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Subject: B-team log

Posted by [duhwoo](#) on Mon, 01 Jan 2018 05:38:38 GMT

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## SESSION #43 (September 30th)

We spent some time establishing guidelines for admission of new members to the Sterling Edge Guild:

- no evil, Wymego, or Brencia;
- progress from Pledge level to Apprentice by being awarded 11 'points'
- killing other members is cause for dismissal (except self-defense, or vote)

Wind & Colors day 1: in the morning, lo got a note: a homestead claim northwest of Elo Enclave needs help quelling some mischievous kobolds. Eager to get his main field team some downtime, and to get some of the other guild members more field experience, lo decided to assign the mission to Beorg and Spontaloneous Jack.

Beorg recruited a tabaxi ('Caress of Fog' -- but Beorg promptly started referring to the catfolk by a nickname he made up on the spot: "Kibbles") and a triton (named Karos -- but Beorg calls him "Chum"), while Spontaloneous recruited a gnome ('Sean') and a dwarf ("Ironbutt" Kilduran). (All of these new guys had just arrived on a ship called Grey Sparrow -- possibly the final ship to arrive this this year! -- as they came by our tavern looking to join a guild...)

W&C day 2: bright and early, after breakfast -- and some tactics talk (Beorg also distributed some Goodberries) -- the party hit the road north; we arrived Elo Enclave just after noon.

The Enclave reported some problems with their well; Chum readily noticed there's no water at the bottom, just an inch or so of sludge. Since Kibbles is an excellent climber, he climbed down the well -- and Beorg insisted on using the buddy system (orders from lo), so the catfolk carried Spontaloneous Jack down with him. They discovered an underground riverbed -- but it looks like the river has dried up. They explored the waterway for a bit, and found the cave passage was plugged a quarter-mile upriver. Kibbles went back and got the dwarf to assess the underground issue.

As Sean and Spontaloneous took a closer look at the plug, Caress of Fog set up his net hammock as a capture net at the bottom of the well -- in case something pulled the plug and the two gnomes wash by. (Beorg tried to make time with Lizda while the FNGs explored below -- but eventually got slapped, of course). Sure enough, Spontaloneous managed to dislodge some kind of keystone on the blockage! As a mighty wave released, Spontaloneous ran ahead and started to climb out -- while Chum fell behind and got caught up in the flood. The triton was able to swim hard enough upstream against the water's fast flow, so he was not swept completely away to his doom.

session ended here.

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## SESSION #44 (October 14th)

the DM awarded 800XP for Session #43!

We started the session having just climbed out of the well. Pleased to have the water source restored, Lizda happily offered quarters for a night's rest -- a nice dinner was included...

Wind and Colors day 3 (bright and sunny)

Beorg woke up with Darkvision! (leveled up, and took 'Stalker' sub-class)

We headed off to find the homesteaders. We had to wipe out a pair of bugbears along the way -- Beorg took an hour to properly harvest skins and meat! When we found the encampment, the palisades had a pair of kobold heads on pikes. The homesteaders seem to be very on edge; they took us to their leader, "Herv". After some stressful discussion, Herv detailed a guy named "Wildern" to lead us to the cave that the kobolds collapsed as a trap.

Along the way, Beorg expressed his theory that the kobolds may be taking the fall for some kind of fey mischief: at that suggestion, Wildern instantly turned bright red -- and tried to stab the ranger! Beorg promptly clocked the guide, then had someone else wake him up...

Half-an-hour downriver, we found the caved-in caves. Our dwarf verified the cave-in was a trap. Boerg's Primeval Awareness check suggests there's a collection of 50+ humanoids further downriver, so we trekked toward that. At half-a-mile away, Beorg halted the party, then he and Spontaloneous Jack snuck forward to scout the kobold enclave. We spotted a lone kobold on watch: Spontaloneous Jack cast Disguise Self to look like a kobold, and charmed the sentry, then took him back to the rest of the party. Unaware that Spontaloneous had departed, Beorg crept forward -- and fell into spiked pit!

Spontaloneous was still disguised as a kobold when he got back to the rest of the party -- there was some confusion, and the kobold Spontaloneous Jack had captured was killed before he could be questioned. The party came forward, and attacked -- we killed a dozen kobolds...

Then an invisible fey mentally conveyed that a conscious node of power is trying to make us leave. We made a deal to exchange "hostages", and went to the man-camp to get Wildern -- but Herv refused to use his men. So, Beorg agreed to be the hostage.

Next session, we will trek to the deep-woods consciousness and see if Beorg will be a satisfactory hostage...

session ended here

500XP awarded

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SESSION #45 (October 28th)

Late on W&C day 3, we camped out just outside the Ulines' claim. Very dark night (near new moon), with aurora overhead, right above the node. 3rd watch was interrupted by grimlocks --

they wandered out of the underdark? -- who seem to really hate dwarves (max damage repeatedly)...

