

BATHFINDER[®]

ADVENTURE CHRONICLE

Second Darkness SHADOW IN THE SKY

AN ADVENTURE CHRONICLE
BY IAN PONGRAY



The Inner Sea Region



PATHFINDER[®]

ADVENTURE CHRONICLE

Second Darkness: Shadow in the Sky Campaign Chronicle

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Geoffrey Peart

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Elgan Greenleaf: Brock Suddaby

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Thale: Chris Engler

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A special thanks to Jason Buhlman, James Jacobs, Lisa Stephens, Wic Wertz and all of the writers and contributors at PAIZO for their hard work and dedication, and for producing yet another kick-ass adventure. Also, thanks to Geoff, our DM, for running the campaign. Without you, this work would not have been possible. Also, apologies to Jhonen Vasquez, who's evil alien inspired my character and art.



A rat in the sack is worth two in the sewer.
~ old Kobold addage

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

Role-playing games are, at their heart, about telling stories. When we play Dungeons & Dragons, we crawl inside the skin of an imaginary person and experience a fantasy world through their eyes and experiences. Some of these people are noble and kind, others selfish and cruel. Sometimes they are not even what we in the real world would recognize as people at all.

Different gaming groups remember their shared adventures in a variety of ways. Some keep a detailed journal of their character's activities, even going so far as to publish them on the internet. Other games become part of a group's oral history to be shared as tall tales around the table or the warm glow of a computer monitor. Whatever the medium we choose, these creative undertakings all seem to stem from our innate need to share a good story.

When my gaming group decided to play the Second Darkness Adventure Path by Paizo Publishing, I knew that I had to try something different to preserve and share our collective adventures. Paizo produces some of the highest quality and most innovative gaming products on the market and I wanted to do something worthy of their stories. Hopefully, this comes close.

This campaign chronicle is told as a series of one page comic book style journal entries, mostly told from the perspective of my character, Zim the kobold bard. This is not a traditional comic book where the action progresses from frame to frame; it's more like a highlight reel of each gaming session. Some of the story may seem disjointed to a reader who was not embroiled in the plot, but it makes sense to the people who were involved, so there!

The actual drawings were sketched out in pencil, scanned and cleaned up in Photoshop, and then layered together to create the individual panels. Those were then put together in Illustrator and exported as jpegs to share with the group. I chose to do the chronicle in brilliant Darkvision Grey™ (Zim's favourite colour) to cut down on file size and to create a dark, gloomy mood.

So, that's enough preambles. With a final thanks to my fellow players, the DM and Paizo, let the Second Darkness begin!

Cheers!

Ian Pongray

Fools!

Merklorep and his egg-suckers were fools to cast me out! Fleeing to that warren of those dead-dead beards will end the tribe!

No matter, I was right...and they're probably all dead by now.

This city of big-feet is the perfect place to nest. There's lots of food; and not just stink-stink and goblins! Good quality sun meat and meat from the water too!

There's lots of work here too! I've discovered something more interesting than iron to mine. The pink-skins call it information, and they pay good shiny-shiny for it too.

The fancy-boy ears and arrows pay the best though.

They're all "Mother Egg!" about the funny blot in their surface roof and pay hard silver for any news about it. If I can mine what that's about, I'll never have red gut again!

It's all for the best, I suppose.

HISSSS!

I was never that good with a pick anyways.

Now knives...Knives, I like!

SNAK!

A truescale with the talent for magic and knives can be king here!

Sure there are dangers. The black-eyes are jealous of the truescales' power, and they would probably try to give me a dirt bath if they found out what I really am.

SKRITCH!

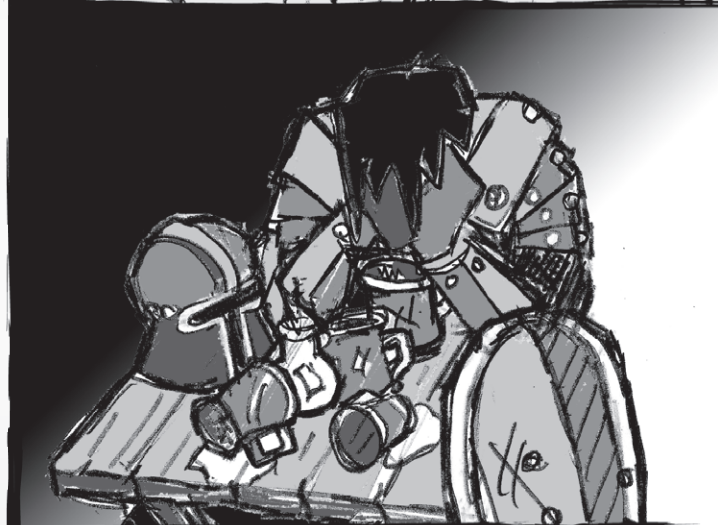
Still, it's certainly safer than the warren we were driven from or that stinking hole that one-eyed dog-biter Merklorep is hiding in!

IP'09

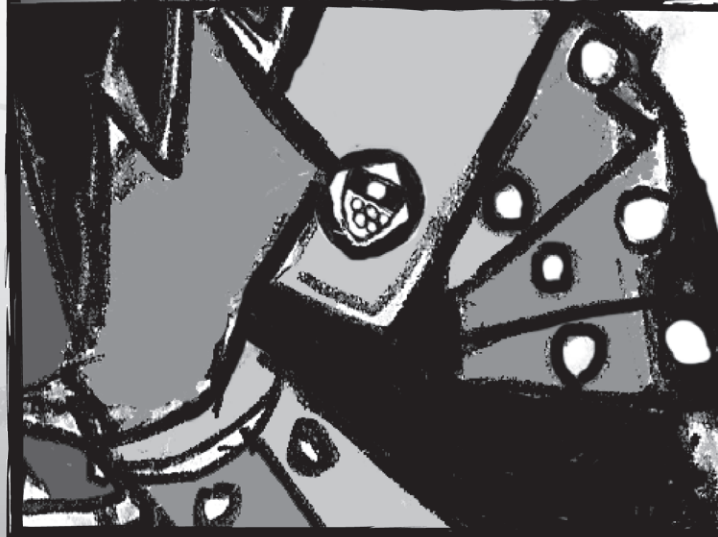
I am Zim! It is good-good here!



