

# Events

## Order Compilation

Report ID: 3640

6th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

+++ Results of Orders Compiled on 06-Ice moon-501 +++

```
000: begin_Mys(10,5,"Channing",1,"****")
      OK default date=06-Ice moon-501
001: set_date("06-ice-501")
      OK result=66; no. of orders=0.10
002: revoke_orders("c#93012")
      OK; no. of orders=1
003: revoke_orders("c#93013")
      OK; no. of orders=1
004: revoke_orders("c#93014")
      OK; no. of orders=1
005: revoke_orders("c#93015")
      OK; no. of orders=1
006: revoke_orders("c#93016")
      OK; no. of orders=1
007: revoke_orders("c#93017")
      OK; no. of orders=1
008: revoke_orders("g#90000")
      OK; no. of orders=1
009: leave_group("c#93012")
      OK; no. of orders=1
010: leave_group("c#93013")
      OK; no. of orders=1
011: leave_group("c#93014")
      OK; no. of orders=1
012: visit_building("c#93012","b#90107")
      OK; no. of orders=1
013: visit_taverns("c#93013")
      OK; no. of orders=1
014: forage("c#93015",2,, $YES)
      OK; no. of orders=1
015: exit_habitation("g#90000")
      OK; no. of orders=1
016: send_message("c#93014","b#92172","Greetings my dear Werewolves, My master, Carian of
Oakbridge, could need your help on a chase through the wild. Would you be interested?")
      OK; no. of orders=1
017: set_date("06-ice-501")
      OK result=66; no. of orders=0.10
018: examine_habitation("c#93013")
      OK; no. of orders=1
019: examine_building("c#93012","b#90028")
      OK; no. of orders=1
020: move("g#90000","4")
      OK; no. of orders=1
021: visit_building("c#93014","b#90015")
      OK; no. of orders=1
022: set_date("06-ice-501")
      OK result=66; no. of orders=0.10
023: spy("c#93013","b#90013",2,,, $GENERAL,$CONTENTS)
      OK; no. of orders=1
024: chat("c#93012",,2,,, "Laws","History","Elite")
      OK; no. of orders=1
025: explore_dungeon("g#90000","d#91086",2)
      OK; no. of orders=1
026: query_quest(,0,"c#93014","b#90107")
      OK; no. of orders=1
027: set_date("06-ice-501")
      OK result=66; no. of orders=0.10
028: query_quest("c#93014","b#90028")
      OK; no. of orders=1
029: set_date("06-ice-501")
      OK result=66; no. of orders=0.10
030: join_group("c#93012","g#93003")
      OK; no. of orders=1
031: join_group("c#93013","g#93003")
      OK; no. of orders=1
032: join_group("c#93014","g#93003")
      OK; no. of orders=1
033: end_Mys()
      OK
```

Number of syntax errors = 0, counting as 0.00 orders for billing.

Total of successfully compiled lines count as 27.50 orders for billing.

Sum of orders for billing = 27.50

Report ID: 3640

page 1 of 32

## Character Events

Report ID: 3596

6th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

### Entry in Carian's Diary:

A summarized supply report for this day is as follows:

When some of your followers wanted to get something to eat on the evening of 6th of Ice moon 501 A.R., nobody had any money, not even a single dime.

Hunger made 'Hawk' Wilkens dream of cooked rat at night. On your command he went about two days into a large wooded area, so that the food supply may be replenished. Traveling through the forest there was an encounter with a large bear which was fleeing from a wild swarm of bees. The reason for this was found a short while later—a bee's nest lying on the ground. This was found to contain most delicious honey, supplementing our stocks with approximately one day's worth of food.

What fortune that the bees had been busy chasing the bear!

Sir Carian of Oakbridge envisioned lying as a scrag in the corner. It was the same day, when he received thy order, to buy various things. So he set out to make the local market unsafe. Firstly he purchased  $5 \frac{3}{10}$  food at three shillings. In the end he spent altogether close to one hour at the market before he left this place of trade again.

