

Entry One:

I have decided to begin a log of our adventures. By our, I mean mine and those I travel with. My name is Beeth, and I am traveling in search of answers. But, that is for another time. I am fate joined by Delroy Yentius, an Elfin Rogue, Tyrone, a human Monk, Alleigh, a half-Elfin Cleric, and [Somewhat recently, and maybe temporarily] Kiscargn Wycenjack, a human Paladin. Hopefully, through documentation and reflection on our adventure, we can hope to make sense of this world, which while I am very new to, I fear is in grave danger.

We entered Skullfort today. Dirty, filled with deviants, and clearly a bastion of skullduggery, this city (should this word ever be appropriate) is not a comfortable place. However, our guide insists this will bring us safely into WaterDeep. After storing our horses and cart (and dealing with Jim [classic Jim]) we entered a bucktoothed tunnel into a labyrinthian exit structure. I am convinced that many such structures exist in this city. While initially damp, it lead into a tunnel with many subtunnels in which we could stand. After what seemed like an hour of walking, we were ambushed by a giant armored Centiped. This foul beast, while not terribly strong, proved effective at dealing damage quickly to those in our party less

adept at quickly dodging. The encounter was short, and Delong managed to keep from hurting himself. However, he did force search the beast for valuables... We exited the tunnel into a bar, which filled me with much joy. Much to the ^{Patron}, our ^{Dispenser of} babysitter from the Lord's Alliance, we stopped for approximately 1 [10] drink.

We traveled through WaterDeep, which took the better part of 30 minutes. This city is huge, and filled with a diverse and rich population, the likes of which I have never seen. Shops, Peoples, Vendors, foods.

So many new experiences and sights. It is almost more than I can process. In our travels to the Hangout at the Lord's Alliance [I.A], we passed a highly magical tower. I believe Padra mentioned its relation to a mage's guild... Note: Check out.

Once we arrived at (and didn't fight) the Mansion which serves as the HQ of the I.A, we met with the 1st of the I.A, Rigar Luric. He is an older High Elf, and met us with much kindness. He apologized for the secrecy, but seemed to know much about us... Tystone asked him a probing question on his knowledge of us, to which he was able to aptly & succinctly respond.

He asked us to help the besieged city by:

- There are spies in the city, nobody is outside suspicion. =>
- Unblock the sea blockade by Seaserpents.

• Determine and take care of the one controlling
the Sieging forces \Rightarrow Fire giants, orcs, etc...

To aid us in our efforts, Rigar has found a local Paladin, Kriscoragn Wyverstack. Tall, well built, and serious, K \ddot{W} seems--- intense and anxious. I am uncertain how I feel about any short or long term involvement with us. I am weary of religious folks... especially those who wield magic. However, if I know our group, we will "charm" her immediately.

Before we left, Rigar brought a priest in to heal my foot. After 100's of miles, and many weeks, my foot is finally healed. It hurt like nothing else, but I finally feel more whole again. Padma is in charge of helping us in the city, and requested we wait to leave until later tonight. I believe I will rest until then. Until later.

Seath

