

Trip to Savarea

The Party.

Courm Darkstar. (Dale); A human female, fairly good looking, we think they are a necromancer of some kind, given their interest in dead people, Has a voice in their head they talk to lots.

Algorloth. (Williem); Male elf, No missing this one in a crowd, He's ugly enough to be an Orc, although seems perfectly competent regardless of this handicap. Namer.

Imelio De Jaran. (Porl); Another male elf, this one fairly decent looking, 2nd son of a baron or some such nonsense, Mind mage he says.

Eltan the Reaver. (Joe); Halflingish male, Very cute, sports an attractive set of whiskers & a tail. Earth mage.

Serra Angelus. (Michael); No Angel in this one, Elven Female, 360 degree rotation at the waist, something about a dead god... Earth mage again.

Thoron. (Bill); Yet another male elf, Looks like all the elves came along on this one, Doesn't do any magic & uses one of them Estoc thingies.

Silent. (Bernard); Yours truly, Rather good looking Elf from the slums of Seagate, Bullied into taking these scribe notes through virtue of being the only elf who bothered learning to write anymore than the ABC.

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The Mission:

Quilk, a 2' bipedal lizard DA'ed as a Spice Consumer, whatever that is, has hired us, on behalf of his Shaman, to kill a Wyvern for them. Naturally they didn't happen to come out with all of the details when hiring us, only letting us know that it was a Wyvern we were after once we had gone through the planar portal to Savarea to meet with this Shaman.

In Payment a Bag of Myrr has been left at the guild, Equating to a share of about 4-5 ounces each depending on exact purity & stuff.

That seems to have suitably impressed some of the others, So I'll assume that's a lot of the stuff.

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The Notes:

1st Thaw: Met with Party employer & rest of party after Guild meeting, Chatted with him a bit, not really finding much out about the job we are wanted to do, But getting to know the basic temperaments & skills of the rest of the party going on this trip reasonably well, I hope. Discovered our Employer was under some form of Mind Control, which is apparently required for him to be able to talk.

Party Employer led us to a ship for a 2 day voyage to the 'Silver Door' he came here by, Sounds like one of those Planar Portals.

2nd Thaw: Sea Trip, I don't like boats that much, nowhere to run to if something jumps you.

3rd Thaw: Arrive at a small village somewhere mid morning, where our party employer assured us the silver door was to be found. After Dissuading Algarloth of sacrificing a human in thanks for our safe arrival, we moved on into the village where our party employer walked through a wall & vanished.

Tossing our noble party leader after him to scout we then proceeded to follow.

After a meal, some observing of the local culture, much casting & a backfire or 3 we proceeded on to talk to the Shaman. The Shaman is a 4' lizard, the only one of such size we have seen so far, & wears a bone crest & a purple robe. Fortunately for us he was much better informed about the situation & was able to give us a better description of the creature they wanted us to kill, allowing several party members to identify it as a Wyvern.

It also turned out that the Shaman was able to remove unfortunate backfire effects, & to resurrect the dead.

Leaving the village after lunch we set off through the jungle, following Quilk, some friends & our Temple Guard Escort. I really don't like this planet, it appears to be totally defunct of mammalian life, although this pleases Algoroth no end.

At sunset we stop under the shelter of a great oak tree, rather odd in the middle of a jungle, apparently these mark their campsites

4th Thaw. Awaking we find some claw tracks through the campsite, which Quilk identifies for us as a local delicacy. Retrieving it for us I cook it, It proves safe to eat, although it has strange tendencies towards plant life flavour.

Exiting the jungle early that day, we move onto a stinking swamp, which in points comes up to our necks. Altan gets a shoulder ride. We have a brief encounter at long range with one of the swamp denizens, a large hairy spider that walks on top of the mud, visible from a mile away, as well as a strange explosion and some burbling mud that triggers in a geyser when we leave the area, apparently sheer co-incidence.

Climbing the mountain in front of us for the simple reason it is there, We reach a point on it with a burning fire & black smoke we saw from the bottom.

Investigation reveals strange metal fragments, one of which was burning, and a dead man nearby. Being unable to help the man we loot the metal & move on, for some bizarre reason straight up the mountain.