Gwynna 'the Magpie' felt somewhat hungry. It was the same day, when she received thy order, to buy various things. So she set out to make the local market unsafe. At first she bought  $3 \frac{5}{12}$  food at two shillings. In the end she spent altogether about three quarters of an hour at the market before she left this place of trade again.

Report ID: 3596

page 2 of 32



6th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Lucandir Brownleaf (#93014)

A summarized supply report for this day is as follows:

Some of your followers had problems on 6th of Ice moon 501 A.R. due to scarcity of food.

Stewardess Dlurg of Bikk Grot Stratt had to start searching for something to eat. Lucandir Brownleaf had nothing more to eat. It was the the same day, when he received thy order, to buy various things. So he set out to make the local market unsafe. At first he bought 5 1/12 food at four shillings. In the end he spent altogether about three quarters of an hour at the market before he left this place of trade again.

yours most obediently,  
Lucandir



6th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Lucandir Brownleaf (#93014)

On 6th of Ice moon 501 A.R. Lucandir Brownleaf got your order to work some in order to replenish the purse. About one day had passed and Lucandir Brownleaf had gotten  $2 \frac{3}{10}$  shillings.

yours most obediently,  
Lucandir



6th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Ron Harper (#93016)

On 6th of Ice moon 501 A.R. Ron got your order to work some in order to replenish the purse. So Ron went to look for work. After he walked aimlessly through the city for a time, he met a merchant who was supervising a few workers, while they were dragging some crates and boxes into a warehouse. Ron watched this for a moment and suddenly the merchant came up to him: "How lucky I am to meet you. You could really use some money, right?" Before Ron could reply he spoke further: "So, it's so simple: You spend the night here in this warehouse, chase off all of the intruders, and the next mornin' I'll give you a few coins for it! That's sounds fair, don't it? I can tell by your face that you like this idea. I am right ain't I? Great, so until first thing tomorrow morning." By the time Ron recovered enough to talk, the man had already disappeared around the corner. No matter, he had finally found a job. And so Ron stepped happily into the warehouse. Er seated himself there at a table to wait for the last workers to finish their tasks. One of them spoke briefly with Ron and said if er had become weary, er should just take some brown powder from the crates and brew it up with some hot water. Finally, after no one else was at the warehouse, he locked up and began his guarding, which consisted mainly of sitting around and waiting for suspicious noises. There was absolutely nothing to hear during the first hour, not even a rat. But Ron gradually became quite weary and decided to take the advice of the worker. Er carefully made a little fire and boiled some water. Then er took some powder from one of the crates, filled up a goblet half-way with it, and poured hot water into it. When the brew had cooled off some, Ron took a big gulp. The concoction tasted unbelievably bitter, but that's nothing to a true warrior. For the remainder of the night Ron had no more problems staying awake. The next morning the merchant opened the doors from outside and Ron stormed at him. "Nothinghappendhereduringthenight. ThenIthoughtI'dsweeptheplace. AndwhenIwasfinishedIdustedoffthecrates. Pleasegivemethemoney, andI'llgointothecityandsweepthestreetsorchopdownsometreesorsomething.Thanksforthemoney

wellsolong." The merchant went over Ron to give him the money, but when he went to thank him, Ron was already gone. Close to one day had passed and Ron had gotten  $1 \frac{1}{5}$  shillings.

yours most obediently,

Ron



6th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Rory Harper (#93017)

