

2-PEÓNU-720 TERNUA, KALDOR

4TH WATCH [COLD, CLOUDY, NORTHWEST WIND, HAIL]

Sir Herot and the doctor arrive and they drag the sleeping form of Lorard into the barn. Everyone awakes to the sound of hail pounding on the roof of the barn. Tarim looks around groggily and finds no sign of the archer.

Sir Herot says with a smile, "Oh ho, what do we have here an afternoon nap?" To the doctor he says, "There are no more arrows from above so, if you would, climb to the loft and see to any innocents there."

The physician climbs to the loft, and goes to the aid of the woman tied to the pillar. She groans as she awakes. The Physician says, "By some miracle she is unharmed. The arrow was merely lodged in her clothes and she fainted."

In obvious pain, clearly exhausted and appearing pale, Terias rises from the ground and lumbers over to where the woman is. He doesn't say anything, but instead sets to work freeing her from the bounds as the physician examines her. A meek smile escapes his lips when the man makes his diagnoses. The toll of battle and prayer has fatigued his voice to the point it sounds hoarse and gravelly, "Aye praise the Lady of Paladins." he adds simply. He whispers to the woman, "Your niece will be pleased to see you well. She's in the care of the Peonian's."

In a weak voice, the woman says, "I know not who you mean. I have no niece."

Upon hearing her response, his eyes go wide a moment and Terias asks in surprise while the physician continues his assessment, "Are you Evelice of Jarquane?"

Looking slightly frightened she says, "Yes, I am she. How is it you know my name? Are you with these other ruffians sent by the guard captain of Tashal?"

Eyes narrowing, Amyleryn asks: "What has the guard captain of Tashal to do with all this?"

"I am afraid it is a private matter and I should not be discussing the affairs of such a sensitive nature with strangers," Evelice says quietly, "Do you know the man?"

Amyleryn says, "No, I don't know him, but I find it strange that the Tashal guard captain would be involved in this. His authority should not extend here."

"His authority does not but when men of influence decide to deal in nefarious matters their reach goes far beyond their authority, even to the hiring of ruffians to do their deeds such as those you have just dealt with," Evelice says.

In a soothing voice still hoarse and tired, Terias replies, "Nay, we were sent by the Earl t'speak with you. When we arrived t'your shop we found it had been broken into, the inside t'was in disarray and there was a girl claimin' to be your niece by the name of Lynefe. She told us of yer abduction and we found a note that led us here. So our group came t'yer aid as best we could."

"What in the world does the Earl want with me? Lynefe is indeed my ward but she is no relation, no matter what she thinks or wants to believe. I thank you for your aid even though I was out of my senses during most of it. All I know is someone from

below shot me with an arrow. That is the last I remember," Evelice says.

Relief crosses Terias brow upon hearing Evelice, "Ah good you know her. I was concerned we'd been fooled by a looter. As t'the matter of the Earl, when yer up for it we'd like t'speak in private. It shouldn't take much of yer time."

She looks at Tarim and says, "If you would be so kind as to help me down this ladder? Your companion looks like he may need some help getting down as well." To Sir Terias, she continues, "Which of these people below are privy to your private affairs?"

The Matakea looks about and then responds, "We're all aware. Excluding the physician who just examined you. I thought your own place might be more suitable and desirable considering the ordeal you just faced."

"Yes, right," she says, "I suppose that means the whole town knows by now. Yes, let us be off to my shop to see how it fares."

"Absolutely, m'lady." Tarim rises to assist her at the ladder from the loft, then adds, to Terias, "Sire, may I offer assistance when you are ready?"

As Tarim helps her get safely down the ladder, Evelice says, with a smile "Oh, I am not of the gentry. It is sufficient to address me as goodwife or Master Apothecary."

"Master Apothecary it is, then, ma'am, as long as we get you out of this barn safely." Tarim helps Evelice down, and once she arrives safely, returns to assist Terias.

Turning to Sir Terias, the physician says, "I am happy to provide my services in exchange for the favor you did for me earlier but I must ask you to pay for any medical supplies I use."

"I appreciate your kindness Mafiden." Terias says in response.

Then while the physician works, the Matakea adds, "I was able t'hold off your own fight, but not my own. The Lady works in mysterious ways. I hope y'see what I was tryin' to prevent with your duel."

That being said, the physician cleans and dresses Sir Terias three wounds and places herbal compresses on his right shoulder and right elbow. "That will be 30d for you then," he says.

Without disagreement, the Laranian Knight reaches into his pack and hands over the requested coin, clasping Mafiden's arm and saying, "Again my thanks. Larani bless you."

He climbs down the ladder and looks at Lady Amyleryn's wound. He cleans and dresses the wound and says, "That will be 10d for the herbs and bandages, if you please my lady."

Next he looks to Herot, cleaning and dressing Herot's shoulder and places a herbal compress, telling him, "that will be 10d from you as well, sir."

Herot thanks him and hands over the money.

When Tarim comes down the ladder, the physician looks at the cut hose. He tells Tarim to pull down his hose and then he cleans and dresses his hip wound, saying, "That will be 10d from you as well."

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Tarim nods and quietly counts out the coins for the physician.

Finally, looking at Lorard's shoulder the physician says, "Oh dear, this one is much more serious and will require surgery. He mixes together some herbs and water, giving it to Lorard saying, "this will deaden the pain while I sew you back up." He then stitches the wound, cleans and dresses it, telling Lorard, "that will be 19d please but I am afraid you will lose a little dexterity in your right hand, that simply cannot be helped." [-1 dexterity]

Finally having made his way down with the aid of Tarim, Terias turns distraught hearing the extent of Lorard's wounds. "When I've had a bit of chance to recover I will pray to the Lady of Paladins. My failure t'keep you safe should have this burden fall on my shoulders nay yer own. Sometimes the Pantheon takes pity upon us mortals. Maybe even seeking Peoni's grace will help."

Immediately hearing the cost for the healing Terias retrieve coin from his purse and pays the fee mentioned by Mafiden. He then states to Lorard, "T'is the least I can do for the moment Lorard."

Lorard says, "That is quite generous of you Sir Terias, but I cannot accept. Siem teaches that each must follow their own destiny, you didn't order me to attack that man, it was my own decision. I knew full well that I didn't have much in the way of combat experience but I chose to attack anyway. Pray to Larani if you must, as I will to Siem, but do not feel guilty about my injury. Now if someone will hand me my money pouch I will pay the good physician his fee." on getting the pouch he hands the good doctor the required 15d.