See this big guy over there? yeah, the soggy plum almost falling asleep behind that sea of empty mugs... well, he goes by the name of Chaine I'm told. Some say he's a hushman for one of the crime bosses, but seeing that he's almost always either completely pissed or payin' a visit to the quickwife, I'm thinking he gets the shaft, pro'lly in the protection business or doin' church work for some slum lord. A few years back he was bouncing for a few taverns, but they had so much trouble draggin' his ass out of bed that he ended up thrown out of these places.



Before that? heh! who knows? I heard some wild tale that he was in the Order of the Nail down in Korvosa in his younger days. Ha! this schmuck?! a Hellknight? hell no! Anyways, when he's really drunk he keeps beaking off about this Chelaxian prick or that rich Chelaxian bastard, but he passes out quick enough after that. He doesn't have the look of pure Chelish blood, so I'd be surprised if any of this was true. Looking at him, and trying *hard* to imagine him standing straight, I'd say he's got a mix Shoanti and Varisian in him; solid-looking, yet olive-skinned. Now that I'm actually looking at him, his dark eyes and hair could mean that he also has some Chelish blood in him... but that'd be a trace. Hmm... if he ever was a Hellknight, that lack of Chelaxian purity could have been a show-stopper for his career... maybe the guy hit the glass ceiling hey? or got promoted too fast and rubbed the wrong officers the wrong way.



Who knows. He's a soggy plum now... nay... soggy is too light a descriptor for him. "Pickled plum" would be more appropriate. So no. I don't recommend you hire him. Besides, he's a good customer, and the Soakers come and check on him once in a while. So don't worry about him: leave him be, let him drink my ale, and forget about this guy.

*Note that typeface has been replaced because I lost the original font file!

No, no, NO!!! This will not do! Who is it that spreads such lies about Mogen Movenpoun?

Not only is Mogen Movenpoun a great hero and admired by all, especially the lovely ladies, but he is also a man of honour and valour! Oh, and courage and integrity too!

Many battles has Mogen Movenpoun won for the honour and virtue of fair ladies. Not only has he defeated common ruffians up to no good, but Mogen Movenpoun also fearlessly battles the terrors that lurk just outside of the civilized world, where none but Mogen Movenpoun dare to tread!

There are a great many insults that Mogen Movenpoun can bear; like talking in the theatre, or rudely failing to recognize the famous Mogen Movenpoun on sight, but this...this outrage cannot, nay WILL NOT go unavenged!

To publish these egregious untruths about Mogen Movenpoun may not affect his own undeniable sense of self worth, but imagine the toll it will have on the confidence of the good citizens of Riddleport! People will not be able to sleep soundly in their beds or walk with pride down the city streets if they even suspected for a moment that Mogen Movenpoun was not their great protector.

I'd best take down this eyesore before anyone else reads these lies...

Wanted...



WANTED



REWARD FOR THE DEATH OR CAPTURE OF MOGEN MOVENPOUN
FOR VARIOUS CRIMES OF PASSION AND LARCENY
CITY OF SANDPOINT: 500 GP

JP 09

Besides, they got my moustache all wrong!

You know those priests back down in Korvosa? Yeah, those fire and brimstone types with the shiny armour and holier-than-thou attitude. They wouldn't last a day in Riddleport. You'd find them floating face down and naked in the Boneyard by next sunup.

It takes a special kind of holy man to make it here. Lofty sermons and heavy armour won't serve you well in the city of Cyphers. It takes a quick wit and more than a little luck to survive here, so what better place to hang your frock than the temple of Desna?

Don't get me wrong, wearing white robes and a butterfly around your neck in a city founded by pirates can be a risky venture, but there's a lot of advantages to the job as well.

Gods of travel and freedom like Desna don't stand too much on ceremony, so you can pretty much come and go as you please. You make your own hours too.

The high priests of the church are not they type to give you particularly onerous tasks either ... not unless you do something to really make them mad.

There are, of course, some other benefits to dedicating your life to the service of the goddess of luck. I won't bore you with the details, but let's just say we priests can "get lucky" in many wonderful and exciting ways.



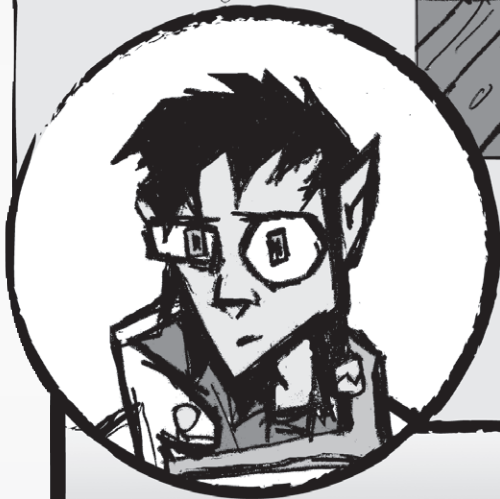
JP 09

Now, enough about me. Do you have a silver piece for a blessing for the casino or not? There is a line forming.

* Please note that I altered the last couple of paragraphs because I confused Desna and Calistra's portfolios. Oops!

Well, well! The grand opening of the Golden Goblin has brought out only the finest of folks tonight! Another pointy-eared, fancy boy rich kid out to rub his money in our faces. I tell ya, Riddleport hasn't been the same since these wizard types began showing up. They're not proper decent folk, like us; always digging into secrets that man was not meant to know, or has wisely forgotten. I hear that their meddling with the Cypergate is what caused the Blot to appear in the first place. No good will come from them, mark my words!

Famous Last Words...



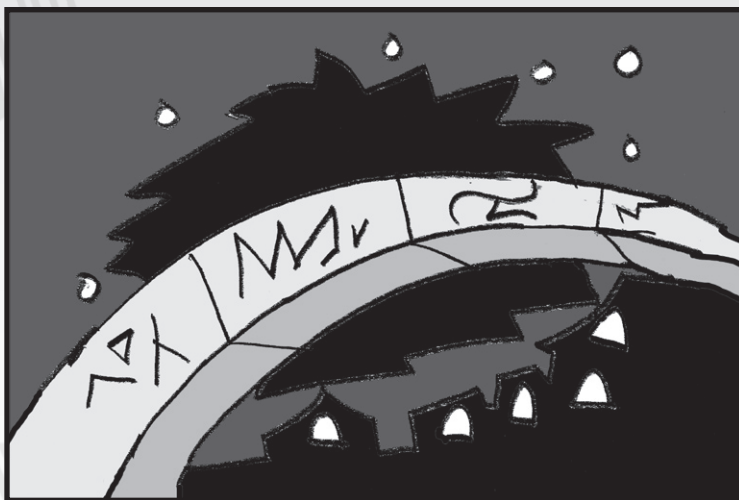
Just look at this one, though! His fancy clothing and shiny sword might make him look prettier than most easylads, but take a closer peek. He's got that look of discomfort that you get when you're outta your element or 'ave seen things you shouldn't. Jus' passin' judgement an' lookin' down at us jus' because we're poor and can't read in one, never mind five languages.

