

**10-NÚZYÆL-720 KIBAN, KALDOR**

4TH WATCH [COOL, CLOUDY, NORTHWEST WIND, LIGHT RAIN]  
While Cabrysar pulls the cart bearing Amyleryn, Terias walks along one side, Rideim walks along the other side and Felada follows behind. The trip is uneventful and you arrive at a long-house that Rideim recognizes as belonging to his cousin Forandis.

Carrying Amyleryn inside, you find a typical peasant's cottage with several straw pallets laid out on a raised platform to your left and a table with benches in the middle of the room near a hearth fire. A wood frame bed is along the right wall. The room is only half the length of the building and you can see a stable for livestock through a door at the back.

Tending a large kettle on the fire is a thin girl with brown hair and eyes. While her bearers gently place Amyleryn on the bed, Felada says, "Milady, may I introduce Matilda, your new cook and housekeeper. Matilda, this is Lady Amyleryn Odasart, your new mistress."

"Well met, Matilda." Amyleryn says. Patting the edge of the bed, she continues: "Come over here young woman. I have complete trust in Felada's judgment in all things within her areas of expertise...including hiring people...but you and I will be spending a lot of time together for quite a while, so I want to know all about you as a person and your skills as a cook and housekeeper."

"I 'ave bin trained by de cook uv a manor," she begins, "and dey tull me I larn fast zo cooking and cleaning be my best zkills. I know nat 'ow to do zewing and I 'ave no book larning. All my live I 'ave 'eard ztories uv de Wizard's Isle and zomeday I wud like to journey dere and become a wizard, if dey be nat too above my station. I 'ave a pet cat named Zir Fuzzywhixers bit, if dey be nat allowed, I weel find zomeone ulse to care vor 'im."

"Hmm." Amyleryn muses, then says: "We'll talk later about your desire to become a Shek P'var...that is what the 'wizards' call themselves. As for your cat, is he a good mouser?"

"Oh ees, mam. Wain 'e be around dere be no worries 'bout mice een de bait ztores," she answers.

Amyleryn says, "Very well, he can earn his keep by keeping rats, mice, and other vermin out of the house. Just keep him from spraying in the house to mark his territory, or if he does, be sure to clean it up promptly so it doesn't smell the place up." Musing a bit and then smiling, Amyleryn says: "If he has a personable personality, perhaps he'll be good company for all of us."

Turning to Felada and Terias, Amyleryn says: "Off with you two to Master Killassan's shop to arrange for your testing. Remember, when and where the testing is to take place, is to be at his convenience."

Hesitantly, Terias says, "Aye m'lady." He offers a polite bow as he's dismissed, then turns back a look of remembrance crossing his face, "Oh, if I'm tend to that task t'night, I'm going to have to stop by the temple first and let them know I won't be having supper or sleeping there over the eve."

The Matakae stops at Crusher and Rideim, and mentions to the

latter, "Oi, if yer serious 'bout the training and what not, I'll ask 'bout it when I'm at the temple. By the symbol 'round yer neck I'm guess'n yer a follower and in good stand'n aye?"

After Felada and Terias have left, Amyleryn says to Matilda: "It happens that I know a bit about the Shek P'var. Social class has very little to do with who can become one. Most people are afraid of them. Tell me exactly why you'd like to become a 'Wizard.'" And she smiles at Matilda in a way so as to reassure her that all is well and she can answer freely.

"Well, I 'ave 'ad a lot uv wisht dings 'appen to me and I wud like to larn 'bout dey and 'ow to get control am'mum. Zo far, all uv my attempts to larn and de wisht 'appenings 'ave jist gotten me beatings and being accused uv witchcraft," she says, "dey cut dey book larning be nat vor de likes uv me and dey wanting to live better dan my ztation een live weel jist bring more trouble."

Amyleryn says, "Hmm. That sounds like psionics, not magic. Psionics is having things happen without any apparent cause, or by just thinking about something, then it happens." and Amyleryn taps her temple with a finger.

"All kinds of different things can happen, and they're all lumped together and called psionics. Some of the things that can happen are, items moving by themselves, fires starting by themselves, visions of places outside of your line-of-sight, a dream of something happening that later comes true. Afterwards, you have a headache. Do any of those things sound familiar?"

"Ees, I 'ave 'ad most uv dey dings 'appen to me. If I 'ave dicky psionics, does dey mean I cussen be a zhek pvar? 'ow do I find a cure vor de psionics?" she asks with a concerned look.

Amyleryn chuckles in a good-natured way and says: "Since magic and psionics can often be used to do the same things, I'll try to explain the difference between the two. At it's most basic the difference is that psionics comes from within you...is part of you...whereas magic is mostly outside of you."

"Psionics is often referred to as powers of the mind. What that means, is that you can make things happen just by thinking or willing them to happen. Psionics is something you either have or you don't. As such, there is no 'cure' for psionics short of dying."

"At the beginning, when psionic abilities first start to manifest themselves, is when they are the most troublesome because they are uncontrolled and can cause bad things to happen that you didn't want to have happen. Once you realize that whatever is happening, is coming from you, you'll need to start learning how to control those abilities...to make them happen only when and how you want them to. It's sort of like how we each learned to walk for the first time when we were babies."

"I'm told that once they've manifested, you can try to find someone who has the same type of psionics, and has already learned how to control it, to teach that control to you."

"While these things are scary at the beginning, they can be very useful once you know how to make them happen when you want them to. For instance, the ability to start fires by thinking about it...pyrokinesis, they call it. Suppose you needed to get a fire going in the fireplace in the kitchen in the morning to fix breakfast, but you couldn't find a flint and steel for some reason.

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With the psionic ability of pyrokinesis, you wouldn't need a flint and steel...you could just make the fire start by willing it to happen. Pretty handy if you ask me."

"I know someone who can test you to see if it really is psionics you have, and if so, which types. He can only tell you if you have psionics, and which ones, not train you in how to control them. If you are interested, I can arrange for the testing."

"Having psionics has no bearing on whether you can become a Shek P'var or not. Just about the only thing I can tell you about the Shek P'var, is that I'm not allowed to tell you anything about the Shek P'var!" and she gives Matilda a wry smile. "If I did, I would be in so much trouble, you can hardly imagine how bad it could be for me. The one thing I can say, is that for you to have any hope of becoming a Shek P'var, you have to have a high aura, and you have to know what day of what month you were born in. I know you can be tested to determine how strong an aura you have, but I don't know who could do such a test. As for the other part, when were you born?"

With a wide-eyed look at what she has just been told Matilda says, "I wuz born on de autumnal equinox, which be what dey call de vust uv Azura."