W&C day 4: (sunny, light breeze)

We strode to the 'node': a set of severely weathered menhirs, in a circle -- centered in a mile diameter clearing. Spontaneous Jack spent 10 minutes to cast Detect Magic, but didn't detect anything in particular. Beorg stepped across the stones' boundary: his perception kicked into freaky high gear; colors are exaggerated, motes are obvious, it all seems extra bright. The new guys sensed various other effects (Beorg & Jack didn't sense anything extra).

Beorg proceeded to the very center. A slight rise had a mini-circle, surrounding a stone disk; a black globe of total void sits on a pedestal (that appears to have erupted from the stone disk). This circle is not weathered. No motes within the inner circle, and inner voices told us to enter for parlay. A child-like figure (with void eyes) appeared, spoke in an adult-like voice: his name is "Eloo". Kildurin grabbed the stone -- and his eyes turned into voids as he viciously attacked the party (Beorg fell to a max-damage crit!)

The party killed the 'child' easily, then knocked Kildurin out, took a short rest, and shattered the orb...the nothics that appeared \*almost\* TPK'd us! Luckily, Beorg, Caress of Fog, Kildurin, and Sean all stabilized during the fight.

We reported our success to Herv, and had lunch with him. We headed back, but along the way Sean and Caress of Fog went blind! (apparently from ingesting some of the mud from the well a few days ago...)

We got back to the Elo Enclave -- blind dudes in tow -- and spent a couple of days (to cast Lesser Restoration on the two blind guys, and two Enclave children). Kibbles and Sean accepted membership the Elo Encave -- and got rich treasures! (an ALCHEMY JUG and a potion of GROWTH)

Back in Port Harbor (on the 6th day of Wind and Colors); the guild collected the reward for the mission.

session ended here

550 XP awarded, and 2.5gp each for Beorg and Jack

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SESSION #46 (November 11th)

W&C day 7 & 8: the 'B' team -- sans Beorg -- investigated and captured the "ooze-master" (1/2-elf named 'Skantro', who is affiliated with the Silverfish), helping the Elo Enclave...

several magic items were found, including a RING OF RESIST NECROTIC DAMAGE and a RING OF WARMTH, plus a COLLAR OF LOCATION, a scroll ("LIGHT"), two potions (HILL GIANT ST and GREATER HEALING), a WAND OF DETECT MAGIC, and an ALCHEMY JUG (mayonnaise for everyone!)

session end on a LONG REST

650XP for those present at this session (not Beorg)

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## SESSION #47 (December 9th)

W&C day 9 (drizzly):

the party decided to turn the "ooze-master" over to the royal court. They headed back to the Elo Enclave, but decided to press on into the night -- at least until somebody got a level of exhaustion -- in fact, they even went another hour, until Kibbles got a 2nd level of exhaustion! They had to camp several miles short of Port Harbor...the "oozemaster" turned his sleep spot into a disgusting mushroom patch within minutes.

W&C 10: in the morning, Spontaneous sent Kibbles ahead to alert Sterling Edge: Tag visited "the butcher", came back with a representative named "Alice". Beorg -- and his new intern, Norman -- joined Kibbles and Alice as they rode out to meet the inbound team (Alice had a couple of horses for us to ride out on)....

Once we met up, Norman recognized Skanro! Alice just observed -- and reported we had met the requirements for the mission to address the problems slime-boy was creating. (We are gonna get paid!)

After much discussion, we decided to take the spooze-meister to the mighty dryad "Geo" (the one with orb in her abdomen). To prevent Skanros from making anymore of a mess, Norman ritual'd Tenser's Disk every hour as we traveled. We camped a bit south of Elo Enclave.

During 2nd watch, a burrowing bullette appeared!

W&C 11: in the morning, we went into the woods, hoping to see the dryad: we were intercepted by some ducks -- we told the ducks we want an audience with the leader of the area, and they lead us north on a game trail...

550XP awarded for today's session

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## SESSION #48 (December 30th)

W&C 11 (continued): we proceeded down the trail for an hour or so, and it suddenly turned into a veritable road, with evidence of heavy traffic; looking back, we realized the game trail has been made to look obscure. The ducks refused to continue with us.

We strode the widened path until wood wodes blocked our path: when we told 'em we were looking for "Geo" (the dryad), they escorted us to a meadow. Before we entered the meadow, the wodes paused and signaled that Slime-boy cannot continue into the meadow...we conveyed that

we don't want to leave Skanros on the ground, so one of the wodes picked the unconscious creep up and held him aloft. (We advised the wode to knock slime-boy out whenever he stirred)

We proceeded into the meadow, and stood beside a lovely spring: we heard some babbling (probably the language Aquan) encouraging us to a corner -- where we met the giant dryad, Geo. Norman asked her to help us eliminate the threat posed by Skanros, but she wanted nothing to do with him. She advised disposal in the sea, and asked us to get him away from her forest.

We decided to head back to Port Harbor as quickly as we can -- but planning \*not\* to bring slime-boy in to town! Part of the party will hang out several miles away from town, and send Beorg or Spontaloneous Jack in for resources...