The physician counts the coin, hands it back to Lorard, and says, "There is no need, Goodman, the amount was 19d and your companion has already paid me."

Grudgingly Terias replies, "I'd nay want t'stand between you and yer faith Lorard. T'is your choice."

The Laranian Knight glances over to Tarim and asks in his worn voice, "Squire, how're you? Did that last one get away?" Terias moves as to the ledge of the loft as he listens to the response to assess the state of those below.

"Aye, sire, but not before you valiantly put yourself again in harms way again." Tarim bows his head before Terias. "Larani must have kept you close. I've never been a prouder follower of our Lady of Paladins."

Tarim shakes the fog from his head. "And never gladder to have seen a fight over. You could have been killed twice over, sire!"

The Larnian Knight offers a very meek smile to Tarim, and nods ever so slightly. However, he does not contribute to the conversation. It seems the injury from the battle, strain from the prayer or the situation itself has taken its toll on Terias.

Still weary, Terias answers in a hoarse voice, "Aye Squire, when you're done helping Evelice. If I try alone I'm bound to injury myself further."

As the soldier-cleric waits for Tarim, he noses about the loft looking for anything of note, non-chalantly stabbing his sword into the stacks of hay.

He finds nothing hidden in the hay but he doe find three abandoned backpacks.

"M'lady, if you're free from harm, shall we have this fine physician aid our own healer?" asks the Matakea as he gingerly touches his own wound.

"I do have a wound on my shield arm." Lady Amyleryn replies to Terias. Turning to the physician, Amyleryn says: "When you have seen to the others, I'll need you to tend me." and she shows him her wound momentarily.

The physician hurries down the ladder and says, "Yes, my lady, I will see to it at once."

"That depends on what you have found," Lady Amyleryn says, "If you have found the apothecary we were looking for I am sure Lorard can survive for the few moments more it takes for the physician to care for her. If you have not found her, then by all means see to ours and leave others for later."

After a brief moments consideration, Terias adds, "Of course after the odeal y'just found yerself in I'd understand if you'd want it t'be as few as possible."

Once everyone is prepared to follow, Evelice leads the way to her shop. Nodding at the guard, she enters, looks around and wails, "I have been robbed! All of my herbs are gone!"

Quickly speaking up, Terias' voice still weary, "Master Apothecary, apologies for nay sayin' so sooner. When we first entered the shop I had Lorard here examine what he could. He's an apothecary himself and felt it best t'gather them up. For two reasons. First everythin' was in disarray and I was worried what would happen if they were mixed together. Didn't want there t'be a fire or an explosion. Second I did nay wish anything stolen. Hopefully we got everything." The Matakea motions to Lorard.

"Yes, he has gotten everything and if he is the apothecary you say he is, he can tell you that none of my herbs, singly or in combination are volatile and likely to cause fire or explosion so I would thnk you to have him pay for or replace what he has taken," Evelice says.

As the two alchemists exchange words, the warrior-priest looks into each of the three packs he is holding.

Lorard says, "Aye master you will find what herbs I could salvage wrapped up and in my pack. I did the best I could but the shop was wrecked and everything scattered."

Lorard hands his pack over the master apothecary. "Your herbs are in here, individually rapped as best I could. Please take them back"

She takes the adder's tongue, all heal, guardrobe, hazel, quessel, rosemary, Sarajin's nuts, tirgeyth, Agrik's eye, garlic, marjoram, nightshade, old lady, sage, sorrel and violets. She also takes the colorless threads [#42] and the three pages of parchment [#50, #51, #52] and she hand Lorard's pack back to him.

In one pack Sir Terias finds 20d, a carved stick [#54], a vellum & ink scroll [#55]. In the other, there is a brown salve [#56], a brown oil [#57], some colorless liquid [#58], some colorless oil [#59], some colorless crystals [#60], a brown liquid [#61], some brown crystals [#62], a carved wood [#63], fabric & paint [#64], vellum & ink [#65], parchment and ink [#66].

Terias starts of hesitantly after Amyleryn and Evelice have exchanged brief words, "I'm nay sure how the matter we're here

for is tied t'yer abduction. Perhaps Lady Odasart is privvy t'more then me. T'me it sounded like from the note we found those men were after your wares."

Then switching gears, his hoarse voice sounding more resolute as he says, "I'd like t'dive straight into the why we're here Master Apothecary. Our group has been tasked by the Earl t'find Elleyyna of Matlim. He felt you could guide us t'her whereabouts somehow. Are you capable of such?"

After speaking the Matakea decides to reach each of the three acquired packs and retrieve all of the parchments with writing on them and scan then over as Evelice responds.

Evelice answers but Terias, absorbed in his reading, does not hear what she says. There are several things with writing of some sort but only one parchment [#66]. That appears to be written in Lakise and has a number of dates, times, speeds, directions and conditions along the river.

The Matakea looks up from his reading, "Very sorry, Master Jarquane I got it in my head there might be a clue as to who your abducters were on these parchments and I did nay wish t'forget. But I can't make heads or tails of them. Seems my mind has a short attention span. If it wouldn't be too much trouble could you repeat yourself?"

"I said I have no way of telling exactly where she is at this moment but I do know she is originally from Girdiren and she has spent a lot of time in a village called Ovendel, and in Olokand. She is a Shek P'var and I believe she was taught by somebody south of here but I know not who," Evelice answers. At the moment she mentions the Shek P'var she takes a bean from the table and spits it at the hearth.

Terias says, "Could you perhaps describe her person? It now strikes me we failed t'inquire with the Earl. I'm nay sure of your affiliation with Elleyyna either, but do you have any personal information about her?"

What her profession may be besides bein' a witch.." Terias breaks off here and glances at Amyleryn, then corrects himself, "I mean a..a.. Shek-P'var. Or the sort of people she finds herself in company with. Even her temperment if y'know."

"Well," Evelice answers, "Elleyyna has long blond hair and puts on airs calling herself a lady, even though it is obvious that she is not of gentle birth. The Earl may not know her appearance...How did he say he knew her? She always smells really bad so, if she has another profession, it is probably an alchemist or an embalmer, maybe even a tanner. The only person that is usually accompanying her is a mealy-mouthed nobleman's get, who is arrogant and thinks the world of himself. That is the way it is sometimes with some of these children of country squires who are only noble by birth and know nothing of courtesy. I believe his name is Erdais Bastune and he was from Kolorn."

