

# Let's Try That Again

Adventure by **Struan Judd**

Duration 16 days (1<sup>st</sup> Frost '05 - 16th Frost)

## Adventurers

Dirk	Namer	Male	Dwarf	Mil Sci
Falco	Celestial Shadow	Male	Human	Leader
Hamish	Wiccan	Male	Human	
Sam The Ork	Earth	Male	Orc	
Grizelda Feldspar	Wiccan	Female	Giant	
Aurora Steelwind	Air	Female	Elf	Scribe

## Employer

Alexis - Master Brewer

## Plane

Alusia

## Places visited

Arzdorf  
Rhitzsump  
North Artz  
Little East Farthing  
City of Arzdorf

## People met

Crispen  
Sgt Davis - captain of Little East Farthing militia  
Frederick - a mage in Arzdorf City  
The Hart of the Forest - a group of dryads  
Kiera - a blackberry dryad

## Mission

To find out why a brewery had stopped production.

## Let's Try That Again

*Aurora*

I was sure it was going to be one of 'those' adventures. Our employer was a Master Merchant called Alexis who was from Flugelheim. A brewery had stopped sending product and the auditor sent to investigate had not returned. So a party was requested to go and investigate. The pay was either a hogshead of whiskey or six of ale.

Grizelda and I had been directed to the wrong room but, once we were relocated, thanks to Guild Security I found out that the volunteers for this mission were:

Dirk - male dwarf. Namer. He's also accompanied by a wolf called Shadow.

Falco - Human male shadow mage. He said he was also an art dealer.

Hamish - Human male fighter and wiccan.

Grizelda - Hill giant female who is also a wiccan

Sam the Ork. 5 ½ ft tall earth mage. Herbalist, healer and brewer. Has big axe and is life aspected.

Samples of the brews were available and we were encouraged to partake. We were told that the water used in the brew had magical properties which improved the flavour. Alexis represented the Artzdorf Royal Breweries and he was concerned that one of their competitors could be responsible. He also told us we weren't allowed to kill people. The brewery is located in Little East Farthing in Artzdorf and to get there, we would first be taking a boat to Rhitzsump then going inland.

I became the scribe since no one else wanted to. Dirk became the military scientist while, after considerable discussion, Falco was appointed spokesmen. Apparently there is some distrust of non-humans where we are going.

We then got ready. Sam put a four week Lesser on each of us, then I paid out for a Rank 9 Greater to affect spellcasting before purchasing six ten point healing potions for 3000sp. That evening I spent in the library, reading up on Flugelheim, Artzdorf, and what previous parties had done there.

Several astrology readings were done by various people.

*Reading of the Night Sky:* What is causing the disturbance at the brewery

Ignis et aqua, aura et solum

The first to the last, cause to effect

*Reading the runestones:* General

Mixing it up and separating it out

Hard it is, and soft as well.

*Divining the Future:* Name of the person who has important information for us in the village.

In the village or possibly through it but definitely not of it,

Lost in the ages of time, her name is and only she can give it to you.

2<sup>nd</sup> Frost

Met up with the others outside the Guild gates at 9 that morning. Alexis arrived with a cartload of barrels to take us to the docks.

“A sort of an a’la cart driver” - Dirk

Arrived at the docks and boarded the merchant vessel ‘Bonnie Dancer’. Also an ark is put on board which everyone studiously avoided.

We set sail at midday. I managed to obtain a cabin to myself, as Grizelda was sleeping on the deck and the four men were sharing two to a cabin. Watches were set and I was on with Grizelda.

### 6<sup>th</sup> Frost

The trip took five days and, when I wasn’t on watch, I spent much of the trip in my cabin feeling a bit ill. It didn’t help that the weather turned rough on the second day.

.2.