Taking a few moments to calculate the sunsign, Amyleryn then says: "Hmm. That makes your sunsign Nadai. Until someone can be found to determine the strength of your aura, your quest to become a Shek P'var will have to be put on hold. It is probably just as well. You are going to need to concentrate on getting control of your psionic abilities. If you will consent, I can get you tested to determine exactly which abilities you have. I will pay the cost of having that done. There is no pain or discomfort involved."

"Of course, milady," Matilda says.

"You won't be alone in this, as I have discovered that I also have psionic abilities and will need to learn how to control them as well. We can face this task together...difficult or scary things are easier to deal with if you have someone to share it with." and Amyleryn gives Matilda a smile. "Anyway, in this house, you won't have to worry about being thought a practitioner of witchcraft."

"For now, you need to see to the ordering of the house, and preparation of a midday meal. Since I don't know when Terias and Felada will return, I suggest something that can be eaten cold if need be." Smiling and putting a hand on Matilda's arm, Amyleryn says: "I think you are going to be a fine housekeeper and cook, and I look forward to a long association."

"Ees, milady," Matilda says, "I 'ave a pot uv pottage 'eating on de fire, if ee be unger'd ur if dey come een vor a midday meal. Do ee usually 'ave dree meals a day? De manor where I worked avore wuz very pious and dey doft dree meals a day wuz gluttony...nat dey I dink ee be gluttonous. Dey usually 'ad a dish uv gruel and pannam to break deir fast, a plowman's lunch vor de workers een de vaeld vor midday and de vore meal een de afternoon avore sunset. Us usually zhopped vor de aivmin meal during de morning market and Felada ant given me iny bit vor zhopping. Do ee dink zhe weel be zhopping avore zhe returns?"

Amyleryn says, "I don't know if Felada will be shopping for food before she returns or not. I might have some money in my

belt pouch, but we will wait until Felada returns. I don't want to spend money and end up with twice what we need. If she returns too late to go to the market, the pottage should suffice until tomorrow."

Chuckling, Amyleryn says: "I wouldn't say that my father's household was gluttonous, but it was certainly not as 'pious' as your previous employer. Our breakfasts tended to be the biggest meal of the day...to see people through the hard work of the day. Cheeses and smoked meats were available in the kitchen for everyone that worked inside the house if they needed something to eat around midday...think of that as a sort of plowman's lunch for the manor staff. The last meal of the day tended to be rather light. Now that was the routine for a typical day. If guests were coming, that routine would be just the other way around."

"For myself, I will be eating three meals a day to aid in my recovery from my injury. However, since I'm pretty much bedridden, all of those meals will have to be light. I'm usually very physically active, but if I eat normal amounts before I up and around again, I'll get fat."

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Your walk down Sorele street is short, uneventful and a bit damp with the light rain. As you enter the lexicographer shop, he greets you by saying, "Hello again. Are you already in need of more parchment?"

Lingering by the entry way, Terias glances around the shop for other customers, and then moves towards the lexicographer. Regardless of whether anyone is there or not he keeps his voice low and tells him, "Nay, Lady Odasart sent us. T'have our minds proded. That is if yer free for it this day Master Killassan."

The devout Laranian steps back to take a measure of the man before him, appearing apprehensive.

"As I told your lady, it is actually a spell that I cast that reveals any psionic talents you have. I can afford to cast it once per day and it will require 12d for each attempt to compensate me for my time. It only takes a few seconds and I can assure you there are no harmful effects to you in any way. Would you like to try it right now? I can do one of you if you are ready," he replies.

Still appearing tense, Terias glances over to Felada to see her reaction. Regardless of what he sees he turns back and stands up at attention, his voice still showing signs of uncertainty, "Aye, let us try it on myself first Master Lexigrapher."

Master Killassan takes your money and puts his hand on your forehead. Saying a few words in a foreign language, he takes his hand away and says, "You have latent abilities for healing by the laying on of hands, the ability to communicate with spirits, the ability to sense the presence of magical or psionic energies and the ability to change your outward appearance."

There is a brief pause from Terias after hearing Killassan, then the warrior cleric stifles a laugh. "Shape shift eh?", He shakes his head, trying to gather himself, "Y'might be right on seein' things .. or ghosts as y'said. Nay sure about the rest though. Though the Lady grants me the gift t'aid those in need. Might be some of what your sensing. What about dreams? I had one last

night about you and we've never met." The Matakea's eyes meet the Master Scribes after he mentions the dream.

"That sort of thing is just your fledgling powers making themselves known," Master Killassan says.

Building up a bit of confidence, but still seeming hesitant or unsure, Terias inquires softly, "So Master Killassan is there any help y'can offer me on controlling all of this? Or better yet gett'n rid of it? If what y'say is true.. especially for changing my appearance. I don't want that happening in front of someone and being called a witch for it."

"I can help train you in the healing touch and with sensing of magical and psionic energies," he answers, "but not until they have developed further on their own. I am sorry but those with the gifts have no way of getting rid of them."

"Aye, my thanks Master Killassan. We'll likely be back on the morrow for Felada here. No need t'take up more of yer time.", Terias says with a half smile, still appearing unsure.

Once outside, Terias tells Felada, "I've just need t'stop at the temple and let them know I won't be stayin' the night then we can go on whatever errands y'have for the day."

"Will you be staying at the house tonight then?" Felada asks, "It is too late in the day for me to have any more errands since the food market is closed by now and you need me not at your temple. I will stop at the house and see to the needs of milady. We will probably be having pottage and bread tonight. Which reminds me, I will need to stop by an inn for some small ale."

"I may be, but it could be late. If I'm nay back by the morn check the goal or embalmers fer me.", Terias says with a half smile.

With a concerned look, Felada says, "Surely not the embalmers. If you think it may be dangerous, perhaps you should take the farm boy with you. He may not be a seasoned warrior but he should be better than nothing."

After brief consideration Terias nods curtly at Felada's suggestion, "Hrm aye, if he's still at the townhouse let him know to stay around.", he then adds with a mischievous smile, "Have him find a set of rags though."

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Upon his arrival to the temple, Terias asks the first Laranian he sees if the Obasaran is free to speak.

You are kept waiting for two hours and then ushered in.

"Yes?" Obasaran Kardyanid says with an inquisitive look.

Terias inclines his head respectfully towards Kardyanid, then informs him, "Obasaran, I just wished to let you know I'd not be spending the night here as Lady Odasart has me on errand. I'll make every effort t'come and collect the morning waste though."

