

# The Last Sunken City

## ***Character Description:***

Your character is a human with a goal to be a scholar. Just retired after many years of working, your character is now ready to do something new with rest of their life.

## ***Character Stats:***

Strength: 3, Dexterity: 4, Intelligence: 6, Charisma: 8, Wealth: 1000gold, Health: 10

## ***First Mission***

Find and reawaken the slumbering turtle city known only in myths: Shellhaven.

## ***Mission Reward***

A seed from the First Garden on the moon—capable of growing into something mysterious

## ***My Story:***

My name is Alex Shepard. I Will be turning 60 years old tomorrow. That is important for a different reason. Tomorrows party will not just be my 60<sup>th</sup> Birthday party, but will serve as my retirement party as well. For the last 45 years I have been a fisherman working on Captain Hornblower's ship. I am not sure what it will be like not going to work, but I am sure I can get use to the idea. The only thing I don't want to do is sit and rot away. I know I want to do something worth wile. I just don't know what that is yet. I head into work for the last time. It feels unreal as the boat pulls away from Bellhorn dock. I think I am going to miss it after all.

## ***Ocean → Fishing:***

You pull up a fish with golden eyes and a strange marking on its side. The marking looks like part of a map. What will you do?

## ***My Story:***

The day started of well and I caught a good number of fish. As afternoon approaches the catch really starts to slow down. The captain attempts to find new waters for fishing but most of the effort is in vein. Eventually a few of us fishermen do catch a few more fish. As I look through my catch one fish in particular catches my eye. The fish has golden eyes and a strange marking on its side. The markings look like part of a map. It is hard to tell because the fish is still alive and flapping. I out of mussel memory start to take care of the fish, but then stop. Is this a sign, is this fish special or am I loosing my mind in my old age. I make a decision. I am going to keep this fish alive and figure out its secrets. What are they going to do fire me. The day was near a close anyway. I did not show the fish to anyone but offered to pay for it because I felt bad about the idea of stealing it, but the captain offered it to me as a last day gift. He asked me why I didn't kill it though. I just responded that I was planning on

keeping this fish as a pet and as a keepsake. That seemed to make the captain happy. So I left and walked home. After getting home I went to the local pub for a bite to eat. After I was done with the very good meal I ordered, I went up to the bar for a drink and asked the bar tender for the good word. He told me that the word wasn't very good at all. He threw a newspaper at me and I read, "Denstraw Sinks". No that can't be I say. I was a bit in shock and just decided to walk home. Before that conversation I would not have told you I had any particular strong feeling about Denstraw one way or another. I have visited a few times both professionally and in my own time, but I did not have any dear memories of the place. Now that it has sunk however, I can't stop thinking about my time there. What about the people who lived there? What about the people they left behind? Could this happen to Bellhorn as well. To my home and all that I have worked for?

I don't remember getting home or really about going to bed. Denstraw was still nagging at my mind. I felt a little silly because I didn't even lose anyone that I loved, imagine how those people must be feeling. Today is now Saturday, the day of my retirement and birthday. It seems I have overslept and now I need to get ready for the party or I will be late. I hear a splash from across the room. It's the fish from yesterday. I feed it and hop in the shower. At the party I will ask my friend Leo to have a look at him. Leo is retired too and has become a bit of a scholar. Since he retired he has been gazing up into the sky and wandering about what mysteries are up there. He even went as far as getting a telescope. He said it was to study the surface of the moon. I have not really had the chance while working, or truthfully the energy to ask him more about it. I fear asking him would result in a very long, very boring conversation and once I have opened that flood gate I am sure there is no turning back and he will talk to me about it every chance he gets. Maybe that's okay now. I am retiring after all. I have time. The shower is warm and I wish I could spend more time there but I don't want to be late for my own party. I get out and get dressed. I choose a button down shirt that my mother made from one of lots of my old worn shirts. Each piece is a different color. Formal but fun with a touch of sentimental, I like it. Anytime I wear it, it brings back good memories with her.