As we passed south of the Elo Enclave, we heard what sounded like the screams of a woman. Kibbles raced off to investigate, with Beorg, Kalduras, and Sean falling behind (Norman and Spontaloneous stayed behind and guarded Skanro on Norm's Floating Disk). The catfolk eventually spotted some hideous monters (Leucrottas) making the shrieking noises...and ran back toward the party, leading 'em right to us! With Beorg, Kibbles, Kalduras, and Sean all in the fight, we managed to wipe 'em out in a few rounds.

Meanwhile, another pair of Leucrottas attacked Norman and Spontaloneous -- but during the course of that fight, Norman ignited a grass fire, which rapidly went out of control! By the time the rest of the party got back to help, Spontaloneous had fallen in the tall grass, and the fire was sweeping over his body -- and the body of Skanros! Just as Beorg ran into the smoke to look for the slime-ball, the slime-mage's body exploded from the flames; at that point Beorg just ran for his life. The blast also knocked Kibbles out, and the tabaxi died when the wildfire swept over his body as well. The dwarf was able to pull Sean and Norman to safety, and we ran for several hours to stay ahead of the fire.

We eventually got a chance to rest, and circled around the fire area back to the road into Port Harbor. The fire hit some natural fire breaks, and went out on it's own. The four survivors report into the guild, and on the 12th day of Wind & Colors, we rested -- and considered distribution of the unburned equipment from the dead.

session ended here

800XP awarded to the survivors!

next session will start on Wind & Colors day 13...a Ten-Day of downtime for lo!

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Subject: Re: B-team log  
Posted by [duhwoo](#) on Sun, 14 Jan 2018 14:18:43 GMT  
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SESSION #49 (January 13th)

Wind & Colors day 12: whilst Dave and Damon worked on their replacement characters, the rest of us conducted downtime activities for the senior partner characters:

- Moradin tried brown-nosing at temple of Damina \*and\* Greycloaks, and managed to get himself a little less out-of-favor with both organizations;
- Avey researched formulas for magic items -- and started crafting a new +2 shield for Io!
- Io tried to engage in running the guild business -- but made no material contribution;
- Chum looked into how to gain title to land, or land grants;
- Tag studied the dwarven tongue;
- Argent helped the needy...

W & C day 13 (blustery day): the senior partners voted to grant the applicants apprentice status (even post-humously).

A messenger arrived with a call for assistance from our elderly 'pal' in Fellshore, Gary Oldman. Io decided to assign the task to the new apprentices (knowing that dealing with Mr Oldman will sorely test Beorg's newfound temperance!). Beorg immediately recruited some replacements for his team, from among the early morning patrons of Thorne's Abode: he signed on a cleric named Anton, and a barbarian, Gork, as new Sterling Edge Investigations applicants...he also recruited another tabaxi, Tabby -- an entertainer recently hired by Thorne as a draw for our tavern patrons (arguably already an employee, now an applicant for adventuring).

Departing Port Harbor at noon, we arrived at the budding community of Fellshore, and were directed to Gary's shack. Beorg tried to be on his best behavior -- with some difficulty, he managed to hold his temper when dealing with the perfidious old coot. From there, we went to temple of Fraithu and met with 80-year-old Father Zen -- and his daughter, sister Zowie. A tomb was discovered near a quarry by the old south-shore docks, filled with very scary sculptures made of bone; Father Zen commissioned us to investigate and make sure the quarry would be safe.

W & C 14 (blustery but sunny): "Tinler", the assigned guide, showed up for early start. He clearly had a traumatizing experience when he discovered the tomb a few days ago. An hour later, by the still-early-morning sun, we were looking into a 15' tall cave entrance on the rocky shore; south of this beach, the coast becomes all major cliffs. After pointing out the entrance, Tinler promptly -- and eagerly! -- headed back to Fellshore.

Tabby scouted up the vestigial stairs, lowered a rope for the rest of us. An ancient, forgotten antechamber had a bug motif -- with skulls and bones cemented together to make a 12' tall effigy. A vertical slab in the back has been cemented so as to seal something into the next chamber...Kilduran used his Wand of Detect Magic, but no magic was noted. Dwarf and gnome chiseled the door open: a slight vacuum broke with the process of opening. Within, some magical runes formed script along the walls, \*and\* on a sort of altar in the middle of the room. Our new barbarian recruit wrecked the script along the wall, and the magic faded.

Meanwhile, the dwarf found a pair of handles on another vertical slab beyond the alter: when he pulled 'em both, the heavy door fell right onto him! Once he was pinned, an animated conglomeration of skeletal parts leapt from the next room onto the slab...several more were in the circular, domed room beyond...they got a few good licks in before we managed to wipe 'em out...

