

Chapter 1 - Part 6 Into the depths

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Returning to Ravengro, to the Lorremor abode, the party is greeted by Kendra. Alise begins to set about her arms and armour, Thallan retires to the library and Wingnut disappears from sight, appearing at random times and in random places as is his way. Thallan later enquires after Kendra who in turn enquires as to any information on the circumstances of the death of her father. She seems weary. Soon after, all retire for the night.



As dawn breaks, Tamos and Kendra head to the market to make the days purchases. A band of travelling musicians are of note and singing a rather interesting tune.

***That horrid creature, twixt it was
known. The Sandpoint Devil, Vari-
sian grown. Calling murderous
at night, the entire city did fright.
But twas the Mist that was red,
that dared escape their bed. Into
the forest, hunting the spectre
they went, to a dead tree, and a
monster to rent. So it was they
saw the creature's hue, not a devil
but instead an angel true.***

The song is "The Sandpoint Angel" - By Illurielle Moonsinger
lo, of the Red Mist.



After the party re-convenes, news of another letter added at the posting pole is revealed. The party heads there at once to investigate, finding four letters now affixed ...

V E S O

Wingnut notices some tracks and follows them to the house of Gibs. The party resolves to return and keep watch that night, hoping to catch the man in the act.

With this done, they head back to Harrowstone.



Arriving back at Harrowstone and returning to the top floor and the body of father Charlatan, Wingnut tries again to provoke a reaction with no success, Thallan attempts a detect undead spell and homes in on a spirit affixed to Wingnut's back. He fires off a disrupt undead spell, wounding the spirit which causes Wingnut to fall to the ground in a fit. Tamos draws out a vial of holy water and dumps it on the writhing goblin, Alise draws a wand and jabs at the spirit.

Under the onslaught, the spirit weakens and dissipates. Two down, three to go.



The group head for the hole in the floor at the eastern end of the ground floor. Alise casts a spell and a solid note materialises in the air. She attaches a rope to this note and Wingnut shimmies down, splashing into the water below.

This cavernous chamber may have once been an underground cellblock, but it has long since collapsed. The crumbled walls are thick with mold and stained with soot, and heaps of fallen stones and charred wooden beams line the area. Water drips and seeps along the walls, collecting in a dark, murky pool in the middle of the room. To the north, the twisted remains of a wood and iron lift lie in a heap in a shallow portion of the pool. A jagged hole in the roof yawns twenty feet above this ruin. To the west, a partially blocked opening seems to open up after several feet into a dark but stable tunnel.

From the edges of the pool, ectoplasm squirms to life...