Upon hearing Evelice's response, the Matakea looks to the others present - Lorard and Tarim in particular, "Anythin' else you lot can think of t'ask before we give her some privacy."

Lorard says, "Just this as it seems Mistress Evelice can't or won't help us, Do you plan to report this attack to the Guild, In Tashal

as I was told this is closer or to Kiban?, if not I shall certainly do so"

Evelice answers, "What is to report to the guild? This is not a guild matter. As to the matter of my personal safety, that is a matter for the liege lord and I will be reporting to him. Regarding your taking of my property, you have returned everything so the guild needs not know of that either."

Seeing the parchment/vellum, Amyleryn says: "Let me see those if you will please." and she holds out her hand.

He then hands the papers over to Amyleryn as requested.

After Evelice has answered Lorard's question about reporting to the guild, Amyleryn says to her: "Very well. May whichever God or Goddess you worship guard you." Amyleryn turns away from Evelice as if the apothecary no longer exists and walks out into the street.

Examining the written materials Sir Terias gave her, Lady Amyleryn finds, a carved piece of wood with dates, times, weather reports and conditions along the river; a painted bit of fabric with more dates, times, weather reports and river conditions; a piece of vellum, written in ink, with a discussion of the nature of superstition; and a parchment and ink document with more dates, times, weather reports and river conditions.

Once the others have joined her, Amyleryn asks: "Well, we've heard three different places mentioned. Any ideas on where we should go next?"

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Terias collects the three packs and once on the ground holds the others up explaining, "A moment. I want to see what I can find about these two. If they hold any information it may aid us and Evelice in some way." He then crouches and searches over both of the bodies in turn.

All that he finds on them is their clothing and weapons. The one outside the door (size 4) has a cloth tunic, leggings and cloak, heavy leather vest and calf boots; spear, short sword and dagger, round shield and plate half-helm. The one inside the door (size 5) has a rough cloth tunic and leggings, quilt gambeson, plate half-helm, leather calf boots, round shield, hand axe, dagger, falchion and spear.

With Terias safely on the ground, Tarim looks at the packs Terias has collected. He pulls the quilt gambeson and leather calf boots from the pack by the door and adds them to his own bag. Then, looking at the hole in his own thigh, adds the leggings as well.

He finds there is no room in his pack for all three items.

After his thorough search, Terias collects his spear from the ground and uses it to rise up. A wince escapes his lips as he does so and with a shake of his head, "They held nothing of note on their person besides arms and armor."

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Evelice says, "Oh, they made it quite clear what they were after. They wanted to blackmail me into making some illegal substances for them."

Amyleryn arches one eyebrow and asks: "What substances did they want, and what would those substances be used for?"

"Excuse me, my lady, but what business is that of yours? Next you will be asking what they were using to blackmail me. If I wanted that to be known about town, it would not be much use for blackmail," Evelice answers.

Buying herself some time by counting out, and handing over the money the physician has asked for, Amyleryn then says to Evelice "I'll thank you to keep a civil tongue in your head. I may not be your Liege, but myself and my companions are guests of the Lord here, and I doubt he'll take kindly to hearing that you were insolent to one above your station."

Without giving Evelice a chance to respond, Amyleryn continues: "As to what business it is of mine, my companions and I fought for and secured your freedom...sustaining injuries in the process. A little gratitude and co-operation would be appreciated. If you had looked around at the barn, you would have noticed that one of your captors was unaccounted for. I tell you now, that one of them escaped. I dare say that he is returning to Tashal in all haste to report to the guard captain you mentioned. I'd say that your difficulties with the guard captain have simply been postponed, not eliminated."

Again, giving Evelice no chance to respond, Amyleryn says: "We have a task we must perform for the Earl before we do anything else. Once that is done, we would be inclined to see about dealing with this guard captain. To do that, we will need to know everything about what was going on with this incident. Personally, I don't care what they're blackmailing you about...unless it's murder or high treason. Now...the way I see it, you have two choices. You can accompany us on our task for the Earl, then on to Tashal...in which case, we can provide you with protection...or, my companions and I can go on our way, and you can take your chances with whomever the guard captain sends after you next. Your choice. What is your preference?"

"As you say, my lady," Evelice says through gritted teeth, "You are not my liege nor do I know you or anyone else who knows you. However, I am a freewoman and a master of my trade. I will not go with you nor give you gossip regarding others who, as you say, mean me harm. I mean you no disrespect but I believe your attitude clearly indicates that we have no more business together so I must ask you all to leave before I have to petition my lord for protection from your 'help', your companions 'cleaning' my shop and your trespass. I bid you good day."

Terias again offers his thanks to Maifden as he parts company with group.

The warrior-priest then approaches their appointed 'watcher' and tells him, "Cudago, the matter with Evelice is in hand. You've done your task and well. It's best t'let Beadle Verdreth know of what happened, aye? We'll be with Evelice at her home and likely setting to leave on the morrow should he need t'talk with us further. By chance, did you see which direction that last bandit ran off in? It might be good t'post word of him."

"He ran to the river and boarded a passing boat," Cudago says, "I should tell people what? that someone fled the carnage in that barn and left the town? To be quite frank, you folks had me fearful for my safety at one point or another. Yes, sir, I am off then." And he starts off down the road towards the manor.

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A bit of relief shows on Terias' face as Evelice opens up regarding what she knows about Elleyna. He then says, "My thanks Master Jarquane. We'll be in town for at least the night, possibly more dependin' on how our injuries feel on the morrow. If y'think of anythin' more or y'want t'take us up on our offer of keep'n ye safe or aid'n ye further feel free t'find us. As a follower of the Lady of Paladin's I'd be do'n poor by Her if I'd nay at least offer. Though no one can be forced t'get help".

"That is the second time one of you has offered to 'keep me safe'. There is one thing I am a bit unclear about. Of my three abductors, only one had a bow and when I passed out he was still in the loft with me. None of them appeared to want to do me harm, they just wanted me to go with them and do as I was told, which I could not if I were dead. So who exactly was it from down below that shot me with an arrow?" Evelice asks.

Lorard says, looking at Evelice in surprise, " You may think that there is nothing to report but YOU are a guild master and this is a guild shop. You were attacked and the shop ransacked. It doesn't matter what the reasons for this are, it should not be allowed to happen and go unpunished. If it can happen here it can happen anywhere to anyone, which is why it has to be reported"

"Since you appear to be going to do what you wish no matter what I say, I have no more to say on the subject, except to repeat, I will report to my liege lord and no other." Evelice says, "I bid you good day and suggest you had best catch up to your lady and see to her wishes."