After the battle, Gonk scraped the runes on the alter -- triggering a force-blast trap -- then determined the top surface was a cover: with the dwarf's help, he flipped the heavy lid to expose a vampire's skeleton, with much gold treasure, immersed in acidic green gel. We had no Mage

Hand, so the coins remained when we put the stone lid back on; we marked the sarcophagus with warnings, and left it.

Proceeding deeper in. we found a sphincter-like passage: more magical rune-script around the sphincter needed to be scraped -- but when the dwarf scraped the script to wreck the magic, he was sucked into the sphincter! Kilduran wound up sunk to his neck in quicksand at the bottom of a cylindrical chamber. Then a couple more of those conglomerate skeletons attacked...the party defeated them with no real problems, while Beorg worked to extract Kilduran from the quicksand...

session ended here

DM awarded 650XP for the session

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Subject: Re: B-team log  
Posted by [duhwoo](#) on Sat, 10 Feb 2018 23:48:23 GMT  
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SESSION #50 (February 10th)

Wind & Colors day 14 (still morning): having pushed the weird skeleton thingies into the muck, we proceeded down the sloping underground passage: this tunnel also has Cwamin motif. About 60' down, a dead end: dwarf chipped away plaster to reveal another hole with handle in it. Tabby pulled the lever, and Kaldurin opened the door: a 30'x30' room, with 2 doors -- one with carvings, the other very plain. The walls are carved into an arched ceiling, so looks like inside a rib cage. There's also another rune-covered sarcophagus here: these runes are on either side of a space where a book might go.

Tabby opened the plain door, and Kaldurin went in: a short passage immediately leads right, the walls are plain here as well. A circular room (20' diameter) at the end has runes on the floor -- and a foot-wide disk spinning about a vertical axis, hovering about one inch off the floor, in the center of the room. The runes on the floor don't look like other runes we've encountered here so far. Our gnome believes this is a probably similar to a TELEPORT CIRCLE!

The other door from the sarcophagus room leads to a very short corridor, with another door. Going through that door reveals another 5' corridor with another door across. That 3rd door opened onto a short corridor that turns right, and enters a room large room with debris scattered all over the floor. The center of the room is a large bowl-shaped dias, that appears to be made of melted glass coating a stone bowl. The beetle motif is still prominent here. It looks like a very powerful blast occurred over what was once a flat bier here -- turning it into a bowl, and scattering a wide variety of debris everywhere.

An ancient medalion, with holy symbol of Cwamin on one side, and forbidden Brencia's tree symbol on the other side, was found in the debris. Anton took it, planning to destroy it when we get back to town.

Kaldurin smashed through the glass surface of the bowl that is now part of the altar: he found the remains of a 6" sphere -- it appears an orb was destroyed here! Apparently, it was packed in

sand, which turned to glass when the orb exploded...

Gronk and Anton went back to the spinning vertical disk, while the others waited outside. Gronk tried to move it with a light touch: it started to fall over! Gronk grabbed the disk, and a column of light appeared in the circle where the disk was. With the light appearing, twigs and dirt scattered about the room -- along with 15 emeralds (300gp each!), a poultice (prevents nausea), and a ring of Water Breathing!

Sean stuck his head into the column of light: the current room appeared as a translucent overlay of another room, and the domed roof appears to open on sky. The motif here is of dead trees, with carved dead branches coming out of the walls. The gnome stepped through, and came back with an old, weathered backpack -- and he reports that the light takes you to a ruined temple of Brencia.

Beorg went through, climbed up and out of the dome, and looked around: he had no idea where we are (rolled a nat '1' for survival) -- just that we are in a forest with 300' tall trees, and it is mid-morning (maybe an hour earlier than where we started, so presumably west of Fellshore -- but no way to tell how far north or south). Tabby climbed to the top of a tree, and saw mountains to the EAST of here -- we have moved a great distance! Who knows where we are!

We started down the trail: initially going north, that path then turned east. After a couple miles, we broke out of heavy woods into lighter wooded foothills. We eventually came across a fairly substantial (but not recently used) campsite. The trail continues east: standing stones about half-a-mile past the campsite appear to match those we know mark the lands of the "Giant Dwarves". From that site, we can see other standing stones marking a border. We now believe we are west of the Giant Dwarf lands.

Beorg used Primeval Awareness to sense for humanoids: there are a few to the north. We went back to the campsite, and followed the trail north. After an hour, we heard a lone lumberjack doing his tree-chopping thing; we noted numerous anti-fey charms distributed around his worksite. We remained hidden and observed him for half-an-hour or so; the shirtless figure appears to have been whipped like a slave in the past...

We headed back to the portal -- arriving a little after noon, so we had lunch -- and tried to identify the disc: even the IDENTIFY spell reveals nothing!

after a very busy morning, we finally got a SHORT REST

Anton attuned to the disc during our short rest -- and Damina turned away from him! The disc is some kind of portal key, but it is also a tool of Brencia -- ANTON IS NOW A CLERIC OF BRENCIA! He kept that fact a secret from the party, of course (although Sean's special bladelock weapon seemed to know...)

