

# Kendalan's questions

## *Chapter 1: Unlikely companions*

I met this harper man. Weldin. Old for a human, too much like animals, too little like trees. He said he knew others like me, I wonder what type they are. A wood burning dwarf male, a horse crazy human female, a poor half-blood female who liked (!?) cities, and a human male warrior who understood less than I did. Are these companions? The elders know more than I do. Wait and see. Then somebody magicked in. Human female, but why do I feel some affinity? Oddly clothed, and spoke the same language as that warrior. We are to find out why caravans disappear. I wonder why too.

Trade is something weird, but the strange female understood. Will I ever? We bought things the others needed to survive then left. No idea where we go, are they going to tell me? So I walk last. At least it is quiet there, as the dwarf talks. And talks. And talks. Will he ever stop? Some state how we should fight. Why should I speak? Collect questions first, answers will come later.

We camped in the ruins of a human tower, the kindred woman heard something. She woke up the others, while I scared them off. The dwarf was angry – should have killed, he said. I don't know where we have to go, so now I could track, but trail is bad. So maybe next time I'll just shoot those goblins?

This land is lost to the elves. I can taste the sadness. Can the others? Some orc trailed us, so I shot it as the horse woman made lots of noise somewhere else. Did that satisfy the dwarf? No. More questions.