That night we were heaving to off a sand bar since the ship was due to sail into port the following morning. However, we had a meeting with Alexis and it was decided we would jump ship at this point and fly into Rhitzsump, using Shadowwings. Alexis also had to arrange for our accreditations and also for our guide, Crispen. So, after Featherfalls, Resist Colds, and Shadowwings all around, we flew in, landing on the outskirts only after a few minutes. Once we got to the city the guards insisted that Grizelda turn over her ‘portable siege weapon’ before we were allowed to enter through the postern gate. Accommodation was at an inn called ‘Swamps Haven’. I was so looking forward to a comfortable inn bed but Dirk’s insistence on maintaining the watches meant I ended up sleeping on the common room floor with Grizelda.

### 7<sup>th</sup> Frost

After breakfast, we left all our gear in a warehouse then went with Alexis to the town hall, in the town square, where we filled out forms and received amulets which were linked to our life force and provided proof of our identity.

Crispen turned out to be a nineteen year old gangly lad who was definitely overladen. After dealing with that we flew north, avoiding Artzdorf City, finally landing five miles short of the Little East Farthing. The village itself, could be seen in Hamish’s Crystal of Vision and everything looked perfectly normal. A wagon was three quarters loaded near the brewery. A river flowed through the village that had a tarn just down stream of it, surrounded by reeds and rushes. Both the brewery and the mill had waterwheels.

Hamish and Falco went to a nearby farmhouse and the farmer seemed normal. However there was evidence of a late harvest, later than we would ordinarily expect for this time of year. We then continued down to the village. When we reached the inn, everyone scurried away. A short while later, the local constable arrived. His name was Sgt David but he was the captain of the local militia.

Once he had confirmed our credentials, he told us that the last shipment had been sent five days ago and that the next one was in the process of being loaded. Seven barrels were already

on it. No compelling or binding magics were detected on the sergeant but on a hunch, I asked him what the date was. He replied it was the 10<sup>th</sup> of Vintage. However, Crispen agreed with us it was the 7<sup>th</sup> of Frost. So we asked him about the auditor and we were told that he had arrived yesterday.

The previous cart had arrived on time but it had been the non-appearance of the one expected on the 13<sup>th</sup> of Vintage that had sparked off the investigation. So the auditor, Bernholt, was summoned. According to him, the date was the 18<sup>th</sup> of Vintage. Unfortunately all the shipping records were kept at the company office in North Artz, located to the east.

So that's where we flew to. When we arrived there, we checked the local perception of the date which was the 7<sup>th</sup> of Frost. Accommodations were at the 'White Horse' inn which was run by a hill giant, Edward. After some questioning, he admitted that the previous shipment crew had been paid off not to return and were somewhere getting drunk. Also, the advantage of this place that I finally got a proper bed and a room to myself. Grizelda also had giant sized accommodations in the guest room.

.3.

Sam - "What's a sexist?"

Falco - "A philanthropist but with sex."

### 8<sup>th</sup> Frost

Hamish used his Crystal to look back at Little East Farthing. The shadows looked right but we noticed there was only six barrels on the cart. Also, people seen were moving at normal speed. Was the day repeating?

I purified after breakfast. We also knew that the beer water had chronomancy effects to allow the brew to mature faster but an enlarged effect of this did not seem to be the cause. Crispen arranged for some horses so we rode back to the village carefully Daing on the way attempting to find the area of effect. Crispen was instructed to send a message to Alexis if we had not returned by evening, just in case we got stuck in the time loop.

"It's a giant conspiracy theory" - Falco after Grizelda's paranoid suggestions.

We went up to the turnoff then turned west towards the village. We then went past the bluffs then down into the river valley. The farmer we passed recognised us from yesterday.

A bit later on, a tree was detected that still thought it was autumn. It then told Sam that he was going to die. That was when arrows flew out at Sam. I spotted something and fired back. I must have hit as I heard a high pitched squark. Dirk also saw my target and determined it was a dryad. So we managed to open a dialogue with myself as translator from her accented elvish.

