a third ravenously tried to cram too much food into his own mouth. Faith was not far behind me, and commented later that I looked every bit the ultimate orcish nightmare: a quickened elf with a bloody great sword... I cut down the two attacking Joey-Joe, but sadly, the second killed Joey-Joe while I was killing the first. Faith investigated what was on the other side of the third in her own inimitable fashion, i.e. with a sword. These orcs had been yelling for "Hairy" as they tried to fight, so I headed in the direction they had been looking, and found a larger orc flanked by Mira and Veor, who kindly moved off and let me cut "Hairy" down from behind. Like the first orc, he never saw what hit him.

I headed around the house heading for the stables, where I could hear horses screaming and the sounds of battle. As I got closer, I heard Faith yelling to take the last one alive, and arrived just in time to see her and Hamish(?) render the last orc unconscious. There was another one dead behind them. Veor, Mira, and Shemin-ah were trying to get through the narrow passage to help, but there was no room.

Basil was all for killing this last one, because it had killed his favourite horse, but Faith told him to back off, because this one was for questioning. He subsided. (Most people would, if Faith yelled at them, and they'd just seen her fight.) On checking, we found one more revivable orc, and attempted to question them, but really got nowhere, because they kept trying to lie, and while we could have sorted out what they knew eventually, we didn't have the time or the interest. They did claim to be scouts sent out from the Orcish lands. So we took them and Joey-Joe's body to town, and had them put in the cells ready for tomorrow. Then we went and got what sleep we could.

Day 29 and subsequent:

Sir Carl was not too pleased when we spoke to him, but he saw the sense of our actions, and was remarkably gracious when we handed over the orcs to him. Lord Arthur offered us an additional week's pay to take Lucilla to a convent which fortunately was in the same direction as the place where we had intended to have the curse Faith received as a backfire removed. Lucilla seemed glad to be going.

The trip was uneventful, and we bought some horses in Artzdorf for sale in Seagate, making a small profit. Assessing our booty back in Seagate, we found the only worthwhile item to be a Michaeline knight's silver sword, which I took as part of my share, acting on my belief that the price of silver swords will go through the roof if the weremosquitoes spread from Twin Rivers and Boiling Waterfalls.

So ended an interesting trip, in which we failed to understand what was going on *most* of the time, but managed to be the first guild party in recent history to get in and accomplish our objectives without upsetting the local authorities.

Stardreamer, Party Scribe, Quarry in a Quarry