Straightening up, the Matakea then asks the Obasaran, "On a separate matter I had a farmer from Crillion, by the name Rideim of Bydarf approach me. He asked me t'take him on and train him in the art of combat. I wanted t'know where you stood on such a thing. I've nay heard of teaching those outside the

Order. He's a follower to the Lady though. Also d'you happen t'know of him and if he's in good standing?"

"I know him not," says Obasaran Kardyanid, "which means I know no ill of him either. If your lady allows it and if you teach him the scriptures along with the martial arts, I see no harm to it."

"Aye, I shall do just that. My thanks Obasaran.", replies Terias in a firm manner. He bids Kardyanid a good eve and then leaves the office.

Afterwards the Matakea seeks out Lonandy, and asks, "Hello Brother. I was hope'n t'get those rags from you when yer free, if it wouldn't be too much a'bother. The noble I'm serve'n has me on task t'night and they'll come in handy."

"Certainly, brother," he says and a short while later, he returns with the rags.

After accepting the rags, Terias thanks Lonandy and returns to the townhouse.

**10-NÚZYÆL-720 KIBAN, KALDOR**

5TH WATCH [COLD, PARTLY CLOUDY, SOUTHWEST BREEZE]

Felada returns to the town house and addresses her mistress, "Milady, I am sorry to say the food markets were finished by the time the Matakea finished getting his 'mind probed' so all we have to eat is pottage and bread. I also have not gotten anything to drink but water. I have failed you miserably but I will try harder on the marrow and I will go to the market at the first light. Now that we have a house, we will be allowed to shop with the town's residents."

"Do not concern yourself with the inability to stock the larder today. Remember, you and Terias went to Master Killassan's shop on my order. I'll not hold you responsible for failures that are of my making." Amyleryn says.

"We shall have an opportunity to assess Matilda's skill in making pottage..." and she smiles reassuringly at Matilda "although with pottage, it's fairer to make such an assessment after the pottage has had a chance to evolve for awhile."

Both Matilda and Felada share a smile at this comment.

Amyleryn continues, "I mentioned to Matilda today while you and Terias were about your chores, that I'll need to have three evenly spaced meals each day to aid in my healing. Obtain supplies sufficient to provide for my needs in this regard, as well as food for yourself, Matilda and anyone who may be visiting. Bear in mind, though, that my meals will have to be light in nature. Being, for all intents and purposes, bedridden, if I eat as I did before I was injured, I'll get fat. Also, get some cheeses and smoked meats to have available in the kitchen for all of us if a bite to eat during the day is desired."

Felada answers, "Matilda can prepare bacon, eggs and gruel to break your fast in the morning and cabbage, ham, an apple and bread for a plowman's lunch. There will be nothing but water in the morning but I should have some small ale here by midday. In the evening, we can have Julian pottage for an appetizer Lenten stew for an entrée, accompanied by a salllat, bread and beer and a honey omelet for dessert. I will have to know how

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many will be at the meals when I go to the market so will there just be the three of us for the meals tomorrow or should we also expect Terias and his new ward? If you have taken him on as a retainer, he will need to be fed."

"That menu sounds good. I'll just have to make sure I eat more modest portions than I used to." Amyleryn says.

Amyleryn continues, "I haven't taken Rideim on as a retainer because I haven't heard whether or not Terias has received permission to train him. May I take it by your comment that Terias has a new ward, that the Obasaron has given permission for Terias to train Rideim?"

"No, I presume too much," Felada answers, "I have not heard what he found at the temple."

Ignoring Felada's presumption about Terias, Amyleryn says: "Hmm. Something else I'll have to ask him about if he doesn't mention it first."

Amyleryn says, "Let us assume that the two of them will at least be our guests for dinner tonight. We can then ask them if they'll be staying here on a more-or-less permanent basis. You'll then know what sort of quantities of food you'll need to buy at the market."

"Yes, milady," Felada says.

Amyleryn says, "Tonight, arrange the writing materials you bought for me so that they are within my reach. I won't be doing anything with them now, but while you are off shopping tomorrow morning, I'll need to get started on my initial report to my granduncle."

"There are no bedside tables and you probably could not write that way if there were," says Felada, "so I will set your writing materials out on the table after it is cleared of the meal. Then when you are finished writing, I will help you to your bed."

Amyleryn says, "The doctor would probably prefer I remained abed until I am completely healed, but at a minimum, I'll need to bathe and make trips to the wardrobe. Also, I don't want to eat in my bed, so since I'll be at the table for meals, it will do just fine for writing. Good idea, thank you."

Amyleryn says, "It seems that Matilda has psionic abilities as well. When you see Master Killassan next, ask him if he'll agree to test her...she has given her consent for this. I'll pay for that as usual." Having gotten to the subject of testing for psionic abilities, Amyleryn asks Felada: "You said Terias has been tested. What was the outcome?"

With a bit of a hurt look, Felada says, "Milady, you know I do not gossip about my betters. You will have to ask him. I paid no attention when he was told as it was none of my business."

Amyleryn sighs and says: "Indeed...I shall ask him, as I agreed to pay for the testing to be done. In any case, for what I've been sent here to do, I will need to know the outcome of the testing of all of you." Changing topic a bit, she says: "Felada my dear," and she smiles warmly at Felada "you may be the most scrupulous retainer any noble has ever had, and I thank you for your service."

"Thank you, milady," Felada says.

By her expression, something has occurred to Amyleryn. She asks: "I haven't seen Susi. What's she up to?"

"It appears she may not be of very good character," Felada says, "I overheard the landlord of the inn say she could not stay at the inn until she had paid her bill and that was the last I saw of her. As I told the Matekea since she had recommended the Riverman Inn and it turned out to be so horrid, perhaps she had friends there who put her up for one reason or another."

"<sigh>. The importance of the mission we've been sent here on, precludes retainers of questionable character." Drawing herself up a little straighter, Amyleryn says to Felada and Matilda...in a formal tone of voice: "I hereby dissolve the relationship between Susi and myself, and free her from any obligation to myself or my clan. The two of you are witness to this declaration and when it occurred."

After Amyleryn releases Felada, Felada looks around to find Rideim and tells him, "Master Terias wishes you to attend to him this night and bids you find some rags to wear."

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As Terias reaches the townhouse, he hears from down the street, "Matakea Terias, I am glad I found you can you tell me where Lady Odasart is at the moment? I am to put myself in her service if she has need of me." Looking in the direction of the voice, Terias can see Herot of Falen, Lady Harabor's longbowman.

"Ho Herot! Aye yer in luck. I'm making my way t'her now. Just a bit away from the townhouse. More then welcome t'join me.", Terias replies with a flash of a smile.

