

A Bard's Tale

After a futile attempt, led by Artemis Silvertree, to recover a magical crystal, my party, fearing attack from the undead that plagued the town that previous night, decided to patrol, one led by Artemis, and the other by Angus Ebonheart, leaving myself and the templar, Chalene Silvermoure, behind to defend the town if it was attacked.

The patrols had just left the town when I spied a figure moving down the edge of the forest toward town. I set aside my guitar, which I was playing quite magnificently I might add, and unsheathed my bastard sword. As the figure drew nearer, I began to make out features, black skin and white hair...a Drae. I knew Sabastian Coe and some others had done battle with a band of Drae during the night, and feared the worst. I told Chalene to get ready to run for help if I failed, and waited for the Drae to arrive.

Having encountering Drae before on my travels, I knew them to be outstanding fighters. I did not doubt I could slay this one, but he had, as of yet, done me nor Chalene any ill. Once he was within earshot, I called out a greeting, which he returned when he was at the town's edge. I introduced myself and asked if I could be of assistance. He told me that he and his companions had been attacked by a group of dark dwarves, and that some precious items had been stolen. Always in the mood for new adventures to sing about, I agreed to help. Chalene was still very cautious, and decided to stay behind to guard the town. Just as myself and the Drae, who I learned was called No-name, were preparing to leave the town, Artemis and his patrol returned and offered to assist us. We accepted and I even persuaded Chalene to accompany us.

Our small party of six began traveling to the place where the Drae were ambushed. It was a long journey, but along the way, we met up with Angus and his patrol (oddly enough, Dinin, our Drae companion was nowhere to be seen). They too joined the party, bolstering our number to nearly ten. As we traveled, No-name told us that we were up against five or six dark dwarves with shields. It was decided that Angus and myself, being the two best fighters in the party, should lead the assault.

When we arrived at the ambush site, we saw a small, but wellarmed and armoured band of dark dwarves. No-name charged down the steep bank between us and the dwarves, and kept them at bay with his bow. Knowing that the Drae could not keep the dwarves away for very long, Angus and I picked out a dwarf and charged to the Drae's aid. The dwarf we attacked was obviously not accustomed to dealing with such excellent swordsmen as Angus and I, and was easily slaughtered. The rest of the party followed our example of bravery and joined in the fray. Cries of the wounded and dying filled the air, but in the end, the dwarves were destroyed.

We searched the surrounding forest for No-name's belongings, and found a small chest. Fearing it was trapped, I unselfishly offered to open it. Unfortunately, it was trapped and a cloud of black gas enveloped me and the rest of the party causing us to sleep. When I awakened, I heard the sounds of battle. Looking around, I saw more dark dwarves standing over the fallen body of Aelander, one of my companions. Angus and I again led a vicious counterattack, but Angus was hit and knocked unconscious. I screamed for Chalene to heal him and dealt quick vengeance to his attacker. A short while later, the remaining few dwarves were slain.

We'd only lost one of our comrades in the skirmishes, Aelander, but he was successfully resurrected. No-name took a few personal items and donated the rest to the party, which we divided evenly. No-name promised to visit us again, and gave us his deepest thanks.

Fenswick Goldtongue
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bard extraordinaire