After lunch, we headed back to Fellshore -- it is already mid afternoon at this longitude -- and easily turned off the portal in the domed room. We secured the scary cave entrance, and reported back to Father Zen, who coughed up the promised 60gp reward (because this award is payment for a guild-assigned mission, it will be given to the guild, and distributed according to guild rules...)

Meanwhile, Anton went off to commune with the disc (Tabby followed secretly): Brencia communicated directly with her new cleric -- but when Tabby saw the evil goddess kiss Anton, the tabaxi went (temporarily) blind!

LONG REST HERE

W&C day 15: in the morning, the 'B' team headed back to Port Harbor. Over a nice lunch with Sterling Edge's senior staff, we gave our mission report -- and turned over the 60gp reward money for guild distribution. Then we distributed some personal wealth -- mostly in the form of the emeralds we found!

The senior team decided they need to bring Anton and his rune key to the teleportation circle at the bottom of the lich's pyramid! (for at least the next couple of sessions, we'll be running the 'A' team: our higher-level characters -- except for Anton, who will be in great danger!)

(each party member gained 750gp worth of emeralds and coin -- plus the guild distributed 6gp from the reward money)

500XP awarded -- pretty good for no combat!

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Subject: Re: B-team log  
Posted by [duhwoo](#) on Wed, 09 May 2018 04:51:09 GMT  
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SESSION #53 (May 5th) (note that session 51 and 52 are senior team, and are listed in main log area)

(for session #52, DM awarded 300XP for Sterling Edge's senior personnel, and 466XP for the "B" team...)

Wind and Colors day 23 (sunny but cold breeze): woke up fully recovered -- despite the midnight redcap fight. We noted that there are no antifey charms around this campsite...

We bushwhacked west, with Beorg leading the way at first -- until we were surprised by 3 owlbears, which dropped the ranger before he even knew what was going on! After that, Beorg decided to take up the trail position, whilst the tabaxi took point. He harvested an owlbear pelt (with skull attached) for placement at Sterling Edge's main office.

We came across a north-south trail, and proceeded north; within a few miles, the trail had us heading west again. when we came across a brook running north-south, we followed it southwards (so as to not go too far from our teleport point).

As we entered a wide meadow, someone spotted a banner on an island formed by the brook splitting around either side of a high rock outcropping; voices out of nowhere asked us to leave. The clean, white banner had a golden sun on it -- which our gnome found irresistible: as soon as

Sean touched it, sprites and golden-haired harpies (except they are beautiful instead of ugly) started attacking the party.

Once we finally defeated them all, we needed a SHORT REST (it was lunchtime anyway)

After lunch, another "harpy" showed up with more sprites -- and after a few rounds of battle, more redcaps showed up! This made the 2nd fight pretty tough, and we had to take a SHORT REST again afterward. We did, however, top up our 5-gallon jug with fey blood!

We tried to make it back to Brencia's shrine, but only made it as far as the encampment we used the previous night. Beorg woke up around midnight, and heard some grigs apparently preparing to attack: he asked them why -- they just want their flag back! So Beorg agreed to surrender the banner peaceably, and eschew further violence...

Wind and Colors day 24

The next day the "B" team proceeded back to Brencia's shrine, and from there gated straight to Sterling Edge.

DM awarded 1,158XP for this session!

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Subject: Re: B-team log  
Posted by [duhwoo](#) on Sat, 11 Aug 2018 00:07:49 GMT  
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SESSION #57 (July 28th)

Wind & Colors day 56 (gloomy & brisk) -- it's the 1st day of FESTIVAL OF LAUPACA!

A woman in servant's garb ("Mitham") entered Thorne's Abode, and hired the apprentice agents (the seniors had headed north the day before) of Sterling Edge to look for her missing sister ("Kren"). Her sibling disappeared along with the master of the household ("Adark", whom they both are indentured to), around W&C 45 -- over a tenday ago! Interestingly, this coincides with activation of the anti-undead field...we immediately realized that Adark (or Kren, or both) might be undead!

Mitham took us to the 3-story home in the north part of Port Harbor, where she and her sister are indentured as servants: we quickly discovered a room the servants were ordered to never enter -- so of course we entered! (The door was locked, so Tabby climbed up to the outside window...)

Several chests in the secure room had evidence that Adark had purloined items from nobles in the mainland before sailing to Port Harbor. One very nice small chest was locked, but miraculously Anton managed to pick the lock (nat '20'): a canister of OIL OF STEALTH within was protected from Detect Magic by the box' metal lining. Searching further, we found a movable floorboard: a crate with several icons of various gods were wrapped in velvet -- and there were some identification papers with descriptions matching Adark. We deduced that he is a charlatan, using

a variety of guises to flim-flam nobles...

Everything we had seen and heard made it clear Adark was not an outdoorsman; Anton queried his patron, and we determined it was likely Adark had absconded with Kren to Fellshore. Since it was only mid-day, we immediately hit the road for that place.

