



Session 2 - Ga-al thunder claps

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🏷️ Tags	notes

Wake up to vapour coming out of each of our mouths. it freezin bois

We go down stairs, greeted by 🧑 Mr E

Mr E:" Morning, what would you like? Could I get you a menu?"

with a pause

Mr E: "Did you sleep well?"

🧑 Morte De Duende : "Reasonably"

Morte orders a cheese omelette (3cp).

Facinated with the occurances last night, attempts to summon more elaborate blades (knives, daggers, swords).Darryn was invested in the magic also, given a shiney obsession

🧑 Ga-Al "Spiritlifter" orders a hearty breakfast, and being considerably organises an ale for 🧑 Vidal Sunshield, The Horror-Tainted Soldier

🧑 Darryn follows 🧑 Badger- The embodiment of redemption to a man in the corner of the tavern. He appears to be slightly under the influence, with three empty tankers on the table. His attentions seems to be else where

Badger props himself on seat beside him

the Man: "What do you want?"

Badger, worrying for the man, thinking that the man may have lost someone in the attack last-night, poises himself as such.

Badger: "Early morning or late-night?"

Old Man : "It's bright outside!?" (in shock)

The man seems to have open wounds upon his leg from the attack lastnight.

Badger: "That looks quite bad."

Old Man: "I can't feel it"

Badger: "Thats not a good thing"

Badger asks to look at the leg, to see how bad it is. Upon closer inspection its fine, just medicine and rest to get rid of the infection. To quickly bid the issue for now, casts a quick charm to heal the man temporarily.

Badger puts his hands around his leg with subtle glow emanating off his palms. The blue tinge of infection away from the wound, and suggests that he should seek medical help.



Old Man: "Thank you, you are a noble fighter, and you to I suppose" (gesturing to Darryn)

Old Man: "I have a grandmother who disappeared last night, before the fight, I haven't been able to find her" (looking at his leg)


Badger: "You're grandmother? if you don't mind my asking" (seeing that he is clearly around 60 ,beyond the age of humans usual limit)

The old man explains that she was his nanny, and gives a general description of a Man-lish looking dwarf with a hunched back, braided grey bearded, and is roughly 200 years old. She had been on an apple picking expedition, but she was due back before today.

(rip nan nan)

Badger, giving his excuses, moves his way back to the bar. He witnesses as  Ga-Al "Spiritlifter" is attempting trying to persuade  Morte De Duende to read his book on mental health.

introductions

Morning Patrons enter into the tavern, now becoming late morning.  Bartholomu Melru the 4th sitting with a group off into the edge.

We leave, getting greeted and praised by the locals for the efforts of tonight. Badger being looked over generally. A young human child between Darryn and badger in height, farmer boy in looks with a brown tunic, uncut hair, speaks with them.

"You look so cool, I want to be just like ye guys"

Setting off into the woods, the beautiful greenery greeting their eyes. Morte, given the events two nights ago, is highly on edge. Wilted leaves of the winter just past, loom over us. The path most created by distorted shrubbery. The animals surrounding, birds and badgers, shift nervously with our presence.

After a short time, a clearing comes into view. A 4 person tent presents itself. Darryn, pre-emptively, runs up ahead. Caught in a stumble begins to see a horrific sight. Peoples items sprawled across the ground, and bodies covered in the gouges that come from sharp claws, teeth marks.

On Morte's inspection of the sight of the body, he sees that whatever attacked it, he can see that the jaws seemed to be off. Ga-al finds hairs and marks on the ground, around the 6ft male humans adorned with bows and strong armaments.

Darryn, opening the chest in curiosity, reveals a squelching noise. The dead body of mimic, brutally murdered. Badger, Morte, and Ga-al each recognise of this breed of being, knowing it tends to attack humans. Darryn, curious of the teeth lets the chest head fall back. Given this being a jaw and having have no muscle to work in favour of hold its position, the upper jaw falls back and rips off. Darryn takes some of the mimic's teeth.

Morte looking over the bodies still, sees on the wrists of each human the symbol of the three eyed gang, and it seems to be newer than the death itself. He recognises the body marks to be bites from chimeras. This seems peculiar to Morte, given his fey perception.

Darryn looking over the mimic, sees that it must've died to slashing attack. Looking over the items themselves, he quite easily finds a potion of healing, and the weapons owned by the heavily dead individuals.

Moving on, on the path, both Darryn and Morte see a bald, black cloaked old man in the distance. Morte, being brought by Darryn to be more attentive, leads to both of them seeing a treant moving close by. Walking past he looks friendly and the vibrations of his steps sending shockwaves in his wake.

Everyone sees a brown cloak on the floor, rather short in nature. Badger quick to notice claims that it might be the dwarven nan from this morning's farmer. It lays on one of two paths, with the other marked with a yellow cross on a tree. Badger picks up the cloak, ripping under the motion, looking for blood.

Ga-al searches for anything peculiar which could help detail the situation. With that he decides to move left onto the path the dwarven woman seemed to go

down also. Running into a bandet ahead, it had patchy brown hair (almost balding), a skinny broad

Bandit: "State ye business, and submit? Sumbit to the holy-one"

Ga-al: "the holy one?"

Bandit: "The three eyed one! The only one someone should submit to?"

Ga-al: "He sounds powerful, is he like, powerful or something?"

Bandit: "how about you come with me and find out? To the master?"

Badger: "how far do we need to travel to this master?"

The bandits arm wavers with the weight of the sword he waves around in front of us, seemingly very untrained. The sword itself looking new and fairly well crafted. Ga-al flatters the man and decides to follow the man. The bandit, uninterested in the attempts the rest of the party states that the rest shall stay. Darryn, curious by nature, decides to follow the pair.

While the three contemplate, the bandit is regaling to Ga-al about the perks of the clan he belongs to. Ga-al on the other hand is working to work out what the mans values.

"I value what the three eye man values. And he values monsters. But you'll find out this soon"

"Excellent"

"C'mon lets find this dwarf woman, she's been giving us the troubles the past night"

Ga-al, now worried, still being followed by Darryn, sees a woman laying on the ground up ahead. The group now walking behind attempting to remain hidden. A slash clear across her back.

Ga-al thinking quick on his feet, attempts to use a message spell to force the Bandit to hear a voice. That "voice" being a fake one by ga-al. He tells the man, baritoned in his tone, "Dont kill her, she's important"

Bandit "I wont master, I promise. That was the plan."

Ga-al: "Whats going on?"

Bandit: "You'll find out when your branded"

Ga-al tries to tie a weak not on the woman, hoping that the woman would be able to break free should it be necessary. The woman would realise later that this was unsuccessful

Each of the other members are attempting to sneak up, follow Ga-al and the bandit, holding towards a cliff edger, with a massive gash in the rock face. Leading towards a well adapted cave for living, and most importantly, defending.

An ork , taking the woman off Ga-al's shoulder, shows them the way in to their incampment.

Bandit: "we'll get you branded now, c'mon"

Ga-al "Is it going to hurt"

Jagged rocks line the walls, the members of these people living in mudded floors. Mostly humans, a few elves, all branded. In the middle of the first room you can see a cast iron symbol of the three eyes. In the room, as Ga-al enters, he sees 19 members.

In that moment, all the members move out the woods. Vidal, in a clumsy haze, trips and stumbles directly in view of the guards. They both turn and state "submit to the three eyes"

Vidal: "No" (foolish, hungover, confidence cover his smile)

Before a battle can begin, with the knowledge of a seasoned battlement, he notes that thes Orks infront seemed remarkably untrained. Darryn off in the distance to the side, having followed the pair as far as they could, notices that same thing.



Guard Battle

