

Mission Diary

As compiled by Tharon Darksinger, party Scribe.

On my honour as a scribe I promise that nothing in this document is a lie. Not all of it, however, may prove to be true.

(Game played September through November 1994, capably Game Mastered by William Dymock. Thanks William from all of us.)

Party Members

"Lepto" Leptograpis Variagatus, a Human Male Celestial Mage, played by David.

S-Korcha, an Orc Male Fire Mage, played by Zane.

Tarn, a Human Male Ranger, played by Phil.

Tharon Darksinger, a Human Male Necromancer, played by Craig.

Thruk'jin Rumbleguts, a Dwarf Male Fighter, played by Paul.

Standard night watch: Darksinger, Thruk'jin, S-Korcha, Lepto, Tarn.

Standard marching order: Tarn, S-Korcha, Darksinger, Lepto, Thruk'jin.

Daily Record

5 Jan 1594

The party, instructed to go to Room 13 (an auspicious start?), met with our employer, the witch Sharee, who was representing the peasant woman Sarah.

Sarah's husband, John, a farmer, has been abducted by four humanoids described as "evil wizards".

One week ago, these four individuals appeared in the air over the village of Turan (situated 10 leagues east of Seagate), cast several bolt-type spells, then chased and captured John. They disappeared through a black portal. The attackers were dressed in black noble's clothes.

John is described as having blue eyes, average height & weight, aged 17 years, wearing work clothes. He was born on Beltane.

We agreed to take on the mission, party treasure being one kitten (from Sarah) and rights to all loot found. I was designated Scribe, Lepto was designated Leader, Thruk'jin was designated Military Scientist.

The party, after much discussion on where to sleep, split up and spent the night resting and preparing.

6 Jan

Accompanied by Sarah and Sharee, we left Seagate at dawn, myself on horseback, the rest on foot. We arrived at the village of Turan around mid-afternoon.

Discussions with various witnesses, most notably Graham the village headman, established the following:

The four perpetrators, probably Humans, appeared in mid-air over the town around midday, threw various coloured bolts of magic, landed and ran after John (seemingly specifically him). They then departed through a black portal. They were wearing noble's clothing, bearing crests of a golden crown over two crossed swords.

We examined the impact areas of the bolts, and found that the following spells had impacted there: Blackfire (a Dark Celestial spell) rank 16, and Bolt of Energy (a E&E spell) rank 12. We also knew that a black portal indicates planar travel.

We obtained from Sarah an item of John's, a knife, the better to magically track him, and also to identify ourselves when we encounter him. We also obtained the party treasure, one kitten, promptly named Slobba.

We spent a quiet night in Graham's house.

7 Jan

We left Turan and returned to Seagate, without Sarah or Sharee, but with the kitten in the custody of S-Korcha (who has been firmly instructed that if he eats the kitten then he will regret it).

In Seagate we continued our examination and confirmed the spells listed above.

Further research on our part and on the part of others at the guild indicated that the perps were from the plane of Jalmaria. This plane has been encountered by the Guild twice in the past.

* About 6 months ago an Elf by the name of Felicity turned into the dead wife of an Elf from Jalmaria. For further information we need to contact Y (played by Jaqui Smith).

* About 2 weeks ago an adventurer from Jalmaria hired the services of a party of guild members as a guide. Lepto was part of this group.

8 Jan

After ritual purification we advanced through a portal created by Guild Rune Mages to Jalmaria. We were accompanied only by S-Korcha's kitten Slobba, and my horse DreamShadow.

We arrived without incident in a forest comprised of oak and elm that appeared similar to any English forest. There was one sun in the sky and the atmosphere seemed normal.

We headed north (for lack of a better direction), encountering no trails other than those of small animals. We did encounter an animal trap of the spring jaw variety, around tech level 2 or 3, which we passed without incident.

Camp that night was highlighted only by S-Korcha's attempts to light a fire (his 9th such attempt actually produced a result), and we retired to bed after setting watches.