Just wait 'til Thuvalia gives us the signal...



...I'll be a real pleasure plucking this pigeon...

1P'09



Second Darkness SHADOW IN THE SKY

Our Story Begins ...

SECOND DARKNESS: SHADOW IN THE SKY

I am Zim; master spy and information dealer. I am also a kobold. I work and live right under the noses of these myopic humans - disguised as one of their filthy and ignored young that they leave unattended to plague their garbage-choked streets.



The Cypherimages recently expressed interest in one of the local gambling dens, and asked me to investigate rumours that its owner had connections with fiends. This concerned them for some reason, and they were eager for me to confirm or disprove this. Of course, they continued to obsess about the funny blot in the sky and the reward for information about it remains quite substantial.

I disguised myself as a gnome and infiltrated the work force of The Golden Goblin. As humiliating as it was, the disguise enabled me to go unnoticed amongst the workers and guests in the kitchen and great hall.

My investigation uncovered little of note. The "fiends" were just human females dressed as demons. The only real outsider present was a pathetic and disgruntled imp named Scratch. I was able to glean that he owed service to Saul, the maimed and ugly

(even for a human) master of the gambling den. The entire evening contained nothing more sinister than human greed and lust. The large chest full of silver and gambling tokens made of metal eyes, teeth and hearts proved to be amusing distractions though.

With the investigation at an end, I helped myself to unattended tokens and snacks and observed mammalian social behaviour. Most notably, an elven noble, a male prostitute and his keeper (a man in a robe with a colourful moth around his neck) caught my attention as they seemed to be doing well at one of the gambling tables. There was also a human warrior with an sad addiction to alcohol and a sadder neglect for proper grooming whom was having trouble standing, never mind properly maintaining order amongst the guests.

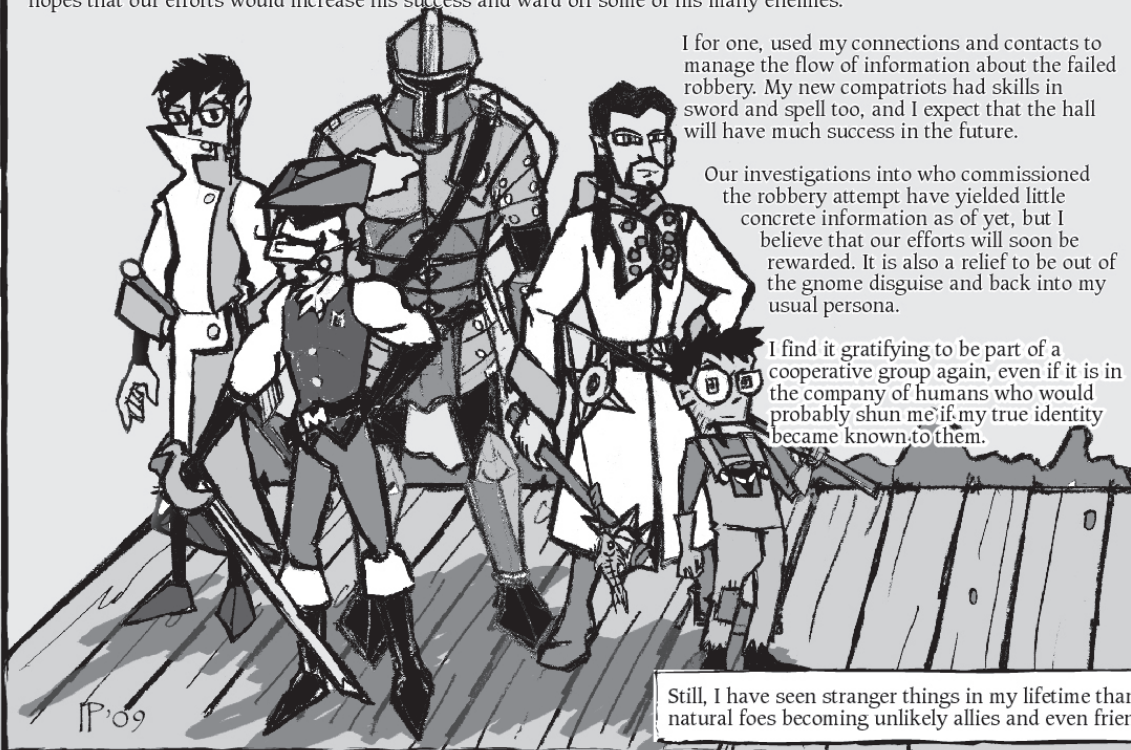
In my preoccupation with the excitement of the evening, I must have missed the sinister intent of some of the guests, and I admit that I was caught off guard by what happened next. The entire casino was thrown into chaos when an explosion of light blinded most of the people in the great hall. Some thieves were attempting to steal the treasure that was intended to be the grand prize! It appears that the human obsession for killing intelligent beings and taking their wealth even extends to their own species!

Interestingly, the very humans and elf that I had observed sprang into action and were able to capture or kill most of the would-be robbers and save the treasure. For my part, I enhanced their efforts using some modest arcane tricks and attacks. So pleased and impressed was the master of the hall that he offered us positions within his establishment in the hopes that our efforts would increase his success and ward off some of his many enemies.

I for one, used my connections and contacts to manage the flow of information about the failed robbery. My new compatriots had skills in sword and spell too, and I expect that the hall will have much success in the future.

Our investigations into who commissioned the robbery attempt have yielded little concrete information as of yet, but I believe that our efforts will soon be rewarded. It is also a relief to be out of the gnome disguise and back into my usual persona.

I find it gratifying to be part of a cooperative group again, even if it is in the company of humans who would probably shun me if my true identity became known to them.



Still, I have seen stranger things in my lifetime than natural foes becoming unlikely allies and even friends.