### ***Bellhorn → Tavern:***

The tavern keeper has a special task for someone with your... particular set of skills. Want to hear more?

### ***My Story:***

I finally manage to scramble down to the pub and into my party. Everyone was milling about talking and drinking. Truthfully other than the barkeep no one even noticed I had arrived. The barkeep waves me over and tells me that he has a job for me. I said really it is my party you know, what can I do for you? He laughs and says, but you're the only one who can do it. Everyone knows how you like to sing while you wait for a catch on the line. No one has figured out how you don't scare all the fish away when you do it. Maybe they like your songs as much as we do. Start up a song, that will get everyone's attention and get this party started. He passes me a drink and while I usually don't like to be the center of attention that was all the encouragement I needed to do something I love to do anyway.

*Oh, gather 'round me hearties, and listen close to me tale,  
Of Bellhorn, the seaside town, where the fish are always frail,  
But the ale is always strong, and the stories are always long,  
In this town of magic and wonder, where the sailors all sing a happy song.*

### ***Chorus:***

*Heave ho, me hearties, let the anchor go,  
In Bellhorn, we'll drink and sing, till the morning light does show,  
Heave ho, me hearties, the magic's in the air,  
We'll laugh and sing and drink, without a single care!*

*The cobbled streets are slippery, with fish guts and seaweed too,  
So watch your step, me hearties, or you'll be singing a different tune or two,  
The merchants sell their wares, with a wink and a grin,  
And the blacksmiths hammer away, making anchors to hold your ship within.*

**Chorus:**

*Heave ho, me hearties, let the anchor go,  
In Bellhorn, we'll drink and sing, till the morning light does show,  
Heave ho, me hearties, the magic's in the air,  
We'll laugh and sing and drink, without a single care!*

*The children laugh and play, in the fountain's splashy delight,  
Where the dolphins seem to smile, and the water flows with a merry little light,  
But beware of the town's magic, it's said to be quite sly,  
It'll make you buy a round of drinks, and then you'll wonder why.*

**Chorus:**

*Heave ho, me hearties, let the anchor go,  
In Bellhorn, we'll drink and sing, till the morning light does show,  
Heave ho, me hearties, the magic's in the air,  
We'll laugh and sing and drink, without a single care!*

*The castle towers high, with turrets reaching for the sky,  
Crimson pennants fluttering, as the sea breeze whispers by,  
The shipwrights build their vessels, with a skill and a flair,  
But sometimes they get it wrong, and the ships sail with a funny little air.*

**Chorus:**

*Heave ho, me hearties, let the anchor go,  
In Bellhorn, we'll drink and sing, till the morning light does show,  
Heave ho, me hearties, the magic's in the air,  
We'll laugh and sing and drink, without a single care!*

*So if you ever find yourself, in this fair town by the sea,  
Take a stroll down the cobbled streets, and breathe in the magic of Bellhorn, you'll see,  
A place where tales begin, and destinies unfold,  
And the townspeople will welcome you, with a pint of ale to hold!*

That definitely seemed to get everyone's attention. Half the tavern was singing along with me on the chorus and some kept singing the other lines despite not knowing any of the word. When the song was done everyone quieted down. Captain Hornblower then stood up and walked to the center of the room. "Those songs will be greatly missed on my boat, until the rest of my crew learns how to carry a tune. I am not holding my breath for that to happen anytime soon. Alex will be missed they are no questions there. He has served on my ship since it launched, but all good things must come to an end and Alex

has decided (or maybe his creaky old bones have decided) that it is time to move on. Happy birthday Alex and we will all miss you. You will always have a place on my ship, the Hornblower!” The room burst into applause. I thanks everyone for coming and then the barkeep brought out the birthday cake with 60 candles. Every laughed as it took me over seven minutes to try to blow them all out. In the end two of the candles burnt out before I even got to attempting to blow them out. Everyone ate and drank and slowly some people left and the party slowly started to blend back into normal tavern activity. I decided to stick around. I did the small talk thing with many of the guest but eventually settled at a table with a few of my closer friends who actually were all retired as well.