We were awakened on Lepto's watch by a scream of terror from Lepto. Upon awakening I saw a creature resembling a gibbering moulder enveloping S-Korcha's body. Lepto was cowering under his blanket, Thruk'jin and Tarn were running off into the forest gibbering in terror, S-Korcha seemed unconscious, leaving me the only one to act. Let the record show I do not approve of the cowardice in the face of the enemy shown by three of our party members.

I attempted to enspell and to melee the creature, but was enveloped also.

By the time the remaining three party members had returned both S-Korcha and I were well enveloped, but unharmed save from the possibility of asphyxiation.

There being no sign of S-Korcha's kitten, and there being no signs of the tracks that the creature (over 1 ton in weight) should have left, S-Korcha (now free) put forward the theory that this was the kitten somehow transformed. He tested the theory by putting out a saucer of milk (over the objections of the rest of the party who wanted to hit it with flaming brands - save myself who was unconscious underneath seven hexes of gibbering terror!).

The creature left me, slithered over to the milk and ate the milk and the saucer.

Further investigation seemed to show that the creature was harmless, so the party retired, leaving it curled around S-Korcha, dribbling quietly.

9 Jan

We awoke to find no sign of the gibbering moulder, only the kitten sleeping happily on S-Korcha's chest.

(Following records taken by Tarn. I claim no responsibility for their possible inaccuracy.)

We turned west and travelled through the forest. Toward evening the forest ended and we came across a village.

We entered the village and were treated very kindly by the inhabitants, especially the village witch, who gave several members of the party amulets of protection bearing a device of a Wiccan wheel.

10 Jan

We followed a river south-west and came across the castle of Baron Ormand. We requested and obtained an audience with him. He was less than impressed with us and sent us away.

We travelled south, and met a bard who told us about a standing stone circle called the Giants Dance. We travelled there to investigate the site.

At the Giants Dance Slobba transmogrified and caused trouble with the, superstitious, local peasants.

Sara, the witch of the local village, was predisposed to help, until Lepto attacked her with a magically Bound hawk. In the ensuing fight Lepto was captured by Sara, and the rest of us fled.

Note: somewhere in here we were told about the powers of evil, and the names of the most powerful figures (Patton and Logrin). We were also warned not to speak these names aloud.

(I again take over record-keeping.)

Lepto was held prisoner and threatened with being burnt for a witch. We put together a rescue plan so cunning you could put a tail on it and call it a cunning plan with a tail on it (which looks pretty silly really).

Looking for resources I attempted a Detect Undead on the Giants Dance. I found one undead about 30'' under the mound. A Greater Undead. I chose to let it rest.

Plan: I would ride in and be a distraction, Thruk'jin (still Unseen) would sneak in and rescue Lepto in the confusion. Tarn and S-Korcha would hide in bushes nearby to provide support if needed.

The plan's execution went really well. In the confusion Lepto escaped, without the aid of Thruk'jin (who got waylaid in the cornfield by a couple of peasants). The only casualty was my horse, Dreamshadow, ensorcelled by the witch. Sadly I abandoned her, vowing to return.

That night we camped near the Giants Dance.

On Lepto's watch we encountered serious opposition. Several ratmen, several tentacled creatures only loosely described as hounds, and one tentacled Calamar attacked us. After a long and furious battle we slew all but the Calamar, but succumbed to its magic ability.

We awoke in a torture chamber somewhere dark and grim.

We were "interviewed" by several Calamar who maintained, despite our frequent cries "we're plebs!", that we were ultra-powerful beings come to the plane, beings who were able to mask our auras and those of our items, and who had a demon as a minor familiar (apparently Slobba had been playing). Two weeks later they finally believed what we had been telling them all along, that we were plebs.

Disgusted, they cursed us with a Geas to travel to the city of Slynest and deliver a message to the powers of good to the effect of "you're all pussies, don't mess with the evil guys - they're all-powerful", and let us on our way.