Entering the townhouse with Terias, Herot looks around with a look of distaste, "Well met, milady? Your man Buryn told My Lady Harabor that he left your service to join his uncle on a riverboat, so she sent me along to take his place as long as you have need of me. I have taken a room at the Riverman Inn so I need not impose on your hospitality. What is it that we need to do to complete your mission and get you back to more civilized surroundings?"

At the look of distaste, and the comment about 'civilized surroundings', Amyleryn shoots a look at Matilda and Felada, and shakes her head slightly to indicate that the two of them are to hold their tongues.

"Tactful as ever, I see Herot." and Amyleryn gives Herot a smile to soften the mild rebuke. "I'll not insist that you stay here in these less-than-palatial quarters, but Terias and Felada have already had a bit of experience with the Riverman Inn. Keep your purse safe."

"I meant no disrespect to your servants ability to fend for you," Herot replies with a straight face, "I merely meant that I think you deserve better. As a soldier, I have had to stay in worse places and better places as well." Adding with a slight smile, "As to rough inns, it has been my experience that ladies working in them will protect a man's purse quite well since anyone that takes from it, reduces the amount that is available for them. That is as long as the man is willing to pay for services rendered. Otherwise, they are the first to try to part him from his money. I have not the reputation for stealing from my benefactors. For

thieves who play not by those rules, my blade can part them from their hand. Thank you for your concern though."

Statuesque in appearance, as Herot replies, only a grin crosses Terias face as he hears the end of the retort.

Amyleryn says, "Actually, I rather like this residence. It's comfortable enough for me, and equally desirable, the modest nature of this place gives me a much lower profile. This will aid in the mission your Mistress and my Granduncle sent me on. Remember, we are strangers here, and if we flaunt that fact, gaining any co-operation from the locals may become impossible."

"As to the mission...didn't Lady Harabor brief you on what we were sent here to accomplish? Don't, by-the-way, take my question wrong. I asked a similar question of my Uncle, and we fought as only kin can do!" and she chuckles slightly. "The Earl has not been seen in public in quite some time. Also, there are some strange goings-on. We are to find out what is happening here, rectify things if they need it and we are able to do so, and in any case, report what we learn to Lady Harabor and my Uncle."

"I was injured soon after I arrived here in Kiban. A fractured hip. I'll tell you about how that happened later. The end result is that I'll be laid-up for a goodly period, so you'll have to be out and about doing errands I would have done myself...to be my legs, as it were. You will also assist Terias in anything he may need help with. Most importantly, you are to keep your eyes and ears open and report to me all rumors, gossip, and anything even remotely out of the ordinary that you see or hear."

"Again, I mean no disrespect but I am merely a soldier," Herot says, "I need not all the why's and wherefore's of my betters. I meant, what is you want me to do at this moment. I am yours to command."

Finding now is the appropriate time to pipe up the Matekea states, "Aye there I have use for y'Herot. I was think'n of bring'n another along, but nay sure when or if he'll return."

Producing the rags from within his pack, Terias holds up and reveals, "We'll be beggars t'night!" He pulls back his hat to glance at Herot, while explaining, "Best way t'spy on folk is t'nay stand out. Since everyone ignores street folk, I figure t'is the best way t'go about the task. Lady Odasart's asked us t'watch the Mangai hall fer folks pass'n in and out come dark. Though if we could hear them from the inside that'd be all the better. My plans t'linger about the alley nearby and try to catch sight of who's who. Maybe even sketch them if I can."

Then as if in doubt Terias looks to Amyleryn and then Herot, "Unless you've a better plan. M'Lady has experience in stealth and Herot yer a military man like myself so your words are always valued."

Flinching back from the dirty rags, Herot says, "I would not advise that course of action unless you plan to spend the rest of your shortened life as a serf or in the goal. If you plan to approach in peasant's rags and no weapons, you will be noted by the watch or attacked by your enemies. And believe me, a peasant drawing on a pad would be very noticeable. If you go in

peasant rags and weapons, you would be thrown into the goal for impersonating a freeborn. In either case, what separates you from a serf in most people's impression is how you dress. If the watch takes you in peasant rags, you would have to have your liege commend you as freeborn or you would be tried as an escaped serf. Even if you can prove your freeborn status, it would take time that I believe you could ill afford. Except for that white and red surcoat, if you stand in the darkness of an alley in regular clothes, nobody would take notice or remember you if they did. And it looks to me as you should decide quickly for darkness is already upon us."

"Aye fair enough." Terias lays out the rags, then tucks his holy symbol under his tunic after removing his surcoat. He then folds over his surcoat and place it gently on the bench of the table and places his longbow overtop of it.

"That should be it. I am ready to proceed," Terias says with a grin.

Herot and Terias make their way to the Hall of the Mangai and take up watch from the shadows next to a cobbler's shop across the street. Over the next hour, they see approximately a dozen noblemen arrive each with their bodyguards and each carrying a wrapped bundle under their arm. The only one that Terias recognizes is Magistrate Rudethe.

When the people begin to come to the Hall, Terias takes his journal out and begins to try to sketch what he sees, using Herot to cover his actions. First he takes note of the coat of arms and if possible the nobles general appearance. He tries to discern if he knows any of the clan emblems as they pass.

Upon closer examination, Terias cannot tell if they are actually noblemen or just very wealthy and powerful citizens. The one badge that he does recognize as being of the gentry is the Dariune crest but he cannot see well enough to tell the rank badges. Two of the men wear that badge and they arrive together. [+1 heraldry] The only one of the non-gentry badges he recognizes is the stone tower of the mason's guild.

When the arrivals quit coming, Herot says, "If we stay away from the guards watching the door, we may be able to get close enough to a window and hear what goes on inside. If not on this side, perhaps in the back."

"Aye, I'll do my best to tread lightly as we go.", Terias tucks the journal away and gives a readied nod to Herot.

You both walk around the building looking for an open window and finally find one in the back. It is too high to see into but you can hear voices from within. From the bits and pieces of the conversation you gather...

"The ritual tomorrow will make us all rich beyond our wildest dreams."

"The secret temple has been discovered but another will be set up. We will be told the location on the marrow."

"The ritual will involve a human sacrifice but the victim has already been prepared. It is not one of us."

Towards the end of the watch, the meeting breaks up and you can hear everyone leaving.

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Once the group has dissipated, Terias turns to Herot and in a very low voice says, "We've heard all there is let's return carefully t'the townhouse and make our report."