On 6th of Ice moon 501 A.R. Rory got your order to work some in order to replenish the purse. So Rory went to look for work. After he walked aimlessly through the city for a time, he met a merchant who was supervising a few workers, while they were dragging some crates and boxes into a warehouse. Rory watched this for a moment and suddenly the merchant came up to him: "How lucky I am to meet you. You could really use some money, right?" Before Rory could reply he spoke further: "So, it's so simple: You spend the night here in this warehouse, chase off all of the intruders, and the next mornin' I'll give you a few coins for it! That's sounds fair, don't it? I can tell by your face that you like this idea. I am right ain't I? Great, so until first thing tomorrow morning." By the time Rory recovered enough to talk, the man had already disappeared around the corner. No matter, he had finally found a job. And so Rory stepped happily into the warehouse. Er seated himself there at a table to wait for the last workers to finish their tasks. One of them spoke briefly with Rory and said if er had become weary, er should just take some brown powder from the crates and brew it up with some hot water. Finally, after no one else was at the warehouse, he locked up and began his guarding, which consisted mainly of sitting around and waiting for suspicious noises. There was absolutely nothing to hear during the first hour, not even a rat. But Rory gradually became quite weary and decided to take the advice of the worker. Er carefully made a little fire and boiled some water. Then er took some powder from one of the crates, filled up a goblet half-way with it, and poured hot water into it. When the brew had cooled off some, Rory took a big gulp. The concoction tasted unbelievably bitter, but that's nothing to a true warrior. For the remainder of the night Rory had no more problems staying awake. The next morning the merchant opened the doors from outside and Rory stormed at him. "Nothinghappendhereduringthenight. ThenIthoughtI'dsweeptheplace. AndwhenIwasfinishedIdustedoffthecrates. Pleasegivemethemoney, andI'llgointothecityandsweepthestreetsorchopdownsometreesorsomething.Thanksforthemoney

wellsolong." The merchant went over Rory to give him the money, but when he went to thank him, Rory was already gone. Close to one day had passed and Rory had gotten 9/10 shillings.

yours most obediently,  
Rory



Report ID: 3656



revoke\_orders("c#93012")

6th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

Entry in Carian's Diary:

Indeed on 6th of Ice moon 501 A.R. Sir Carian of Oakbridge should forget all orders until 6th of Ice moon 501 A.R., since there were none anyway, it will be that much easier.



Report ID: 3657



revoke\_orders("c#93013")

6th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Gwynna Llandefarne (#93013)

On 6th of Ice moon 501 A.R. Gwynna 'the Magpie' carried out your order and will not carry out the last order until 6th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

yours most obediently,  
Gwynna

Report ID: 3657

page 8 of 32



Report ID: 3658



revoke\_orders("c#93014")

6th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Lucandir Brownleaf (#93014)

On 6th of Ice moon 501 A.R. Lucandir Brownleaf carried out your order and will not carry out the last two orders until 6th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

yours most obediently,  
Lucandir



Report ID: 3659



revoke\_orders("c#93016")

6th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Ron Harper (#93016)

Indeed on 6th of Ice moon 501 A.R. Ron should forget all orders until 6th of Ice moon 501 A.R., since there were none anyway, it will be that much easier.

yours most obediently,  
Ron

Report ID: 3659

page 9 of 32



Report ID: 3660



revoke\_orders("c#93017")

6th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Rory Harper (#93017)

Indeed on 6th of Ice moon 501 A.R. Rory should forget all orders until 6th of Ice moon 501 A.R., since there were none anyway, it will be that much easier.

yours most obediently,

Rory



Report ID: 3662



leave\_group("c#93012")

6th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

Entry in Carian's Diary:

On 6th of Ice moon 501 A.R. Sir Carian of Oakbridge received the order to leave his group. Sir Carian of Oakbridge left the group named 'Carian of Oakbridge and friends'.

Report ID: 3662

page 10 of 32



Report ID: 3663



leave\_group("c#93014")

6th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Lucandir Brownleaf (#93014)

On 6th of Ice moon 501 A.R. Lucandir Brownleaf received the order to leave his group. Lucandir Brownleaf left the group by the name of 'Carian of Oakbridge and friends'.

yours most obediently,  
Lucandir



Report ID: 3665



send\_message("c#93014", "b#92172", "Greetings my dear Werewolves, My master, Carian of Oakbridge, could need your help on a chase through the wild. Would you be interested?")

