

Adventures in Judges' Guild's Wilderlands...

Posted by blairgb - 2006/02/15 23:59

The Adventures of a pair of vagabonds of dubious distinction, the Dwarf Gorin Grimbeard and the Half-elf Falconfrost, in the environs of The City-State of the Invincible Overlord and the wilderness of the Roglaras, from the fifth to through to the ten day of the Month of the Howling Winds, in the year 4433
BCCC

<http://tarantis.pbwiki.com/f/gorin.jpg> <http://tarantis.pbwiki.com/f/falconfrost.jpg>

Gorin Grimbeard's Account

The day began as usual. Falconfrost and I poured over these recently acquired maps and documents over ales and breakfast. Having connected some of them to others I believe we need to seek out more knowledgeable sages to discern where they might be located.

We realized that several of our hard earned possessions were of magical nature, so we travelled to the Sorcerer's Tent and spoke with several learned men. I am in possession of a longsword that is of the first circle of magical power! It's blade cuts foes easier and deeper. Tis too bad that I do not favor longswords, for a good war ax or heavy mace suits me far better. Well, in this realm a magic blade at my hip is better than a dagger in my gut...

Afterwards, we went to the Temple of Thoth the Terrible, god of knowledge. It was simply to acquire potions and other amenities that we would soon need and also to compare it's layout to the layout of one of the maps in our possession. It did not match so we continued on our way.

On our way back to the Scholar's Inn a ragged bunch of foul sewer rats scurried after us, perhaps thinking we were easy prey... Well, those diseased vermin soon learned the fearsome wrath of Braz-Kazon's flames. It is becoming clear that the power he grants me is growing, and I am in his favor. Falconfrost easily dealt with another raat after I scorched 3 to death. The others scurried off and again, the darkening streets were quiet. We returned to the safety of the Scholar's Inn for rest, study and discussion of the documents at hand.

The following day we came across an unsavoury pirate by the name of Salty Dagger. He enlisted us to deliver a message to Captain Merizpal of the Queen Hagrost in the town of Wormingford. Said he'd pay us a fair price, so, being the money hungry hounds that we are, we agreed. He left us with what he had on him and said he'd meet us at the Seahawk tavern to deliver the rest of the gold. He was true to his word and arrived there shortly after we did. Unfortunately this was a rough tavern(which didn't even serve spirits!!!), and several undesirables caught eye of the interaction between the Dagger and us. This would prove interesting later on...

We then wandered down to the docks to procure passage on a ship heading down the estuary. A passing boatman ignored my request to take us to Wormingford, so I fear that this town might not be pleasant. Through the dockmaster we booked our passage, then headed to the closest tavern for some ales and lunch. There, at the Sea Rover Tavern we encountered a good lot of rowdy sailors. Now these were men who could keep their own against a dwarf such as I. Their 1st mate offered me some spirits of a less than desirable make, but it was spirits, nonetheless! Soon enough we realised through the warm touch of spirits that these were the sailors for our ship, The Bloody Dog, and a good lot they were. I held my liquor fine, although Falconfrost looked a little green. After lunch we followed along with the crew and set out on our voyage.

As no one would take us directly to Wormingford by boat we had them put us ashore where the estuary turns north. There we saw the mighty sea creatures that the invincible overlord keeps to guard this passage. I would fear being the foolish army attacking by sea...

From there we headed south, through the woods. Three forest toads leapt out and attacked us. Again, Braz Kazon showed his favor and my blows landed true. This heavy mace of mine is a fine weapon. I had nearly forgotten it's usefulness. We easily slaughtered the toads, but as soon as we had, another ambush erupted. Ten bandits, those that had seen our interaction with Salty Dagger, jumped out of hiding and assaulted the two of us. Falconfrost was caught off guard and the scoundrels encircled him, utilizing their cunning attacks. I held my ground mightily, calling down the wrath of Braz Kazon with mighty battle cries. I scorched a few of the scally wags and bashed the rest to the ground with my mace. Soon Falconfrost and I were back to back and the rest of the highwaymen ran for their lives. If only these dwarven legs were a bit longer, we might've caught the bastards. The leader and another escaped to tell tale of the prowess and resolve of Falconfrost and Gorin Grimbeard!

