

CHAPTER ONE: ANDOR



In the vast realm of Andros, where mythical creatures roamed and ancient secrets lay hidden, a group of young adventurers embarked on an adventure that would shape their destinies. Gregour, a 25-year-old half-human, half-dwarf, was an extraordinary figure, standing tall and sturdy, his body a testament to his mixed heritage. But it was his heart, a blazing fire of yearning for the unknown, that truly set him apart. His closest companion, Ja Phya, a mischievous 23-year-old Halfling, had a nimble frame and a quick wit. With a lute in one hand and a tankard of ale or mead in the other, Ja Phya lived for the thrill of each passing moment.

For a September afternoon it was quite warm out, with the sun shining fiercely upon the bustling market square with the sounds of the wind hollering like a faint beast in the distance as the winds come down thru the dragon spires, and sharp edges of dragon's crescent mountain. The market is bustling with throngs of spectators, Gregour enchanted by the mesmerizing fire magic and captivating music. With one of the most popular attractions being the "minotaur twins juggling act," just don't ask what they are juggling. It is as if the whole of the town is about the market square this busy evening. People from all over Andros

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make their way to dragons crescent for the exciting nightlife and to marvel upon the exquisite architecture and indulge in the exotic aromas that are wafting through the streets.

among the lively crowd were Gregour, and Ja Phya having strolled down from the grand Marcus avenue, finding themselves drawn to the vibrant energy of the shipping district's wharf. Their destination, being the renowned pub known as "captain Bly's and the sunken galley," promises a rowdy camaraderie and tales that would make even the most seasoned sailor blush.

before reaching captain Bly's. Gregour mumbles and shouts a few choice words in dwarfish as for it seems his trusty pocket watch suddenly went haywire much to his dismay.

puzzled and frustrated, he furiously tinkered with it, cursing in the ancient darvish tongue, causing both laughter and amusement from the onlookers. Gregour continued to muss around with his watch trying to get it to work, which only seemed to aggravate him further. So much in fact that more ancient dwarven words came flowing from his mouth. Then suddenly Gregour's attention was stolen when a young and beautiful half-elven woman, he noticed was chuckling at his antics. She was barely in her twenties, dressed modestly in street clothes with a hood covering her features. Despite the dirt smudged upon her face and hands, her beauty was undeniable. Her laughter and smile is both infectious, and contagious, so much so that with the enchantment of the moment, Gregour was compelled to join in and he too was now laughing. The young woman walked over laughing and giggling as she apologized and exclaimed that she could not help herself in laughing as he fumbled with his watch turning the entire scene into a comical spectacle. Gregour blushed as she introduced herself as Ziggy, a 23-year-old half-elf. Even though she was dressed in plain street clothes and her hood drawn one could easily discern that she was a beautiful girl underneath all the dirt on her face and hands.

Gregour introduces himself "Hi, I must look a fool, this dang ol' watch, I have grown quite fond of it since I found it a year ago when I first entered the city of dragon's crescent. My name is Gregour, and this here not helping of a friend and traveling companion of mine companion goes by Ja Phya."

The figure then turns around to point out to him he notices that his friend Ja Phya was all but a few steps from the door, At which point he turns around and says with a chuckle. "Friend you are wasting your time with that dang old thing, give it a toss and let us have ourselves a drink. Worry not for the time."

eager to get inside.

He rushed in yelling "surely there's a game of shells to be won!"

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Ziggy with eyes wide open as in to pretend she was shocked and then Smiled and said, "Well seems your friend appears to be quite thirsty." She laughed and said. "I don't suppose you should keep your young friend awaiting."

Gregour, feeling bold, offer's if he could buy her a drink, or two. And share in a conversation.

she pretends to give it some thought, then says I suppose a drink or two won't hurt" she smiles and adds "with jesting you in all, perhaps a drink shall indulge myself with a drink... or two. . . For your troubles of course, with your watch acting all hog washy in all, it would only be proper I suppose." She said with a playful smile. Gregour then fumbled his words but managed to get out a stuttered "yes" with a lofty smile." Good!" She exclaimed loudly, to get over the laughter an merriment off the room. Which seemed to be picking up as the night moved on. "then let us drink then, and perhaps you might share in a tale about this special watch of yours." She added.