6th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Lucandir Brownleaf (#93014)

On 6th of Ice moon 501 A.R. Lucandir Brownleaf had the idea to sent a short message to the responisble person for the building 'Nest of the Werwolves', Morg der Fledderer master assassin,

yours most obediently,  
Lucandir

Report ID: 3665

page 11 of 32



Report ID: 3670



revoke\_orders("c#93015")

6th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Jeremy Wilkens (#93015)

Indeed on 6th of Ice moon 501 A.R. 'Hawk' Wilkens should forget all orders until 6th of Ice moon 501 A.R., since there were none anyway, it will be that much easier.

yours most obediently,

Jeremy

Report ID: 3670

page 12 of 32





forage("c#93015",2,, \$YES)

6th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Jeremy Wilkens (#93015)

Nobody dared harverst other people's fields, so that one had to resort to hunting to get some food. On your command 'Hawk' Wilkens went about two days days into a large wooded area, so that the food supply may be replenished. Traveling through the forest there was an encounter with a large bear which was fleeing from a wild swarm of bees. The reason for this was found a short while later-a bee's nest lying on the ground. This was found to contain most delicious honey, supplementing our stocks with approximately one day days of food. What fortune that the bees had been busy chasing the bear!

yours most obediently,  
Jeremy



leave\_group("c#93013")

7th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Gwynna Llandefarne (#93013)

On 7th of Ice moon 501 A.R. Gwynna 'the Magpie' received the order to leave her group. Gwynna 'the Magpie' left the group by the name of 'Carian of Oakbridge and friends'. Thus the last character left the group.

yours most obediently,  
Gwynna



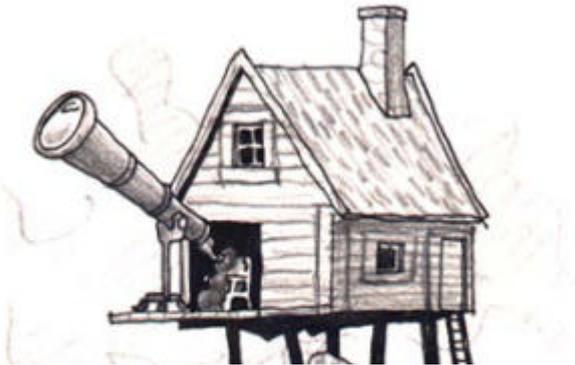
visit\_building("c#93012", "b#90107")

7th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

Entry in Carian's Diary:

It was really easy to find because Sir Carian of Oakbridge knew the way. The called "oracle of Nywhoghwic" (#90107). (Picture #213, house with giant telescope) So after Sir Carian of Oakbridge stepped into the building one examined it more closely: The very small, inhabited building. Somewhat reluctantly, one walked into the building. Indeed one tried one's best, but there either seemed to be no interesting stories here or, if there were, they were kept hidden.

picture 213





visit\_building("c#93014", "b#90015")

7th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

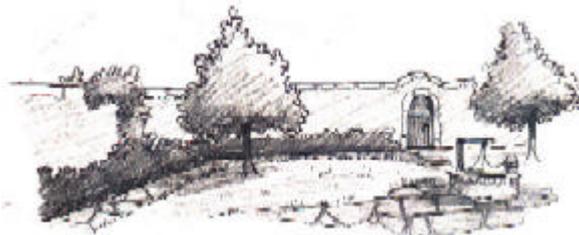
Lucandir Brownleaf (#93014)

The named "gardens of empathy" (#90015) appears as follows: A wall about two strides high surrounds several different gardens from which the tips of bushes and crowns of trees look out. In these gardens, the followers of Jhia feel themselves especially close to their beliefs. (Picture #225, garden with wall and fountain)

Unfortunately it seems to have escaped your attention, that gardens of empathy is not a public gardens.

yours most obediently,  
Lucandir

picture 225





query\_quest ("c#93014", "b#90028")

7th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Lucandir Brownleaf (#93014)