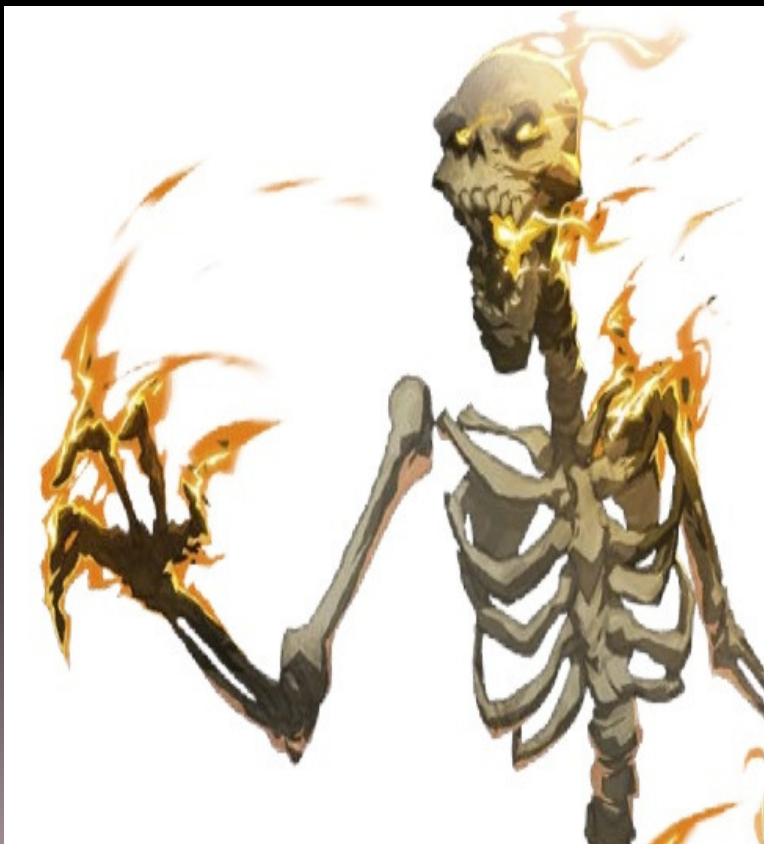


Wingnut fires as Thallan throws spells from above. Alise and Tamos leap down into the water and splash their way to the edge of the pool, weapons at the ready. As more creatures present themselves they are blasted and cut down almost as quickly. Wingnut swings his musket at one that ventures to close, knocking it sideways. Soon enough the creatures are all smouldering piles.



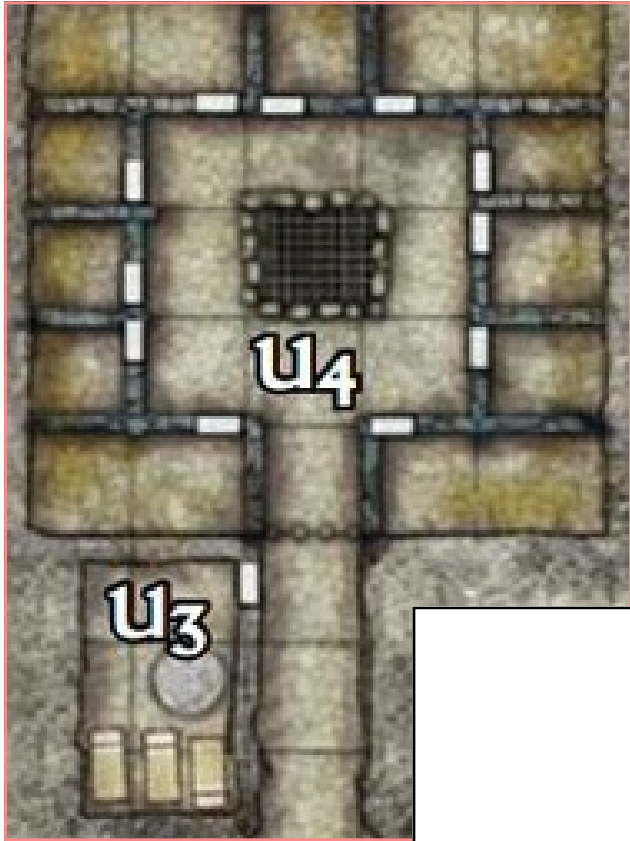
Moving west from this cavern, the group enter a large square room.

Four dark hallways exit from this large empty chamber, each striking out in one of the four directions of the compass, and each decorated with a soot-caked brass nameplate affixed to the ceiling just above the entrance. A rubble-choked stairway leads up in the middle of the room, while eight skeletons dressed in scorched prisoners' robes lie on the ground.