Basically, after apologising for shooting her, she said she had shot at Sam as he had been carrying a large axe. I apologised for the misunderstanding and managed to convince her Sam meant no harm. She knew about the village and the 'firewater'. She also said she hadn't tried any but I was sure she was lying. She also believed the perpetual autumn was good for the trees but she did know it was actually winter. She also seemed to have an idea what was causing the phenomena but refused to tell us but would pass on a message. We had however got the impression it was something to do with the river.

Further investigation told us that the area was roughly D shaped with the curve following the river on the east bank.. As we crossed the bridge into the village (the village was on the east bank), Dirk checked the water and noted that it was slightly magical with chronomancy. We then met the sergeant, who did not remember us. He said that the auditor had arrived yesterday.

I'm not sure what Sam was doing, maybe attempting to talk to the local horses in the stable, but he backfired himself asleep. Meanwhile the auditor was spoken to and he hadn't seen us before either. So, as an experiment, we left a horse in the stables, tagged with one of my blue ribbons. I also took some hay from the stable.

The auditor was convinced to come back to North Artz with us but, a short way out, the auditor just vanished. So did the hay I was carrying. So that point on the road was marked. I went back in but the hay did not reappear.

It was getting late by now, so we left the horses with the farmer and flew back, reaching the inn just after nightfall and just before the deadline with Crispen.

.4.

#### 9<sup>th</sup> Frost

Crispen arrived at breakfast. Since we could be dealing with aquatics, waterbreathing potions were requested. Crispen replied that he should be able to get some tomorrow.

After purification we headed back to the forest near Little East Farthing where we met the dryad. The river here is fordable. Divinations showed that the water had been in contact with a quasi-sentient magical source within the last week. Attached to that is the time enabled magic. Other divinations told us that the magical effect that was affecting the village was throwing it back in time was causing a reset every dawn. However the effect wasn't instantaneous but lasted a minute.

It was raining by the time we got to Little East Farthing, about mid afternoon. This time we came in from the west. As we did, the church bell tolled six times. Sheriff David came out and again, he did not recognise us. He told us that there were occasionally banditry problems from the west so the bells were rung as a warning. We also noticed that the barrel wagon only had six barrels on it again. Nothing unusual had occurred recently apart from the arrival of the auditor. He had arrived yesterday on his horse along with a pack horse. The pack horse had a blue ribbon on it. Dirk had to re-DA the horse and discovered that the horse's memories had been altered to fit into the timeline. I also retrieved the ribbon.

Meanwhile the others learnt from the sheriff that there was an agreement with the creatures of the wood and the tarn. The villagers had to stay clear of both areas. This agreement had been sorted out by Frederick, a mage at the Artzdorf Guild of Magicians. Basically the villages weren't allowed in the woods where the dryads are and the tarn. The children get scared away in such a way that they never return.

The next place we went to was the woods. When we got there, an arrow was shot at us with a message. It said "Come back to this point three hours after dawn for a meeting - The Hart of the Forest". I left the arrow behind. As we left the time loop area, the ribbon faded in my hands, taking a minute to vanish. Nature of the time effect is 'Restore in Time ritual'.

On the way back, we stopped at the farmhouse and retrieved our horses before heading back to North Artz. From there, it was decided to go find that mage in Artzdorf so we flew off in that direction, this time using air mage flying. Much more relaxing.

“Air mages are good at being subtle” - Sam.

Soon we saw lights in the sky and landed on the ground nearby. Artzdorf is located at the top of a mesa with a path going up from the guardpost at the bottom. Once past there we flew up to the top guardpost, fortunately, none of us overshooting the mark.

We then went to the Mages Guild and, after showing our credentials, asked to speak to Frederick de Chevale. We also bought 21 powdered mana cubes for 1gp each as there was no raw mana in town. He was going to be a while so we went and had dinner at a nearby inn, the Mages Alms. Then it was back to the Guild to meet with Frederick.