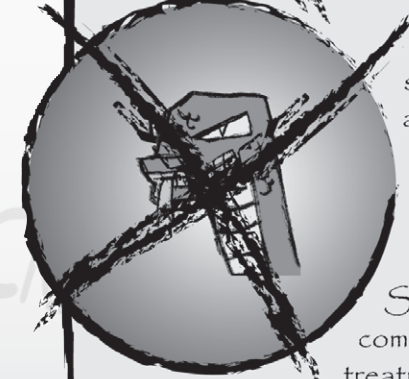
Of Vermin and Other Pests...



Our investigations into The Blot were renewed when, one morning, all of the metal weather vanes in Riddleport became magnetized and starting pointing directly at the shadowy anomaly. We commissioned one of the local fish catchers to take us under The Blot in his boat. When we arrived, we encountered a record number of fish and took the opportunity to bring in a record haul. Apparently, something about the magnetic pull of the blot attracts fish. The excitement continued when we were forced to do battle with a particularly large barracuda that was displeased with being caught in our nets. This impromptu bounty and the meal it yielded drew quite a crowd to the Golden Goblin that night.



When the excitement of the fishing trip wore off, my companions and I decided to explore The Boneyard in the hopes that we could dig up some information about the wererats that live there and to investigate their connection to an attempted robbery at a local warehouse. We also reasoned that they may have some information about the robbery at The Goblin, or heard something new about the blot. Instead, all we found was garbage, giant roaches and hungry snakes. Perhaps a more stealthy approach at night might yield more interesting results.



The next night at The Goblin, we were blessed with the company of Saul Vankaskerkin's old nemesis, Clegg Zincher; a major crime boss and sworn enemy of Saul. Apparently there is some bad blood involving an alchemist and some family members who were killed. He was obviously scouting out my companions and myself for signs of weakness and obviously misinterpreted my race and stature as such, for that evening he slipped a man-sized viper into my sleeping area in a blatant attempt to end my life!

Such an attempt at intimidation and treachery is impressive; even if it is coming from a mere human. Although his attempt to slay me failed, the medical treatment I required to deal with the venom forced me to reveal my nature to Taub, the cleric of Desna. He was remarkably accepting of me and treated my hurts without malice or rancour. Perhaps I have misjudged these humans. Clearly, they are capable of great treachery like Clegg, but they also seem to be loyal to ones band mates as well.

Apart from my commitment to investigating The Blot and aiding Saul with The Goblin, I will now dedicate myself to teaching Clegg the true meaning of fear and treachery. I will show him the kobold meaning of revenge.

That will have to wait for a time though, as news has arrived that Saul's capp has disappeared en route to the moneylender with this week's payment...

IP'09

SECOND DARKNESS: SHADOW IN THE SKY

Revenge...

"Chavali! I just heard the most disturbing news! Do you know that adorable little orphan boy who used to run errands for gramma Marilis? Yeah, Zim's his name, I think. Well he's taken a job as a kitchen boy at Saul Vankaskerkin's new place, The Golden Goblin. Yeah, I know, that's great news and all, he's got a roof and two squares and all that, but that's not the disturbing part!

It appears that despite being off to a rocky start with that failed promotional stunt, the Goblin's been doing okay. Well enough to get the attention of Ol' Clegg Zincher again. I know. Clegg and Saul have a lot of bad blood spilled between 'em. Well, I heard that Clegg himself had the nerve to show up at Saul's place the other night. He was 'prolly casing the joint for his hushmen, the old villain!

So, anyways, he's over at the Goblin and little Zim catches his eye ~ Jus' mindin' his own nevermind; bussing tables or whatnot. I hear tell that that Clegg took a likin' to wee Zim and tried to put the moves on him. Now, little Zim is just a dogbiter and no easylad for sure, so he refused and hid in the kitchen.

Now, you know that nobody says no to Clegg, right Chav? Well, Zincher dinnint take too kindly to Zim's rebuttal, so he went and tried to have him killed! Rumour has it that he snuck into the Golden Goblin after closing that night and sicked one of his big arena vipers on the poor little lad!

Don't ask me how, but somehow poor little Tiny Zim managed to get away with his life, but not before getting bitten a couple of times by that brute's snake! He's awful sickly now, what with all that snake venom in him, but the little trooper's still holdin' on and runnin' errands for Saul. What a brave little boy! And damn that murderous old Clegg!

Oh! Here he comes now on his little crutch! C'mon, let's go give him a penny for his troubles..."

~ Rumour heard from a washerwoman in the Warf District, again in Lubbertown - three hours later.

My Dearest Clegg,

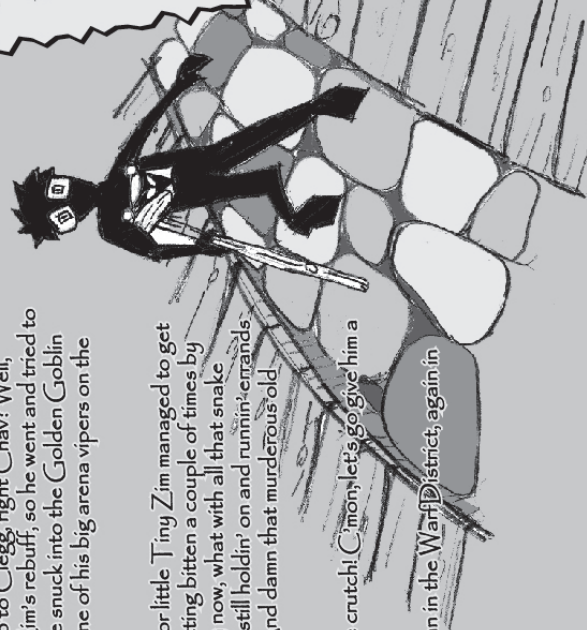
Thank you so much for breakfast the other day; it was truly delicious. I am flattered and impressed me you think so highly of me that you would to provide me sacrifice one of your own children just to provide me with a moment's amusement. I shall have a fine garment made of the hide and wear it every night at The Golden Goblin - just to remind you of the high regard I hold you in.

Do you recall our little conversation the other night when I told you I only kill what I intend to eat? It's funny how serendipity strikes when you least expect her. I was strolling through the marketplace for sale and when I found some lovely scented herbs for myself and immediately thought of you. Please accept these with my compliments. Be sure to use them on yourself immediately, lest they will like a dead viper.

Do stop by again some time. I look forward to you joining me for a meal.

P.P.S

PHASE ONE
AND TWO OF
TWELVE
COMPLETE!!!



IP 09

You want someone murdered, you go see an orc. You want revenge served good and proper, go see a Kobold!