"in fact, afterwards I may know of an old watch smith that could give it a look if you like, he is mostly an old tinker nowadays. But couldn't hurt " she shrugged as they entered Capt. Bly's right behind ja Phya.

ja Phya goes off to the shells table demanding ale from the bar maiden as Gregour finds a table for him and his new friend to sit at.

she explained that she was a street performer, mesmerizing the crowd with her graceful acrobatics and enchanting melodies. Her free-spirited nature and zest for life intrigued Gregour, prompting him to share the story of his beloved timepiece.

with a touch of nostalgia, Gregour recounted how he stumbled upon the watch a year ago upon his arrival to the city of dragon's crescent. It had become a symbol of his journey, a mysterious relic that seemed to hold secrets of the past. He laughed, " no, but seriously," Gregour said " I had grown fond of the watch and the sense of purpose it bestowed upon me. And in fact, the next day I then met ja Phya, and we been friends' sense."

"quite the tale " she expressed. So, the next morning when the sun was just barely up and a cold. Crisp chill. Was in the air.

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Ja Phya was awoken by Gregour's loud and quite un-rhythmic snoring. There was a fog in this morning air and when ja Phya had enough of the loud not so musical sounds of what would be Gregour's snoring. He decided to get up, quite annoyed, and unable to rest anymore. Ja Phya decided to head out. And see what the morning had in store for him.

At first, he made his way. Down to Capt. in Bly's. Which was closed. So, he wandered around the market square. Then he decided to head down to the river. And try his hand at fishing. It would make for a nice breakfast, he thought to himself. He was there for some time with no luck when an old hermit passed by and then proceeded to have a seat but a couple yards from ja Phya.

"what a chilly morning." Said the hermit. I do not suppose the fish are biting much" he added.

Ja Phya paid no mind as he continued to cast his line again in the cold, slow moving waters. And again. Before the hermit continued and said "yup don't suppose they are" he said again to himself but loud enough to annoy ja Phya some more. At which point he payed the hermit no mind and casted again, now the hermit began to whistle and quite loud for his age. Ja Phya casted again in the cold, seemingly empty river.

Finally, a little annoyed. "must you sit here, sir? I mean no disrespect, nor to be rude. But I am trying to get some well needed breakfast here!" Ja Phya explained. But the old hermit just continued to whistle his marry tune, then gave out a chuckle and laughed. "yup, when I was a younger man. You know I use to be quite the fisherman? And enjoyed it so. I acquired it when I was a younger man, of course!"

"of course!" Ja Phya added with a hint of sarcasm.

"ahh them where the days," said the hermit.

Both men then let out a long sigh... (different reasons of course)

"but that seems many a lives' ago." Said the hermit "yes, some time ago that was lad!"

"advice from an old man from a long-ago era! Try your luck back in an hour." He exclaimed "the sun will be a little higher and fish a little hungrier."

"but what do you know...? I am just an old hermit." He continued then let out a laugh that was quite loud and boisterous.

Next the hermit asked? "mind helping our out an old hermit?" He asked.

Ja Phya. A little annoyed, but obviously was not catching any fish exclaimed I suppose I won't be going to catch any fish this morning, so what? What can I do for you for sir?" Ja Phya asked.

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The hermit then explained. That he had terrible. Pain in his foot due to a rock. "it seems to be caused by a pebble in the bottom of my shoes!" He explained "and I just can't seem to get it out." He explained "please help an old man out! My hands are old, and not like they use to be, and my back is even older, as am I. This old hermit dares not. Walk any further with this menace in my boots. Please lad help an old man out!"

And with a sigh. Ja Phya said, "why not?" And with that he proceeded to walk over and lend a hand to an old hermit.

It took him no time at all to fetch the table pebble from the old man's boots.

"ah, delightful! Thank you, young sir. Then to return the favor" he said. "here is a map from an old man. I got this from a merchant travelling with a caravan some couple of years back. I was told it is supposed to lead to a great treasure. And I realize I am far too old of a man to go out gallivanting for some old treasure and adventures, perhaps a young lad like yourself with aid of some friends would find it to be of greater use!"