Reiterating his point, the Matakea states in a humble manner, "T'is an offer from us nothing more Master Jarquane. Which is more kindness then I can say for captors would've offered." And addressing Evelice directly, Terias conjectures, "As for the arrow I can only guess t'was a poor shot by the one with you that bounced off a rafter or pillar and landed softly in your clothes. Else if t'was a direct shot from below you'd be in far worse condition, nay?" Finally he admits, "Things could have gone better, but they drew first and there was no chance t'parlay. If a pledge from a Laranian t'aid you means little, then I fear either I've done wrong or the church has by your eyes and for that you've my apologies."

"Oh, I did not mean to give offense," Evelice says with a shocked look, "You have been nothing if not courteous and I thank you for your concern but I have my shop to attend to and will remain here, come what may."

Sir Terias says, "That is unless you're willin' to take Larani into your heart and believe She saved you."

"And forsake my Lady Peoni," Evelice says, "never!"

Terias nods curtly and says with a smile, "None taken. I understand y'bein' weary after yer ordeal. The offer stands should you change your mind. Good day to you. And remember

your ward is in the Peonian's care." After having spoken, the Matakea leaves the shop, his stride providing evidence to his wounds taking their toil.

The Laranian Knight speaks up first, "Well we have three locations m'lady. Huball of Bidurma is in Kolorn and is another point a'contact. T'is also where this Erdais of Bastune is from. A clanname I've heard before too - remind me t'check my journal for it. The other two places are where Evelice mentioned Elleyna could be - Ovendel or Olokand. I'll say now my end goal is Olokand for reasons I'll tell you all in private. T'is best t'visit each in turn if they follow along a point. The Captain should know best unless any of you know your waterways?"

After the matter of location is determined, Terias asks his voice growing hoarse, "I'm nay sure if word was sent t'the Captain on where we were stay'n, but he said he'd be at the Silver Mead Inn.

Shall we venture there t'let him know our business in Ternua is ended and we'll be ready t'go when he is? I'll nay hide it, I'll need t'rest after that. Maybe for a couple of days. How about yourselves?"

After doing her examination of the written materials while Terias is speaking, Amyleryn says: "I think Kolorn is not too far from here, but don't hold me to that. I really haven't spent much time in this part of the kingdom. I'm inclined to go there first, since there is a contact there."

Holding the written materials out, she says: "Your idea to go see the captain is even better than you know...since most of these are about things to do with river conditions. He might be able to tell us why those kidnappers would need to know such things. Let's be off." and she leads the ragged band of adventurers off toward the Silver Mead Inn.

As you approach the front of the inn, you pass the beadle and Cudago leading a group of guardsmen into the red barn. Once inside the common room, you see one of the barmaids standing upon an overturned bucket while several sailors throw bean bags at her trying to knock her off of it. The patrons of the inn spot Lady Amyleryn enter and the common room goes silent.

Herot says quietly, "Lady Amyleryn, you should not get involved in this and should maybe wait outside."

Terias adds after Herot in a low voice, "M'lady if y'do choose t'leave the inn, could I have the notes t'ask the Captain his thoughts on them? Unless y'want t'be present for the answer"

Amyleryn hands the written materials to Terias and says: "Very well, I'll wait outside, but is someone going to accompany me, or will I be standing in the street by myself?"

Lorard says, "If it's alright with you m'lady I'll wait with you. I don't feel quite up doing any strenuous exercise that happens inside."

"Hah!" Herot laughs, "The only strenuous exercise that will be happening inside will be happening after the maid is knocked off the bucket for, you see, whoever does that gets to take her upstairs for a tumble. It is a rough sort of fun that is not proper to be witnessed by a lady."

Turing to Sir Herot, "I figured it was something like that, but somehow after the recent fight I just don't quite feel up to participating. Just in case the game gets out of hand. Maybe when I'm feeling better I join you in a game"

"You will not join me in a game as my appetites do not go in that direction," says Sir Herot with a smirk, "but when you are ready, I think I could find some willing bar maids that would indulge you."

Lorard says, "pity that as it looks like it might be fun. But if you prefer to find your own wenches and play solo that's ok. It just looks like it might be more fun playing against someone. If your afraid of competition then well..."

"It is possible that you still misunderstand me," Sir Herot says, still smiling in good humor, "I have nothing against the game, have played it before and will no doubt play it again. However, the only ones involved in the game are one man and one woman. Whenever there is competition, as you suggest, it usually ends in a tavern brawl. In general though, I prefer my wenches willing, unbruised and unaccompanied by other men."

Lorard says, "Well there's no sport in that though I catch your meaning about possible brawls. Of course I understand if your afraid of a little competition between just the two of us, It wouldn't look good for a knight to loose to a mere commoner."

Amyleryn gives a snort that is used to surpress laughter and says: "Thank you Lorard. Let us find a place out here where we may sit and ease the aches and pains of our injuries." and she looks around for such.

Lady Amyleryn finds a short, stone bench where she and Lorard can sit, although a bit close.

Just as Terias is motioning to Tarim, Lorard speaks up and the Matakea lowers his arm back down. "My thanks", he replies as he accepts the materials and watches the pair leave. Then Terias proceeds to look about for Josriath, Cornall or the innkeep.

Sit Terias finds the captain sitting next to the hearth with his pilot Cornall, watching the rest of the crew have their fun.

The Laranian Knight gives a nod to the others in the direction of the two men and then moves to meet them. "Goodday Captain.. Pilot." Terias says in a formal matter, his voice tired and hoarse.

Addressing Josriath directly, "We've finished our errand here in town. So whenever you're ready to shove off we'll be too. Though I could use a day or so of rest and I imagine so could the others. Do you have a date set?"

"I can be ready to leave by first light on the marrow," answers the captain, "by your leave, I would rather not wait around any longer than I have to as time is money and time is wasting."

"Aye, we'll all have t'tough it out then. I don't want t'impact yer trade." Terias replies in a serious manner.

"Two other matters Captain. First we found these on some folks trying t'blackmail someone." the Matakea says as he holds out the materials for Josriath to look over, "I'm go'n t'guess ye'll say we shouldn't be in possession of'em and that's right fine by me.

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But I was wonder'n if they meant anything t'ye if so if you could tell us what?"

