

Felina's scrawls 42

The next morning we took our horses and left Nashkel. Too bad... still too much to do, but then again; there still is the urge to move on. Is it something with a box? Is it the adventuring spirit? The paranoia of being followed? Something else?

At least Rebecca is still joining us. I am glad she is coming with us for she also will be lacking the relative luxury we had. She is a little quiet lately and I have to find out if something is bothering her.

Robin has settled comfortably in her familiar pocket but she is also not looking forward to this trip. Another who is not happy is Grimwald. He keeps complaining about his new pony.

Anyway. When we only just left town a group of wizards teleports in front of us. Red wizards. Accompanied by some fighters. One of them steps forward and states they want the box. As I take this leadership thing kind of serious I also step forward and do the talking. Although I do have a slight recollection of this box I am not really sure what they want. Quit puzzling!

What I do know is that we do not stand a chance fighting them. They look as if they are master of a school of magic each. When I start to bluff our way out a crow lands and changes into an old woman. This could only be the sorceress-ruler of Aglarond, one of the chosen of Mystra! Also known as The Simbul. At least the red wizards are impressed and teleport out. They better because she alone keeps the red wizard from attacking Aglarond.

Great! Now we have major red wizards on our tail! Next to the black network and who else is following us at the moment. The Simbul warns us that the cloaking magic on the box is wearing off. We have about a season to reach Candle Keep or else the whole world might be after us. She also points our route for there are places where scrying is difficult like the dwarven tower and an old wizard school. The last part we will have to race though.

Before she leaves she looks at Nethander and calls him "puss in boots". Grin. I think it will take a while to get rid of this mental picture. On the other hand I am not with happy with this much powerful people having an interest in us. But, on another other hand, this powerful people are a way to reach the top.

When we make an attempt to continue our journey Kendalan (who else) spots a fire in the forest. And another... someone is destroying our forest! We quickly go to take a look.

A warmage and a couple of bugbears were doing their best to demolish the trees. Within seconds we form a plan. In short: charge.

The plan: Nethander and I race towards the warmage to finish him off in close quarters. Kendalan will shoot on him while we are getting there and the others distract him by killing the bugbears. Rebecca will stay back a little with the pack horses.

Good plan! With some slight flaws like the time we needed to get close to the warmage for example. The others had to endure some nasty magic. Another setback was the fireball that almost killed my horse. Luckily we had healing bandages.

When the horse dropped after the fireball I feigned my own dead convincingly. After that I turned invisible and raced to get close. Nethander should be there by now and I do not want to let him face the warmage alone. Even though Reed was flying by also to get to the warmage.

When I get there Reed has swapped places with Kendalan and several arrows stuck out of the warmage. I prepare to shorten a presumed long battle by casting a bladeweave spell. A strike from Nethander and me drop the warmage. Somewhat disappointing actually. And this battle was too short to test my new spell.

Kendalan and Nethander hurry back to help the others to fight the bugbears. The bugbears seem to be mind washed and are beyond restoration. We only help them by killing them. I linger a little and search the warmage for something handy, like a device to control the bugbears for example.

Out of nowhere comes a monk like figure with a big sword running towards me. At the end of his charge I draw a hidden blade and stab him where it hurts. When I look at my opponent this close I notice he is a follower of Shar... damn. Almost forgot that one. My fellows notice what is going on and come to the rescue.

Reed casts a blindness spell from a distance. Damn again. He does not seem to have any trouble fighting blind. And he is safe for my spell as well. I fool him with another trick when I am hiding behind my cloak. This is only

working partially for at least half of his attacks hit me. In the meantime he also stops Nethanders' and Jays' charge. But, with combined efforts we finish this one of as well.

Then I drop... With the adenaline rush gone I notice how severely wounded I really am. Reed and Kendalan hurry to cast a vigor spell. This was close. Too close... I really have to take better care for myself. I am not a fighter, now am I? Now I even ended up with a huge sword. What am I going to do with it? It is way too heavy for me to wield...

Still I think we did well... We had a plan (sort of) and we worked as a team (more or less). And the world got rid of a little bit of evil. The (our) forest is saved.

Now that we are still this close to Nashkel, can't we go back and have a warm bath...? They won't expect that now won't they?