The hermit then handed the old dirty scroll to ja Phya

"surely a strong young man such as yourself. Could put it to greater use. "said the hermit

"thank you agai for helping out an old hermit ". He spoke

Now I must be on my way, and remember, in an hour or so, the fish should be biting regularly for your breakfast" he smiled and spoke. "good day to you ja Phya."

As you started to walk off. Surprised, eager, and curious to this newfound treasure map you had acquired you realized that you never gave the old man your name!? Ja Phya then snaps around to ask the old hermit how he knew your name but as you turn around to ask.... He was gone? That is most odd and peculiar you thought to yourself...

Deciding to give it no further thought, you hastened to head back towards town to show Gregour what you had acquired.

Once back in town. You have a closer look at this map and notice peculiar markings and runes on the pages that you are not familiar with. You head back to the inn to find your friend Gregour and to see what he makes out of it. But your room was empty... But Gregory was nowhere to be found. He thought, huh with that girl zippy again. Shaking your head. You proceed to look at the map further yourself to no avail. So, you decide to return to the market to see if you could find this "hapalap" Gregour

at this time, the streets now were starting to get busier, and people were starting to fill the market square once again, thou the temperature did not seem to warm much... As

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walked through the busy crowds in the square he paid no mind as he passed by his favorite watering hole "Cpt. Bly's" And headed towards parks district where you heard zippy was staying in a small inn there. When you reach the end of the market square you see Gregour and zippy.

as you approach Gregour and zippy they are laughing with merriment. When quite excitingly shouts out "hey Gregour, you will never believe what just happened and..." Ja Phya said.

"good morning, ja Phya! Beautiful morning, isn't it?" Gregour exclaims with a big smile

"at first... Hardly with your snoring that could wake a lich king from his slumbers and, no fish river with an old hermit making such a ruckus.... Never mind that." Ja Phya exciting says

Then as they approach, they look apoun each other ja Phya leans in and whispers "you never be leave what I found or should I say acquired from quite the annoying old hermit that oddly new my name but anyways look."

Ja Phya carefully unrolls part of a scroll that he carefully also tries to conceal.

after you woke me up with your loud, never ending ogre mating call of death snoring I decided to try and catch us some fish for breakfast, when..."

"nice. Where is this fish, I could eat a whole green slaad..."

"you ja Phya said hold your belly for a moment you big oaf. Look and listen. After some time with no luck to catch us some breakfast, with no luck may I add...! Such a quite loud, slightly rude, annoying, old hermit, decided to crash my fishing party "anyhow" he continued in a low and hushed tone of voice. "so, this hermit then needed help at any rate I most nobility like of me came to this elderly man's rescue and as a reward I was given this rare exotic from a faraway land treasure map.!" Ja Phya exclaimed, barely able to keep it all in from the excitement.

The man told me that the map belonged to some wealthy merchant and that at significant risk to his heath he a few years ago acquired said map and for saving his life bestowed it apoun me!!! Ja Phya said with a big Halfling smile

Gregory and zippy look at each other and then back at ja Phya

Gregour with raised eyebrow then looks back towards zippy before explaining "you most forgive my little friend; he tends to get excited and embellish details a wee bit"

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Gregour says. I do not mean to laugh or question, but. What is an old hermit down by the river? Doing with a great treasure. Just giving. Just giving it to you and for what?"

Zippy giggled and then asked with a smile?" Are you sure you did not have too much ale last night? And still a drunken?"

Gregour then chuckled and spoke! "yes, my friend, you were quiet, let's just say a lot on ups end to south my good friend..."

ja Phya more than a little annoyed said. I am not drunken. And I am quite sure, thank you. Very much!!"

So, the three of them headed back towards Gregour and Ja phya's quarters along the way ja Phya explaining in greater detail the full account of how he acquired the map/scroll and how oddly the old hermit knew his name...

"and that is why the old man gave it to me. He was simply happy to have the stone from his shoe. And then preceded to say that I looked as if I could use it with aid of friends." Ja Phya finished telling them as they approached the inn...

