

## The road to Lammdon – Session the second 6 April 98

We rejoin our brave heroes as they gather in (surprise surprise!) the bar. They finally get around to finding how much this is costing them (5 sp per night, full board & lodging at the Adventurers Guild). Andrea wandered off to Alvin's temple to "pray back her dept" due to the Cure Light Wounds cast on her by Alvin. Obviously our dour Ranger doesn't want to owe anyone anything. As Alvin & Astra settled down to a late meal Galen, rather surprisingly, retired to his bedroom for a bit of sword practice! Given the modest size of the Guild lodgings this was a rather reckless exercise even for such a master of the blade as our "Lordship". If he makes it back in one piece he may find his Guild bill to be rather more excessive than he had expected. Come to think of it, the Adventurers Guild has become rather generous of late, letting a 1st level party out of the gates of Greyhawk before they've settled their bills. I suppose you must have honest faces. (Get well soon cards are received for Raven).

The next day at the crack of dawn the party assemble at the East gate (lucky guess) to meet up with their strange new friends. As Sereen's wagon gets under way the team, each in their own inimitable, fashion settle down to the journey.

Andrea scampered off in delight at the sight of the rural vista ahead and began to play about on the verges of the road, a process she describes as scouting ahead. Galen did his usual trick of lying around doing nothing.

Meanwhile Alvin is on the detective trail as he engages Sereen in polite conversation. Alvin steers the subject around to the scroll and is delighted when Sereen has no objection to his examining it. In a quiet corner of the wagon he casts Read Magic on the scroll with a negative result. A subsequent Detect Magic reveals a faint aura of a type of magic that Alvin is not familiar with. He is however confident that he can recognise what he takes to be Arcane magic in future. While Andrea cunningly traps and murders five little cute, cuddly bunnies, Alvin attempts to remember the form of the dwarvish scroll so that he can recognise it in future. Given his Wisdom he can be pretty confident that he would spot a forgery of this particular scroll. He returns it to Sereen.

Up ahead skulking in the bushes (with the blood of many small forest creatures staining her hands) Andrea spots a wagon heading in the opposite direction to the party. There followed a splendid confrontation between an innocent market trader who didn't see why he should get out of the way for this bunch of yuppies and their band of toiled up Adventurers with an outsize wagon. Andrea (stretching her alignment) was apparently considering stretching the man's neck as she crept menacingly up behind him (incidentally avoiding detection rather expertly). Before she could decrement the forest population by yet another life, Alvin hit upon the bright idea of getting Tooroot to charm the Wagon driver. The poor fellow suddenly found himself persuaded by a talking owl (and a couple of silvers) to get his small manoeuvrable wagon off the road far enough to let Sereen's behemoth past. Tooroot's fan club has another new member.

Continuing onto the small market town of Lammdon (pop approx. 200) the party put up at the local inn at Sreen's expense.

Relaxing over a few ales and wines, which while not up to Galen's elevated tastes, were still good honest fare, our heroes resume their usual pastime of arguing with each other. Alvin thinks it's a great idea to purify the land by purging a few evil scum from the face of the Flaeness but apparently the others are in for the money. Later when Galen points out the foolishness of Andrea's plan to forage for food in what he presumes will be some sort of tomb, she loudly accuses Galen of Dwarven ancestry which causes "his highness" to flounce off to bed in a huff. Astra is meanwhile trying to pump the Landlord for information but is interrupted by a disturbance behind her as a cowed figure fails to pick Alvin's pocket and legs it for the door. Astra calls upon her magical power and a sleep spell speeds toward the thief but lands late as the door is still swinging. The party were having so much fun that they failed to check their pockets to see whether our friend had been successful earlier. What the hell, the night passes peacefully.... hic!

The next day Alvin & Astra re-memorise their spells and the party sets out toward the North. Sreen lets Alvin have a go at driving and he seems to get the hang of making it start, stop and go in a straight line.