We made good time across the plains, forcing ourselves to march long into the night. Our encampment was made and we were fortunate enough to rest the whole night without incident.

Our march the following day was long as well. It was briefly interrupted by some spiders who lay in wait in their small tunnels. They proved to be no match for Falconfrost and I. We pushed ourselves as long as we could until we had reached the outskirts of town...

Falconfrost's Account

Many months it has been since I have written my journal. We have followed Harglak to the City State of the Invincible Overlord. Our leads have dried up fast and we sit here at the scholar's inn waiting for our next move. Gorin and I decide to make use of our time and take a break as Viridian mercenaries and hunt for some freelance adventuring. The two of us pool our gold pieces and make for the Sorcerer's supply house to have some items identified. Gorin's magic longsword proves to be of the first circle of power and is of fine make. My Magic silver dagger is revealed to be of the second circle of power and my magic elven ring is a ring of Feather Fall. We had earlier found some parchments in the basement where we slayed the troll and several of them allude to temples and tomb and treasure, but we'll wait til the rest of the party feel like adventuring. As we walked through the streets of the city state a rough looking pirate approached us and offered us a quest to deliver a message to wormingford. On the way back to the scholar's Inn we were ambushed by a pack of dire rats. they were a nuisance, and most of them ran away. the man's name was Salty dagger and he gave us 300 GP immediately with more to come later. Upon asking other sailor's about Salty Dagger they warned me not to ask about him. we became slightly worried that we were dealing with a dangerous person. we made our way up the Roglaroon and told the skipper we were going to a different location than we were actually going. We disembarked on the south side of the estuary many miles up stream and proceeded across land towards Wormingford. Almost right away we had to cross through a dense forest, but it was the quickest way to our destination. As we travelled through the woods we were approached by three dire forest frogs and they leapt cruelly to attack us. I let loose a volley of arrows, constantly circling my opponents to keep a ranged distance for my bow, as Gorin rushed in and clobbered the frogs up close. With sound tactics and the adrenaline rush of our first battle in many weeks gave us a convincing victory. Not a moment passed after the last frog fell when 9 pirates emerged from the thick foliage and demand we be giving up what Salty Dagger had given us. Still feeling good from the last fight, we kept the momentum going and attacked these foul knaves before they could react. The battle raged and we were seemingly in over our heads when four of the pirates circled me and trying to bring me down. I unleashed a mighty rage up my foes and clobbered them with my heavy flail. Gorin and I took down six of them while the other three, including the leader, ran away like frightened dogs. We marched on determined to get out of the forest and we found rest at the edge of it. We marveled at a piece of Tharbrian jewelry found on one of the thugs. I estimate it to be

worth around 700 GP. We carried on the next day and walked through the open plains. After an uneventfull day we force marched to get to the edge of another forest. In the early morning Gorin woke me up to draw my attention to something lumbering through the forest. A voice boomed out "Put those axes away, I don't like Axes". Gorin heeded these words and the creature left us alone. Another day and another forced march. We were within an hour of Wormingford and we were walking along the river when three large trapdoor spiders sprung out and attempted to pull us back into their lairs. I was bitten by one and grew weaker, I was already fatigued from the march, but was determined to make it to the town. we hewed down two spiders and the other retreated into it's pit. Now here we are and I'm hurtin'.

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Posted by dudebird - 2006/02/16 00:04

doesn't look like the images are working...

i also really like how cam and i both missed little things, but between the two accounts almost everything is there. journals rule!

so where's my bonus XP?

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Adventures in Judges' Guild's Wilderlands...

Posted by Ghenghis Ska - 2006/02/16 01:17

I think it is becuae they are in a password protected area.

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