As you are passing the physician's office, someone throws a bucket of dirty, soapy water from the upstairs window. You both dodge in time for it to miss you. Terias dodged so nimbly you would swear he knew it was coming. You reach the townhouse without further incident.

After walking several strides from where the water nearly hit them, Terias grumbles, "Twice in a row now. I've learned t'look up. The Gods must be try'n t'clean me." The Matakea just shakes his head keeping quiet for the rest of the journey.

With a chuckle, Herot says in a low voice, "Is there some vice that you believe you need to be cleansed of?"

"No more then most." Terias retorts softly, "Though I've had an itch t'find somethin' t'wager against. Any games at the sailors in yer at?"

"I know not yet," Herot replies, "I just had time to reserve a room when I went to find milady. I will let you know when I find out more. I am sure that a rough place of that sort has some sort of games they play. I believe I saw a leather cowl like the ones they use for Haxey Hood."

When the two men are inside the townhouse, Terias looks over to Amyleryn to see if she is sleeping before he takes his next action.

When Felada sees you enter, she goes to Amyleryn's bed and gently shakes her awake, "The men have returned, milady."

The Matakea stands at attention as Lady Odasart is roused from her slumber.

"Mumpf?" Amyleryn 'says' as Felada shakes her. Collecting her wits as she processes what Felada has said, she props herself up in bed and says: "Felada my dear, do we have anything at all to drink? If so, please get me some...and for the men and yourself as well if it is desired."

With a distraught look on her face, Felada says, "Oh, milady, have you forgotten so soon that we have nothing but water until I can go to the market in the morn." She then fetches a cup of water for anyone who wants it.

Amyleryn blushes at her error, then says: "I guess I'm still sleep befuddled, don't worry about it. Tomorrow will see most things arraigned as they ought." and sips the water while she hears Terias' and Herot's report.

Once the availability of drink is delt with, Amyleryn asks Terias and Herot: "Were you able to acquire any information?"

After being asked what happened, Terias reports, "Well, we saw twelve well t'do men carry'n a bundle under their arms. Each with a body guard. The only one I recognized was Magistrate Rudethe. I did see two men with the Dariune seal, and one fellow with the badge of the mason's guild."

The Matakea looks over to his companion and asks, "Herot, did y'notice anyone er anythin' else I may've missed? Ye've got those sharp eyes from being a longbowman."

"I noticed that one had a badge with a wagon and another had a badge with a rope and pulley," Herot says.

Formally, Terias continues with what heard, but he grows more passionate as he speaks, especially at the end. "When they were all inside Herot and I crept in closer. Let me say that orphanage and widows fund is bunk t'me. They're up t'no good. There's some sort of ritual tomorrow that'll make them rich.. well richer then they are. Apparently they had a temple that was discovered, and I'm guess'n it was us and in Fonor of Stippa's cellar. Anyhow they've got a new place. The worst of it is though .. and it makes the matter urgent t'me is they've a sacrifice for this dark ritual. I had t'hold myself back from bursting in on them." His fists roll clenched, and then relax before Terias takes a stance at attention.

"What sort of sacrifice?" Amyleryn asks.

Seeming disquieted by the question, Terias answers with a frown forming on his face, "I didn't hear the particulars m'lady. But I'm guessing it's nay going to be pleasant, because they were all glad it wasn't one of them. Blood and death is the usual rite for any dark ritual."

Amyleryn's face pales a bit as she speaks: "I think you didn't understand my question. I wasn't asking about the details of how the sacrifice was going to be performed, but what was going to be sacrificed. You said that they were glad 'it wasn't one of them'. Do you mean to say that it will be a human sacrifice?!"

The Matakea nods curtly, his demeanor noticeably angered, but restrained.

Clearly shocked, Amyleryn has to visibly regain her composure. A look of concentration comes over her as her eyes stare off into the distance.

Coming back to the moment, she says: "I want all of you to give me your views on what can be done, but I'll throw out some ideas for us to chew on."

"If there are going to be a dozen or more of them, they'll need a large space to hold the ritual in. I suppose they could go to a secluded place outside of town, but so many supposedly important townsmen leaving town at roughly the same time would probably not go unnoticed. Discovery before the ritual is actually performed, might disrupt the whole thing."

"From what I remember of the Magistrate's cellar, it doesn't have enough room. Besides, they might think that it was too close to the old location and could also be discovered."

"I feel that the Mangai hall...even though they used it for their meeting tonight, and it has restricted access...is too public a location for what they have planned."

"That leaves me thinking that the most likely location for holding their ritual in, is Fonor of Stippa's warehouse. I would think that a warehouse has the necessary space, and is likely to be in a part of town without a lot of prying eyes around, especially after dark. Also, nighttime is when the participant's being gone from their places of employment wouldn't raise questions."

"Still, that's just a guess. Do any of you have ideas about where they might hold the ritual...and just as importantly...how we

could verify that before the ritual is held? I'm guessing that they'll need to use that metal pentagram in the circle, so if we could find it without them knowing that we did, that would pretty much confirm the location."

Terias nods curtly, and puts in his two pence, "Aye seems like a solid thought t'me m'lady. Though best guess is they'll use the underway to get there. So many people wandering the streets so late'll draw the eye of the watch. It may be an idear t'head back down there and map it out more."

Rubbing the back of his neck, as he shakes his head helpless, Terias mentions, "We're tight on time so we'll need to strike precisely."

"I agree that what you both say has merit," says Herot, "but expecting the watch to react to a bunch of important people moving around is for naught. The watch are empowered to 'watch' for crimes being committed. When they witness a crime being committed, they are to raise the hue-and-cry for help. For the nobility to move around town is not a crime, whether singly or en-mass. They will not take note of it or do anything about it if it is pointed out to them."

Herot continues, "As to this warehouse you mention, I take it you mean that this is the only place that you know of and it is a place to start but a dozen important people in town will have a number of places available that would fit their needs. I see naught that we can do at this time of night but, come morning, perhaps we could follow this one person who's identity is known to you. That will give us no time for other preparations but at least the location will become known to you without fail."

"Of this metal pentagram that you mention, I know not. When was the last time you saw it and how long have they had to move it and hide it at its new location."

After any of the others have commented, Amyleryn asks: "If we CAN find out where they are going to hold the ritual, does anyone have any ideas on how to get help from the authorities to break this up? I'm afraid that the two of you" speaking directly to Terias and Herot "would have little chance of prevailing against at least a dozen."

With a sigh, the Laranian's shoulders slump forward as he says, "Aye we'd need the watch or a way t'foil their plans. Doubt three outsiders will garner much support from the watch against men in such power in this city. Maybe find out who's gone missing recently? But again that'll take time we don't have."