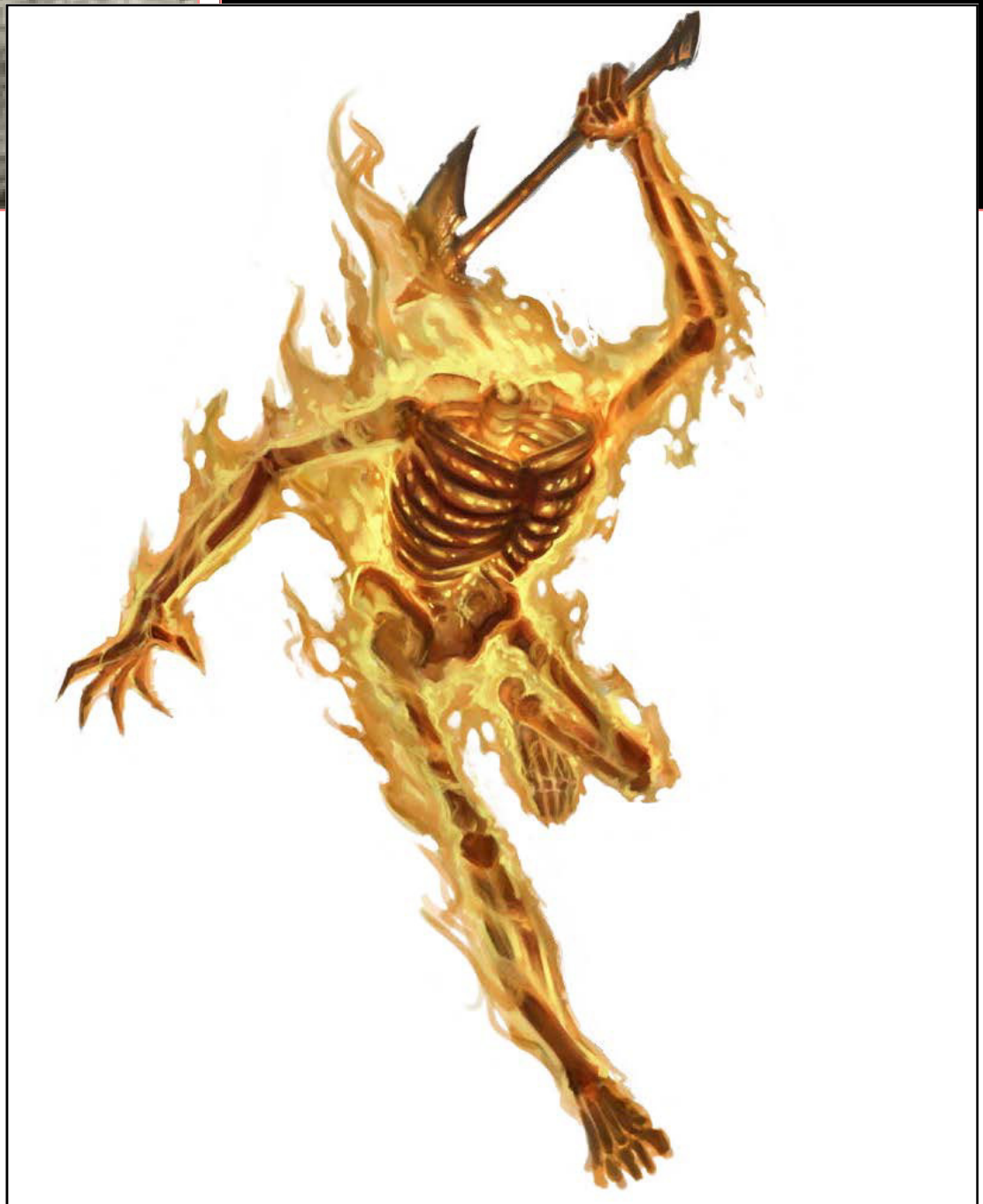


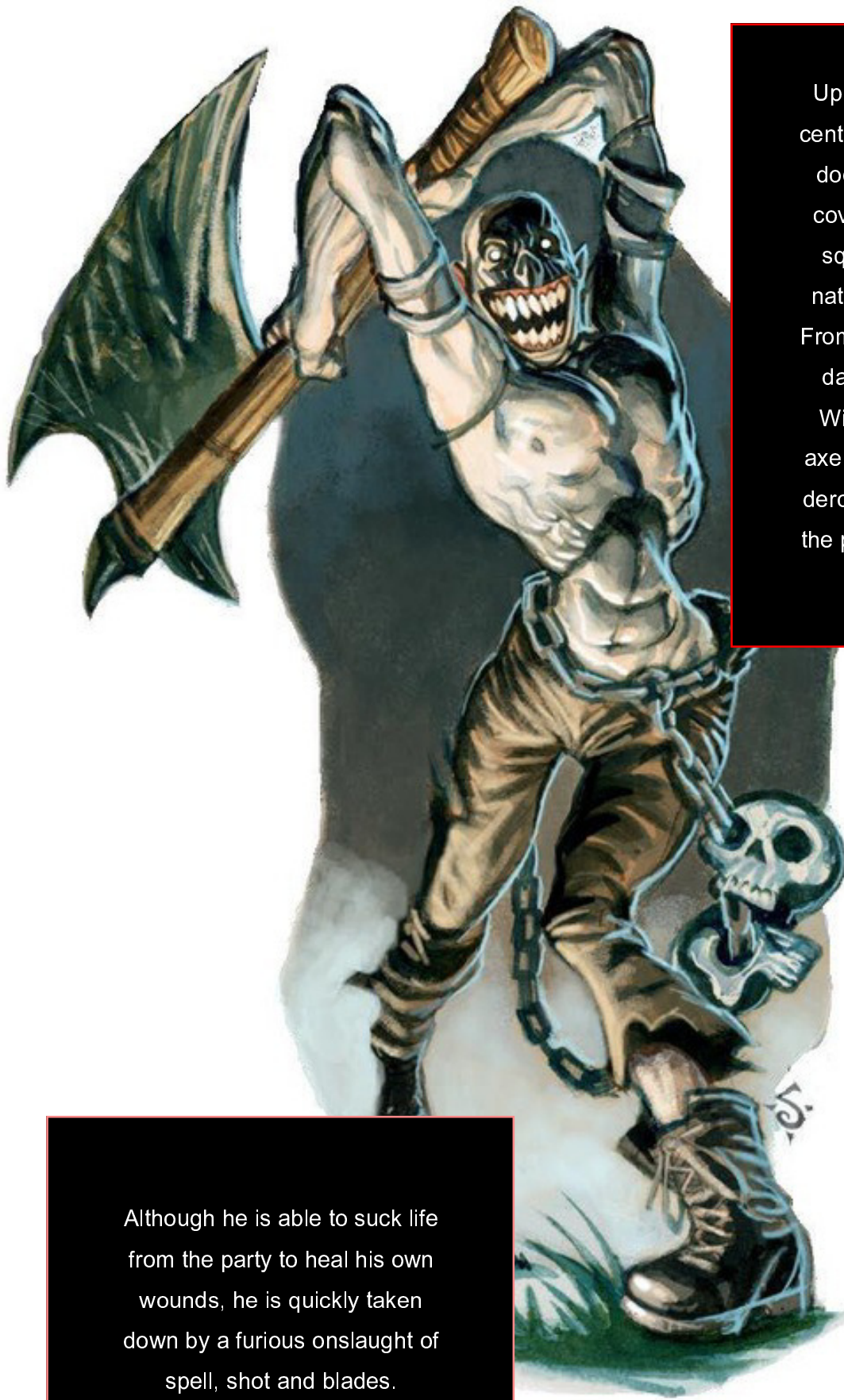
The skeletons come to life but are quickly put down by spell, shot and blade.

The brass nameplates that hang above each of the four hallways leading out of this room identify the cell blocks that lie beyond, although the soot must be wiped away to reveal these names. To the north lies "The Oubliette." To the west lies "Reaper's Hold". To the south lies "The Nevermore." And to the east reads "Hell's Basement."



To the north a small guard room on the western passage wall hangs slightly ajar. Within stands a table surrounded by a few rickety chairs, along with a pair of mouldy but serviceable cots. From the rooms corner springs forth a headless flaming skeleton, quickly dispatched.





Up ahead a larger room with central pit and surrounding iron door cells. A dark central pit covered by a hinged ten foot square metal grating dominates the centre of the room. From the grating hangs a rope, dangling into the pit below.

With an unholy screech, an axe wielding maniac with murderous eyes springs forth from the pit. This can only be ... The Lopper!

