

Felina's scrawls 133

Breakfast... too early... or was it too late last night. Again. Much planning to do. We have contacts with some of the fractions present in this town. But we need more. We have to get ahead of the forces disturbing the festivities. What's that? More disturbances. Oh, just the cow... bull... entering the inn... sigh.

So... Bear said to Kendalan that Rock said that Grimwald wants to talk to Felina...

We follow Rock to farm just outside town. Whoa! What is that girl wearing? So animal... so savage... so not Shou Lung! I'd like to have an outfit like that for some occasions. When she starts talking she reminds me of something else... So Cuura....

Grimwald in the meantime is terrorizing the farmer. After I made clear we want to rent the barn instead of rend it and we are not going to feed the farmer to the lizard this problem is solved. This was the easy part.

I do wonder what Grimwald has with savages. But then again... do I really want to know... I think it will make me afraid of myself.

Reed started already to transform the savage to a more local look. As long as she does not speak... we will get her into town. Miss savage tells her story and that she is in need of an eye of the tiger. My thoughts drift away and recall the memory of the eye I had... sniff...

My primary plan for today is gathering some more information. The dilemma is this. If I keep the party complete I will never be able to get information whatsoever. If I let them wander through the city alone... I do not dare think what might happen.

Well... what has happened is that the savage has made a fool out of herself while showing her sword skills. That is a great opportunity to bet on her.

Also Kendalan did not shoot straight with his new over-sized, overpaid, over estimated bow. That is opportunity number two.

That leaves me with an other dilemma. Should I be an example for the party and also show my skills and participate in a contest. Some part of me likes that. Likes to be in the center of attention. Likes to shine. Likes to win. Likes to be the best. Likes to be famous.

Some other part of me still likes to win.... but by pulling stings behind the curtains. Being there invisible. Invincible.

The act of being a noble woman banns me from most of the fighting... But the feeling keeps nagging...