

The story of Chi Si Chen (Autumn Silver Reed)

Chapter 91: Camp safety (1st and 2nd ride of Ches 1371)

Something I never expected to happen became true: I had joined an army. We were 'instructors', yet they never truly explained to me what we needed to instruct, nor were my commanders informed. I tried to not to boast so I informed the sergeant who commanded the 10 men squad of pike men to which I was assigned that I knew a bit of magical healing, could make music to enhance the men's fighting spirit and had some fire magic. He send me to the lieutenant, who assigned me to a staff class. There I learned signals so I would be able to see what was expected of our unit and report our status and progress. The physical heavy training I was allowed to skip - I didn't even need to tell them I could fly.

In the evening I prepared for such eventualities as I could. I sold the headband, amulet, and both wands, while I searched for a mage capable of crafting complex items. Neverwinter is mage friendly, plus the fact that I was a member of the army helped – even if I had no name or decorations. I put a lot of energy in enhancing the golden head-comb I had found in Nashkel's mines. To enhance my spiritual power was one thing, but almost as important, it allowed me to recall some magical energy spend while having various innocent shapes. The mage I worked with convinced me to buy a spell called *Leomund's hut*. Very useful indeed as I harassed a carver in making an image of Guan Yin from a narwhal horn, inlaid with mother of pearl. Perhaps I could have asked Grimwald, but to ask a priest of another faith... No. The first enchantment I laid on it was perhaps not the one I would have chosen if the situation had different; I hoped my Lady of Compassion would forgive me as I poured in the music that would enhance a fighters focus, and strengthen their resolve. In the last few evenings I had to ask Nethander for some funds, but the pouch I made will make the lives of many easier.

Ches had not yet begone, when we left Neverwinter for the High Moor. The first leg of the journey was icy cold and I asked Guan Yin mainly for the power to *endure the elements*. We reached Waterdeep, but we did not stop as the muster of that army had not yet been finished. Temperatures rose slightly as spring slowly caught on and we traveled south. The army was slow, even though the marching speed was adequate. I was sure Kendalan was bored out of skull by the slow and uneventful progress. Then again, elves were resistant against the passage of time. I saw the others occasionally. Zhae was preparing again. To much focus...

Past Ardeep forest where I could still hear the faint tones of elven music long gone, crossing the river Desassar in a little village trying to become a big town called Daggerford. Closing on the High Moor we marched past the Misty Forest, a place feared by those passing, as the elves living there forgave no intrusion. It took me a while to make contact with them. They had little knowledge outside their home, but I made them aware of our intentions, and I hopes they looked at us friendlier than before. But to expect help from that quarter is likely to much to ask.

South of the forest we turned on the Moor. If we had walked but a day more south we would have arrived at princess Iliana's tower. Yet the season had not yet turned to that time when we had walked there, so we would probably need to wait some more. Speed dropped considerably as we shifted to marching battle formation. The ground was uneven, wet, with occasional fire eruptions from swamp gas pockets. Here I could assist, as did Kendalan and Cuura. Finally we reached a low hill and built a camp to wait for the other units to arrive. Shameful to admit, but I hoped I wouldn't be picked to dig latrines.

In the middle of the night the alarm is called. I rush outside and spot some goblins trying to sneak through the camp destroying equipment and torching. Some hints of wolves are present too. How did the guards not notice? A goblin I could understand, but wolves? I thing discovered a lack of preparedness: I had no spells that would work on several enemies when I was surrounded by friendly, but inexperienced, troops. I pinned a group of goblins with a *spike growth*, then gave Guan Yin's blessing to a group of archers that was jumped on by a wolf

pack. I wasn't sure what to do, so decided to err on the side of caution as my spike growth was clearly a double edged sword. Cuura came charging by and I focused on healing and forcing the pinned goblins to surrender.

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