Blood and Wine

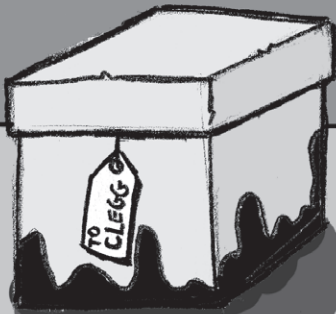
Well, the past few weeks have seen us forge a reputation for ourselves in blood. While our inquiries were unable to uncover the location Saul's floor manager, we did manage to ham-handedly brutalize his moneylender to the point where he forgave the balance of his debt. From this exploit, Mogan earned a promotion as the new Floor manager and Chaine learned a new word...



Our good chum Avery from the River Runner managed to locate the last surviving robber that tried to knock over The Goblin. She'd been hiding out with some of his competition in the information mining rings, so we struck a mutually beneficial deal to kill two rats with one stone. The late-night raid went well and vengeance and business were served. Sadly, our prisoner died due to an unfortunate accident involving my new sting-tails before we could interrogate her. No matter. We made friends and a name for ourselves, and I now have sting-tail poison for my traps. Uncle Depnakra would be pleased by this; assuming he's still sucking air.



The final event of note was a clumsy attempt by that egg-sucker Clegg to commandeer a shipment of Saul's best wine. His thugs crumpled like parchment before the stabby-stab might of our steel and spells. We got our wine, and Clegg has gotten a-head too.



IP'09

THE BLOT IS
WATCHING YOU!!!

DUN MESS WIV
DA GOLDIN GOBLINS

Clegg is a lamprey

I eat food

Clearly, the Golden Goblin has grown teeth of its own; even if it is only five.

SECOND DARKNESS: SHADOW IN THE SKY

One can never say that life amongst the big feet is boring. They kill and maim each other with a zeal unlike any race I've ever encountered. The latest such bloodbath was with one Boss Croat; a disgusting snout stink half-breed that rules the drug runners and hush men. Apparently, he took exception to our treatment of one of his money-lenders and tried to teach us a lesson at the point of a sword. About twenty swords... each held by his snout stink flunkies. Their deaths were swift, but cost us in reputation and shiny-shiny to fix the Goblin up... AGAIN. It's also interesting to note that the local gen d'arms were conspicuously absent despite the rather obvious assault on our lair. Too many enemies, not enough traps. It's beginning to remind me of home.

All is not bad news though; my colleagues have accepted that I'm a kobold without hesitation and we are attracting powerful allies. The master of the Cyphermages has sought our cooperation in his political aspirations towards ruling this city. Better yet, I picked up a tidbit of information that indicated that Croat himself was planning to meet with the were-rats in the bone yard this very night. With a desire to dole out some payback, we girded ourselves for a grand hunt. The only problem is that they clearly knew to expect us...

Betrayal in the Boneyard



After our would-be ambushers died a messy death with the aid of a mysterious swamp-elf, our suspicions were confirmed. We found a note that proves that Saul himself had set us up to be eliminated! The strange elf also indicated that he was following us because he had suspicions about Ol' Stumpy having connections to one of his enemies. A shared foe has made strange allies once again, and yet another betrayal has marked a foolish pinkskin for death.

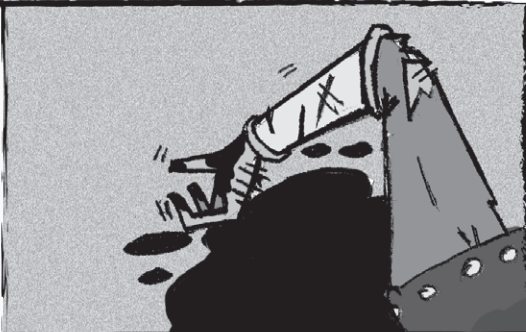
"Thus spake The Great Tyrant to The Traitor:
Hear me, oh Most Accursed, and know the fate of all oath-
breakers and betrayers. Thou hast broken thy bond and thy
contract. For this, your suffering shall Five-fold ...

Thus it is Written...

Second, thine own home shall be overrun
by creatures of malice and shadow. Their
whispers shall twist the minds of your
kith and kin, turning them against you.



First, you yourself will be betrayed by those who
heed the most base of wants; the lure of silver.

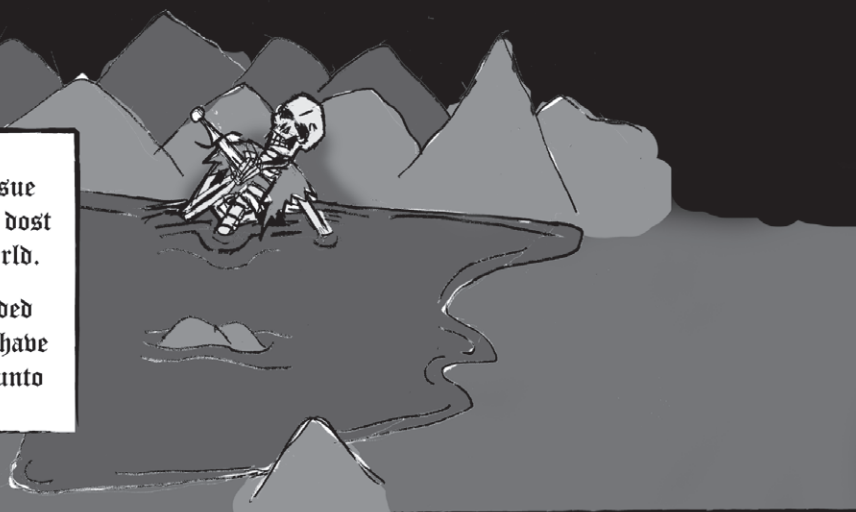


Third, your sanctum shall become a charnal house, where the blood of your
Most Loyal will be spilled on the sand before they follow you into darkness.

Fourth, those whom you have
broken your bond with shall pursue
and judge you, even though thou dost
flee deep into the bones of the world.

Finally, and only then, surrounded
by the rotted dead and those you have
betrayed, shall you be delivered unto
Me and your eternal torment.