Although he is able to suck life from the party to heal his own wounds, he is quickly taken down by a furious onslaught of spell, shot and blades.



To the west are two more rooms, the southern guardroom contains a single large table with two chairs astride it and a single sagging cot pushed up against the eastern wall. Several battered cabinets line the northern wall, with a few arrows and bits of chainmail lying scattered on the floor nearby, yet the most eerie sight are the three fractured skulls sitting on the table next to a heavy hammer. It looks as if someone has arranged the fragments of the skulls in some sort of pattern, as if an effort had been made to construct a fourth skull from the broken fragments of the trio on the table. The leathery body of a long dead dwarf, his wiry red hair and beard still strangely vibrant in death, lies slumped on the ground behind the table.

The Mosswater Marauder begins to stir and attacks. At the same time arise the skulls and battle is joined.

The skulls and Dwarf fall quickly to cracking shots, deftly swung blades and well placed spells.





Further along, past a portcullis with soot caked brass nameplate, a series of cells, the largest so far. Many of the iron doors hang open revealing empty cells within but nothing further of note, save a door to the south.

Numerous grisly tools of torment decorate the next room, from cages to hanging chains along the wall to a stretching rack, a large wooden tank, and a fire pit in the middle of the room. To the east stands a grim iron maiden, the lid closed and presenting a stern decoration of a tormented woman upon its face. The broken, twisted skeleton of a human dressed in a tattered guard's uniform lies upon the stretching rack in the middle of the room; the body is surrounded by several discarded knives, branding irons, and pliers. A large, bloodstained wicker basket sits at the head of the rack.

As the group move past this sinister scene, Wingnut pauses, locking his eyes on the iron maiden and calling the party to a halt. Tamos takes the cue and whispers a spell, doubling his size and begins lagging waste to the device. Before anyone else can react he has reduces it to splinters but no cause of Wingnut's disquiet is revealed in the rubble.





Wingnut 's keen eyes again pick out the abnormal, noticing a secret passageway to the east. This rough stone cavern dripping with moisture is complete with stagnant pools underfoot.

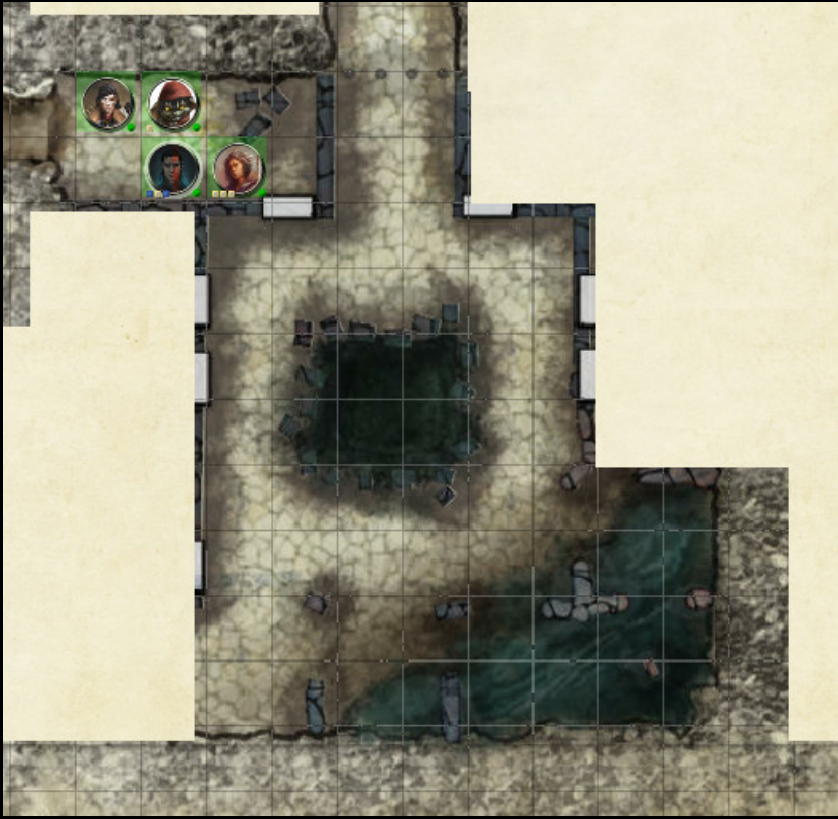
Wingnut scouts ahead but is turned back as a horrid ooze rises in his path



After some running away, the ooze is actually easily taken down with a few well paced blows.