We arrived Fellshore well after sunset, to find Festival of Laupaca celebrations under way. We noted an increase in the number of tents, but not much in the way of new buildings. Whilst Anton and Kaldurin partook in libation for the festivities, Tabby searched and quickly identified a tent likely belonging to Adark. During this time, Beorg contacted Father Zen. The good father reported that a man matching Adark's description had arrived the week before -- but was accused of pilfering stuff the day before we arrived -- so this morning he stole a horse and rode off to south!

We immediately took off into the night, tracking the wily criminal as best we could. It started snowing, so we hastened even more -- lest all evidence of their passage be buried. Several miles south of Fellshore, we came across a collapsed sinkhole: the weight of a horse with riders had caved it in. We could see some skeletons gnawing on a horse at the bottom -- and a young lady's body lay precariously on a narrow cliff about 15' up. We could also see where somebody had managed to drag themselves out of the sinkhole...

Lowering Tabby by rope, we discovered the ledge was so unstable that it collapsed as soon as Tabby touched her; he jumped down amongst the undead to protect the unconscious girl, while Anton, Beorg, and Kalduran plinked from above (Tabby did most of the skeleton-smashing himself!). A chuul showed up, drawn by the noise of skeletons being smashed -- no sooner did we fell the fiend, and another one (mate?) showed up. Tabby dropped unconscious to ferocious attack, but the shooters wiped it out before it could finish the tabaxi or the girl.

We found some loot on some of the skeletons -- apparently they had been adventurers from the first establishment of Fellshore, who lost their way exploring the underground.

As we trekked back to town, the light snow became nearly a blizzard! Beorg was able to guide the troop back, though, getting everyone safe well before midnight. We found Adark in his tent, and turned him over to Father Zen for justice...

Wind & Colors day 57 (snow! first of the season)

Returning to Port Harbor the next day, we learned that laws concerning indentured servants prevented us from freeing Mitham and Kren -- so we had their service transferred to Sterling Edge, where they can work off their indenture under decent conditions.

750 XP awarded!

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Subject: Re: B-team log

Posted by [duhwoo](#) on Thu, 13 Dec 2018 01:11:25 GMT

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## SESSION #58 (August 11th)

### Wind & Colors day 58 (blizzard!)

While most sensible folk were hunkered down at home or in a bar somewhere, Beorg was out helpin' folks in town who were having problems in the storm. He happened to be nearby and noticed when the Captain of the city watch (a 1/2-elf name Asok) entered Thorne's...

Bastalla wanted some Sterling Edge assistance at a bunkhouse in north part of Port Harbor...

We got there to find a full perimeter set up around the frozen flop house: there is a horrible smell, and everybody within (miners and laborers) is frozen solid. The stink smells kinda like peanut butter...we found a rag impregnated with some kind of toxin; visiting a nice dwarf lady alchemist revealed it's "burnt nut" -- probably shipped in from mainland in nut form. (we bribed her 10gp to keep her mouth shut...)

At this point, "The Alice" arrived with a message, directing us to apprehend Adark's partner in crime -- a 1/2-elf named Prevor. He works in the docks as a customs officer.

We proceeded to the customs office, only to find the place locked and dark. Tabby climbed to a broken window on the 2nd floor, went down and let us all in. The entry way was clean enough, but the odor of spearmint wafting down the stairs seemed sinister. Temps had dropped dramatically as we headed up the stairs: some kind of freaky insect thing was running around up there, having killed and eaten part of Prevor. We neutralized the threat, but further investigation revealed eggs of these "leperwisps" smuggled in (with Prevor's help) -- and at least one has gotten out of the customs area. Did it attack the bunkhouse, and freeze all those men?

The shipping label for the eggs indicated the Silverfish were supposed to be the recipient. It looked to us like the window had been propped open during the blizzard to chill the eggs: perhaps they hatched when chilled...

We went to Prevor's quarters: ordinary enough, but his journal verified that he was working with Adark, intercepting occasional Silverfish packages as they came in by ship.

Leckerton knew what a leperwisp is, and urged us to contain them quickly: with a steady food source, and very cold conditions, they can reproduce quite rapidly! We headed to the miners camp area, and split up in order to search faster. When Beorg and Kalduran encountered evidence of leperwisp in a tent, Beorg ran to get Gronk and Tabby, while Kalduran kept an eye on the tent. Meanwhile, Gronk had found a leperwisp of his own, and engaged it while Tabby ran to get Beorg and Kalduran! The simultaneous engagements left the barbarian and the cleric soloing their respective monsters, while Beorg and Tabby were crossing the camp to get the others.

Unfortunately, in his rage, Gronk was unable to disengage and save himself -- while Kalduran was able to use a tactic that involved disengaging and casting his Bonfire cantrip to destroy his.

**GRONK WAS EVENTUALLY WORN DOWN AND KILLED BY THE LEPERWISP!**

The rest of the gang finally arrived, to find the leperwisp standing over the barbarian's frozen body

-- they quickly dispatched the horrid thing, and reported back to Leckerton.