He told us that Little East Farthing was populated by dryads and nyads. The Hart of the Forest is the leader of the dryads. The Nyads don't like alcohol as it is poison to them. They don't like ice either. Their leader is called Font. The source of the Rhitz river, which flows through the village is ex-sentient. I got it confused with the Artz river which is sourced in Maltain. Frederick also provided us with two scrolls that lasted four hours each, of Speak with Enchanted Creatures so we could talk with the Nyads. We then headed back to the inn.

#### 10<sup>th</sup> Frost

Dawn arrived and it wasn't raining. Some of the cubes were used for featherfalls, resist colds and flying spells before we flew back to North Artz. Once there, we got the waterbreathing potions then flew over to meet with the dryads.

.5.

We arrived at the nominated spot and found flower bracelets waiting for us. They were magical with 'find the path' magic and some sort of 'peaceful' geas, presumably to protect them from us, and protection from charms, presumably to protect us from them. Once the bracelets were worn we could make out the way we were to go. The path led us to the centre of the forest where there was a grass clearing. In the centre were six trees, four beeches, an oak to the north and a willow to the south.

“And no leaf jokes” - Dirk.

“As if I wood ..... oops” - Aurora.

Four figures stepped from the trees that we could see ... the dryads of the trees. Collectively they are the Hart of the Forest. They confirmed that there was a daily reset and were asked to assist in the ritual. The humans had been causing some distress to the nyads with some poison in the water but it was not malicious, more accidental, but there. The reset is stopping the poison before it becomes fatal. The poison started a few days ago but, instead of dissipating, it was getting worse, coming to a head on the day being reset. We may need to enter the loop to fix it but an amendment to the ritual would be required so we could retain our memories between loops. Such an amendment would require a piece of ourselves and we would need to be present for it.

They also mentioned that they have a protectorate of some brushlands to the south.

A message would be sent to the nyads and they would recognise the floral bracelets. They had sent a fish upstream to the dryads since it was extremely difficult for them to communicate with the humans. The dryad collective then left.

While we waited for the reply, some of us purified. At around noon, some other dryads turned up bearing food and water, including three rabbits and a pig. A fire was arranged for so Grizelda was able to cook. Once that was done we cleaned up after ourselves to bring the area back to its natural state.

A quarter of an hour later, the oaken dryad reappeared with the message that the nyads wanted to see us as soon as possible. So we headed down to the southern part of the tarn where an earth landing was located. A nyad was waiting for us. We learnt that the bad water, flowing from the direction of the village was getting worse. Occasionally barrels of ale had fallen into the river and broken but this didn't taste the same. Grizelda confirmed that by offering the nyad some ale. She then tried whiskey and we ended up with an intoxicated nyad. Even my last Waters of Healing didn't cure that. She did tell us however there was a big storm about five days ago and that the well was contaminated with rats and other things.

We weren't getting much more out of that nyad but Grizelda wondered if the grains used in the brewery were diseased with a fungus she called ergot. I was wondering if there was an accidental leakage into the river. So we went to find out.

The first stop was the village well. I hauled up a bucket of water for analysis. Magical effect is dilution, generic true name barley. Hamish's tarot reading came up with the reason for the spillage being multiple mistakes leading to calamity but not caused maliciously.

We then met Ian, the brewery manager. Yes they did check for ergot during the process but none had been detected. Wastes from the process were put in two specially lined pits, one for the brewery, the other for the distillery. Sam sunk core tunnelling around both pits but noticed no unusual seepage into the water table. The pits had been created and sealed with the use of an earth elemental but we did notice that there were cracks in the distillery pit. This pit is 15ft square and 30ft deep. We were told that the failed results of a sweet blackberry brew had been dumped into the brewery pit just before the storm but this did not seem to be the cause. However, trees and fish examined showed signs of the barley contamination.

.6.