Carion Crown



Several iron doors line the walls of this partially ruined cellblock — the doors themselves hang askew on their hinges, revealing empty cells beyond. Partially burnt wooden support timbers still function to the north, while to the south they've collapsed and caused cell walls to crumble as well. Rivulets of water drip down the south-western wall to create a shallow pool in this ruined portion of the room, with overflow filling an oubliette hole in the middle of the room nearly to the rim.

On the far wall, writing begins to appear, the letters W and T. Simultaneously an ill feeling comes over Tamos and Wingnut. Tamos growls and charges toward the letters, impaling the first of them, causing it to fade and the ill feeling to pass... For the moment.

Taking the cue from Tamos, the rest of the party (save Thallan) move in and set about the letters, destroying them as fast as they appear.

Thallan begins to cast a spell but pauses, as if distracted, and stops. Wingnut calls out “The Spellbook Thallan, the Spellbook”

Thallan casts another spell as the rest of the party continue destroying the letters of blood. “Anyone else here thinking we're being played with?” Tamos exclaims

Wingnut calls out “Do something Thallan, that book is the key!”

The walls begin to shudder as Thallan removes the book and takes hold of a page and tears it from the book.

“Curse us at your peril fiend!”



“Stop that! You meddling wizard!”

The splatterman casts a spell, giant centipedes appear and attack



Wingnut takes a hit and the poison seeps into his veins...

Thallan casts another spell and tears out more pages as Tamos and Alise lay waste to the centipedes.

Wingnut tumbles past the centipedes and fires off a shot that would fell all but the vilest foes but it does little damage to the ghostly creature, but enough that he floats away through the nearest wall



Your mind is corrupt and your soul is seared. I will impart the same fate upon your works!

You poor excuse of a professor! Wasting your life on murder. We will tear you and your creations asunder!

The splatterman re-appears just in time to see Thallan cast a spell, setting his Spellbook aflame.

As he reels in anger Tamos and Wingnut both land telling blows but he responds with a wall of magic missiles thudding into Thallan. More bloody letters appear on the walls and it is all Alise, Tamos and Wingnut can do to keep destroying them while still fighting the splatterman.

“I am going to piss in your remains, you ectoplasmic bastard!” Says Wingnut

Thallan returns the magic missile favour, puncturing holes in the ghosts ethereal flesh.

Wingnut pauses, “Where are those anti haunt vials? Maybe they will stop the letters?” Calls Wingnut

“Come out and play, you pathetic roadside shyster!” Calls Tamos as he looks about with wild eyes and glaive raised

Wingnut runs over to Thallan and grabs a haunt siphon vial out of his pack, He turns and cracks it open... And all hell breaks loose

The building begins to shake as if an earthquake has struck, bricks and loose mortar rain down from above, crashing into those too slow to avoid them. From the ground below rises the accursed ghost as all around wisps of light and translucent figures speed through and about heading for the walls and disappearing from sight. As they go, some moan, some screech, and others laugh. All have the visage and character of age old prisoners and sinners, eager to leave the prison once and for all. But after only a few moments a loud shout reverberates - the voice of Vesorianna, and then the spirits can no longer pass through the prison walls. Frustrated they howl before disappearing into the bowels of the prison once more.

From the splatterman comes the plaintive cry...

No...No! Why so few? Where are all my brethren. Destroyers, meddlers, busy mortals...you shall pay for what you've done. Vesorianna is soon departed, and then I too shall be able to leave this place. Now it is your turn to Die!