Lucandir Brownleaf's new order was to enquire a new quest. The stone circle named "circle of force" (#90028) (A little to one side, and hidden well in the shadows, is a circle of stone blocks, about 12 strides in diameter. There's grass growing in the circle, and it seems there are lines in the grass, running from one stone to the other. Only the druids are permitted to enter the circle, but there are no guards.) has the following appearance: A little to one side, and hidden well in the shadows, is a circle of stone blocks, about 12 strides in diameter. There's grass growing in the circle, and it seems there are lines in the grass, running from one stone to the other. Only the druids are permitted to enter the circle, but there are no guards. He decided to ask someone at the building 'circle of force', because it was close by. Being there, Lucandir Brownleaf asked a adventurers about quests. He was very happy, because he was searching for some brave heroes. He told the following story: The old druid in the stone circle of Nywhoghic is constantly tending to the balance of power, so he tells. But since he is somehow bound to the circle, he can do very little. So he needs many helping hands to save the world. Now just guess, who is suited for this? - That sounds interesting! Lucandir Brownleaf summarized: The following items should be brought: one rainbow flower. If this would be done, a nice reward was given: 450 pebbles of true bread, one oak staff of nature control and one runed scroll of botany.

yours most obediently,  
Lucandir



Report ID: 3756



join\_group("c#93014", "g#93003")

7th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Lucandir Brownleaf (#93014)

On 7th of Ice moon 501 A.R. Lucandir Brownleaf received the order to join another group. Since the group named 'Carian of Oakbridge and friends' was empty at this point, Lucandir Brownleaf was declared as being a group alone. (<#1>) is now a member of the (<#2>).

yours most obediently,  
Lucandir



Report ID: 3790



7th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Lucandir Brownleaf (#93014)

In order to have money again, Lucandir Brownleaf was supposed to look for a simple job on 7th of Ice moon 501 A.R.. About one day had passed and Lucandir Brownleaf had gotten 2 1/5 shillings.

yours most obediently,  
Lucandir

Report ID: 3790

page 18 of 32



7th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

A summarized supply report for this day is as follows:

Some of your followers had problems on 7th of Ice moon 501 A.R. due to scarcity of food.

Ron felt his empty stomach. After a short search one found William, a nice servant who offered the desired three rations for  $2 \frac{2}{5}$  shillings. One took advantage of the opportunity and bought everything necessary. Finally, one bade farewell to William. Rory had to try to find something to eat. After a short search one found Hugh, a nice servant who offered the desired  $4 \frac{4}{5}$  rations for  $3 \frac{3}{5}$  shillings. One did not hesitate and purchased  $4 \frac{4}{5}$  of the good man's rations.



visit\_taverns("c#93013")

8th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Gwynna Llandefarne (#93013)

Passed-out drunkards paved the way to the most notorious taverns of the area. People who you would never see in broad daylight, cutthroats and other riff-raff were screaming at every corner. Upon arriving at the tavern, one look told all: a keg, from which everybody was serving oneself sat in the corner. A fierce compatriot went around throwing anybody who was sleeping in the corners out the window. Although not much was happening, one felt fantastic. Such a little visit to the tavern is always great fun. Gwynna 'the Magpie' was able to pay shillings the demanded 7 2/5. The next morning Gwynna 'the Magpie' didn't get up until late and looked white as a sheet.

yours most obediently,

Gwynna



examine\_building("c#93012", "b#90028")

8th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

Entry in Carian's Diary:

On 8th of Ice moon 501 A.R., Sir Carian of Oakbridge went off to look at the building circle of force (#90028). The stone circle "circle of force" (#90028) has this outward appearance: A little to one side, and hidden well in the shadows, is a circle of stone blocks, about 12 strides in diameter. There's grass growing in the circle, and it seems there are lines in the grass, running from one stone to the other. Only the druids are permitted to enter the circle, but there are no guards. This is a public place for nothing special.



8th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Gwynna Llandefarne (#93013)

A summarized supply report for this day is as follows:

Later, on 8th of Ice moon 501 A.R., some of your followers got hungry and was again disappointed to find out that there was nothing there.