"Captain Josriath examines the proffered materials and then enters a fierce private discussion with Cornall. Returning his attention to Sir Terias he says, "You are certainly right you should not have those. They are pilot's rutters and the seaman's guild has gotten the Mangai to declare it a capital offence to possess stolen pilot's rutters. My suggestion is to give them to Cornall so he can turn them over to the guild when we reach Tashal. Then, for his efforts on your behalf, let him split any reward offered for them. I have worked with Cornall for years and trust him completely."

"T'is what I thought, and aye t'is more then fair Captain. But t'ask again, do those notes reveal anythin' about the men or what they were up too? Or are they simply coordinates?", Terias asks inquisitively.

"They are much more than coordinates and thus their value," the Captain answers, "They tell nothing of the ones you got them from, unless, that is, they were the pilot that the rutters belonged to. If that is the case, then you are in much more trouble as that makes you the thief. I am assuming, you being newly knighted and all, that is not the case. You had best leave that line of inquiry alone so that you fall not under suspicion, eh?"

The Laranian Knight nods curtly and states, "Understood Captain."

Then stiffening up Terias, takes on more of a militaristic stance as he states, "Second's a personal request. I wanted to offer my services t'you as a marine in trainin'. I'm nay a stranger t'labor have'n trained as a soldier within the ranks of the Order of the Lady of Paladin's. And I consider what I'm ask'n of you t'be faith based so you know I'll commit t'it heart, body and soul."

"Do you know the difference between a mercenary and a marine?", the Captain asks, "Only that a marine knows enough about the workings of a ship so that he does not get in the way of the crew. I do not have the time to teach you what is needed nor does any of the crew. However, be of good cheer. I believe your friend Sir Herot comes from a family of fisherfolk so can teach you. I will hire you as an unskilled seaman and marine, if he agrees to also sign on as a marine and teach you what is needed. I cannot pay you a regular wage as having marines aboard does not increase my profits but I can give you each 6 shares and one liberty chest. As the first part of your training, have Sir Herot explain about shares and liberty chests and give me your answer by departure time in the morning."

The Matakea brightens at the Captain's word and he nods curtly in response, "Aye Captain."

Then turning to Herot, Terias says with a grin, "It seems our fates are tied together more and more each day good friend. What say you in the matter? I'll gladly pass on the chance t'learn bowmanship so that y'can teach me the ways of the sea. I'm guess'n shares and a liberty chest will nay offend the Lady of Opulence either fer yer efforts."

Sir Herot says, "Gladly, my friend. As to shares and liberty chests, shares are shares of any profit the captain makes from hauling his cargo – their value varies by how much profit he makes and how many others also have shares. Liberty chests are

a means for you to try your own hand at bargaining. Each is a chest 3 foot by 2 foot by 2 foot. You can put whatever you want into it and at the next port of call sell the contents, hopefully for a profit. Its value depends entirely on your own ability or on the trustworthiness and ability of your advisors. Of course, if the contents is a legally restricted item, that is own you own head as well. For mine, I will have to look around to find what this village has available that is within my means."

"Sounds straight enough. I've nay a traders bone in my body though. Mind if I follow you about town t'see what it is you're lookin' for?", asks Terias.

"Well, you certainly may but I will not be going far," says Sir Herot, "I suggest staying with the products that you know well and, for myself, what I know best is food and drink."

The Matakea nods in understanding and replies, "You'll hear no quarrel from me with these injuries. If we spot a usurer, I'll need t'stop in. Let's be on our way."

"Aye, and the sooner the better," says Sir Herot, "The shops will be closing anon and we do not want to be the cause of a delay in our host's dinner." And he leads the way out of the inn.

Terias shifts his focus back and mentions to Josriath, "Oh Captain. On the matter of direction. There's three locations of interest for us: Kolorn, Ovendel and Olokand. I'm nay sure of the water ways, but what say you on the best course t'them?"

"If you want to visit all three and the order matters not, you spake as good an order as any. Kolorn is south of here and Oveldel comes before Olokand on the way north of Tashal." Answers the Captain.

Hearing the answer, Terias thanks Josriath and Cornall and motions the others of his intention to depart.

Cornall hands you back the vellum and ink [#65] saying it is not a pilot's rutter, "It seems to be a bit of philosophy which does not interest me or the guild. Possibly the temple of Save K'nor in Tashal would be interested in it."

Once outside the Matakea informs Amyleryn and Lorard, "We'll be leave'n port t'morrow. Kolorn's our first stop, then Ovendel and finally Olokand. Those pilot rutters we found are in Cornall's hands. T'is illegal for us t'be carryin' them so he'll hand them over to his guild and there could be a reward for their return."

"Rutters, eh?" Amyleryn says. "None of those men we fought at the barn struck me as seafaring types, so I suppose that there are dead pilots somewhere." and her expression becomes more stern.

When Terias is satisfied the others know what he just learned, he offers, "I know Herot has plans t'tend to, and I've need t'visit a usurer. Shall we split up here and visit back at the manor?"

Tarim says, "Sire, if you don't need me on your errands, I'll stay and tend to our arms and materials, packing for the journey."

"Aye sounds good Tarim. Keep watch of Lady Odasart and Lorard. I should return soon enough with Herot.", Terias says.

"I'll go to the manor now. Felada will then have time to pack hers and my things before the evening meal without having to rush, and I can bathe." Looking at Terias and Herot, Amyleryn

asks: "Would either of you care to assign your squire to escort me to the manor?"

"I would be happy to, my lady," says Sir Herot, "That is if I had a squire, which I have not yet so I cannot attend you. If you are speaking of Lorard, he was brought along for your attendance, not mine – although I would ask you to watch out for him, he has apparently gotten excited by the goings on inside but feigns weakness due to his injuries so you should be able to fend off any of his advances if he gets over bold."

Amyleryn laughs lightly, then says: "Over bold?!" and she chuckles. Her tone becoming just a little more serious, she continues: "He nearly had his arm taken off in the fight at the barn. At a guess, I'd say that he could be knocked over with a feather right now."

With a smile, Sir Herot says, "After seeing you use that mace, I would not advise offending you even in the best of health."

Getting entirely serious: "Several of us were injured to one degree or another. Each of us need to keep an eye on each of those injured...myself included...so as to spot the onset of infection at the earliest moment. Sometimes, the person with the infection doesn't realize it's onset until it's too late."