So back at Gregour and ja phya's room the three of them looked over the map for some time, not sure about the markings or their meanings because they seemed quite complex or old at the very least. They all stare with blank eyes when zippy says.

"I have seen these markings somewhere before... I just cannot put my finger on to when, what, and where. We could ask some of the merchant ship captains, surely one of them might know something!"

"most certainly not, why don't we just hand over our fortune to them!! Hell, they probably they will just share it with us...!" Ja Phya very sarcastically and firmly says

As more time passes, when suddenly Gregour announces I got it! Well kind of... He walks around to the other side of the map and points out a grey symbol in one of the corners, it was little worn and faint, but still legible, well kind of. Hey says. I have seen these kinds of marks before. I am not sure what they all mean, but this one is a key marking..." He goes on to further explain that this mark in conjunction

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with the mark of the tribe witch this map people made it together then unlock the meaning of the other three marks”

Then ja Phya piped in “yeah the other marks are longitude, latitude and depth” he explained. “but where did I see them?? I have seen it before. They are....”

and then he got real quiet, and even whiter to his face than normal for a Halfling.

He softly replies “these are the marks of the Githzetrai”

Now both ja Phya and zippy have very pale looking faces>> as Gregour swallows, he starts to say. “what?? You all look as if you just seen spectral!?? Or something”

zippy now says very quietly and ever so softly as if trying not to wake a sleeping owl-bear..

I too now recall haven seen these markings on a fishermen’s map of the Githzetrai people.

Ja Phya was not too keen about just showing and telling with the local merchants so they decided to try the towns library, due to a large donation from the mage’s guild a few years back at Dragon’s Crescent had a decent library.

and with that now deep in their minds they proceeded to walk to the library. After what seemed like hours. Gregour shouted. Little loud for library.” Over here I found something " zippy. Was like, ohh yes, I recall this now. So, there are three of them. Took their notes on what the marks meant. And kept them on a separate piece of paper. Now they had an idea where they were going. Spoke of a dead ghost town. Named La Roster To the east to the east. We must go then. You fire. Jack fire. Ja Phya add. Excitingly. The three looked at each other. Shrugged. Your shoulders. I said adventure we have. Zippy here. Join us. Gregory asked. Well, I would not miss this for the world. Real hermit, a secret map. Markings. Of the, Githzetrai, danger, adventure count me in boys. To the three of them. Headed to? The local general store. To grab a few things. They might need for their adventure.” Porches for sure we should grab. Should be explained. And Gregour said. And some rope should come in handy. To fire. On the other hand. Was I born? A new copper? Dagger. It sure beat the old rusty.

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The thing he has needed for such a long time now. It was going to cost him his last. Silver pieces. But they are about the original after this adventure, so why not? He thought to himself. So, after getting supplies. And a meal at the. Tavern. They headed out of town. Towards this. La Roster. And with that? The three were off. And none of them had any idea what was in store for them.

Under the canopy of a moonlit sky, Gregour, ja Phya, and Ziggy set forth toward the enigmatic village of la roster. They followed the cryptic map, whose origin was as dubious as the tales that accompanied it. It promised a journey fraught with danger and wonder, but also a treasure beyond imagination. Their path, marked by ancient stones and whispered lore, wound through the heart of the Antimaris forest, across the daunting peaks of the Seraphine mountains, and into the depths of ruins long forgotten by time. "are you sure this map is reliable?" Gregour asked, his voice low and wary. He was a sturdy and brave warrior, but he had seen enough of the world to know that not everything was as it seemed. "of course it is!" ja Phya exclaimed, his eyes sparkling with mischief and curiosity. He was a young and talented rogue, but he had a knack for getting into trouble.

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Add chapter 2 a pebble a hermit in a stone

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So they set fourth and started to follow the cryptic map, whose origin was as dubious as the tales that accompanied it. It promised a journey fraught with danger and wonder, but also a treasure beyond imagination. Their path, marked by ancient stones and whispered lore, wound through the heart of the Antimaris forest, across the daunting peaks of the Seraphine mountains, and into the depths of ruins long forgotten by time. And after awhile dah became night and with that the night air was cool and crisp, and the forest was alive with sounds and smells. Gregour could hear the rustle of leaves, the chirp of crickets, the hoot of owls, and the occasional growl of something larger and more sinister. He could smell the earthy scent of the soil, the fresh fragrance of the flowers, the pungent odor of the mushrooms, and the faint trace of smoke from their campfire. He felt a mix of excitement and apprehension, as he wondered what lay ahead. He had always dreamed of seeing the world, of having adventures, of finding treasures. But he also knew that the world was full of dangers, of traps, of enemies.