1,500XP awarded

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Subject: Re: B-team log

Posted by [duhwoo](#) on Sun, 16 Dec 2018 17:07:34 GMT

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SESSION #64 (December 15th)

W&C day 65 (sunny, brisk)

As soon as the senior Edges got back into town, Tag immediately secured the 'hole' in the anti-undead field caused by anti-magic dust; only 5 lbs remain -- so baddies stole 15 lbs of anti-magic dirt of their own. Avey and Sean promptly headed for Avey's forge, to start working on projects Avey has in progress. (no Warren this session...)

Io took Akra upstairs...

Later that morning, Norman called a guild meeting: whilst researching his late classmate's mold-making journal, he discovered that "Fungus-butt" had created a few surprises during his research (before we met him) -- including spore creatures that grow like crazy when it's dark. Such creatures are going to thrive when the sun is gone. (Note: the lights go out worldwide in 90 days...) Also, spores have started getting into our food storage -- if this isn't managed immediately, famine will ensue...(Norm got Inspiration and 250XP for his Minor Illusion PowerPoint presentation)

We informed 'The Alice' of the mold peril, so she can take the news to The Queen. The imperial government should be the one to advise citizens of the mold threat, and how to manage it...

We delivered winter wheat seeds to the local farmer's guild -- and a couple of seeds to the temple of Damina (Norman got a seed for his own experiments).

A guy from Nine Hells -- a servant of 'The Medusa' -- showed up in our tavern: Tag used Thieve's Cant to learn that Medusa wants to buy "Quanshi" (our devil/celestial child). Tag replied "Not for sale"; response was "then 5pp hush money will be required". Tag paid him the 5platinum...

Now that we know word of our devilish celestial ward is out, the senior Edges may have to stay in town, protecting Quanshi from potential predation.

For some reason Akra briefly visited the Astral plane during the newlywed couple's afternoon festivities -- and immediately noticed numerous undead (of the type that go astral, like ghosts and specters) gathering Astrally \*within\* the space protected by the anti-undead sphere! It turns out our dome does not extend to the Astral plane...

LONG REST

W&C day 66 (clear and brisk again)

"Alice" reported in over breakfast; the queen will handle the mold issue; she also seeks an escort for emissary to elves (we dumped that task on the Greyhooves guild); and an investigation into the apparent disappearance of several scouts sent to the south by the Greyhooves is also needed...

## \_\_\_\_\_ ADVENTURING SOUTH \_\_\_\_\_

The junior Edges traveled south, to investigate the disappearance of Greyhoove scouts.

Io had DJ cast Wind Walk on a team of juniors, consisting of Beorg, Alton, Kaldurin, Tabby, and a new recruit: a high elf sword-wizard named THRISTAN LAIDON. (Io will have DJ fly to Avey's forge a day or two later, to round up Sean, so he can subsequently join that investigation...)

After Wind-Walking to Fellshore, the party learned that 5 scouts arrived Fellshore about a tenday ago: they split into 5 one-man patrols, relayed into 5 areas stretched along the coast south of Fellshore.

As we trekked down the coast, Alton finally revealed that he wasn't feeling Damina in his life anymore: there was considerable consternation from Beorg and Kaldurin about this!

An hour into tracking south, Beorg (on point) picked up on signs of a wilderness struggle -- just as he spotted the partially shredded hulk of a bull elk's fallen form, two wyverns attacked! Beorg's new armor was highly effective...Tabby, on the other hand, got stung repeatedly -- and knocked out by massive poison damage. The Tabaxi was restored to consciousness after the wyverns were destroyed.

### SHORT REST HERE

During our lunchtime rest (Wyvern meat tastes like chicken!), Alton did some kind of weird ritual over the mangled corpse of the elk, and created some kind of animated vegeton -- a miconid-like servant. It took up "tail-end charlie" position in our marching order, protecting us by potentially soaking any attacks from the rear. We named it "TOFU"...

We continued south the for rest of the day: Beorg was not able to pick up tracks from any of the scout patrols -- they were definitely pros, and pretty good at covering up their passage! We did see plenty of evidence that many wyverns have migrated into this area, and are hunting pretty heavily.

Near the end of the day, we finally came across a scorched area, with the torn remains of a backpack scattered all over the site -- probably belonged to one of the scouts, and his campfire scorched the area after he was killed by wyverns. As we examined the pack's distributed contents, THREE wyverns attacked! Beorg triple-sharpshooter'd one, then finished it the next round...Tofu got in some pretty good licks with it's bony claws...Kaldurin was soloing one of 'em, but after he fell (briefly), we finished it for him...

We found a potion of Healing with markings of Greyhooves, which proved the dead guy is one of

the scouts we are looking for.

Tabby climbed down the sea-side cliff face nearby, looking for possible wyvern lairs: there were indeed several caves, and a couple of 'em were being used as nests by the wyverns we just killed. We camped out for the night in one of the larger nesting caves (ignoring the stench)...noting an ancient 3' x 7' slab of elaborately worked stone embedded in the floor in there...