"We are talking about ordinary citizens, however," Herot says, "Considering the nervousness of the voices we heard, I think what we need to do is get past any guards and deal with the leaders. Which brings up another concern...at least two of them appear to be gentry. If we attack gentry, no matter what the reason, we could easily pay with our lives. Are you prepared to deal with that or have another way of subduing them without attack?"

Amyleryn says, "Master Killassan said that...among others...I have the psionic ability to travel in the spiritual world and the ability to see events in remote locations. I'll try to employ those

abilities right away, but I'm afraid that the chance of success is practically nil."

Changing gears slightly, Amyleryn asks Terias: "Speaking of psionics, what did Master Killassan say about whether you had any psionic abilities or not? Anything that might help us in the current situation if you were able to use it...or them...now?"

The Matakea shoots a glance over to Herot seeming embarrassed more than hesitant, "Aye well he said I could heal folk with my hands, though I'm guessing he picked up my Lady's blessing. Mentioned I could see and talk to ghosts as well as shape shift. Oh and also that I could sense magics and psionics as you call it."

Terias then adds helplessly, "No clue how to call them, most I get is headaches or repeat feelings of things having happened."

Stiffening up at a thought that clearly just struck him, he says, "I'll try prayer t'focus myself. Maybe find some answers that way about the best course of action. Or receive a blessing of sorts to aid us."

"Prayer is always good but, I will rely on the strength of my sword arm," says Herot with a grim smile, "Speaking of strength, it has been a long day and tomorrow is looking to be even more trying. By your leave, milady, I would like to get back to the inn before they bar the doors for the night. We will likely think more clearly after a night's sleep."

"By all means, take you all off to bed. Be back here in the morning as early as you can." Speaking to Terias, Amyleryn continues: "I expect that the controlling factor as to when you two can get here in the morning, will be the time it takes to do your chores at the temple. Tell Herot when you expect to be able to be here, so he can plan to arrive at the same time. Good night to you both."

With a curt nod to Amyleryn, Terias tells Herot, "I'll be here by the start of the third watch."

The Matakea collects the rags and his surcoat and makes his way out of the townhouse with Herot.

When the two men part, Terias revels in the cool crisp air the evening brings. While keeping his wits about him, the holy warrior takes in deep calming breathes as he walks.

Once in his room, the Matakea kneels by his bed and begins a quiet prayer to his Goddess, "M'Lady, You spoke of events to come last I communed. We are going to face a trial tomorrow and I was hoping to hear Your guiding wisdom. Another's life is at stake and we are severely outnumbered and outranked. I have no fear of visitng You in Dolithor, but I do not wish to fail where others lives depend on me."

He gets no answer.

\* \* \*

When Terias and Herot have left, Amyleryn concentrates to try to bring on the remote viewing psionic ability. She will clear her mind, then summon up the most detailed memory she can of the pentagram-in-the-circle. If it works, she will try to view the surroundings of where the pentagram-in-the-circle has been set

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up in order to get as best an idea of where it is as possible. If she is unable to get it to work, she'll try it a couple more times, then let it be and go to sleep.

She gets nothing.

## 11-NÚZYÆL-720 KIBAN, KALDOR

2ND WATCH [COLD, PARTLY CLOUDY, SOUTHWEST BREEZE]

Amyleryn is awakened by Matilda and Felada pattering around arranging the start of a new day. Felada hurries out the door and a short while later returns with fresh baked bread and a stout lad carrying a keg of small ale.

At one point in their preparations, Matilda picks up a pot that was a bit too hot and exclaims, "Yipe!" as she drops it back down. Amyleryn hears this and bursts out crying, feeling like she had burned her own hand. Matilda, hearing the sobbing, says, "Oh milady, it is not bad. I am unharmed."

Subduing her surprise, Amyleryn says: "Yes Matilda, I'm alright. Come over here and give me the hand you burned."

When Matilda gives Amyleryn her hand, Amyleryn will gently hold it between her own and try to cause healing, then, succeed or fail, she will let it go.

As Amyleryn looks at and touches Matilda's hand, she notices the redness go away.

Smiling at the outcome, Amyleryn says: "Well, that turned out well. There may be hope for us after all. Master Killassan said that he could train me in the healing touch once it had come out sufficiently on it's own. The problem with that, is that people have to be hurt or ill first. That is not something I wish for." Getting a thoughtful look on her face, she says: "Maybe...after I've recovered from my injury enough to be transported...I could do some volunteer work in the infirmary at the temple of Peoni."

Speaking to Matilda, Amyleryn says: "Since Master Killassan said nothing about an ability for me to form any kind of bond between others and myself, I have to assume that you have the ability to project physical sensations you experience to others."

Addressing Felada, Amyleryn says: "Felada dear, on your errands today, take Matilda to see Master Killassan and see when he is willing to test her for Psionic abilities. This needs to be done as soon as possible. If he can't do it right away, make an appointment for her to have it done, then make sure that she is able to see him at the time arranged. While you're at it, make an appointment for yourself as well."

"Yes, milady," Felada says, "He has already agreed to see me today."

"Excellent!" Amyleryn exclaims. "I leave it in your capable hands, then. Let's eat our breakfast, then set up the table for me to write on afterwards as you suggested. I need to get started on my first report for uncle Fugys."

Amyleryn sighs deeply, then says ruefully: "Psionic abilities are a blessing once they are mastered, but I dare say that we'll pay a price until that mastery is achieved. Patience and understanding are going to have to be our watchwords from now on."

\* \* \*

Terias is awakened from a sound sleep by the feeling that he has burned his hand. He breaks down into tears for several minutes before he can regain control of himself.

As the tears stream down his face and he looks to his hands, between sobs Terias wonders aloud, "Why.. why can't I wake up.. one morning.. nah.. not in some form a'pain." Once he's regained control of his senses the Matakea clears his throat and shakes his head. Terias gets dressed gingerly and heads to the practice yard for morning training. His demeanor is dour as he stands listening to the instructor, clearly having woken up on the wrong side of the bed.

When training is complete, Terias wipes away the sweat forming on his brow and gathers his things. He then follows the crowd over to the temple for morning mass. Here the Matakeas demeanor shifts to a more serene disposition as he listens. It's as if the troubles of yesterday and the morning have washed away.

Terias sits at his appointed spot at the breakfast table and meditates for eleven minutes. When he is through he feels a slight bit better.

Terias spends another eleven minutes in meditation but gets no answer to his problems. When he looks up again, Obasaran Kardyanid asks, "Is there something troubling you, my son? Would you like me to take your confession?"