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He hoped that the map was worth the risk, that the village was real, that the treasure was more than a legend. He glanced at his companions, and felt a surge of gratitude and loyalty. They were his friends, his family, his partners in crime. They had been through a lot together, and he would do anything to protect them.

As they ventured deeper into the wilds, the bond between them strengthened. Gregour, with his stout heart and unyielding courage, found an unlikely kinship in Ziggy, whose street-smart wit and acrobatic grace proved invaluable. And ja Phya, ever the source of mischief and merriment, reminded them that even in the face of peril, one could almost find a moments of joy.

Yet, it wasn't all camaraderie and laughter. The forest teemed with life and danger; mischievous sprites led them astray with illusory paths, while the shadows hid malevolent wyverns, their eyes glinting with predatory intent. Each encounter was a test, a trial that honed their skills and resolve, for the road to LA roster was a gauntlet laid by the very land itself.

But it was not merely physical challenges that they will be facing but also the map, with its arcane symbols and cryptic annotations, whispered of secrets long buried. And a pacific but quite nasty guardian protecting it and mentioned of a medieval village that is hidden away from the prying eyes and lost 2 the world. And guarding the treasure ancient guardian of death a fallen cleric believed to be now undead, a lich...or so the story goes. Gregour thought to himself " a lost treasure that many have parshedly looked for and lured by tales of great fortune many died for and been had by none. What could possibly go wrong..."

As folk lore passed down through generations. And in one such tale, they learned of the artifact's true nature – an ancient and powerful relic that could bend the very fabric of reality to its wielder's will.

"are you sure this map is reliable?" Gregour asked, his voice low and wary.

"of course it is!" ja Phya exclaimed, " I got us this for did it not "

Ziggy rolled her eyes, and smiled. And said he has a point there."

Normally I would bother all this she thought for herself I would hey have got my 3 Piece's and be on my way, for I am a clever and agile thief she thought. Then laughed quietly out loud . She also had a soft spot for her new friends and especially Gregour."

She then asks "the eye of Andros, huh? And what is that supposed to be? A giant gem? A magic orb? A secret weapon?"

Ja Phya shrugged. I don't know. But Ziggy, you should know better than anyone. The value of a treasure is not in what it is, but in what it can do. And according to this map, the eye of

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Andros can do anything. It can change the world. It can grant any wish. It can make us rich and powerful beyond our wildest dreams."

Gregour frowned. He was a sturdy and brave warrior, but couldn't help but too feel this overwhelming sense that. What if this could destroy us all, or even worse, fall into the wrong hands! This eye of Andros thing could be a ancient and very powerful relic one that could possibly even bending the very fabric time or reality its self!! Do you really think we can handle such power? Or that anyone could..? Can we think to even trust anyone with it?"

Ja Phya waved his hand dismissively. "oh, come on, Gregour. Don't be such a killjoy. We're not here to save the world. We're here to have fun. And besides, we're not the only ones after the eye of Andros. Remember the corrupt sheriff? He wants the map too. And who knows how many others are on our trail. If we don't get to the eye first, someone else will. And then what? Do you want to live in a world ruled by goblins? Or worse, by that corrupt official who's been snooping around la roster? I don't think so. We have to get to the eye before anyone else does. It's our only chance."

Gregour sighed, but nodded. He knew there was no point in arguing with ja Phya. He was too stubborn and adventurous for his own good. But Gregour also admired his spirit and optimism. And he had to admit, he was curious about the eye of Andros too. Maybe there was something to it, after all.

"fine, at first dawn will go then," he said, gripping his sword. "but I got this really bad feeling about this. Who knows what awaits us at the end of the map."