They also mentioned something about a prophecy that seemed to indicate that we were some fabled individuals. Like all prophecies it required much poetic license to apply to us, so we ignored it.

The only good news we had in two weeks was that they had razed the village and retrieved our items, including my horse and Lepto's possessions.

24 Jan (or thereabouts)

We travelled from the Calamar's castle to some nameless village, where we were made very unwelcome. Despite our grievous injuries we travelled on and camped by the side of the road.

25 Jan

Morning brought the fact that some members of the party had thrown off the Calamars' Geas, and other members of the party had caught a very violent cold.

We travelled to the town of Codark and spent the night in luxurious surroundings. Comfortable beds, clean sheets, good food, warmth, and lack of danger all combined to give a good, healing night's rest.

26 Jan

We travelled south from Codark, towards the border to the Evil Lands, through which we had to travel to reach Slynest (as some members of the party were still Geased and therefore unable to stop for the rest and healing we all needed).

Close to the border we were assaulted by a band of mounted, armed men claiming to be the Baron's troops. Tarn and Lepto escaped, Unseen, the rest of us were captured. The soldiers, led by an obnoxious individual by the name of Sergeant John, forcibly took us (back) to the castle of Baron Ormand.

Baron Ormand was, to say the least, not happy to see us again. His reaction to the news from Sgt John that we were an "invasion" was as swift as it was amusing.

He demoted Sergeant John to Private John and kicked us out of his barony.

27 Jan

We were escorted from the town by mounted guards, encountering Tarn hitch-hiking near the edge of town, and encountering Lepto serving as a guard for a merchant caravan a little further on.

We picked up Tarn and extracted Lepto from service, and were left at the border by the guards. We camped a short way on.

That night, on S-Korcha's watch, S-Korcha noticed a figure walking at speed along the road. S-Korcha spoke with the individual, and let it continue unmolested. S-Korcha told the rest of us that the individual was the witch who had captured Lepto and my horse, and that she was walking very rapidly and swearing a lot. My suggestion that we chase her and exact retribution was not taken up by the rest of the party who felt (correctly, in hindsight) that a good night's sleep was worth more than beating some witch up, especially since her village had already been razed by the Calamar!

28 Jan

We travelled throughout the day and again camped by the side of the road.

29 Jan

We reached the town of Slangasi and obtained rooms for the night.

30 Jan

We signed on as mercenaries guarding a caravan of arms that was to be taken to Slynest. We had no reason to go to Slynest, since all had shaken of the Calamar's compulsion, we signed on because the arms were going there to be blessed by John the Destroyer, an Alusian. We had a feeling that this was our John.

We spent the rest of the day variously healing, resting and practising.

31 Jan

Same as yesterday: healing, resting and practising.

1 Feb

In the morning, before the caravan was to leave, the rest of the party visited the Temple of the healing-"god" Bryrafort, to participate in a regular ceremony. I dislike temples and the propaganda of priests, and see no reason to frequent either, so I spent the time sitting in the sun watching Slobba playing in the road (tough cat!).

The party reported that the "deity" Bryrafort's image was that of a justice-motif Elf holding scales balancing an Elf male with a spear and a robed Human female. They inspected the auras of items on the altar, and came back with the following:

- * Spear, living aura, owner is Moeg-Khelek.
- * Wand, living aura, Investment magic.
- * Altar, living aura, not sentient.
- * Priest, short-lived sentient, highest ranked spell is Necromancy Special Counterspell.

(Note: most priestly-invested items have a living aura).

We found out that Moeg-Khelek was (is?) an Alusian Elf who came to this plane about 8000 years ago and soundly defeated in battle the forces of evil, the final battle occurring in the Chaos Mountains (a place we are due to travel over in the next few days).

Thruk'jin advanced the following ideas: Moeg-Khelek was an Alusian, he came here and kicked butt. John was an Alusian, he came here and now they are calling him John the Destroyer. We are Alusians, people have been reading our auras and running for cover. There seems to be some connection between Alusians and power here.

