

Felina's scrawls 58

The time in the Gnomish city was... busy... eventful... full of live... but can somebody explain why dwarven rituals have to be boring and uncomfortable? It is all about the proper feeling and intent, now is it not? Well... I guess I had the proper feeling and intent after some redecoration of the smithy.

And of course there was the design of the blade... I do not have strength like a giant... It is supposed to be a slender blade... Made for fancy movements and precise thrusts... and easy to hide... and yes, you *are* supposed to be able to wear the blade on your head... without cutting yourself! Have you ever seen a blade dance where they did not balanced a blade on their head? Can it be black? Can it have cat like engravings? Can it have a soft grip? Can it...



Luckily there are also other things to do. Like making a new padding for my chain shirt... By making it from the displacer beast skins it must be possible to enchant it in a way the displacement works for the armor as well.

At last there is some time for studying. It seems like ages I went through the basics of casting and thought about improvements... advancements... think about I want to be able to do...

Thinking about the recent events in the tower... should I have changed something in my personality? My qualifications? My skills? There is nothing a proper spell would not achieve... and changing it permanent... I do not know... I do not think I am fully satisfied with myself... but at least I know how to handle things the way they are... and live with it... At the end it is all about the inside... but then again... should it not be nice to be able to... nah!.. or... things to discuss with Rebecca... and Reed if she is not occupied with her book...

Party members have changed... At least some on the outside. I wonder what has happened to the inside... time will tell on this matter. Too soon it is time to leave this place. Our enemies must be close... We are so not finished with our work here... but we have to leave.

And then a druid appears and summons Reed and Kendalan. Great! Still we have to go... Reed and Kendalan will be able to travel faster than us. They will find us.

The village is barely out of sight or we spot a pursuer already. Cuura and I set up a trap and we capture him easily. Just a kid. Still... he is hired by mercenaries who are hired by the red wizards. Probably. We take his horse and weapons and let him go.

Later on a demon finds us. A vrockish demon it is. Flying and screaming with a stunning effect. And things start to grow out of our skins. Or into. Yuck! Luckily he is not able to summon more of his kind. One is a challenge enough! and with a mirror image there are too many of this one. Still we manage to defeat this one... And the skin disease disappears again.

We make camp and think we are more or less concealed. The horses still are difficult to hide. Soon we notice we are surrounded by mercenaries including the kid we let go before. They are circling on horse around our camp. I become invisible and sneak up to their leader. When I am close arrows start flying by. The leader shouts "the dwarf" and I hear arrows find flesh.

I take my immovable rod and use it as a step to jump on the leaders' horse. Alas my first attempt to hit him where it hurts fails. Then a stinking cloud surrounds us. And before I can stab the leader again he disappears... *disintegrates!* It seems we have a new friend. A mage from unther. And a powerful one.