Gwynna 'the Magpie' was hit hard by this, since the day had already been pretty bad until then. On the same day she got your shopping list with items that urgently needed to be obtained. So she set out to make the local market unsafe. Firstly she bought  $6 \frac{2}{5}$  food at five shillings. There were no funds available for more. In the end she spent altogether about three quarters of an hour at the market before she left this place of trade again.

yours most obediently,  
Gwynna



8th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Lucandir Brownleaf (#93014)

In order to finance being an adventurer, Lucandir Brownleaf had to look for a simple job on 8th of Ice moon 501 A.R.. After approximately one day Lucandir Brownleaf had earned 1 4/5 shillings.

yours most obediently,  
Lucandir



examine\_habitation("c#93013")

9th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:  
Gwynna Llandefarne (#93013)

On 9th of Ice moon 501 A.R., Gwynna 'the Magpie' went off to get a better look at the city of Nywhoghwic (#90002). Yet the impression of the city as a living being disappears almost as soon as you enter it. The same noise and the same stink prevail here as in any other city. The inhabitants are going about the same activities and the guards are just as visible and alert. However, a strange feeling remains. The plants which cover the city are neglected and run wild, rejecting any sense of 'proper place'. The town called "Nywhoghwic" (#90002) (Nywhogihwic is a city which, by its very charm, is captivating. Indeed, the city is quite large and walled, but nonetheless looks from a distance as if it would somehow suit the nature of the surrounding countryside. Almost every building, including the walls, are covered in ivy and other plants, making the city blend in well with the surrounding countryside. The city seems to have a life of its own.) has the following appearance: Nywhogihwic is a city which, by its very charm, is captivating. Indeed, the city is quite large and walled, but nonetheless looks from a distance as if it would somehow suit the nature of the surrounding countryside. Almost every building, including the walls, are covered in ivy and other plants, making the city blend in well with the surrounding countryside. The city seems to have a life of its own.(Picture #101, town with wall) In the 1 rich capital Nywhoghwic (#90002) there is a "hardly a chance to buy or sell anything

These characters were also inside the city:

- a cleric who is wearing a fancy clothes
- a fighter who is wearing a plain clothes
- a fighter who is wearing a plain clothes
- a medic who is wearing a plain clothes
- a cleric who is wearing a plain clothes
- a noble who is wearing a fancy clothes
- an arcanist who is wearing a plain clothes
- an arcanist who is wearing a plain clothes
- an arcanist who is wearing a plain clothes

Sir Carian of Oakbridge (#93012), a noble who is wearing a fancy clothes with the following noticable features: He is a slender young man with black hair, clad in iron armor. He seems to be very young for a fighter, but this is a tough world after all. Sadness covers his dark eyes, as if there was a deep sorrow in his past. He doesn't speak much, you notice. Gwynna 'the Magpie' (#93013), a thief who is wearing a plain clothes with the following appearance: She is a young woman with auburn hair and laughing green eyes. Freckles cover her cheeks, and most of the time a smile bends her lips. She wears leather trousers, a linen blouse, and a thick wool coat.

These groups were also inside the city:

ID	Name
93005	Circus di Campari
93003	Carian of Oakbridge and friends
93002	Caption Bearmonger and friends

These buildings were also inside the city:

ID	Name	Type	Public
92221	The Nest	cottage	No
90028	circle of force	stone circle	Yes
90015	gardens of empathy	gardens	No
90013	king's palace	palace	No



90014	grove of the undescribability of being	forest	Yes
90017	Mygadik's home	town house	No
90050	castle of Nywhoghwic	castle	No
90016	the Forbidden Cemetary	cemetary	Yes
90107	oracle of Nywhoghwic	oracle	Yes
93000	Bearmonger's place	town house	No
91891	Healers house	small townhouse	No

yours most obediently,  
Gwynna

picture 101



Report ID: 3928



9th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Lucandir Brownleaf (#93014)