Amelio "We need a new party leader, This ones too honest"

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Camping that night a few hundred yards up from the wreck, we get to watch the spectacle of one of the swamp spiders digging up & eating the body of the man we buried. Fortunately this seems to satisfy it's appetite & it decides not to pay us a visit.

5th Thaw. We move on up the mountain from the campsite & eventually reach the top of it, Loosing one of Quilk's friends to the cold.

We proceed to walk straight down the other side for a bit.

Here we encounter a sheer cliff, With a ladder going down it.

Altan volunteers to scout the ladder & being twice as fast as anyone else is down the ladder before we can suggest anything else. Investigation provides us with this information:

1. The ladder leads to jungle below.
2. The Cliff is some form of Black Obsidian that sucks mana from people in contact with it
3. The area at the base of the cliff is kept clean by some force or entity.
4. A red brick road(*Yes, I meant Red, not Yellow*) leads off from the bottom of the cliff through the jungle.

Based off this information we elect, at Algoroth's brilliant devising, to wait at the bottom of the cliff for a day to ambush whatever keeps it clean.

6th Thaw. Nothing having come along we set of down the Red Brick road. Shortly after midday we come across a door set into the road. We spread out around this door, wary of some kind of trap.

Our Party Leader knocks on the door.

The Door proceeds to stand up revealing brick road under it as well, & I teleport.

Stuff that Happened while I was elsewhere.

The Party stood around & played with the door for a while.

Amelio ESP'ed & noticed my absence, & the presence of a large agitated entity.

Sarah DA'ed the door.

1. Nature of Magic, Teleportation
2. Range of Teleportation, 260 miles
3. No Other Magic

On the other side of the door, I encounter pitch black, being an elf this obviously must be a magical darkness. Amelio appears beside me having attempted to get back with the rest of the party.

The two of us are standing there, in the midst of hundreds of entities in the area when I feel something cold & metallic press against my cheek, I react & get knocked out.

Unknown period of time passes for me, Long enough for my lesser enchantment to wear off. Half an hour passes for party, From now on I shall date in doors, 1st door being the apparent day the party went through the door.

I come around to find myself being kicked by Algoroth, so nice to see his face, With Amelio strung up above me by iron chains to two pillars. Sarah

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& Altan proceed to make short work of the cheap locks these bug things employ, & we exit back through the door, pausing briefly to counterspell a ward on the door, & exit onto a similar looking plane called Severea. Here our lizards begin to die from some kind of unidentified poison, but we manage to stabilize Quilk, so still have someone to talk to.

A few minutes later, after we have made some progress down the path away from the door, 3 8 armed Mantis things come through the doorway along with a smaller, Purple robed one of similar build..

DA'ing these creatures from hiding we find out several things. The Larger sort, 7' tall, are a very short-lived sentient creature, Plane of Origin Mether, Preferred form of Attack, Grappling.

The smaller one in purple robes, Long lived sentient, Highest rank spell Bane, which makes them a namer according to Algoroth.

We elect to parley with them, & our Mil Sci, Amelio volunteers himself to be the speaker for us. A brief conversation in elvish happens, since it appears the purple robed ones speak elvish, & are even in fact acquainted with elves, a fact they somehow missed with our capture earlier.

They invite us to meet with their queen back on Mether & make some note about us not being late to meet her.

We head back through the door & are told to follow the red carpet, along the Yellow Brick road, Made of Gold so it seems & enter the queens palace, Made entirely of Gold & Silver, even down to the smallest blade of grass.

Meeting the queen that day we discover she is a 60' Maggot, Highest rank spell, Call Lightning, Highest rank ability, Assassin. She is allegedly hatching now, which could be any time in the next hundred years.

2nd Door – 8th Door

We potter around the palace, enjoying their hospitality, spending some time training in a few things. About midday on the 8th door we are invited back into the queen's room, being told that her hatching is immanent.

We return to observe the change, several of us being blinded by the light show that got put on, myself included. The 60' Maggot has now turned into a shapely halfling female, GTN Hive Queen, capable of opening cross planar gates. We are also informed that Savarea has been sanitised in our absence, leaving it a hot dry dustbowl devoid of life for this race to inhabit now.