1P.09



Thus spake Asmodeus"
Excerpt from "The Asmodean Disciplines"

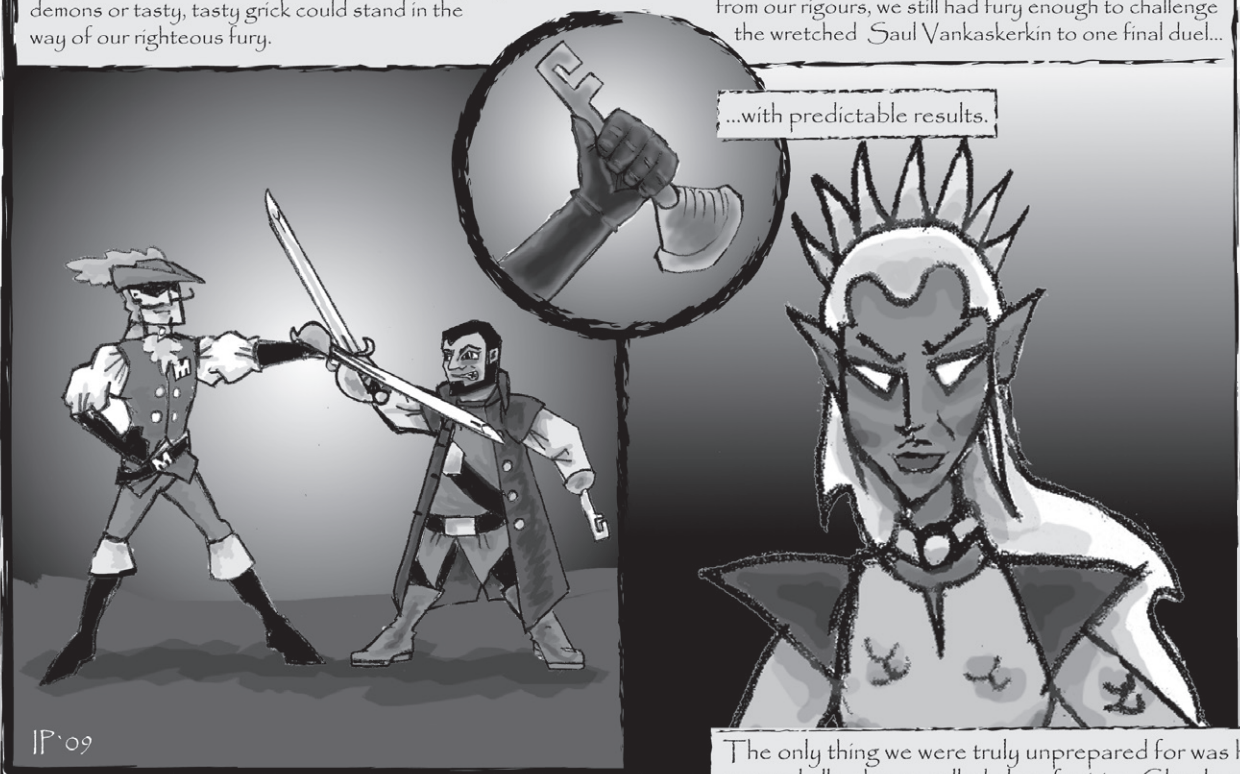
SECOND DARKNESS: SHADOW IN THE SKY

Down, down into the bosom of the earth go we, The Golden Goblins.



It appears that our former employer has been busy gaining allies even less savoury than ourselves. . We were determined though, and no wretched undead, stinking troglodytes, foul demons or tasty, tasty grick could stand in the way of our righteous fury.

Finally, it was here, in an underground chamber that housed an unearthed section of the cyphergate (it is round afterall!), that we came face to face with our betrayer. Though bloodied from our rigours, we still had fury enough to challenge the wretched Saul Vankaskerkin to one final duel...



...with predictable results.

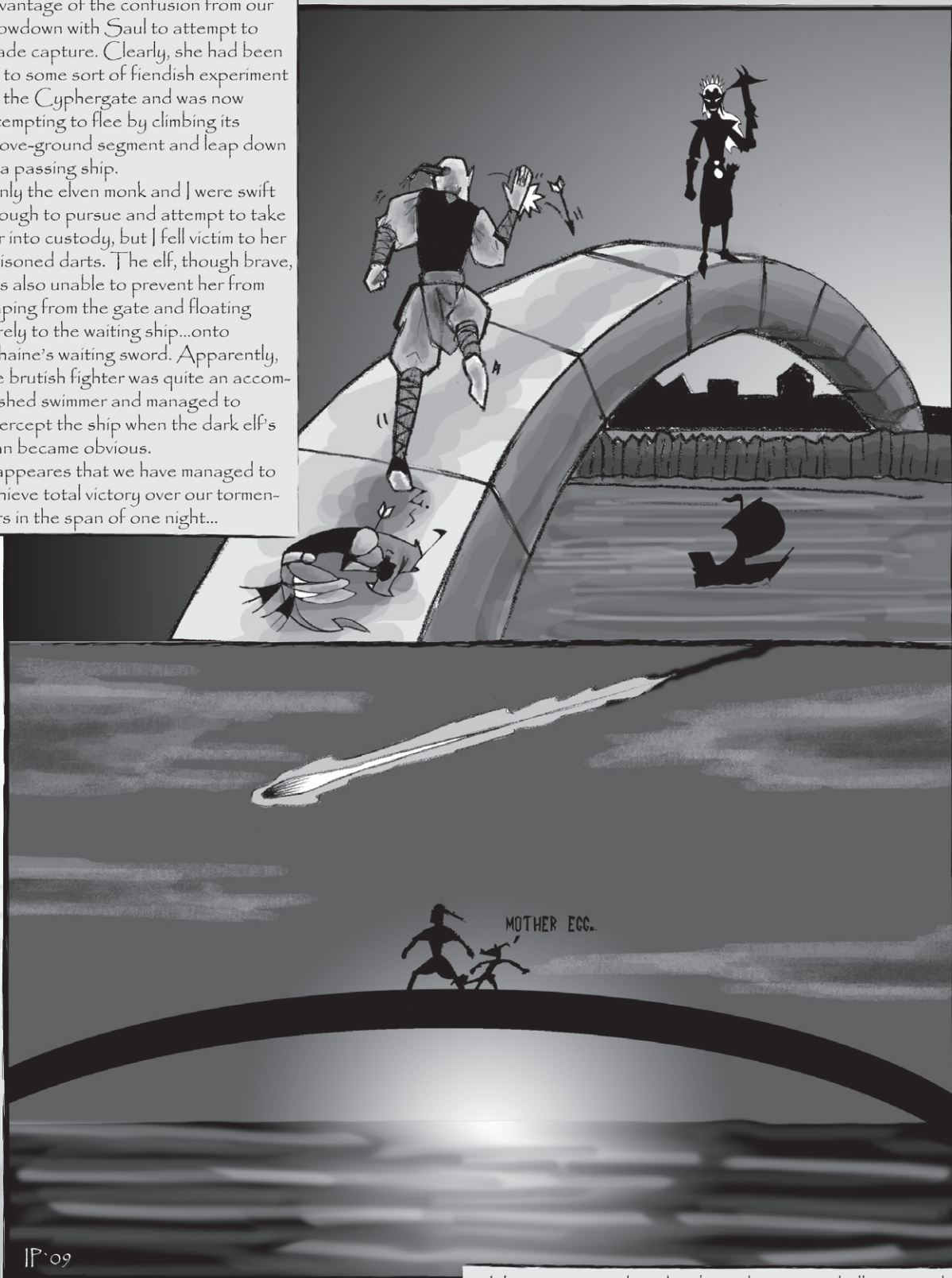
The only thing we were truly unprepared for was his unusual ally; the so-called elven fugitive. Clearly, we have not been told the whole truth... again.