In order to avoid bankruptcy, Lucandir Brownleaf had to get a simple job on he. Close to one day's work and Lucandir Brownleaf was already richer by 1 2/5 shillings.

yours most obediently,  
Lucandir

Report ID: 3928

page 25 of 32



chat("c#93012",,2,,,"Laws","History","Elite")

10th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

### Entry in Carian's Diary:

While looking for someone to talk to, one finds a merchant/seafarer, from whom one is heartily greeted. The local laws, so it was told, are made by a balanced judge here. And furthermore: The city should be spared of nothing, and at the gate they look for heavily armed, potential criminals, monsters, diseased and known criminal. No matter how much one asked, she didn't seem to know anything about the history of this habitation. Asking her about her opinion on the important people in this city, one heard the following: "And I just remembered this," she said, "I can tell you something about the owner of grove of the undescribability of being." Thus she told: Druid Geoffrey ((#90012)), is a druid. He is male and of Kynthexian people, a human as well.

Trying to avoid being heard she whispered this on the subject of the owner of Bearmonger's place: First, a short description of the target: the noble>About Captain Rhodry Bearmonger ((#93005)), a noble, is to say, that is he male and a human. In addition he is of Kynthexian people.

So then one got to hear some gossip from her on the owner of Healers house: First, a short description of the target: the arcanist>About Strevidema Strevidema ((#92217)), a medic, is to say, that is he male and a human. In addition he is of Kynthexian people. After they did some digging, they were able to find out some things about his past.

Finally It is rumored there is a brood of purple slimes housing in a foul creature's den. That is supposed to be six days of marching south-east from Arenslatia.

Crouched down and whispered behind her hand: 1Finally One has heard that there is a sword golem housing in a well concealed foul creature's ruined farmhouse in a mountains. That is supposed to be seven days travel north-east from Arenslatia.

Some say that no treasure lies there. Crouched down and whispered behind her hand:

1She had a little more regionalnews: The local populace has noticed that there is some spore funguses near a sinister underground chamber in the region of Kynthex. That is supposed to be eight days of marching south-east from Arenslatia.



Supposedly a treasure worth 2000 shillings can be found there. One heard very softly from her a regional piece of news, which one considered true: It has been reported that there is a basilisk dwelling in a foul creature's cave in the region named Dark Mountains. That supposedly lies four days of marching east from Arenslatia. Tales report that a treasure worth 2000 shillings can be found there. Finally A savage creature is, according to some wanderers, terrorizing the vicinity of an overgrown lair in a range of mountains. Some say that a treasure worth 100 shillings is to be had there. Crouched down and whispered behind her hand: 1One exchanged a few courtesies and then continued on one's way.



Report ID: 3984



10th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

Entry in Carian's Diary:

A summarized supply report for this day is as follows:

Since some of your followers had not eaten anything throughout the whole 10th of Ice moon 501 A.R., they had to come up with something.

Hunger made Sir Carian of Oakbridge dream of cooked rat at night. On the same day he got hold of your shopping list with desired items. So he set out to make the local market unsafe. At first he purchased  $4 \frac{1}{6}$  food at three shillings. In the end he spent altogether approximately three quarters of an hour at the market before he left this place of trade again.

'Hawk' Wilkens had to try to find something to eat. Just as ordered he went in search of food in the forest. Fortunately, several bushes with wild berries were quickly found, making a large effort unnecessary. The tasty berries should be enough food to last for approximately one day days.

Lucandir Brownleaf felt his empty stomach. On the same day he got hold of your shopping list with desired items. So he set out to make the local market unsafe.

Firstly he bought  $6 \frac{7}{10}$  food at five shillings. In the end he spent altogether close to three quarters of an hour at the market before he left this place of trade again.