We step through a kindly offered gate to Savarea where much talking & negotiations ensue, culminating in the party agreeing to redesign the plane for her in a better form in return for our passage home. It Begins to rain.. I mean really rain, then it starts to snow after that as well.

9th – 15th Doors'

We camp, sitting out the blizzard, keeping warm, the mages among us once again amusing themselves with fun backfires, which are later removed by the queen.

16th Door.

The Queen turns up from the middle of the blizzard & informs us that the plane is now back how it was 1 hour before sanitization begins. It appears that during our week long stay of Mether we managed to miss 1000 years on this

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plane,. Give or take a centaur. We request some cold weather gear such as furs from the queen & then renegotiate our dealing, before eventually deciding on a course of action.

17th Door

The next morning, as we broke camp to set off for our destination, two 10' long Sabretooth tigers show up, & some brief chaos happens. We kill one & chase the other off, Skinning the Pelt off this one to take with us. Looking around now the Blizzard has died we spot Mammoth herds moving across the plains below us, & 2 days off at a tangent to our intended line of travel, some humanoid figures.

We move off down the slope, Pausing briefly to Control a Mammoth Herd leader to speed our travel across the flat, & move on, reaching the now barren forest late that afternoon.

Entering the forest that day we camp just inside the edge of the forest.

While on watch Algorith & Sarah fall into an Enchanted sleep & fail to wake the next people on watch.

18th Door

Rising after a good sleep not broken by watches the rest of us enjoy a solid breakfast & then set off hauling the two sleepyheads on travois's.

Somewhere around morning tea time Amelio & his magic sword stop & have a play with a tree, Claiming it was trying to haul them in, of course the rest of us saw or heard nothing so I think he was making it up. However we did find out that the tree's apparently bleed red sap.

Lunch Happens, Sarah wakes up to the smell of food with glowing red eyes, a bit like someone had just cast a cantrip on her, & sees the world through a lovely shade of rose.

DA on Sarah, Last magic to Impact, 49 days.

Amelio; "God damned Demon possessed compulsive alcoholic lush elves"

Sarah; "Huh?"

We make camp again in the forest that night, having been making slow going.

19th Door

Sarah breakfasts on a diet of twigs & grass, Something to do with a dead god & a baby, declining the cooked meal.

An uneventful day travelling through the forest.

That evening we reach the great Oak we camped under on our way through the jungle with our lizard guides.

Sarah DA's, Long Lived Sentient, Dryad

Attempts to speak with it result in Sarah falling back into her slumber, & Amelio joins her while on watch.

20th Door

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Morning arrives & we are all still alive, despite another night spent without watches. Amelio & Sarah both rouse to the wafting smell of the breakfast I cooked, now both apparently Demon possessed or cantrip'ed.

During the mornings travel we spot a glint of steel off to one side & head to investigate discovering a skeleton in full plate. The skeleton is covered in red spores that rise in a cloud whenever they are disturbed.

DA on Spores, Plant.

Altan chats to the spores, in some spore tounge, & discovers that they live off 'sap' Or blood as we would know it, best left alone by all sensible people Sarah cleans the armour & we move off again.

Our midday meal is briefly interrupted by a screech of some kind that has most people reaching for their weapons, but as nothing further ensues we settle back to our food before moving on.

Cresting a small rise soon afterwards we look down on the Ziggurat about half a mile away, Now earthen covered, & with several dozen of the Sabre Tooth tigers circling around it.

Exercising stealth we move downwind of the Temple & send Altan up & down it a couple of times for fun, before we finally get down to the serious business of summoning the Queen & arranging for the welfare of our party Employer.

Engaging in a short rather violent tussle with a dozen of the Sabre Teeth, helped by some of the Queens magic, & the party employers, now with a dragon flame talent, (That's them, she wouldn't let us have that), we clear a path to the portal home & step through with as many carcasses as we could carry.

21st-23rd Doors.

Once through the portal we rest & recover before sailing north to the Guild with our pelts preserved to tally up the loot & train again.