JP '09

The freakish elf-like creature took advantage of the confusion from our showdown with Saul to attempt to evade capture. Clearly, she had been up to some sort of fiendish experiment on the Cyphergate and was now attempting to flee by climbing its above-ground segment and leap down to a passing ship.

Only the elven monk and I were swift enough to pursue and attempt to take her into custody, but I fell victim to her poisoned darts. The elf, though brave, was also unable to prevent her from leaping from the gate and floating safely to the waiting ship...onto Chaîne's waiting sword. Apparently, the brutish fighter was quite an accomplished swimmer and managed to intercept the ship when the dark elf's plan became obvious.

It appears that we have managed to achieve total victory over our tormentors in the span of one night...



...However a new dawn has brought its own challenges with it.

EPILOGUE

THE FOLLOWING IS GEOFF'S "EPIC BOX TEXT" EPILOGUE THAT HE SENT OUT AT THE END OF THE LAST SESSION. IT WAS SO EVOCATIVE, THAT I HAD TO INCLUDE IT IN THIS BOOK.

"From the apex of the Cyphergate Thale offers a helping hand to waking Zim, assisting him to his feet, rising and dusting himself off. Together taking a moment to catch their breath, and survey the city from their rare vantage point. Tendrils of dawn light snaked through the sleeping streets, warming the cobbles, for a day's enterprise. The morning folk, the fishers and merchants were about, getting to their business, those of the night sleepily heading to their homes or hovels.

Scanning the sky, the first thing they notice was what was suspiciously missing, the sky was clear, the blot absent. This shock barely having time to settle in before the next shock followed, from the far north a bright flash of light exploded in the northern sky.

From within the Goblin, Mogen had unceremoniously dumped the broken, shallow breathing body of Saul Vancaskerkin, and was lending a hand to Elgan to set Elishia (the prostitute) to rest, wrapping and tending to a vicious gut wound, stable for now, but without aid soon fatal. The Goblin having been faintly illuminated with rosy light from windows of the copula suddenly was a lit with a great flash of light, Mogen and Elgan quickly raced outside to see what was afoot.

From the deck of the Mermaids Farthing the horrified crew is only too eager to be rid of its unexpected passenger and decapitate victim, the captain orders the helms man to turn back. All none essential crew stand ill at ease, weapons in hand giving Chain The Butcher a wide berth. From the crows nest the watchman calls out a warning to the north, as the sky lights up.

The bright flash fades from the sky, as your eyes adjust the come to focus on a large burning streak heading straight for the city. It streaks at an alarming speed from the North, leaving a burning trail across the sky. The serenity of dawn boils away in a fever of panic, screams can be heard throughout the streets and people run scared, one man grabs a stunned Taub shaking him by his tabard screaming "YOUR GODS HAVE FORSAKEN US ALL, WE ARE DOOOOOOOOOOOMED!" before running off into the streets shedding his clothes in a continued act of senseless panic, and hollering foreboding pronouncements of terror and doom.

As the objects trajectory brings it deeper into the atmosphere the fires gives way and the object diminishes to a glowing red orb, its trail becoming less blackened ash. As terror crescendos in the streets below, Taub and Zim reflexively duck as the rock sails directly overhead. With no sure scale of the object you cannot tell if it is a thousand feet or ten times that. Moments after it passes, the nearly silent phenomenon is followed by an ear splitting explosive sound that nearly brings you to your knees, followed by a sustained roar as if a choir of dragons had all roared in unison.

The rock continues out over the sea, in its wake a hail of small, hot stones rain down upon the city, clattering off cobbles, and lighting fires on thatched roof structures, and in the market square. The roar subsides to a dull thunder, and the rock seems to meet the southern horizon, it disappears from view bring a moments respite, this

last all of a few heart beats before the southern curve of the ocean erupts in a giant fiery explosion. Flames lick high followed by a column of debris and smoke. Shortly there after the sound of the explosion reaches your ears chilling you with the thought of what would have happened if the sky rock had made landfall in Riddleport and not off shore.

The blast is followed by a tremor, the city rocks and shakes beneath you, Zim's potion of spider-climb, and Thale's years at sea, and the relative stability of the Cyphergate allow you to keep your footing. Other parts of the city fare poorly, loose shingles rain down on the city streets, and the more dilapidated of flophouses collapse. With the earthquake also come violent winds from the south.

Chaine's bloody reverie is broken when the captain starts shouting orders, the ship turned about and heading for shore, is buffeted violently by the winds, but in spite of what should be winds carrying it to shore, it recedes, being pulled by some unknown force out beneath the Cyphergate. The captain seems to now be screaming for ors, and is dumbstruck crew slack jawed move mechanically to fulfill the orders, but not at a speed that satisfy the captain. You realize in

horror to late, the captain's true fear as the deck lurches beneath your feet as the ship seems to fall into the trough proceedings a wave the likes of which only great wizards and gods could summon.

Instinctively Taub joins the press of bodies who had amassed near the shores to observe the sky stone as it passed over the city, many of which had misguidedly thought the danger had passed.

As the wave crests passing beneath the Cyphergate it carries with it all manner of flotsam, and the Mermaid's Farthing, like a mighty hand it gathers all ships before smashing them against the docks of Riddleport. The tsunami make swift and devastating work of the shore lines, and port, the tidal-like surge traveling up river smashing itself against Overlord Chrosky's island fortress.