His eyes bleary from prayer, Terias blinks several times trying to refocus them on Kardyanid. "Aye Obasaran, I'd not mind your ear and learned experience on a matter troubling me.", the Matakea says in response.

Once the two men are in a more private surrounding, Terias speaks plainly, but respectfully, "I spoke with you before on the matter surrounding what I thought was a demon. You mentioned the chance it could have been a guardian of sorts and I was content t'let it go. Last eve I stumbled on something more troubling surrounding the same matter tied to the creature. It seems some men have set their sights on the pursuit of greed and in so doing plan t'sacrifice someone to reach that end. Some of these men hold rank and station above my own. I was hoping to find the best recourse to deal with it."

"Once again, your intentions confuse me," the Obasaran says, "you make accusations against unknown persons, about to do vague or unknown evil deeds and you have no idea what to do about it. You should follow your teachings and do as your liege commands, staunchly defend those under your protection (or in need of your protection) and follow your devotions to do as the goddess commands. Do you have anything more specific to confess or some more specific request? I cannot absolve you of your sins, or render you aid, unless I know what you have done or what you need."

Helplessness and frustration cross Terias' features as he explains himself, "Aye apologies Obasaran, I'm vague on two scores. First, Lady Odasart requested it and second, I'm nay entirely clear what is going on. I don't know all the people involved, nor to what end they're willing to go. I don't even know where it is they plan to hold this horrid ritual. I've nothing to confess, though after this day is at an end I may. My question was simply if there is something sinister going on, or an innocent is about to be sacrificed does rank, title or privilege hold? If so, to what

extent? If that is still not enough for you to answer I understand and ask simply for a prayer things end will and the Lady Above guides my hand."

"You do have a way of not saying things," the Obasaran says, "What do you mean by 'hold'? If you are asking that if you see some peasant getting a lashing, can you kill the one giving the lashing, the answer is definitely not. In all things be guided by the ideals of feudalism and chivalry. In such a situation, be as certain as you can that a wrong is being done and, if so, bring the ones responsible to justice. If the wrongdoer is of the nobility, you must bring them before those of higher rank. Wealth and privilege holds no authority in cases of wrongdoing. As to whether something sinister is occurring, I cannot tell you with so little information. You should study the law, both common and civil, to know what is allowed. In all things, be prepared to be responsible for your actions. None of us goes through life without doing wrong. Where the followers of Larani differ is in our efforts to do what is right, never standing by to allow evils to be done through our inaction and in our willingness to be responsible for our actions. Does that help clear your mind?"

"Your words have been inspiring Obasaran. They have helped a great deal with so little information. When this matter concludes I will gladly share with you everything I know. Larani shield you." Terias says then bows his head reverently.

The Matakea then makes his way to the kitchen, changes into his rags and begins to pile the refuse onto the wagon for the trip to Alloia. Once complete he sets off on his daily chore.

Terias' journey to the village and back is uneventful but, when he is off-loading the cart he notices that one of the chamber pots is missing.

With a broad grin, Terias retorts, "Aye, just thought it odd to keep them here in the kitchen's all. Still looks like one is missing, which means a new guest eh?" "I could not say, milord," replies the lad.

He turns over the rags to Lonandy, with a smile and thanks.

"Fair enough", Terias says to the spit-boy while tugging on his boots. He washes up and says, "Larani shield you lad." The Matakea then heads over to Amyleryn's townhouse, walking speedily along the route.

Terias' journey is uneventful and he arrives at their townhouse just ahead of Herot. When they enter, they find a young messenger standing just inside the doorway dancing from one foot to the other as if he is waiting for something.

### 11-NÚZYÆL-720 KIBAN, KALDOR

3RD WATCH [COLD, PARTLY CLOUDY, NORTHWEST BREEZE]  
There's a knock at the door and Matilda answers it. She tells Amyleryn, "Dere be a young messenger yer vrim Beak Rudethe. 'e zeth 'is maister requests ee ur yer representative 'ave lunch way'n at de aend uv de dird watch. Be ee zeptin' visitors my lady? 'e bw waiting vor a reply."

You assume Herot is on his way and will arrive soon.

Amyleryn says, "Tell him that my representatives are away just now, but that I expect them back at any moment. Say also, that

he is to wait a short time for them to arrive. Offer the messenger such refreshments as we have as reward for waiting."

Terias' journey is uneventful and he arrives at the townhouse just ahead of Herot. When they enter, they find a young messenger standing just inside the doorway dancing from one foot to the other as if he is waiting for something.

The Matakea looks at the man-of-arms with a knowing smile, then asks the messenger, "Oi lad, y'got fire in yer shoes or y'need t'relieve yerself?"

"Nither my lord," the lad says, "If ee be de lady's representatives den I be waiting vor yer arrival. De zummat ee zpake way 'er to larn 'er intentions de zummat ee can give me a reply dey I can bring to my maister if it please dee."

With a loud gafaw and a wide grin, Herot says to Terias, "I guess you had best hurry before he bursts."

Snickering at Herot's words, Terias' demeanor switches to serious as he tells the boy, "Aye, give me a moment an' I'll find out fer ya."

The Matakea then approaches Amyleryn and offers a bow in her presence before saying, "Morning m'lady. Seems there's a runner her for something he wants me to attend too?"

As Terias comes in, Amyleryn says: "Ah. Terias. Good timing." Bekoning him to come close, she says...only loud enough for him to hear: "Yes, the message is from one Beak Rudethe. It is a request for a representative of mine...that would be you or Herot...to have lunch with him at the end of the third watch."

"Didn't you say that Magistrate Rudethe was one of those in attendance at that meeting where a human sacrifice was mentioned?"

The Matakea simply offers a curt nod in response to Amyleryn's question.

Amyleryn continues "It occurs to me that inviting a stranger...with almost no-one locally to inquire about them if they should disappear...to lunch, then giving them drugged food or drink, might be a good way to get someone to sacrifice." and Amyleryn raises one eyebrow.

At this Terias stiffens up, but remains silent.

"I want both you and Herot to go to this lunch. One of you...decide which of you it is to be...is NOT to eat or drink anything, so as to be able to come to the aid of the other in case my suspicions should prove to be true."

"If...on the other hand...this invitation is innocent, then keep your eyes and ears open for any useful information, but do not commit us to anything. Any questions?"

"Nay m'lady. I'll inform the lad we'll attend and work it out with Herot.", Terias replies.

The holy warrior dismisses himself from the noblewoman's presence and heads over to the runner. "Oi lad, y'll be have'n two representatives attend the meet'n.", Terias says pointing to himself, "Myself, Matakea Terias of Forniad and ..", with a jerk

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of his thumb to the man-at-arms beside him, "Herot of Falen. Now how do we get there or will y'be back t'lead us?"