Sociably foraging 200m ahead of the party, Andrea decides its time to slice up a woodland animal so slips wraith-like into the dark forest. The hungry Ranger happens upon a poor wounded red squirrel with a nasty thorn embedded in its paw. Silence descends upon the forest as Andrea unsheathes her dagger and strides confidently to the helpless creature sizing it up for the spit as she goes. "hmm, maybe with Rosemary and Onions over a slow fire," she muses as she bends to pick up the small, soft, doe-eyed animal. Their eyes meet and the helpless squirrel fails its Ranger saving throw. It is utterly charmed by this short, plain half-elf. Andrea testing the dagger places the blade against the squirrel's throat. The squirrel looks up at her trustingly as Andrea lets the blade drop to the ground. She finally realises that in a world where she has nothing but contempt for her fellow creatures she needs to be loved. Besides red is her favourite colour and she can still cook it and eat it later if she's ever really hungry. She returns to road (with slightly smudged mascara) and resumes scouting ahead with her newfound friend.

The rest of the morning passes uneventfully and at the lunch stop the party avail themselves of Sreen's abundant supplies.

Around mid-afternoon the party encounter a large river. The view ahead on the far side is blocked by a high rising bank but the party can make out a path snaking up from the bank. Andrea strides off confidently and quickly identifies a ford which looks as if it will be ok to cross. The water is about 1 – 2 feet deep at this point but is flowing very rapidly. Plunging merrily into the maelstrom our expert in the ways of the country gave a demonstration of white water tap dancing as she failed dexterity roll after dexterity roll while attempting to cross the ford. Fortunately she didn't dice out badly enough to fall but it did take a few minutes before the rest of the party could compose

themselves enough to call her back. They of course had just asked Tooroot to fly over and have a look. Andrea returned faultlessly with what remained of her dignity.

Both Andrea and Tooroot had seen a range of three peaks, maybe 2 hours travel away. The team decide to cross with the wagon and Andrea using her Ranger abilities and horse(wo)manship rides the first horse in the wagon team which calms it considerably. The Wagon crosses with no problems, its weight and solid construction actually aiding the passage over the rocky river bed.

Tooroot flies ahead to scout and the party find a relatively open area in which to camp. The trees on this side of the river are closer together and it looks like a dense forest develops further up the track. Tooroot has a scout around and finds nothing unusual. While Alvin assists Sereen as he looks after the horses Astra and Galen loosen up with some weapons practice. Andrea creeps off to kill more bunnies despite there being abundant food at the camp site as Alvin starts up a roaring fire.

Since we're in the middle of the wilderness, real civilisation as Andrea terms it, a watch is set with the following rota...

Andrea	2200 – 0000
Astra	0000 – 0200
Alvin	0200 – 0400
Galen	0400 – 0600

Alvin arranges that Tooroot (who doesn't need much sleep) will visit each watch and do a bit of nocturnal scouting. Tooroot says this will be fine once per watch.

Andrea's watch passes uneventfully and she hands over to Astra. Who hears the sound of Wolves howling. When Tooroot arrives she sends him off to track them which he does successfully for a time but eventually loses them. When he returns he reports a large pack who are following what appears to be a hunting pattern and they are heading this way.

Alvin takes over the watch at 0200 and after a short period of eerie silence two large wolves burst from the treeline and hurtle flat out toward him, jaws slavering in anticipation as they bear down on the un-armoured figure before them. Alvin stands with his back to the fire and making a rapid series of magical gestures, mutters a brief chant and with a defiant shout releases a clashing stream of brilliant colour at the creatures. The colour spray spell hits the Wolves full on at point-blank range! Due to their unusually large size (and thus high Hit Dice) they are not stunned, however both are blinded and careen off howling and whelping in terror as they crash into trees and undergrowth. The howling and yelping is taken up in the distance but subsides within 30 minutes or so. The rest of the party are quickly up and about but turn in again after the howling dies down.

Galen's watch passes uneventfully and he sits by the fire lovingly polishing the loaned magical sword as the dawn breaks on a beautiful spring morning.