

Norbert's Notes **Inside outside (137)**

In which the excitement of adventure nearly gets the best of me

"I killed 25 kobolds!" I hear myself yell, the adrenaline still pounding through my body.

The others, neither impressed nor concerned, meet my excited yelp in silence. But they weren't there! They didn't check a door for wards and traps, carefully open it, bit by bit, peaking through, just to get a glimpse, only to find a veritable horde of snarling, savage, mutant kobolds, charging them head-on.

And yet, I need to control myself. Why did I follow my worst instincts? Literally? *I had cast them out for a reason*. Yet there they were. I had just made a dangerous climb to the rooftop of an abandoned, cursed tower, which sent off some sort of malign aura killing all plant life. Caution was called for; further experimentation, to see whether any curses or traps or illusions were at work. I threw a rat at the problem, to be sure. But where was my patience after that? When my over-adventurous Psicrystal broke the spell and jumped on top of the tower rooftop, rushing in, I had to follow. At some level of consciousness, I must even have been urging it on.

And then, the battle with the Kobolds. My life; truly the adventurer in me has awoken...

Well, at least we found a way to the others, with Kendalan drilling through the wooden ceiling with some sort of energy lance. And just in time, as it turns out, for they were battling a group of foes far more formidable. Undead, both corporeal and incorporeal, assault them, and even possess poor Cuura. Trapped in a hole beyond the ceiling, all I can do, at first is spectate. The creatures' leader, seeing his chances turn with our arrival however, calls out a word of power, and the pool behind him explodes, radiating decay. Fortunately, I do not swallow nor breath in any of it, nor do I get any significant amounts on my skin. Nethander finishes the job, but with its dying breath, the shade curses Grimwald! I feel for the dwarf. For all my reservations, whether fighting kobolds or undead, I cannot help but bond, through such battles, with this group, and besides, he is by far the most well-intentioned and balanced of them.

We mend our wounds, I shout out my – boastful? fearful? elated? - cry about the death of 25 kobolds, my companions shake their heads, and we move on.

Later, as my mind clears up a little bit, I silently retreat to the room where the evil warriors. Across the room, as I had hoped, small puddles of the soul-sucking liquid still lie on the floors. With the utmost care, I gather some in a flask, for safekeeping. 'Evidence, and insurance', I mutter to myself. I have no desire to use it, beyond as an object of study, but if need be, I will.