2-PEÓNU-720 TERNUA, KALDOR

4TH WATCH [COLD, CLOUDY, NORTHWEST WIND, HAIL]

Sir Terias struggles under his load but manages to not drop anything and the two knights make it to the manor without finding a usurer. The only thing of note in their short journey is a man entertaining some of the local villagers with a game involving three overturned cups and a hidden pea but the game appears to not be going well due to the effects of the adverse weather.

"Escort me to the manor now so that the rest of you may get on with such shopping and whatever else" and Amyleryn gives Herot a knowing look "you may have in mind." Amyleryn starts off towards the manor.

Her trip, with Lorard on one side and Tarim on the other is uneventful and they reach the manor shortly after Sir Terias and Sir Herot. The gamesman's hands moves so fast as they pass, trying to control his game pieces in the wind and hail that he almost appears to have four hands.

When the group reaches the manor, Terias says not only in a hoarse voice, but also sounding winded, "Herot, I think I'll need t'pass on the journey t'fill the liberty chest. With the injuries, load and now the weather I'm in no shape t'travel. Though with the bounty we collected there may be somethin' of worth right here. What say you all to venturing to my room and divvying up the spoils before preparing for dinner?"

Terias waits a few moments, before his own impatience creeps in, "I think nay only are we physically exhausted, but mentally as well. Let's make t'my quarters and I'll lay out what we have."

Once in the room, the Mataka begins to unpack the three bags he was carrying, speaking out each item in turn. In addition, he mentions, "Some of these things I am uncertain about. Lorard perhaps your apothecary's trained eye can determine what these mixtures are - either by the labeling or experience. Finally there's

a total of twenty-three silver. How we split this I'll leave to Lady Odasart."

- 1) A carved stick [#54]
- 2) A vellum & ink scroll [#55] - ?
- 3) A brown salve [#56]
- 4) A brown oil [#57]
- 5) Some colorless liquid [#58]
- 6) Some colorless oil [#59]
- 7) Some colorless crystals [#60]
- 8) A brown liquid [#61]
- 9) Some brown crystals [#62]
- 10) Vellum & ink [#65] (philosophy on nature of superstition)
- 11) A cloth shirt with sleeves
- 12) Leather vest
- 13) Cloth hose
- 14) Leather shoes [size 6]
- 15) Large scale cowl
- 16) Short scale cowl
- 17) Short mail hauberk
- 18) Green crystals [#67]
- 19) Colorless ointment [#68]
- 20) Green oil [#69].

Given to Cornall:

- 1) A carved wood [#63] * pilot rutter
- 2) Fabric & paint [#64] * pilot rutter
- 3) Parchment and ink [#66] * pilot rutter

Briefly examining the carved stick [#54], Herot says, "This appears to be a bit of folk lore." Then examining the vellum and ink scroll, he continues, "and this appears to be some history of Minarsas. Being a soldier most of my life, I have never had much use for book learning and I find it safest not to mess with the products of alchemy without a skilled alchemist to declare their purpose and determining the purpose of found items usually takes time for which the alchemist must be paid for his efforts. Finally, the clothing and armor, I am quite comfortable for the ones I have that were made for me and they have seen very little wear at this point. So, other than my share of the money, I see nothing of interest to me but I thank you for your offer. I think we should sell what we can and give the rest to the poor. That is with the exception of any of the alchemy items that Lorard wants to play with when he can test them."

Lorard says, "With everyone's permission I will take the following:

- #56 a brown salve
- #57 a brown oil

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#58 a colorless liquid

#59 a colorless oil

#60 colorless crystals

#61 a brown liquid

#62 brown crystals

#67 green crystals

#68 a colorless ointment

#69 a green Oil

There is a simple test I can perform now if everyone is in agreement."

Lorard finds he has to re-arrange his load to get everything into his small pack and large purse."

Terias nods curtly, expressing his consent, "Aye Lorard, they're more a danger t'us without know'n what they are so feel free t'do yer test. As long as it doesn't involve me drink'n or eat'n them and then see'n what happens after. Speak'n of tests, did ye ever find out what those other mixtures I gave you were for?"

As the apothecary collects the concoctions laying about, Terias turns more serious and begins speaking, "Our fight t'day did nay go well t'all. I saddle myself with bein' at fault, take'n it lightly. Those three men were more experienced then I expected and it goes t'show how dangerous combat is. One'a the biggest mistakes we made was fire'n arrows into the loft with an innocent up there. Praise t'Larani, She saw fit t'listen t'my beseech t'save the womans life. In exchange now I'm bound t'penance by follow'n a path She's set for me. I've taken steps already. Seek'n t'be a marine in train'n whilst we ride the boat with Captain Josriath and Herot here's been kind enough t'teach me seamanship so I can join the guild."

He looks to each person in turn, then the Laranian Knight clarifies, "I'm nay blaming anyone for what happened. T'was a fail'n on all our parts, best we can do is learn from it and make sure we don't let it happen again."

Herot says, "Perhaps as an experienced fighter and now captain of the marines, you should work up several scenarios that we may encounter and suggest effective ways to deal with them and ways to pass commands back and forth to deal with changing situations. In example, we outnumber our foe, our foe outnumber us, our foe is hidden by darkness, our foe is attacking from fortifications, our foe attacks with trained beasts, fire, or missiles, our foe is ivashu or undead, our foe is on solid ground and we are aboard ship, we are both aboard ship, etc."

Brightening up, Terias nods eagerly as Herot explains himself, then replies, "Aye, great thoughts Herot. I'm loathe t'ask Lady Odasart and Lorard t'run drills, but at least knowing strategy's a good start. I'll set t'work plan'n. At least I'll be holding up my end of the keep to my squire by showing some of what I learned from my time in the Order of the Lady of Paladin's."

"Even without drills, a plan may be recalled in the heat of battle," Herot replies, "where, if there is no plan, the result is chaos. I think the most important part is some means of communication – perhaps hand signals that can be practiced at

meals. Lady Odasart in your extensive reading, have you ever come across such a thing?"

As Lorard places things in his pack he carefully opens the following and sniffs them, closing each before placing them in this pack and opening the next one. #56, brown salve, #57 brown oil, #58 colorless liquid, #59 colorless oil, #61 brown liquid, #68 colorless ointment, #61 green liquid. He hopes to be able to identify any common substances by smell (such as muscle ligament or other such things. the rest will wait till he gets back to his room. "I did find out some of the previous substances were and I wrote them down somewhere, I will give you a complete list after I test these. And don't worry you won't have to drink or eat anything"

With the brown salve #56, brown oil #58, and green oil #69, he detects nothing. With the brown oil #57, he detects hemlock. With the colorless oil #59, he thinks he detects Doshenkana but the smell is very faint and he is not sure. With the brown liquid #61, he thinks he detects salt but again it is very faint. Finally, with the colorless ointment #68, he detects a faint trace of Teranya. [+1 herblore]

Terias hands four coins of silver to everyone, keeping his own share. The remaining three silver he hands to Herot, explaining "For nay takin' a wound and for 'buying' us freedom t'act."

