

# The story of Chi Si Chen (Autumn Silver Reed)

## ***Chapter 54: Feelings or Thought (2<sup>nd</sup> ride of Elesias 1370)***

It was to be expected, but all these riches put a bit of a strain on the group. Nethander and Felina on one side (let's strip the place), Grimwald on the other. Then Kendalan intervened. No stripping. He seldom made decisions , but when he did, we all listened. He turned back from having repaired the wall, and picked up a short sword, lying between the fallen skeletons. It has a kind of red hue, and a unfriendly aura. Not *evil*... Just aggressive. Didn't know what it was, but it felt correct for him.

We decided to take one of the side doors, to a weird apparatus. It made noise, but Felina figured out it could make music. The sounds were odd, but the rhythm... I can learn from this. While I puzzled on how this odd mixture of music could help me keep my magic in balance the others continued to a rather grizzly trophy room: skeletal heads told about their history. We tried to rest. The hourly cries made true relaxation impossible, but at least the muscles feel better. Afterwards we used some of the 'medicine' Nethander had bought from the gnomes. It cleared up our heads – Grimwald and Cuura of course did not need it – but I was sure that using it often would be bad.

A pool of lava with a bridge, a fire elemental also being there. Zhae talked Ignan! We gave the elemental some nice, burnable, snacks and it let us pass unmolested. The room was still sweltering hot, though, but the door on the other side opened quickly – the trap on it no match for Felina's skill.

We found ourself in a tomb. An unexpected thing, it seemed like they had rebuild a personal chamber. On the tomb lay a heavy armor, as solid as a rock. The slightly greenish sheen reflected in Grimwald's eyes as he told us it was made of adamantite, but it had been cursed to be its wearer's doom. It was clear that our dwarf wanted some time here, so I sat down in a corner and continued in the Book, while Felina, Nethander, and Zhae continued. Both Cuura and (oddly) Kendalan stayed with Grimwald. I heard them discuss some features with Kendalan trying to get a point across. Our elf knowledgeable about armor? Indeed it looked like he taught our dwarf something. Grimwald the claimed it, resulting in his own armor to disappear! Definitely a curse.

We were trying to come to grips with this, when Felina came sailing in, having the most odd look on her face. Only flowergirls looked like that. She draped herself over Grimwald – Kendalan and Nethander almost unconsciously keeping distance – and Zhae came in too, a kind of flustered look on his face. Grimwald tried to use a rope to keep her at a distance, but she used it to bind herself to our smith. Exceedingly odd. Then her face turned shocked, she stepped out of the rope like it wasn't there, and sat down in a corner looking severely shaken. I tried to help her, a weird poison overcame her mind. Important was that she felt guilty, disgusted that the drug had used her. It was not difficult to forgive her. Zhae, of course, kept looking foolishly.

The room, or trap, responsible for Felina's actions looked *extremely* comfy. So this is what those flower-houses look like. We continued swiftly, to discover an opposite room: a totally trashed place of worship, its half a dozen shrines ruined. With my general and Grimwald's specific knowledge we were able to repair things to an acceptable state. Clearly this was the proper action because a wall slid aside, showing the way on.