

The story of Chi Si Chen (Autumn Silver Reed)

Chapter 27: Intermezzo (3rd ride of Mirtul 1370)

When we returned to the coach, the Sergeant stood outside with a flustered look on his face. The druid who sent us to take care of the Ogre problem was rummaging through our special books! He clearly understood what it was, and decided to ask his god to help us in this venture: he put the Manual alone in the chest, then took the circlet from Grimwald – proclaiming that its use to us was rapidly becoming none – and infused it with snow, moss, leaves, and earth. It grew and expanded until it fitted around the chest. From that moment on the chest felt like an ordinary chest we were just using, nothing of importance. I *knew* what it contained, but it felt... mundane. Except Grimwald, the others now totally ignored it, although Cuura kept using it as her seat.

We left, one enemy richer, although he likely will not know till two months have past. We have closed the secret entrance, perhaps we will be able to return with somebody that will cleanup the place. Grimwald had been busy making sketches of a complex armor, but suddenly he concentrated on weaponry. Time? Material to be had? Opponents that need custom solutions?

We traveled on, longing for a bed, a bath, and different food, until we finally reached Nashkel. It's a town, not a city, and a fairly small one at that. We were greeted by a sergeant with several men-at-arms, who told us the rules. We were lucky: a fair would be held shortly, but we had arrived before most, so we could still get a place at the inn. Nethander paid for all of us, Kendalan preferred sleeping in the coach, Grimwald got access to a smithy, and Felina failed to get to talk the the mayor who was the man who could give us access to cold iron. Zhae heard about a tournament and practiced some more while Cuura was busy pampering the horses – not a bad thing, mind you.

Next day Nethander had a run in with the rather spunky daughter of the innkeeper because he had used his darkness on Noob, the village idiot. The only reason Nethander acted thus, it turned out, was that Noob talked continuously and Nethander could not get rid of him any other way.

Grimwald made several handful of special bolts and arrows, some silver weapons, and a rather beautiful looking shield for Cuura. The stallion is rather angular, but the expression of speed and strength is beautiful. I just worry about him wanting to look for a dwarven tower that has a rather nasty local reputation.

The most interesting part of the tenday was meeting a Harper. She masks herself as an woman crazed by grief, but she's smart and well informed. She gave us some pointers in acquiring goods, and baked really nice cookies. When I have time I need to talk with her some more.