The rector was then spoken to. Since he had some training in the healing arts, it was suggested that he check some of the villagers for poison. He did, and there were traces. Someone had the brilliant idea of using our ink and parchment for the rector to write himself a note so it would survive into the next loop before we left.

### 11<sup>th</sup> Frost

The samples that we had taken from the village were taken to the local alchemist in North Artz, a hobbit. The samples confirmed that there is poisoning in the village. Suddenly there was an explosion in the lab and the alchemist got glass in the arm. Since he was now indisposed we were supplied with the reagent (blue) and the catalyst (yellow) and were told that the proper mix

was three parts reagent to one part catalyst which would react with up to one part in ten of the whiskey waste. If done correctly the mixture would turn bright green but, in the presence of the whiskey-lease it would go brown. With beer waste the reaction would be more red. The mixture was only good for five minutes after mixture.

While we were doing that, Crispen was looking for a good healer. He told us that there was one in Artzdorf who was not quite a master. He also told us that the leaven cart (the one that carries off the waste) dumps it in a salt flat well away from the village. A corkscrew pump is used to get the waste material out of the pit and the process takes around three to four hours. Unfortunately, there was only one cart and one pump. So the cart crew were instructed to stay with the farmer the night before entering the village. The earth mage that had originally constructed the pits, with his earth elemental, came from Flugelheim.

It was about mid morning when we flew into the village, air mage style. Our first stop was the rector and to speed matters up, we showed him the note he had written the previous cycle. So he started testing the villagers. We then went to the distillery. A sample was retrieved from the waste pit, then Sam started casting tunnelling in an attempt to determine the spread of the contamination. Meanwhile I mixed up the reagents and did the testing. While we were doing that, a tunnel opened up under me and I dropped in. One air flight later and I was out. The reagent only dulled a bit there but other tunnels showed a very strong reaction. Meanwhile Hamish was playing with the pit sample. Using a decay spell on it made the sample more liquid and smell much more strongly. It was still poisonous but not as much.

It was looking like there was a line of contaminant going down the slope from the pit to the river. Then Sam dropped another hole partway down the slope. Instead of the usual water seepage water poured out of a hole in the side. Sam had punctured an underground stream. I dropped the test mixture in and discovered that it turned brown below the stream but remained green below that. Sam soon determined there was a layer of impervious clay below the stream. A test of the stream water also revealed it was heavily contaminated. During the process, Sam managed to backfire himself mute and deaf.

Falco had turned into a fish, unknown to the rest of us, and also discovered that the water got cleaner as he went upstream. We were contemplating a fish dinner when we saw the large fish.

Grizelda consulted her rune stones with the question ‘Who or what made the crack in the pit’. The answer she got was “Father Time, Mother Earth, Conspired not.”

.7.

Grizelda then experimented with more decay spells and another sample of waste. Four casts later, it doesn't react very much to the reagent but in indescribably smelled. Meanwhile Dirk took out a couple of samples, and neither vanished.

Falco about Sam. “Not only is he deaf and dumb, he caught mime.”

Dirk came up with a plan to divert the river around the affected area. Meanwhile Hamish wants to plug the underground stream. Instead, we headed for the dryads and told one of the beech dryads what we had found. They can send a creature to fix the pit but we would have to tell them when. We then had the exception ritual done, just in case. The results were variable but would

allow us to leave the area, if we got subsumed, for a period of time.

After returning to the village, and getting dinner, we spoke with James, the nightwatchman, in David's office. He had seen no one hanging around the pits and noted nothing unusual. The bound stone would have required magic to take out. Somehow, he concluded we were Seagate adventurers and his entire manner changed. He had been here for the last nine months, laying low, and would very likely be moving on very soon. During his past 'employments' he had picked up some magical abilities, one of which had been the setting of alarm wards. None of them had been triggered. I asked about the rainstorm and he said a lot of water had got into the pits that day. The last time the pits had been cleared was three weeks ago.