Report ID: 3984

page 27 of 32



Report ID: 3999



10th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Lucandir Brownleaf (#93014)

In order to avoid bankruptcy, Lucandir Brownleaf had to get a simple job on he. After much thought, he abandoned this task. In the end, he feared getting dirty hands from this.

yours most obediently,  
Lucandir



## Group Events



Report ID: 3661



revoke\_orders("g#90000")

6th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Ron & Rory expedition (#90000)

On 6th of Ice moon 501 A.R. Ron & Rory expedition carried out your order and will not carry out the last order until 6th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

yours most obediently,  
Ron & Rory expedition

Report ID: 3661

page 28 of 32



Group Events





exit\_habitation("g#90000")

6th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Ron & Rory expedition (#90000)

On 6th of Ice moon 501 A.R., the group named 'Ron & Rory expedition' got the order to leave the city of Nywhoghwic. There were no guards standing at the gate, so the group named 'Ron & Rory expedition' was able to go outside undisturbed. And so, group named 'Ron & Rory expedition' left Nywhoghwic with everyone.

yours most obediently,  
Ron & Rory expedition



move("g#90000", "4")

6th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Ron & Rory expedition (#90000)

(Picture #101, town with wall) If the fellowship with the name of "Ron & Rory expedition" had foreseen the events to come, they might never have left. Alas, they did venture forth on the 6th of Ice moon 501 A.R..

They walked through an area (22/16) of grassland: A fertile plain with fields of lush grass. They were traveling through the region Kynthex (#90002), Kynthex.

Following habitations were sighted in this area:

The town "Nywhoghwic" (#90002) (Nywhoghwic is a city which, by its very charm, is captivating. Indeed, the city is quite large and walled, but nonetheless looks from a distance as if it would somehow suit the nature of the surrounding countryside. Almost every building, including the walls, are covered in ivy and other plants, making the city blend in well with the surrounding countryside. The city seems to have a life of its own.) has the following appearance: Nywhoghwic is a city which, by its very charm, is captivating. Indeed, the city is quite large and walled, but nonetheless looks from a distance as if it would somehow suit the nature of the surrounding countryside. Almost every building, including the walls, are covered in ivy and other plants, making the city blend in well with the surrounding countryside. The city seems to have a life of its own.

Following estates were sighted in this area:

The large estate, Ousmeadow (#92137), with a very small, inhabited building and 14 villages, that is inhabited by humans who do mixture of crops and herding.

They walked through an area (23/17) of forest: A calm forest with the occasional clearing.

yours most obediently,  
Ron & Rory expedition

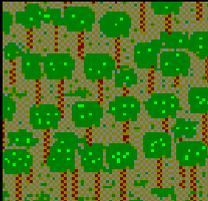




picture 101



### Perditia

	22	23	24	25	26
16	 Nywhoghwic (#90002)			empty	
17					
18					
19					
20					





explore\_dungeon("g#90000", "d#91086", 2)

6th of Ice moon 501 A.R.

From:

Ron Harper (#93016)

Rory Harper (#93017)

Ron & Rory expedition (#90000)

After receiving the order, Ron and Rory set out to enter into a dungeon with the goal of "take all treasures". It was really easy to find because Ron knew the way. After a short search of this locality Rory found the dungeon using the given information. Still him was unclear about what would happen. There's an opening here in the ground where you wouldn't expect to find one. There's an opening here in the ground where you wouldn't expect to find one. One steps into a small room which is obviously not of natural origin. And there must have been a fire here too because there is soot on the walls. As calm as it may appear this would change shortly: In front of Ron's feet seemed to be a murderous machinery. After careful examination and a lengthy consultation Ron remarked that the nature of the trap was known, and because it was a a pit, it could be disarmed. Whilst fingering around on the deadly machinery, Ron suddenly heard a loud crunch that signaled the surrender of the trigger mechanism. Thereupon, after brushing off the dust-covered clothes, the quest continued. Somebody was already here, as was suspected: five spore funguses. With a grunt, each others' presence had been acknowledged, but since no friendly words were exchanged, they parted again as fast as possible. Thus your followers escaped out of the darkness. This was the end of a glorious adventure and your narrator hopes to have entertained you well with this illustrious tale.

yours most obediently,

Ron