"I weel be gwain now and can lead ee dere. Ee weel 'ave to come now if it please ee and ee wish to arrive at de appointed time," the lad replies and then steps outside the door and waits to see who will follow.

When the boy is gone, Terias relays Amyleryns plan to Herot, adding, "Now I'm nay too keen on bein' poisoned or drugged and I'm guess'n that's the case for yourself. So what say you we draw straws? The other can claim they're fasting or some such."

"Hast thou been on Dekejis' serving platter? Of course I want not to be poisoned. However, I will let you do the fasting as it will be more credible that a priest would have such a practice and we want not to insult our host by appearing too suspicious." Herot says with a smile.

[Terias]

With a broad grin and firm slap on the back Terias retorts, "I've nay, but you might t'night. I recommend eat'n light." With that the Matakea steps outside and gives the nod to the boy to lead on.

\* \* \*

Felada has left to do the morning shopping and to be tested for psionics.

If/When Terias tells the Obasaran about the missing chamber pot, Obasaran Kobb says with a pained smile, "Yes, this has happened before. Rumor has it that this is how the lia-kavair test their new members. If the thief is caught in the act, their hand gets cut off but if they are not caught, it is unlikely we will pursue the matter for the cost of a chamberpot. As soon as you find the time, go to a potter and purchase a replacement. That will be your penance for your brief inattention."

As Terias finishes speaking with Lonandy and is on his way out of the temple to the townhouse, he spots Kardyanid in passing and mentions, "Good day Obasaran. Do we have another guest with us? I ask because I spied a chamber pot missing after my chores were complete."

When Terias tells the Obasaran about the missing chamber pot,

Obasaran Kobb says with a pained smile, "Yes, this has happened before. Rumor has it that this is how the lia-kavair test their new members. If the thief is caught in the act, their hand gets cut off but if they are not caught, it is unlikely we will pursue the matter for the cost of a chamberpot. As soon as you find the time, go to a potter and purchase a replacement. That will be your penance for your brief inattention."

Terias appears put back after hearing the clergyman's reprisal of him, and he says, "I'll confess theft didn't cross my mind as the theft of a chamber pot is quite ridiculous. I can briefly investigate the matter with the guard on duty. See if they made note of those coming and going? Regardless, you've my apologies for failing t'keep watch of the supplies in the kitchen. Nay being aware isn't an excuse, so I'd prefer t'know now so I don't slip up again - are there any other tasks required of me?"

"Not that I am aware of, I will check around and you should ask me again on the marrow. Do not trouble yourself about the

chamberpot. Just replace it and see that it does not happen again in the future," the Obasaran replies.

\* \* \*

As you travel down the road and before you make the first turn, you see a group of young lads rough-housing and shoving each other. They give you a speculative look but upon noticing your weapons, give you a wide berth.

As they walk, Terias asks the runner, "We're new t'town so you'll need t'forgive our lack of know. Who're we meet'n? What do they do? What're they like?"

"My maister the beak Rudethe led me to understand ee 'ad already met 'im." The lad says with a puzzled look on his face.

A short while later you reach the magistrate's house. Your guide leads you inside and points to a door off the greathall, "De maister weel be waiting vor ee een dere.", he says and waits by the entranceway door.

The Matakea nods curtly, reaches into his pack and hands the boy a silver coin, "Preciate bein' delivered here safely lad. Larani shield you."

After the exchange is made, Terias heads over to the door and gives it a knock, waiting to be allowed in.

The door was not completely closed and at Terias' knock opens further but there is no response from inside. The boy at the door motions for you to go on in.

The Matakea walks in apprehensively, looking about the room once inside.

As soon as the door is open enough to allow some light inside you notice the body on the floor behind a rather large desk, and the coppery smell of blood.

At the same moment, the lad at the door, runs outside yelling, "Help! Help! There's been a murder most foul!"

Herot says, "I think it is best for us to be on our way. Do you know of another way out of this place?"

Terias says, "Didn't see that come'n. Guess we were just set up. Remind me t'get that silver coin back from the lad.", Terias grumbles. "Aye there's a way out in the basement through the sewers. Though I feel like we're bein' led by our noses at this point. T'is where this all began. Keep a watch for a light source and be ready for a smell most foul." The Matakea turns swiftly, his surcoat swirling upwards as he makes his way through the manor.

With a snort, Herot says, "You are only saying that because the lad ran off to raise the hue-and-cry before even looking in this room to see the body. And did you notice how he lost his peasant accent. There is certainly something that smells foul about this and that is before we even get to the stench of the sewers."

"Oh, and look on the side of the desk, The dead man has written WHSE and either 13 or 17 - I cannot make out which."

Terias says, "I'm guess'n t'is a clue as t'what's go'n on. Warehouse and a number maybe?", Terias gives it a quick look to see if he can make it.

It looks to Terias like WHSE 131 and Terias can remember a building with 131 on it that is across the road from the temple of Larani but, from the smell when he passed it each day he thought it was a butcher shop.

Herot follows Terias to the door into the sewers. In the basement he spies a couple of torches and grabs them up as he passes. Just inside the door on the sewer walkway he kneels with tinder, flint and steel to light a torch and gasps out, "close the door so they cannot tell where we have escaped to. Once I light a torch, which way do you favor, upstream or down? I prefer downstream as it will surely lead to the river."

Terias nods curtly, doing as Herot recommends and closes the door. The stench of the sewers washes over the Matakea and he tries his best to prevent himself from gagging raising his sleeve to his mouth and nose before speaking, "If I remember right, straight shot south should lead us out. I saw light that way when Lady Odasart and I were here last."

As the torch flares alight, Herot says, "south it is then," and he walks off in that direction.

Terias nods curtly, doing as Herot recommends and closes the door. The stench of the sewers washes over the Matakea and he tries his best to prevent himself from gagging raising his sleeve to his mouth and nose before speaking, "If I remember right, straight shot south should lead us out. I saw light that way when Lady Odasart and I were here last."

As Herot begins to move, the warrior-priest mentions in a low voice, "Stick to the eastern wall, so we don't have to cross the sludge. Also keep your weapon hand ready."

Just as Terias leaves the vicinity of the door he hears a commotion inside the magistrate's house and the voice of their previous guide shouting, "Quick, this way, they have went into the sewers. They cannot have gotten far."

Following Herot as fast as possible to stay within the torchlight the rest of the trip is uneventful and you quickly reach an opening into the moat around the castle.