

3-PEÓNU-720 TERNUA, KALDOR

3RD WATCH [COOL, PARTLY CLOUDY, NORTHEAST BREEZE]

Lorard says, "Unfortunately I can't name just what the mixture is called, but it smelled of poison. After we cast off, I will dispose of the substance overboard. The only other one of the things we recovered that had a hint of poison about it is only poisonous if taken internally, it has other useful qualities though. Again remember I was only able to perform simple test and can't really give you any definite information about the things we recovered"

After Terias leaves Lorard takes the vial containing the colorless oil [#59] and using a light candle seals the vial with wax and carefully replaces it in his pack.

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As the last of you straggle aboard the riverboat, the crew casts off the lines and gets underway. The Captain says, "I hope you had a good All Fools Day yesterday. We should be at the turn-around into the Kald by this evening."

Terias brings himself to attention before Josriath and speaks firmly, "Seaman and Marine in Training - Terias Forniad reporting for duty Captain." After a brief pause he continues, "Herot informed me of the difference between a share and a liberty chest. Shares are profits from the Captain hauling cargo. While a liberty chest is for personal contents t'be sold. I've even got some items that were brought aboard I intend t'sell at the next port."

"By you leave, sir, what your friend apparently failed to impress upon you is the difference between a marine and a mercenary," The captain says, apparently a bit distracted with commanding the crew to cast off, "a marine does not get underfoot and interfere with the crew doing its duties and the nature of liberty chests is that, unless their contents endangers the crew, you are at liberty to put in them whatever you please and need not report to me or anyone else."

"Aye Captain.", are Terias' only words in response before moving away from the man.

Immediately Terias goes to the servant who was aiding in bring the items aboard and shows him to the liberty chest. "My thanks good man for the aid, you can place the items here." As the man puts the contents away, the Matakaea reaches for his last remaining two silvers and hands them to servant, "And for your service as promised."

After showing the manor servant off the boat, the Laranian Knight finds Herot and asks, "So what're we supposed t'be doin' while the ships leave'n port and while it's sett'n sail? I'm guess'n now's a good time t'learn about a sailor's life eh?"

With his ever present smile, Sir Herot says, "Not so fast, my friend. We are responsible for the safety of the crew and the cargo, We must be sure there is nothing in the cargo that is dangerous such as strange alchemical materials or spoiled perishables and that the only ones on board or paying undue attention from the shore are those with actual business in such matters. Once the ship is underway, other than watching for dangers ashore we can discuss the workings of the crew."

A smile is returned from Terias' lips as he replies to the Knight Man- At-Arms, "You're a patient friend, Herot. Appreciate you take'n time t'help me out with this quest of mine. Let's get t'work then."

Sir Terias and Sir Herot watch as people arrive pushing wheelbarrows stacked with more wheelbarrows. Several peasants pass by but nobody pays undue attention to the ship. The wheelbarrows are left on the wharf and the crew brings them aboard and stows them in the ship's hold.

[OOC: I've reviewed the marketing rules in the Harn Pilot's manual and I figure a liberty chest will hold 50 lbs (Sir Terias' currently has 37.5 lbs). It's going to be tough to make any money through speculative trade as the mercantilers are the only ones who get quantity discounts and they deal only with other mercantylers. You can hire a mercantylers as a broker but they only deal with ton or more lots which will take a bit of money - they get a 20% discount and will cost 10%. Of course you can store and sell "found" items (as Sir Terias has done) but in selling them you'll be doing well to get 50% of their value, modified by condition - but then again, the stuff didn't cost you anything. The mercantylers dealings will only be known (make sense) to mercantylers characters.]

"Seems clear t'my eyes. Should we go and check the wheelbarrows then? Or hold out a bit longer?" Terias inquires.

With a guffaw, Sir Herot says, "A castle guard in Olokand once told me a story. For years, there was a man leaving the castle each afternoon with a wheelbarrow full of straw. The guard knew the man must be stealing something but search through the straw as well he might, he could not find what was being stolen. After the guard retired, he went to the man, told him he would not be turned in but the guard had to know what he was stealing. It turns out the man was stealing wheelbarrows. The bottom line is I think in this case the wheelbarrows are the cargo."

The Matakaea listens to his friend's story with interest, and then chuckles gruffly hearing the end result. "Aye, that makes sense, I thought maybe they were stack'n them t'carry soil or something."

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4TH WATCH [COOL, PARTLY CLOUDY, NORTHEAST BREEZE]

The ship casts off by the end of the third watch and you can hear the captain grumbling about the late start. A couple of turns of the glass later the ship reaches the Kald river. On the right bank is another riverboat unmoving and tangled in the brush of the bank. As you get closer you see nobody moving and a few unmoving bodies on deck. One body looks like the one that got away from the barn yesterday. The captain orders the crew to come along side so you can figure out what has happened.

"I'm guessin' this is a task fer us.", Terias mentions to Herot, his voice eager. He looks around for Tarim and Lorard and motions to them once he's spotted the pair, "You two, if you're up for it. I'd like t'take Tarim and search the ship for anyone still alive or the aggressors themselves. Lorard, I'd ask ye t'come aboard, but stay behind and see if y'can determine how these men lost their lives."

Lorard says, "That's ok with me, but I think I'll hang back a few minutes until you have determined that's it all clear. I don't

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fancy getting into another fight just at the moment, I would rather wait a few more days and heal a little more if at all possible"

"Of course, sire." Tarim turns, grim faced, to study the silent boat. He then climbs on the gunnel of their own vessel and pulls himself over to the tangled ship. Aboard, he moves in a half-crouch around the perimeter and then ducks inside.