Finally flew back to North Artz and reported to Crispen. A message had arrived from the alchemist, suggesting we consult a herbalist. The nearest one was somewhere out of town.

### 12<sup>th</sup> Frost

We found the bullock cart at the farmers then headed into the village again. Once we re-established our credentials, again, instructions were left for only the brewery pit to be used. Sam had recovered from his backfire effects so we were dropping more cores in a different direction and found more seepage just above the clay level around the area of the well. The supervisor at the distillery also reported a bucket missing, the one Dirk had 'borrowed' yesterday.

While Sam had been doing his tests, the cart had arrived and the pit pumped out. We even had them get in there, with the help of vapour breathings to remove the last of it off the walls and floor with shovels. What was revealed was unexpected. Five feet up on one wall, an arch shaped section of wall had been pushed outward. Radiating cracks led from what looked like a small impact crater. Something very small had hit the wall with a very powerful impact.

There was no aura on the cracked area and a massive swing with a pickaxe caused a very small amount of damage so that seemed to rule out a physical attack. However a residual aura was discovered in the back of the impact point. It was magical and was a chronomantic effect, a collapse of a time bubble. So Dirk started divinating.

It wasn't until 10pm that he finally had some results. The aura was a remnant of a concentrated bubble of time that had imploded. The implosion had occurred seven days ago and seemed to be a blending of different types of time magics. There was no sign of dilution. Seemed to be 75% water time magic, 20% earth and 5% air. Also there was a hint of binding stuff.

Finally Falco and I went to inform the dryads. They arranged to send the mole in while we flew back to town.

.8.

### 13<sup>th</sup> Frost

It wasn't until mid afternoon when we woke up the next day. Grizelda had the impression that we had been awake for 42 hours. However, we hadn't lost a day. Hamish used his crystal ball but the covers were on the pits and there were only six barrels on the cart. So we headed back to the village. This trip, I took the bucket back. On the way there, we saw the laden cart heading up the road. The first thing we checked upon arrival was the distillery pit. It was now intact and still empty. However, there had been a reset so there was still something else to do.

Hamish did a reading asking 'Is a storm good'. The answer was 'For flowers maybe, but not

here'. We then headed down to the nyads. On the way, trees were tested and it was discovered that they were still being poisoned. When we saw the nyad, she suggested getting a stick, soaking it in river water and then testing it. So we did. After testing, the stick was bright green in the middle and brown around the edges. The pollutant is still there but there is less of it.

We had a look at the brewery pit, just in case. It was a quarter full and, all the tests we used told us that the magic bordering the pit was still intact. Sam made a couple of tunnels around the pit and discovered something was seeping up from below the clay layer. The ground at the bottom was squidgy and the sample I retrieved tested very brown. No corrosion was found in the chutes or any of the holding tanks. The manager told us that the blackberries were put in the distillery pit before the big storm. No magical air had been added, no normal air either.

Hamish came to the conclusion that there was an unofficial still somewhere but there seemed to be no evidence of that. We then went to examine the blackberry patch. When we got there, I tried a blackberry and was immediately consumed by the desire for more. I'm not sure how many I had before I was restrained and rendered unconscious.

“This is berry serious” - Dirk.

I don't remember very much until we got back to town that evening. Dirk divinated me and discovered I had been affected by compulsion magic. It was a minor curse, installed into the berries. The berries themselves had a mixture of earth and wiccan magic in them. Also detected in me, and presumably in everyone else, was some sort of fatigue drain. That had been triggered by an event occurring around dusk yesterday.

Meanwhile the others were doing ritualistic question and answer sessions.

“Assuming we don't do anything else, how long will the poisoning effect take to dissipate?”

The end of time - we concluded that meant forever.

“What must be done to stop the poisoning?”

More cleaning is required

“Are the blackberries part of the cleaning?”

If they're not part of the solution, they're part of the problem.