Ja Phya grinned, and said " were ready for anything. We got this brother. " or so they thought for their comrades and skills were about to be tested. A band of goblins moving along the shadows leering behind the cover of trees and shadows was some nasty lil goblin bandits who were attempting to ambush them from under the cover of night. Their eyes gleaming with greed as they scurried from shadow to shadow keeping too behind the cover of the trees. When one of the shadows yelled out "give ussss the map and you may go free'ssss" the voice hissed the three of them looked upon each other with raised eye brows and said " fuck it" as they shrugged their shoulders and jumped up into stance. And in unison exclaim never!! As their blankets fell to the ground their hands arose with blades drawn as they made their way towards the cowering goblins hiding in the shadows. Being all three of them had ancestral traits that let them see quite well in the dark night sky. This slaughter should go quite well.

add high detail fight sequence (4x lvl4 goblin bandits,1 goblin bandit archer, and a lvl7 shiadd magic user. The shiadd what half life runs off into the woods and flees all the other goblins perish. <add high detail > to paint the audience's mind and imagination.###

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After a brief moment each covering the other's back, and as the dust settled and the fate of the three adventurers victorious slaughtering of a few goblins they thought. Perhaps fate maybe is on their side. The 3 of them inflicting massive amounts of damage upon their foes and thus turning the tide against their assailants would be assassination attempt. All the goblins laid dead apoun the forest floor and the slimy shiadd fleeing thru the woods. The groups bodies may have been a little bruised, but there spirits where charged and ready. So they sat there again by the fire, with there 1st battle together a total victory. They sat there confident but none the less weary of there adventure ahead. Ziggy then spoke up an said " I don't know about you guys but I'm so not feeling the rest thing shall we? Gregour and ja Phya both shot up and replied " lets do this."

and so with dawn a hour or two away the anxious bunch decided to be the early bird and head out towards la roster. As they made there through the woods the soon came upon a clearing that appeared on the horizon. The village harbored looked to have more just occasional bunny hoping threw it. There appeared to be 6sets of foot steps and rather freshly made looking thought the group. Amidst its cobblestone streets and quaint cottages,

unfurled.

so as our trio steps into the shadows of la roster, they do so with their heads held high. As they approached the village gate, they see a sign that reads: "welcome to la roster, the home of the eye of Andros." Then below it in blood says "enter at your own risk"

Chapter three: la roster and the unveiling of secrets

arriving at the village of la roster, the trio found themselves amidst a web of shady characters and hidden agendas. The air reeked of deceit, and danger seemed to loom more ominously than ever before. Through tireless investigations and unexpected alliances, they unraveled the truth behind the rumors that had brought them together. Ancient prophecies and forgotten civilizations intertwined, leading them to the sacred chambers. Legends spoke of unimaginable riches and immortality hidden within its walls as our heroes approached the fabled crypt, an unexpected adversary emerged from the shadows. A formidable lord, driven by greed and consumed by power, sought to claim the treasures for himself. Gregour, ja Phya, and zippy realized that their journey had been a carefully orchestrated path towards this climax. In a breathtaking battle that pushed them to their limits, our heroes faced their deepest fears and unleashed hidden potentials. The clash of swords and the crackle of magic filled the air, as they fought with unfaltering determination.

Chapter four: triumph and revelation

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As the echoes of the battle faded, our heroes stood victorious. The formidable lord lay defeated, his dreams of power shattered. The trio, battered but unbroken, ventured into the sacred chambers. The sight that met their eyes was beyond their wildest dreams. Treasures of unimaginable value glittered in the dim light, but what caught their attention was an ancient artifact, pulsating with a strange energy. As Gregour reached out to touch it, a surge of power coursed through him. A vision appeared before them, revealing the true nature of their quest. The artifact was not just a treasure; it was a key - a key to a power that could either save or doom their world. The fate of Andor now rested in their hands.

Chapter five: return to dragon's crescent

With the artifact in their possession, the trio made their way back to dragon's crescent. Their return was met with celebration, but the knowledge of their newfound responsibility weighed heavily on them. They knew their journey was far from over. The real quest was just beginning - to unlock the power of the artifact and use it to save Andor.