His attention returns to the spoils and he comments, "The item of worth here is the hauberk. I'd have been interested in it, but it looks a tight fight t'me. The hose and shoes we can donate and we'll see 'bout sell'n the two cowls and vest. Unless y'can make use of it Tarim? Lady Odasart, perhaps the Church of Save-k'nor would be glad t'have the two written papers in their hands."

"I wouldn't be surprised if they accepted them. The church is always looking for knowledge." Amyleryn says. Continuing: "I still have possession of two shortswords that really should be disposed of and the proceeds divided. I don't believe that they are of a quality that one of our company would want to exchange their own for, but everyone can look for themselves. Have Felada get them from my things, show them to the others, them dispose of what remains. I'm keeping the glaive. I hope to learn how to properly use it one day, but in the meantime, it makes a passable walking staff." and she smiles.

A look comes over her face that suggests that she just remembered something and she adds: "I still have that splint contraption. Get that from Felada as well, and see if you can recover any of the 87 pence I spent on it. As it was made specifically for me, I don't expect that it can continue to be used as is, but if it is taken apart, the old sword blades might be of use to a metalsmith or weaponcrafter, and the leather might be of interest to a hideworker. If you can get anything at all for it, that will be good."

The Matakea reaches for the carved stick and examines it with curiosity, muttering "folk lore eh."

When the group has made it's final decision about the items, Terias says, "Let's let our kind host know we'll be takin' our leave in the morning and get some food in our belly's. Hopefully plug a few leaks. And just before we depart from the Manor tomorrow, Lorard if ye can take a look at all our wounds. Make sure we're nay infected. Includin' yerself."

Agreement achieved, Terias heads out of the room and down to the dining hall.

Lorard says, "that will not be a problem, now if everyone is finished we can go down to diner"

Tarim shakes his head. "Thank you, sire, but this jacket --" he points at the gambeson, "-- is all I need. If we can find another use for the vest, so much the better."

"Besides," he adds on the way to the dining hall, "I don't want to be weighing myself down if you'll be putting us through drills and the like. Any more weight I can carry is best in my belly!"

Each person is shown to the same seat as before and the first course is served leche lumbarde (a wined date confection) for an appetizer.

Lord Verdreth, at the head of the table says, "I hear from my beadle, you found the one you were looking for but there was some difficulties involved. I hope it turned out well for you."

His voice proper and polite but still hoarse, Terias responds to Klarben, "It did Lord Verdreth, Evelice is safe for now and was able t'tell us what she knew. Though it did not come without a fair price to us. We'll be on our way come tomorrow, so I'd like t'take this chance to thank you for your kindness and hospitality. Larani Shield you."

Lady Alease (in the lady's gallery) says to Lady Odasart, "I heard there was some fairies spotted in town today – did you see any of the fae?"

Amyleryn says, "I'm afraid I was quite busy today, and did not see any such. Are the fae common in this area?"

"That all depends on who you talk to," Lady Alease answers, "The peasants do love their stories and some actually believe them but I have not seen any of them."

For the second course you are served rota (barley fruit soup).

Lord Verdreth turns to Sir Terias and asks, "Would you care to play your lute for our entertainment?"

"Aye m'lord, but I should warn first my skill hasn't changed from yesterday. So you're likely t'be entertained through a laugh then from a melody." Terias replies with a sheepish look.

Not good but not completely bad either. [+1 Musician]

After Sir Terias embarrasses himself for a short while, the main course is served with a choice of entrée: custard lumbarde (marrow and fruit tart), porpoise pudding (oat-stuffed pike), or farsed fesaunt (chicken stuffed with apples and oats); accompanied by mary caboges (cabbage with marrow), wastel (first quality bread) and beer (very pale. fruity aroma. soft texture. roasted malt flavor with chocolate overtones with a slightly bitter, roasted aftertaste).

The Matakea requests the farsed fesaunt. When it arrives he digs in eagerly, clearly famished from the days events. He offers his compliments to Lord Verdreth, saying "M'lord t'is some of the finest food I've had in a while. And I'm thinkin' with the travel will be on t'morrow the best we'll see for a long while after. My thanks t'yer cooks and servers."

Sir Terias notices one of the serving girls watching him with hungry appraisal.

The Laranian Knight steals a glance back at the girl with curiosity.

She smiles and winks at him, then, at the first opportunity, she comes over to him and whispers, "Will sir knight be wanting any special attendance this night? I am sure I can please you even more than the cooks but in other, more intimate, ways."

She appears to be in her early forties, with brown hair and brown eyes. She looks as though she was quite attractive when she was young, but age and a hard life have dimmed her fine features. She still has a pleasant voice and she speaks with confident assurance. (Cml 12).

A slight smile on his lips, the Matakea answers in a low hoarse voice, "Afraid the wounds I took t'day need tendin'. Best t'keep still t'night so they don't reopen."

With a pout, she says, "perhaps another time then if you ever return this way."

The final round of drinks is served with fygeye (a tricolored fig confection) for desert.

When you finish your meal, you are shown to your rooms for the night.

Once in his room, the Matakea, lets out a sigh of relief, the days events clearly wearing on him now. He moves to the bed and carefully removes his armor. Straining from the pain and delicate as can be so as not to open any wounds. He lies back in his bed and flips through his sketchbook/journal. Under his voice Terias says, "Ah, there's that clan name...Batsune. Hrm." He taps a quill on the book several times in contemplation, then flips to a free page and begins documenting the days events. After which he immediately falls into a deep slumber.

Upon returning to his room, Lorard does the old wet finger test to the crystals [##'s 60,62 and67] [occ: the test consists of wetting a finger dipping slightly in the crystals and then tasting them, please make whatever rolls are appropriate]

The first (colorless crystals #60) have no effect. The second (brown crystals #62) causes Lorard to feel energized and all fatigue from the day is gone. After the small taste of the green crystals #67, Lorard throws up his dinner and passes out, falling into his own vomit.