LONG REST HERE

W&C day 67 (heavy clouds and sleet outside)

We decided to pry up the mysterious slab: beneath are stairs leading down! Alton cast Light on Tofu, and put the fungoloid on point...good thing, because after just a few dozen feet, a falling-giant-stone trap completely squished our formerly animated freakthing! Tabby tried to disarm what she thought was that trap -- but triggered a different trap! She was briefly caught by vicious spines that shot out of slots and pulled her up against the wall...we saw the traps resetting themselves automatically...

session ended here, with us pondering the traps

1,916XP -- +250 each for Alton and Beorg

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Subject: Re: B-team log  
Posted by [duhwoo](#) on Tue, 01 Jan 2019 23:04:11 GMT  
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SESSION #65 (December 22nd)

W&C day 67 (continued): as we pondered the traps, our Tabaxi moved forward and around a corner -- promptly discovering a door. A panel next to door had a place for a humanoid to place their hand, a symbol of Glothen, and a message that said something to the effect of: beyond lies realm of Olfinra, scion of Glothen and Lord of Demska -- turn away or suffer...

Nobody seemed willing to place their hand on the imprint, so Beorg shuffled from the back of party to the front, put his left hand on the imprint there: a barb jabbed into his hand, and the area around the wound instantly turned to stone! The petrification started progressing very rapidly from the site of the wound, clearly spreading towards his body -- so the ranger ordered Kaldurin to cut the stone hand off! The cleric chopped it right below the wrist, preventing stonification from spreading into Beorg's left arm...

As Beorg fell into a quiet, despondent rage over the crippling effect losing his hand has on his archery, Tabby found a button embedded in Glothen's symbol that opened the door. Descending stairs beyond led to a room with a 60' vertical shaft, lined with spears -- and another hand panel. Kaldurin tried the panel, and his dwarven constitution was not effected by the petrification poison -- but it activated nothing. He then climbed down the spears, whilst we belayed him; halfway down, a scything blade cut the rope (but Kal was hanging from a spear, so didn't fall). Alton

wasn't so lucky: when he tried down-climbing, he slipped and was badly impaled on a spear! Alton rashly cut himself free by slashing through the side of his own abdomen -- falling while his intestines unreeled behind him...

With one party member missing a hand and another's guts ripped out, Beorg called for an immediate medical evacuation -- but the others ignored him and continued exploration. Alton found a way to activate a levitating disk, that rises from the bottom of the shaft (pushing the spears against the wall, then they swing back out) -- then disappears at the top. It appears to be a one-way egress feature from the area below...

Beorg cast ROPE TRICK, then the 3 party members who hadn't descended yet hung from the rope -- letting go simultaneously so the elf's FEATHER FALL would work on all of us! Kaldurin pushed a button on a symbol below, and found a doorway to a vast throne room.

The vast room was filled with skeletal remains of dragonborn and humans, but no magic detected within; Tabby dashed in, touched the throne, and dashed out -- but nothing happened. The figure on the throne was still flesh-and-bone, and perfectly preserved; a crossbow through his eye killed him over a millennia ago. Thorough searching found nothing of value...a door leads north, and a double-door leads west.

The north door opened to a storage room for orbs; there are spaces room for 12 orbs, but only 7 remain. Runes in undercommon give names to the orbs that remain:

- "AGITATED WANDERLUST"
- "BLIND SIGHTFULNESS" (Thristan)
- "CRITICAL DISPERSAL"
- "DIPLOMATIC SCALES"
- "HAMMERED FLESH"
- "TONGUES INSCRIBED"
- "WISTFUL ARCANA" (Kaldurin)

they are all cursed...

SHORT REST HERE; Thristan attuned to Blind Sightfulness, and Kaldurin attuned to Wistful Arcana...

The west doors led to a truly vast cavern, with ruins of an underground city. The whole place appears to have been razed by an earthquake or something, and then completely crumbled over the last millennia. The rubble is piled so high that the streets and alleys are deep ravines-- evidently, very high multi-story buildings collapsed straight down. A River Runs Through It...

As we swept the city (looking for treasure, not to mention clues of what happened here), six freaky demonic/insectoid thingies attacked us. One cast the DARKNESS spell (promptly erased by Sean's DISPEL MAGIC), and two cast CONFUSION -- then they proceeded to tear us to pieces! When half the party had fallen to vicious demonic bites, Thristan cast INVISIBILITY, and (inexplicably) saved Beorg with a HEALING potion; The ranger immediately called for Tabby to break and run for it!

the party could not save Anton, Kaldurin, and Sean, who were all dragged off and eaten by the

bug-demons...

Beorg, Tabby and Thristan got away -- getting back to Fellshore near midnight, as day 67 drew to a close...

2,533 XP -- +250 for Beorg and Tabby

(Beorg is 6th level now! ranger5/rogue1)