“Why were the blackberries cursed - for what purpose?”

Some people do not like having neighbours.

“What is the name that will come important soon?”

A very long and complicated reading was the only result.

Crispen told us that Head Office were sending some journeymen healers and earth mages to help with the clean up. Also we came to the realisation that it was near dusk when the lieze cart left the village.

#### 14<sup>th</sup> Frost

We checked with the alchemist who told us he had devised an antidote that would neutralise one

hundred times the amount of poison. It would be ready in half an hour - tops.

Alchemist - "Most people have heard of Mortimer"

Sam - "Most of the Baronies have heard his explosions."

The next visit was the dryads. They told us that the mole had discovered a patch of bad, soft, area underground that wasn't earth between the two pits and a bit towards the woods at the level of the water table. A lot of the water underground is sick.

When we asked about the blackberries, we were told that there was a blackberry dryad there by the name of Kiera. She came to be after the agreement was forged and she can make her magic contagious. The dryads also confirmed that the draining effect was caused by a large amount of material leaving the ritual effect. That would be the lieze cart.

Upon arrival at the village, Sam tried to make holes to find the bad area. Unfortunately he rendered himself mute.

.9.

Grizelda started digging a hole then, once the muteness wore off, Sam tried again. Soon he got a hole that had mush at the bottom of it. Both Sam and I went down to have a look. The reagent, once it contacted the mush, immediately turned black. Plus it was dissolving our boots and burning the skin underneath. We got out quickly. When the tunnel closed up, the mush was pushed up and out finally laying in Grizelda's pit, all 300 odd cubic feet of it. A bucket chain using metal buckets and protective clothing was quickly set up to move this toxic stuff into the brewery pit, being the closer. Meanwhile Sam and I cleaned ourselves up as fast as we could before serious damage was done.

The mush was a mixture of hops and barley residual and it had been fermenting down there, thanks to the chronomancy magic accelerating the process.

Dirk, Sam and myself were suffering from a weakening backfire and Sam also had asthma. So we went to see if the vicar could fix us up. He could do the weakening effect but it would take a day and a half - much too long. So we decided to head for Artzdorf for curse removal.

Once we arrived we landed at the top gate and decided to go to the Mages Guild. They wanted money up front for the curse removals, but my chalice was accepted as security. Fortunately the company would cover the 4000sp that was required. Curse removals took most of the night.

### 15<sup>th</sup> Frost

The crystal ball test showed us that there were seven barrels on the wagon. While Dirk was being finished off, I picked up my repaired boots. Bit of a patchjob but they'd make good spares and I'll get new ones back in Seagate, or maybe in Alfheim on the next visit. Once we were ready we left Artzdorf down the ramp until the local mana kicked in again and we could fly off, arriving at North Artz mid-afternoon.

Crispen was in the pub with two guys in brownish robes. They were introduced as Mark and Nigel and were the two earth mages. After getting them up to date, we flew off again, this time to the blackberry patch. Thanks to the flower bracelets we could see the path and, somehow I did not feel like blackberries today.

Sam talked to the brambles in order to warn Kiera we were coming and soon, we reached a grassy patch in the middle. A blackberry bush was in the centre while underneath were rabbit holes. Kiera soon appeared. She told us that if the villagers want blackberries again they should send in a rabbit. Apparently she loved bunnies. She had cursed the berries with gluttony after the villagers had raided for quite a lot.

Back to the village and we discovered that they remembered us, from a month ago. In fact the previous month had been very quiet, and boring. Their memories were a bit hazy though but it was agreed that the date was the 15<sup>th</sup> of Frost. We told the brewery manager about the blackberries then headed off to the Hart. They told us some more about the big storm, including large lightning strikes in the village. Probably where the air magics came from.

Next stop was the nyads. She said the water was good enough and it should get better.

So, after a successful mission we went back to town and prepared to go back to the Guild.