This leads to several ideas. The first, that Alusians are powerful, seems to be negated by the fact that we have no especially powerful abilities. The second, and the one I favour, is that some power is doing a big propaganda play.

John, unless he was hiding power, was a nobody on Alusia - a farmer. Moeg-Khelek was, on the other hand, a powerful individual on Alusia, active in the Drow Wars. We, as novice adventurers, fall somewhere in the middle.

We plan to investigate this idea further.

The caravan left Slangasi and travelled towards Slynest, camping on the side of the road.

2 Feb

We continued on and again made camp in the wilderness.

3 Feb

We reached the village of Mountain Home, in the middle of the Chaos Mountains, near Moeg-Khelek's climactic battle.

At the inn we met a familiar figure, one we had last seen walking very fast and swearing very loud - Sara, the village witch from the village that the Calamar razed. The innkeeper said she had been there for a couple of days, meaning she had been walking solid for over two days! Tough woman.

We talked to her that night, being careful to hide our identities. Her story was rather short. Her village had been razed by the forces of chaos, and she was travelling to the capital, Slynest, to get the forces of good to do something about it.

The night was going well, until Slobba intervened. We had hidden Slobba in the barn, hoping it would not transmogrify. Our hopes were in vain. It then came through the barn and through the inn, without using doors. All hell broke loose.

Slobba took off into the darkness following S-Korcha, and Lepto and one guard followed. Thruk-jin fired a crossbow bolt to miss, but missed, and hit Slobba. I observed.

Apparently Slobba met several real creatures of chaos, ratmen of some kind. The effect of Slobba meeting this group of creatures was somewhat like a bowling ball meeting pins... Slobba followed through by sailing off a cliff.

The few creatures left were quickly slain by Tarn and Lepto while S-Korcha (violently) disabled the guard following.

The party members returned to the village and delivered the guard into the tender hands of the waitresses (one of whom seemed to be very attached to Tarn). All of us returned to the battle site.

Of Slobba there was little sign, apart from movement several hundred feet down the cliff. We weren't worried - Slobba seemed to be indestructible in either form.

We took advantage of the solitude to investigate the bodies. Each were chaotic, bipedal forms. They showed an aura of formerly living creatures, original form being Human, reason for change being infection with primary chaos.

All were wearing amulets shaped like a Wiccan chartwheel, similar to the ones we had. I have sketches of them.

I attempted to question the bodies, with success on one.

The questions ascertained the following: The creature was Human once, born in the Northern lands, changed to its present form more than a year ago by the Calamar, who it served. It was not on a specific mission when it encountered us. It was aware of the plans of the Calamar (invasions of the Southern Lands) and also of the kidnapping of John (who is John the Destroyer), but the two were not related, or at least the Calamar were not John's kidnapers. It knew the Calamar were the highest agents of evil, and that there were Humans also serving the Calamar. At this, some force blocked my questions and prevented me obtaining any more answers.

Our subsequent talking was disturbed by five people coming in on Starwing spells. People wearing the same heraldic devices as John's kidnapers.

The five were immediately involved in battle with an invisible foe (or foes). They were, in short, totally wasted. Soon fifteen more people arrived on Fireflight spells. They were also wiped out in short order.

In this second battle we observed that the foes were probably Calamar.

During the battle the members of our party very sensibly hid for our lives.

After the unknown foes left we emerged, and I took the opportunity to interrogate the new corpses.

I spoke to several souls and discovered the following: John the Destroyer arrived in the last month, they don't know if he is John the peasant. He was not weak when he arrived, he had power from day one. They were not aware that John had been kidnapped. They did not know the connection with Beltane, but they did know that Alusians have power here (including us). The souls had not met John so could not comment on him personally. They knew there was a powerful figure on the side of good, an Evlsh figure. They know of the prophecy, and believed John to be part of it. They knew John was a mage, with spells from various colleges (!). They said the top power on the side of light was the god Bryrafort, who had intervened in the last 3 months, and who appeared when John arrived.