As he tries to stick his head into the hatch leading to the ship's hold, he just about impales himself on the broadsword wielded by an extremely hairy man climbing out. Tarim instinctively steps back and the man gains the deck. He grins to reveal a pair of pronounced canine teeth.

Finally the Matakea then looks Amylern's way, but says nothing.

Just as Sir Terias turns toward Lady Amyleryn he spies a tentacle as large as an arm come out of the water, over the ship's rail and grab his leg. He then feels a tug as it tries to pull him off his feet.

The silent moment Terias holds is broken with, "What in Balgashang!"

As he feels the thing coil around his leg, the shock and awe of the moment dissipates and the Matakea instinctively reaches for his broadsword. Immediately the Laranian Knight hacks down at the tentacle while calling out, "Everyone brace yerselves - whatever's under the ship is nay goin' t'be happy if I strike true and it loses an appendage."

The tentacle yanks Sir Terias' feet out from under him and he falls to the deck –his aim spoiled, his broadsword strikes the deck ineffectively.

Tarim draws his sword and points it at the hairy figure. "Stop!" Tarim yells. "Lower your weapon and we'll settle in peace." He grips his sword tightly, then glances back toward his ship to see if his companions are in view.

The fur-faced mutant strikes at Tarim with a broadsword but Tarim blocks the blow with his towershield. As he hears Sir Terias cry out, he can see another mutant climbing out of the hold with a large beak on his face like a bird of prey and carrying a shortsword and buckler.

Suddenly Sir Herot cries out, "ware the trees!" as a winged mutant swoops toward him with a spear. Sir Herot blocks the blow with his knight's shield but the mutant also blocks the counterattack with its spear.

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Not liking the predicament he now sees himself in, Terias grips his broadsword with two hands in an effort to stabilize his swing and ensure a harder blow. The Matakea props up his upper torso from the deck and slashes horizontally at the thing gripping his leg clearly hoping to slice it off.

The tentacle around Sir Terias' leg continues to drag him toward the edge of the boat – if he does not free himself, he will shortly be pulled off into the water. From this position, Sir Terias' blow is ineffective and he comes close to striking his own leg.

Drawing her mace, Amyleryn strikes at the tentacle gripping Terias.

Concentrating on the tentacle attacking Sir Terias, Lady Amyleryn does not notice a second tentacle until it wraps around her legs and throws her to the deck. This spoils her attack but she manages to block the stroke of a shortsword from the beak-faced mutant.

Tarim yells, "Fall then, by Larani's will!" and swings his sword at his assailant. As they battle, Tarim attempts to circle around so his back faces the rails between the two ships.

Tarim strikes the fur-faced mutant in the neck and it falls to the deck unmoving.

Tarim rushes his attacker and swings his sword, yelling, "Fall then, by Larani's might!" As he circles his opponent, he moves toward the side of the boat closest to his own ship.

While this is going on Lorard will swing his staff at the winged mutant attacking Herot. This not so much to hit as to cause the creature to either flinch (i.e. hesitate) or veer off.

The winged mutant, finding itself facing two opponents, veers off and returns to the trees on shore. Sir Herot says, "Thanks.", jumps across to the other river boat and attacks the beak faced mutant but his attack is blocked by a buckler in the mutant's left hand.

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Tarim kicks his assailant's broadsword along the deck of the ship. "Lower your weapon," Tarim cries, readying his shield and pointing his sword at the avian mutant exiting the hold.

The beak-faced mutant charges Tarim, impales himself on Tarim's sword, then falls to the deck unmoving.

Growing a bit more desperate, Terias looks around the general vicinity. When Amyleryn explains her plan, he waits for her to strike first, then returns the favor slashing with his sword at the tentacle around the lady's leg. At the same time the Matakea begins taking deep breathes.

Sir Terias pulls himself free of the tentacle and regains his feet.

Giving Sir Herot a jaunty salute, Lorard turns back to see if he can help Sir Terias with his problem. He quickly surmises that hitting the tentacle with his staff is not going to do sufficient damage to the tentacle to force it to release Terias and he looks around for something on deck that has some sort of point (like a boarding pike)

He finds no boarding pike but a broadsword slide across the deck in his direction. Sir Herot looks his direction and says, "Touch not that sword as it is a chivalrous weapon and is not for you."

The winged mutant remains in the trees watching the events.

As Amyleryn is down on the deck...and the beak-faced mutant is now under attack by Lorard..., she will swing her mace to try to smash one of the beak-faced mutant's feet. Succeed or fail at that...Amyleryn will then turn her attention to the tentacles. Saying to Terias: "Attack the one that has me, and I'll attack the one that has you. Alternate blows with me." and she swings at the tentacle gripping Terias.

Lady Amyleryn's blow misses its mark as she is dragged to the edge of the boat. Sir Terias strikes the tentacle in twain and Lady Amyleryn is freed.

Glaring at Sir Herot, Lorard says, "What I'm to stand here helpless while there's a useful weapon at my feet that can possibly help save my companions? I think not" Lorard bends down and picks up the broadsword and go to whomever is nearer(either Lady Amyelern or Sir Terias and attempts to stab the tentacle with the sword thus pinning it to the deck at the same time trying to avoid doing so to close to that persons leg.