BLAM!

WHAM!



50dkp
MINUS!

BANG!



Carion Crown



Carion Crown

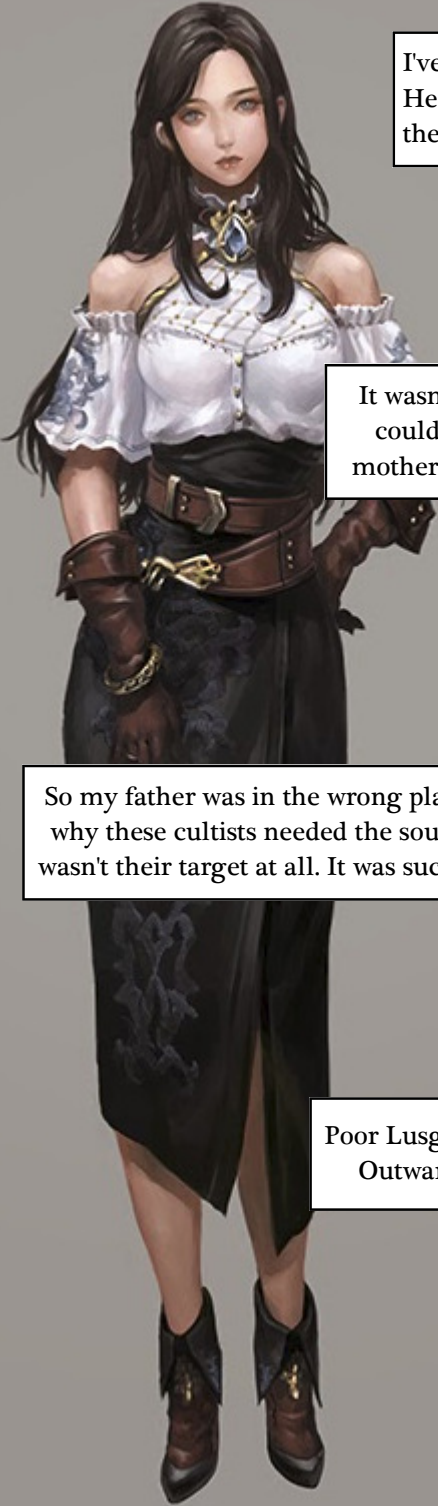
With the splatterman defeated, the party return to Vesorianna. Alise using her ability to summon solid notes and animated ropes to provide an exit up to the first floor



You have recovered my true love! You are truly the most noble and kind of people. Now we can rest my husband and I! The Haunts and Prisoners are now gone for good, you have done it!

After answering several questions from the party she fades to oblivion and the party return to town

At the Lorrimer residence, Kendra and Adivion are preparing to leave for Caliphas where Adivion has convinced Kendra to live with him.




I've decided to take Uncle Adivion up on his offer and move with him to Caliphas. He is sure he can find me work as a teacher and perhaps I can rebuild my life after these...recent events. I wish my father never came here.

I tried to dissuade him for years, to no avail. He never should have been there.

It wasn't your fault, Uncle. Nothing could change his mind, even my mother couldn't, when she was alive.

The party fill in Kendra with the details of daddy's death

So my father was in the wrong place at the wrong time. I do not know why these cultists needed the soul of the warden, but my father truly wasn't their target at all. It was such a waste coming to this awful town.