We then returned to the inn.

The caravan, having lost most of its guards, elected not to move on for a few days.

4 Feb

In the morning we lowered S-Korcha down the cliff on a rope to rescue Slobba. The kitten was, not unexpectedly, worried and scared and totally unharmed.

We spent the rest of the day resting and healing and training. Except for Tarn, who spent a lot of time in amorous matters with one of the innkeeper's daughters.

5 Feb

Same as yesterday: resting, healing and practising.

6 Feb

Same as yesterday, disturbed in the afternoon by a group of twenty individuals on Starwing spells. The group comprised of 19 Jalmarians, and John the Destroyer.

Lepto inspected the aura of the five most important figures, and ascertained that they were short-lived sentients, and that John was born near Turan (confirming that he was John the peasant).

We talked to John and found that he had been brought here to save the world from Logrin. He has spent the last month learning magic (spells from many colleges!) under the instruction of the other figures with him. He doesn't think he is under any coercion, but seems to show very little concern for his past responsibilities (like his wife!). When asked questions, he relied heavily on the Jalmarians for the answers.

My opinion (shared by Sara) is that John is a child in an adults game. He is being unashamedly manipulated by the Jalmarians, and he either doesn't have the brains to know to object, or his objections are being suppressed somehow (magic? drugs?).

I confronted the Jalmarians about it. Their attitude was bluntly "the needs of the many on this plane outweigh the crimes against John on his plane, after all he's only a peasant". They refused to tell me why John in particular was chosen. I find this argument pretty disgusting, as nothing gives them the right to infringe on John's basic rights, but on the advice of Lepto I did not push it.

Talking further with John we provisionally agreed that instead of returning John to his wife (something the Jalmarians bluntly refuse to let us do) we would bring Sarah here, if she was so willing. Hopefully this would still fulfil our Guild contract. We pointedly ignored the fact that it would make seven Alusians on this plane - something the prophecy warned about.

Lepto got one of the Dark Celestial Jalmarians to talk to Slobba. The mage, after a lot of hesitance (after all it's pretty embarrassing to be seen talking to a cat) did so and established that Slobba has no aura (very unusual) but apart from that the cat seemed normal. Slobba said its name was The Angel of Death, which the mage told us was pretty common with cats. I agree. I've owned a cat, and I've found their ego to be second only to that of a dragon.

Tarn was betrothed to the innkeeper's daughter, a cloyingly clingy female by the name of Carla. He agreed to take her with us when we left.

Leave we did, that afternoon. Flying on Starwing spells. We headed east-south-east, to Slynest. Sara accompanied us.

We arrived in Slynest after a few hours, some landing better than others.

After more discussion with John (or rather with John's "keepers") we amended our contract to the following: re-unite Sarah and John. For this we would get paid 1000 sp each. We chose to do this by travelling back to Alusia and bringing Sarah to Jalmaria to be with John. John wrote a letter for Sarah which he gave to us.

As we left, Sara was starting on a campaign to transform John from a wimp to a man. I wish her all success.

Carla agreed to stay in Slynest, the safest place for her.

We left Slynest, again on Starwing spells, accompanied by Danielle Keller, of the Slynest forces. We travelled north-west and arrived at the village we first encountered on this plane. There we spent the night, enjoying the hospitality.

7 Feb

We walked towards the portal and made camp somewhere in the forest.

8 Feb

We found the portal and after some preparation (a lot of it involving various spell backfires...) we travelled through.

Famous last words: Lepto, "what's the point in purifying, we are only three hours away."

On the other side of the portal we did not find the expected Seagate Adventurers' Guild complex. Instead we found grey nothingness, void, limbo.

