

A Night at the Pub

By Gravesong the Sentinel

We've had a bit of a trying time ain't we wot wiv da Kalid and da Melnobs (or whatever dey is called now) finally growing enough balls to come and kick us out da Valley. It weren't good for 'em when they tried taking the Greasey

Pole but in da end we had to leg it as we've been taken prisoner before and the beer rations are crap. So after a lot of hullabaloo and hangovers Puke Scumgrief and me ended up at some pub in the Horde lands (bunch a good lads da Horde, slight obsessed with death and stuff but everyone needs a hobby).

Anyways there was a few other Valley notables around including Hak Treekiller, Caradac Fireapple

(who we are fairly certain only gets invited to parties so later claims of "the place was heaving" and "

dere

were hundreds of people there" can be legitimised by all his personalities. Also Legitimised. . Good word huh, it was on today's bog roll!), Michael of da fancy blue and white dress, da Baron showed up later, Puke

Scumgreif

, Lei Fung,

Cirith

,

Berem

(starting to think this Pub is somewhere near the retirement home now I'm writing this down).

Somewhere around the fourth lunchtime pint someone decided it was a good idea to go on a mission (*Narrator:* They would come to learn later dear reader that it was not a good idea). We took advantage of a local portal thing to travel through da Plane of Sleepless Dead (so great start everyone loves that dump!) to home in on something we needed to rescue a bunch of our mates wot were captured in the Battle of the Valley. After a bit of a kicking by some undead (shocker) we exited the PoTSD and popped up somewhere we didn't recognise. . . standard stuff so far.

Next thing we know dere's some Melnobs lobbing massive bolts at us willy nilly like they'd bought the elemental plane in a fire sale (

ba
dum
dum
tish

). Turns out we might have ended up within the lands of the Pentar

which was a lovely surprise all round, although more I suspect for the guys with the boon than for those with the bane. After applying Valley Diplomacy at close range we managed to scrape ourselves together and go and hide in a bush to plan our next move. As it turns out that move was to be hailed in our super secret hiding place and invited to a meeting.

We wandered down for a chat with what turned out to be a big fat Hepath. Michael lead negotiations while the rest of the Pentar

decided on a different type of diplomacy and commended bolting the poo out of us again. Repeatedly. I cannot state how much I hate Pentar lands by the way.

So we ended up being driven off while Michael got captured. So we went back in for him and ended up in a bit of argument with the Hepath. Some stuff happened and I somehow ended up with a great big Red Key (I had the choice of two and couldn't really see either in the murky twilight so picked randomly) which is now attached to me and can't be taken off me, left behind or anything so far (we plan to attach it to a bag full of beer!).

After chattering with Michael later (and we cannot stress enough if you want to know the details speak to him not us) I reckon that the Hepath is being used as an off-planar prison deal to keep the Valley captives without breaking the pesky "law of keeping prisoners on your own lands is naughty". So once the big-brains get together I reckon I'm going to be sent on another mission to use this key and unlock something to free some people.

Oh and apparently that Hepath has been around a bit giving other people keys too. Ask the Baron about that maybe? It was late and I don't really remember what was going on there.

Anyways once I dragged Michael out of trouble by the scruff of his neck we managed to portal our way back to the pub where we met some more of the Horde and had a few beers.

There was a few of 'em there. Enyoth, female human, leader of the faction and a motley band containing Snak (human), Arrowmiss (half-orc), Stork

(half-orc) and Leo Slayer (human)

Eynoth spent a lot of time discussing with the oracle about the impending conjunction. Her crew kept her well-supplied with cider throughout the night. She was also on a bit of a recruitment drive to anyone who would listen.

The Horde runs on a strict hierarchy with ranks for all, several new members were added on the night and a few instant promotions dished out to a few 'em. She seemed to like the obedient or amusing ones best. Dey mentioned that in general the Horde grows in size with every meeting, taking on all and sundry, especially those other factions would reject out of hand. Eynoth reckoned they are shaping up to be a formidable fighting force given her martial background as she's trying to put some order in da chaos.

The Horde have forged a strong bond with the Keepers after aiding them with a recent and dangerous mission of their own where apparently da Keepers would have all been done over without da Horde. Aside from the Dymwan it seems like da Horde don't really get on with anyone else.

There was some scuffle with a mindflayer I think? No idea what that was about.

Lensal Blackbone turned up to chat with Kiara and the Baron about a church? No idea about that.

Some mercenary bint basically robbed me at erm box point and we got a box full of keys? I think.

Anyone know who we put expenses claims in to these days?

Any questions ask Michael or the Baron.

Gravesong

Sentinel