With its wrath spent the waters retreat, sluggish and murky with the filth of the city, carrying away the dead and injured too foolish to flee. Leaving at least one blessing, that of fire relief.

You wait a few anxious moments for a third and fourth shoe to drop, before you realize it is done, the adrenaline keeping you alive drains from your body, you are emotionally and physically fatigued from your night of madness, and the realization of many a hard day ahead in Riddleport."

EPILOGUE

The after effects of the falling star were immediate and deadly. Fires and flooding consumed much of our immediate attention. Finally acting like concerned citizens, we, as the keepers of the Golden Goblin threw open its doors and used our great hall as shelter, hospital, and sometime mortuary. We gave what comfort we could, but the damage to the city is quite severe. Entire neighbourhoods and families were either incinerated or drowned, and I fear that the city may never fully recover from this tragedy.

Once the immediate danger of fire and flood had passed, we set to putting the affairs of the Golden Goblin in order. We found the deed and books for the casino and precious little else in the vault (save for a grumpy and hungry mimic), and finally laid claim to what was ours by conquest. The delivery of Saul's still-living person was sufficient incentive to win the gratitude of Lavender Lil; the enchanting tiefling lieutenant from the House of the Silken Veil. There has been much bad blood between them and his death served to bring at least a small measure of justice to this troubled city.

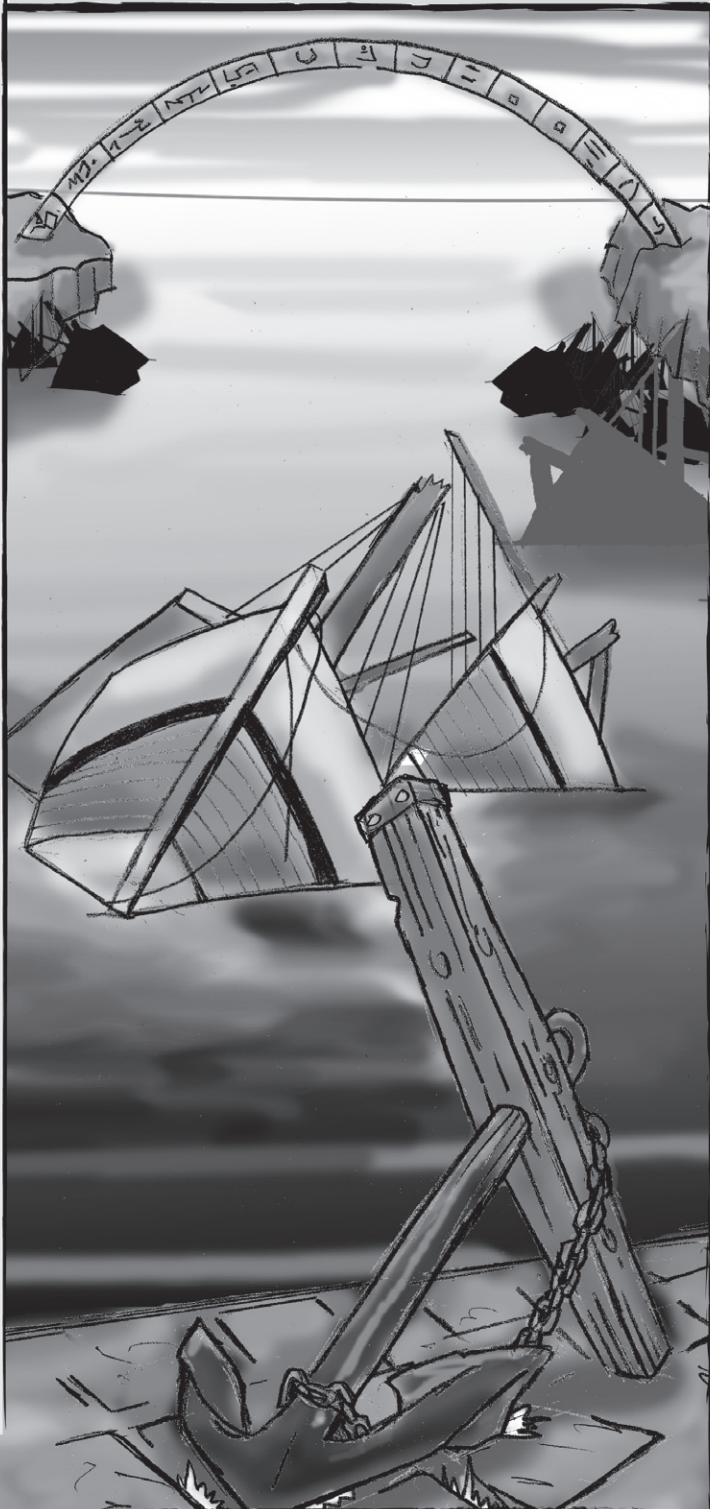
Further to settling business, we were able to secure a partnership between Lil's mistress and Master Avery for the transfer of ownership of the Goblin; much to our personal enrichment. While an interesting base of operations, none of us (except for Chaine "The Butcher", who retained a nominal stake) are suited for the long-term operation of a gambling hall.

The information about the Cyphergate and the unusual elf-creature was enticing enough to the Cyphermages to allow both Elgan and I entry into their ranks. Also of note, the sample of the skyrock that I retrieved from a burnt-out building revealed the presence of some potentially valuable minerals and metals.

The information about her activities connected to the Blot, Gate and Starfall further attracted interest from both the mages and the employers of our mysterious elfen ally, Kwava. Both parties are planning an expedition to Devil's Elbow; the site of the star's impact, and we were invited to participate.

I fear that we may already be too late, for there are rumours that both Avery and Clegg have mounted their own recovery operation, and are aggressively deterring further competition to claim ownership of the fallen star.

Savage Operations



IP'09

As I record this entry, we await the arrival of a ship; sent by Kwava's mysterious benefactors to bear us to Devil's Elbow. May they be more trustworthy than Saul - for thier own sake...

ROGUE'S GALLERY



I'm setting aside the back page to showcase other artist's work and bonus material that doesn't fit into the storyline of each adventure.

To kick things off, here's a really great set of portraits drawn by Gworeth from the Paizo community boards. It's nice to see what a real artist can do to make my character come alive. Please check out his DeviantArt page: <http://gworeth.deviantart.com>