After a little exploring we were enveloped by a large hollow cylinder. We passed through its walls from outside to in, but could not get back out. Moving along this cylinder we encountered several insectoid creatures. These creatures were prepared for battle, with bows and swords, but did not initiate hostilities. We also chose not to fight and we followed the creatures to the end of the cylinder. We passed through this and found ourselves on a dais in a large city.

The city was of crystal, with tall spires and towers. It was set in the middle of a jungle, with large, far-off mountains all around. The sun was red, the sky was blue, the weather was hot and humid. Some use of Lepto's Detect Aura talent established this was not Alusia or Jalmaria, but a plane called Galatea.

We observed many creatures of various aspects. Some were insectoid, some humanoid, some demonic in appearance. All had the appearance and carriage of civilised sentient beings.

Eventually we were approached by a Human in green robes who introduced himself as Jarec Nar, of the Jade Party (we established later that Galatea was governed by an alliance of clans, the Jade party being the most ascendant at the moment).

In conversation He explained that the Galateans escaped, by means of the cylinder that captured us, from Zentralia, their home plane, when that plane was invaded by the Calamar.

He was unsure as to why we had been captured, but, after we gave him tactical information about Jalmaria (he was interested in joining the fight against the Calamar, he felt that the Galateans had been hiding for too long) he agreed to have us Banished (a spell to send a being to its home plane).

Without further delay a Galatean spellcaster Banished us. Note that Danielle was from Jalmaria, so was Banished there.

Banishment is not a pleasant experience. I felt myself physically picked up and violently thrown through reality. I fell for a long time through a grey limbo, then I was unceremoniously dumped on a grassy hillside.

All the party save S-Korcha were with me, and Lepto was screaming. That man really has a problem dealing with extra-normal events. After he calmed down he verified that we were in fact on Alusia.

A few minutes later a hole in reality opened and S-Korcha and Slobba dropped out. They were not alone...

A tentacled, slime-dripping, monstrosity tried to crawl out of the hole after S-Korcha. This creature ensorcelled me, then someone (who?! When I find out, their soul is history!) stabbed me in the buttock, wounding me severely, and I fell unconscious.

I awoke on the ground, tended by the party members. Apparently they had stopped the creature long enough for the portal to close.

We attracted the attention of some bargers on a nearby river, and bought ourselves passage to Seagate.

9 Feb

Travelling on the barges.

10 Feb

Travelling on the barges.

11 Feb

We arrived at Seagate in the morning, and split up for various short rest & recuperation.

Personally I spent a lot of time at the healers recovering from several injuries and backfire effects (there are times I regret choosing the path of magery!).

12 Feb

We travelled to Turan and found Sarah and Sharee. Both were in agreement that we should take Sarah to where John is, since John is incapable of coming here. I agree with Sarah's comment that John "has a life here, why should I leave?"

We obtained Sarah and Sharee's signed amendment to our Guild contract.

13 Feb

We returned to Seagate.

14 Feb

We arranged for a portal to be opened to Jalmaria, and stepped through, after preparation and purification. We appeared in a graveyard, at night.

Reconnaissance ascertained that we were in a very large graveyard, with a temple or mausoleum (apparently dedicated to Bryrafort) in the middle and a 12' high wall around the outside, manned by armed guards. These guards were obviously guarding against intrusion from outside.

Lepto cast an Unseen spell on all of us, then we proceeded carefully to the wall, after deciding a meeting place and time.

Things were going well, even allowing for the fact that since we could not see anyone we got separated easily, until Thruk'jin backed into Sarah and scared the shit out of both of them. Both screamed, Thruk'jin dropped his loaded 150 lb crossbow, which went off. The rest of us froze.

The guards, alerted by the noise, came over and investigated. Unfortunately they spotted the crossbow. We all went separate ways...

The guards, unwilling to enter the graveyard, called the priests, who did enter. In the confusion, all of us save Thruk'jin (full plate is a serious penalty to climbing a wall, especially if you are a Dwarf) made our way over the wall and to our meeting place.