3-PEÓNU-720 TERNUA, KALDOR

2ND WATCH [FRZG, PARTLY CLOUDY, NORTH BREEZE]

Tarim awakes to the sound of the water pitcher rattling on the table. Once he is completely awake, it stops moving and there is nobody near it.

"Telekinisis." Amyleryn sighs. To Felada she says: "Telekinesis is the ability to move things just by thinking about them. I don't recall if I mentioned this to you. Do you remember the face full of water I got some time ago? That was the first time it manifested. I'm grateful it wasn't hot soup." and she grins ruefully.

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Tarim quietly slips out of bed and stands up. He pokes the pitcher, pulling his finger back quickly as if it might be hot.

He waits a moment, then picks it up and examines it. He looks underneath, inside, and on the table. With a glance around the room, Tarim sets the pitcher back in its place and returns to bed.

Lorard awakes a little stiff from sleeping on the floor where he fell and still with a splitting headache.

Sir Herot awakes feeling refreshed and his shoulder bruise is less painful.

Sir Terias dreams that he looks at his reflection in the water bowl and the face of Lord Verdreth is staring back at him. When he fully awakens, he looks at his reflection and it looks normal. The bruise on his shoulder is no longer painful.

Lady Amyleryn awakens to the sound of her water pitcher rattling and once she is fully awake, it stops with nobody near it.

Although a bit unsettled by the dream, Terias seems in better spirits as he rotates out his arm freely. However, when he stands the two other wounds are mildly aggravated and the Matakea winces in pain.

Once he's dressed he heads over to Tarim's door and gives it a knock. When it's answered he says to his squire, "Mornin' Tarim. I'm about to pack up my things. With the bounty we collected, I'm going t'need your help though. Probably the heaviest item's the mail hauberk. If you can take that an' the one o'the cowl; I should be able to burden myself with the rest. But let me know if it's too much."

Tarim says, "Mornin', sire. Of course, I'll take what you need. Should be right enough."

He takes the items from Terias, then looks again at the water pitcher. "Sire, have you, ah, been having odd dreams of late? I mean, all dreams are strange, to be sure, but more so than usual? Of things moving while you rest?"

"Eh aye and nay. I've been havin' strange dreams since I joined up with Lady Odasart. But nothin' move'n. One dream I've had is my reflection bein' of another person. I'm putting it to all exertion we've been under as of late, not t'mention the blood loss. Still if y'think it's somethin' more Lady Odasart knows more about such.", Terias answers his squire.

Terias struggles under the load trying to lift everything, then gives up, eyeing over Tarim.

"If your haven' troubles carry'n the load let me know. I'm goin' t'see if I can find a sturdy servant here." After speaking the Laranian Knight heads into the hallway and tries to find someone who looks strong, asking, "I've some things I need take'n t'the docks and loaded on the boat. Nay t'mention a couple of items sent t'the Peonian temple. Would you be free and will'n t'do it for a couple of silver?"

"Yes, sir," the servant answers, "Just give me a moment to get leave of milord and I will return anon. What is it you would have taken where?"

Then stopping at Lorard's and seeing him, the Laranian Knight offers a bit of a smile and mentions, "In deep of the cups again eh? Glad ye didn't share this one with me. If you're of mind to,

can you come check the wounds I took and the dress'n. Just want t'make sure I'm on the mend and nay risk'n infection. Plus while ye work you can tell me what you found about all the potions."

Groaning, Lorard says, "no I only wish I was, I was doing some simple tests on the things we recovered and the last one didn't agree with me. Just let me get cleaned up and I will check your injuries either here if there is time or on board the ship"

Concern crosses Terias features as he asks, "Eh is it wise t'be eatin' unknown substances? There's no safer way t'test? Though if any of them are poisons we need t'destroy them. When yer ready come find me before we leave t'have that look over."

Lorard says, "Perhaps not the wisest, but since we are leaving today I thought it necessary to do at least some simple tests on what we found. If we were staying for a few more days, I would take these to town and run more proper tests. Anyhow if we run across anymore green crystals put them aside as it causes this [pointing to the vomit on the floor] and causes one to pass out. Some might say that is a poison or a really drastic cure for someone who has swallowed some. Never the less if we get to a place that has either an apothecary shop or an alchemist and we stay for a few days I will be able to tell just what these substances are used for, this includes the things you gave me earlier"

"Aye fair enough. My worry is that some of what we have is poison. If you've been able t'identify any of that, let me know and we'll see it destroyed. What have you been able t'figure out so far?", Terias inquires, shifting his weight to alleviate some pain.

Lorard says, "Nothing definite but I caught a hint of some familiar thing from some of them. Two of the liquids we recovered could be construed as poison if given in high enough doses but could also be used for other things if given correctly. Also one of the things you had given me earlier is of magical nature and I can't determine what it is. Again if we were staying here for a day or two I could make a more informed determination. Alas I have only so much equipment with me so I can only do simple tests. Perhaps if there is another apothecary shop or even an alchemical one at our next destination I can do better. Now if there is time let me look at your injuries"

Lorard examines Sir Terias' elbow wound and determines it is healing normally. In examining his crushed chest, Lorard determines that it was bandaged wrong and re-bandaged it so it will heal correctly and causes Sir Terias a little less pain.

As Lorard works, the Matakea tells him, "What're the names of the mixtures that can act as poisons? The church had me study a small bit of law and some of it may have stuck."

A wince escapes Terias' lips as he lifts his arms ever so slightly to allow the physician to work, while continuing, "I'm nay sure if you had a chance t'check on your own wound or even if y'can, but if you need aid let me know. I'm nowhere near your own knowledge, but I might be able t'help out."

Once the bandage is readjusted, the Laranian Knight thanks Lorard, "Ppreciate the help. Hopefully the others have asked or will ask the same." He takes in a deep breath, appearing more confident and then prepares to leave.

"There's a couple of cowl's, a mail hauberk, and a vest t'take t'the boat. The cloth shirt, hose and leather shoes can go t'the Peonian temple." responds Terias.

The Matakaea then goes and takes the carved stick and remaining two scrolls along with his own personal things.

"Very good, sir," the servant says before going to find his master. A short while later, he returns and takes the indicated items.

Tarim looks gratefully at the servant, and puts down the heavy load. "My thanks, sire. I'd be slow going with it all, and I'm sure this fellow will make it a good bit easier."

"And thank you for the suggestion to ask the Lady Odasart about my odd dreams. I'll do so when we're under way. It's probably nothing, but it's not the first time, and they come again, I'd sure like to know what's what."