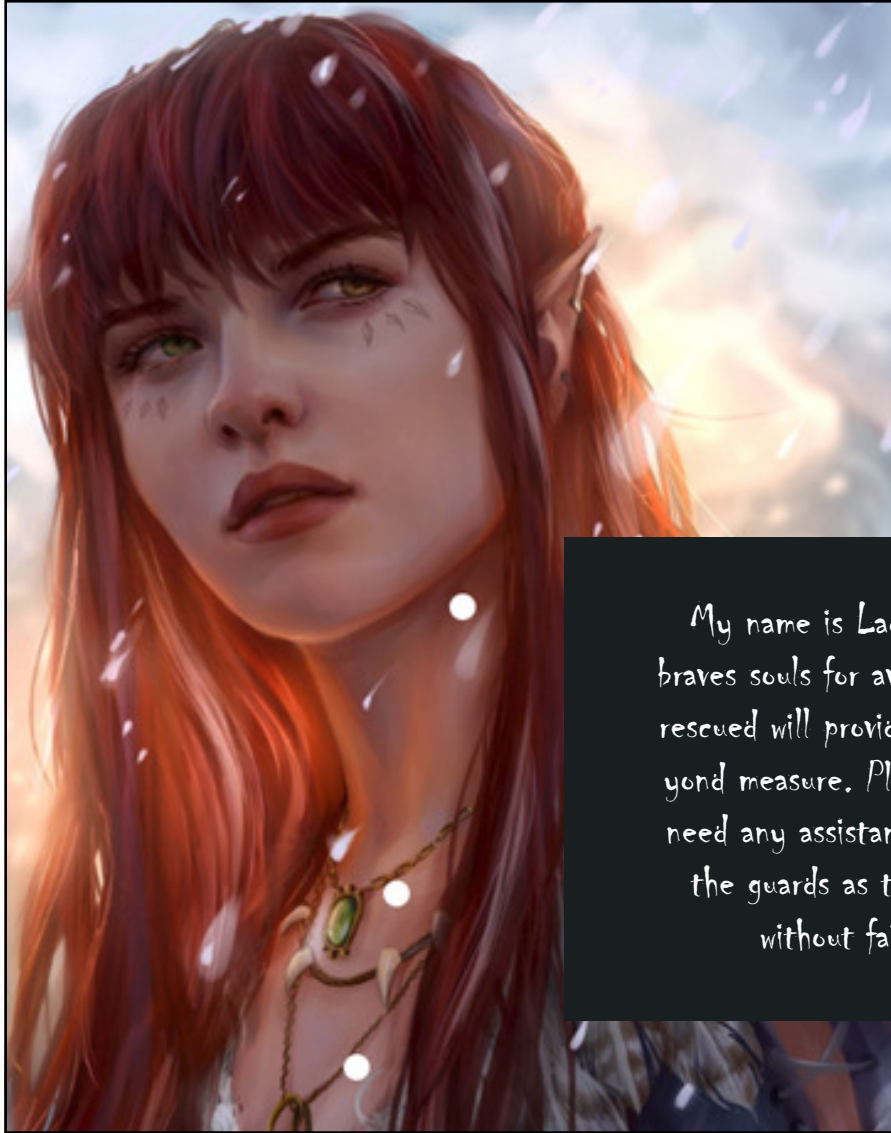
If you ever find yourself in Caliphas, please look me up. You are welcome there any time.

Poor Lusgrove, they found him hanging in his room at the Outward Inn last night. Been there two nights hence.

The party bid farewell to Kendra and Adivion and head for the inn.

At the inn, the party is greeted by Benjan the sheriff

Nearby is a new face who wanders over and introduces herself



My name is Lady Constance of Aldea and I thank you braves souls for avenging my dear Janear. These tokens you rescued will provide little comfort, but it is appreciated beyond measure. Please accept this gift and know that if you need any assistance within the city you need but ask. Ask the guards as to my residence and they will direct you without fail. You have my thanks once again.

You are welcome, my lady. The Wayfairers Shield protect all, even if it is only their legacy



Benjin now leads the party to the room where Lusgrove has been cut down and his body lies on the bed. Benjin passes over a note found on the body.

The note reads ...

Lusgrove, I understand why you came for the funeral. If I was in your position, I'd likely do the same. The truth is that her death wasn't your fault, you know this, you've always known this. You were weak then, nothing to be ashamed of. You wouldn't have been able to save her anyway, even had you tried, Annie would have just killed you too. You were powerless to stop it. I will protect Kendra now, you can go home, you don't need to torture yourself any longer.

A.A.



Wingnut looks about...

Nothing is really out of place.