About this time something happened in the temple... People started running about and shouting something about some item being stolen.

We then thought of the prophecy. We had, at this time, seven Alusians on Jalmaria. The prophecy said this was bad... Tarn expressed it best with "oh bugger."

In the confusion Lepto went and helped Thruk'jin out of the graveyard while myself and S-Korcha reconnoitred. What we found was not pretty. Apparently something had attacked the temple. The priests gave the following announcement: "There has been a demonic attack on the temple, it has been successfully fought back, and only minor damage has been done to the temple." I did establish the name of this city: Dalada, and the fact that we were on Jalmaria, several weeks journey south of Slynest. I also spotted a Calamar, but the next events diverted my attention somewhat.

The priests were either lying, or the temple event was a prelude to the main attack, because about then all hell broke use. I use the word "hell" advisedly - great beams of light destroyed whole city blocks, and demons walked the streets killing and maiming and generally being evil.

We joined the crowd in fleeing the city.

About 50 townfolk attached themselves to us and Lepto agreed to lead them to safety. A foolish promise, I feel, but even I agree we can't abandon them.

We planned to head north and try and attract the attention of the flying forces of Slynest.

15 Feb

We travelled north.

16 Feb

Note: the encounter with Falantray described below did not, to my knowledge, happen. That is, none of us remember it, and I do not remember writing the notes about it. We think that our memories of the event have been wiped, but prefer to leave it that way. If anyone suggests that the female Elf Mind-mage with the purple hair should examine our minds I will personally torment their corpse after other members of our party have finished killing them.

In the morning we encountered a tall woman, arrayed for battle in silvered armour and carrying a large two-handed sword. We approached her and talked, and she introduced herself as Falantray. She was very interested in which of us were mages, but did not ask why. Lepto examined her aura, and found none (something he later told us was impossible - "all things, living or dead, have an aura!").

She displayed a disconcerting knowledge of events thousands of years past, as well as an even more disconcerting unconcern for issues bothering us, like the Calamar invading this plane. She said that she was a watcher, here watching Moeg-Khelek, a man who "caused the great division" (which refers to what? The Drow-Elf division? The racial division at the end of the War of Chaos when the dragons caused the sapient races to arise?).

While talking we were attacked by a group of Calamar. We were barely holding our own when one of the Calamar attacked Falantray. Bad mistake, as she promptly wiped the grass with it. We were then joined by a flight of mages led by a Captain Andrew. In the middle of the fighting the Calamar stopped and asked to parley. We all stopped, totally amazed. We had never, and I mean never, heard of Calamar offering to parley. At this time another flight of mages arrived, led by John the Destroyer. John, against all our advice and the advice of his advisors, accepted the parley.

The Calamars' demands were reasonably simple. They wanted all Alusians to leave the plane. We asked John to ask for time to talk, which was granted.

We decided we were sick of this entire plane and situation. We had seen crime and villainy on both sides of the Jalmarian struggle, and frankly I didn't see much to differentiate Bryrafort's followers from the Calamar. We had had enough and wanted out. We gave Sarah to John, got his signature on the guild contract, and got John to banish us. We also passed on the message from the Galateans. If they want to beat up on the Calamar, luck to them.

The banishment was just as horrible as the last time, but the landing was worse. We landed in the Guild complex and promptly set off all the automatic defence mechanisms...

Cool heads prevailed, and we were quickly freed.

Debriefing

The finished contract was accepted by the guild with no hassles at all, though the guild security officer did wonder if there was anyone we had not pissed off...

The accounting also went without hassle.

Total party income, including all acquisitions (including valuing Slobba at 500 sp), after Guild tax of 20%:
9325 silver pennies each.

No complaints were entered by any party members. In hindsight, I should have complained about the knife in the backside, but my revenge can wait.

We parted in excellent humour, to meet again at the next Guild meeting.

Notes

Rough Map of Jalmaria

