

The story of Chi Si Chen (Autumn Silver Reed)

Chapter 81: Encounters with a past (Feast of the Moon/Nightal 1370)

Although Grimwald had gotten better in his social skills during the past year, he still was more than capable in ignoring little details which did not match his expectations. I never considered the fact that I should have told him that the Feast of the Moon was nearing and that it was considered a bad thing to continue crafting things over that day. One should be finished before, and start afresh after. As he was totally incapable of doing nothing, he instead started to make a shopping list filled with all the materials he was convinced he still needed.

Of course our master smith cannot understand Kendalan's (and my) reluctance to wear metal armor – Kendalan prefers to do totally without, and I haven't yet discovered something which feels natural enough. After pruning down the list to more manageable levels, I start canvassing the city. A few merchants came in before the true winter storms would hit us (it would get worse?!), which was good as most locals had a tendency to lock their doors when I came by.

At least the weather is kind of pleasant, only a soft breeze with a watery sun.

Then I picked up a rumor that one of the Twelve was present in the city, a gold elven warrior called Ontifil. His reputation was a dark one, although none accused him of breaking any laws. He was a Guardian of Evereska, known to rip enemies of said realm apart with chain and magic. It took me quite some time to find this out, and it also meant I wasn't where people expected me to be...

When I arrived at the smithy Zhae was there, and when he saw me he scooped me up and ran off. Not the most subtle of moves, but my joy of him finally acting was soon dampened by the fact he neither ran to our abode nor to one of the main temples. Instead he moved to the barracks and entered a building I knew to be a courthouse. What had happened? Had a merchant felt so angry that he objected to the price we had agreed? Or did he want a judge to preside?

To my regret it wasn't the last option, but Felina was there, accused of some jewelry theft more than a year ago in a land called Cormyr. It seemed I was too late to help, as the judge had already requested the name of Felina's defender, and our dwarf had accepted that heavy load. We waited for the accuser to arrive, so I inched closer to Felina ask what had happened. Before I could do so, however, a slightly befuddled looking elf arrived and he pointed out me as the guilty party! I was so shocked I did not know how to respond, but it seemed the judge did not like the action at all, so he acquitted Felina, while banishing the elf from the city for bearing false witness.

I can hardly believe what happened? A problem that solved itself? There had to be a deeper one, unseen.

Returning to our house it turned out Cuura and Kendalan had been influenced by this unexpected occurrence as they usually were: not at all. They had prepared a feast of food and drink, and I almost felt the urge to join the festivities by drinking some wine. That would have displeased the spirits, so I managed not to do so, but it again showed me the power that a group had over its members.

Then Ontifil arrived. That was a surprise for me! And what was more, Cuura again showed her uncanny knack for saying the right thing and acting in the right manner. He clearly was ready to be insulted, almost itching for a fight, yet she managed to be a proper host, and have him act like a proper guest. It was a pity many of the other present were overwhelmed by his aura and felt the need to leave. I would have liked to listen in when he spoke with Zhae and Nethander, but I would need to wait. They would surely tell me the important parts.

Human female Paragon/3, Wu-Jen/1, Naturalist/3, Ancestral Hierophant/2