

To The Lady Hildemark, herein contains the account of the journey of the companions of the group known as the Nighthawk Brigade and their journey to the domain of Sandpoint for the Pathfinder Society, chronicled by your servant Artemis Kist.

After discussion with the Lady of the Sacred Sting, I have been convinced by my Temple to follow the visions granted to me by Calistria and join the Pathfinder society. What fate Calistra has in store for me is somehow tied with the individuals I will apparently meet in the organisation.

The Lady Hildemark of Magnamar is a known elder in the sacred order, and has offered me placement in a group she is gathering at the request of the Sheriff of a northern coastal town called Sandpoint. I have heard little of the town, but I agree to return upon the morrow and consider her quest.

After saying my farewells to my apprentice, the young Xandrine, (a more emotional leaving than I thought, though our paths are separated, she has progressed far since our initial encounter). Arriving at the Lady Hildemark's manor house, I was introduced to the individuals with whom I would soon be travelling north with.

The first was a half breed with Orcish blood, yet fair enough for her blood, if a little brusque in manner. Introducing herself as Zalthu, she explained how she had training with sword and spells.

A late arrival, a youthful human called Xander Kale seemed to be in possession of little other than the sword he owned, however his quickness of step and his nimble grace reminded me of my mother's kind, and promised use of a kind on our journey.

The Lady Hildemark then informed us of our task. It seemed that the town of Sandpoint was experiencing a current influx of travellers for its annual Swallowtail festival. After the last few years festivals had gotten more and more out of control the Sheriff has requested the aid of the Pathfinder society to help patrol the festival. While this was a small beginning, reports of increased Goblin activity in the area also required that the presence of a group prepared to deal with threats there was needed.

Transport to the festival had been arranged with a caravan of special cargo heading to Sandpoint, and our journey was due to begin as soon as we had signed our official documentation signing us up to the Pathfinder society. The journey was slow, and the caravan had plenty of guards, so our role was more as passengers than protectors, however the journey did allow us to learn a little about each other.

We did get our first blood upon the journey however, after coming across a beached fishing vessel, its sole occupant scared and injured. After calling upon Calistra's grace to heal him, we discovered he had been attacked by some foul creature as his vessel had been moored in the shallows. His brother had been dragged overboard by the creature that had then fled. The trail through the wet sand was easy to follow, had our fisherman been uninjured.

We resolved to leave our caravan and instead attempt to find this missing fisherman, and followed the trail to a nearby cave. Entering the dank semi flooded cavern we found several bodies weighed down in the brine by large rocks, apparently placed to rot slowly in the salt water. Some showed the signs of having been fed upon, meat missing from their bloated corpses, others were fresher, one

was our missing fisherman, recently deceased. The ghoul that had secreted these poor travellers here attempted to attack us as we removed the rock that held down the most recent body. Unarmed, unarmoured and unintelligent it proved little challenge, being hacked to pieces by our combined might. After dispatching this foul creature, we returned the body to his brother, who rewarded us for our aid by agreeing to take us on his sailing vessel the rest of the way to Sandpoint, enabling us to actually reach the town before the Caravan we were originally travelling with.

Reporting to the Sheriff, we were told that the Swallowtail festival was beginning in the morning. We were given room in the Rusty Dragon Inn for free in return for our services. The proprietor Ameiko proved to be a friendly host who provided us with free food and drink for the occasion.

In the morning the celebrations started early, and we patrolled the crowd examining the games, and taking part in the festivities, becoming enthralled at the games and people bustling around us. The caravan we had left arrived and parked next to the town stage where various dignitaries preached throughout the day, welcoming the crowds and making announcements. A father of Dezra opened the new cathedral, before the caravan was opened to release a flock of butterflies as a flying tribute to the goddess of the light.

All was fine until the goblin attack. We were not sure where the goblins arrived from, but they had obviously either been hidden within the town, or had found some way to pass by the gates and the outer guards, when they attacked they were quick and vicious as their species is famed for. Thankfully they were not expecting guardians beyond the ability of the town guard, and our combined skills managed to clear the centre of the town of the goblins seconds after their surprise attack. There was little time for celebration however as the goblins had already spread throughout the town, and we needed to sweep and clear the town as fast as possible to prevent more loss of life.

We found many situations throughout the city, one of the most perilous was a local Lordling who was defending a young girl from a goblin attacker, unarmed as he was he was faring badly. Whereas before we had relied upon our own strength of destruction this required careful work, else both girl and Lord would be dispatched before we could assault the goblin. Calling upon Calistria's boundless fury, I instilled the goblin a sense of what vengeance awaited him should he harm either of them, and thankfully he fled. The Lordling, Alduin he introduced himself as was thankful for our help, and seemed enamoured by our Zalthu, the look of lust was evident in his eyes by one trained such as I. She did not feel the same however, and rejected his offered reward, and we continued our sweep of the town.

As quickly as the assault had begun, we had, with the aid of the valiant sheriff's men ended the threat as best we could, and no goblin remained within the town walls to our knowledge. We returned to the town centre to be approached by various dignitaries of the townsfolk we had helped save. The Father Zanthus, devoted of Dezra who had been speaking when the attack began was perhaps the most vocal about our actions, and promised us what aid he could for any future trials we would undertake for his town. The keeper of the Rusty Dragon Inn also approached us and allowed us rooms and stay for our operations within Sandpoint. Rumours of her relationship to one of the town's lords had already reached our ears, estranged though it may be, we accepted her gesture in good humour.

We also met the leader of the towns rangers, an elf of high blood who seems to be slumming with the humans her kind rarely have much of a care for. Still she appeared to lead a small organisation based out of the city and keep a watch on the goblins and other problems that affect the trading routes. Her knowledge about the local tribes appeared to be in good standing however, as she managed to identify from the corpses of our foes no fewer than at least five individual tribes of goblins, previously as much their own enemies as ours now allied together. As is common lore goblins will only unite if there is strength behind them, this lead to dire foretelling, and she left the city with some of her men to investigate.

Her tidings appeared to scare the sheriff even more than the rest of the towns folk, for leaving his deputies in charge, and beseeching us to watch over his city, he left with all haste on a fast destrider to Magnamar to inform the lords their of the assault. What the city will do with this town is not evident to my eyes, but perhaps he has more pull with the councillors there than he lets on?

With the town currently safe for the moment, we each took our leave and investigated our new base of operations. I know that my purpose here is more than just simple goblin infestation, and I am sure the others felt something brewing as well. Separating out we each took to our own forms of investigation, my own involving a handsome human maiden known as Shayliss, who I was happy to extort her knowledge. Zalthu remained talking to Ameiko and Xander took to the streets as youth will and investigated his own ways. After receiving the wraith of the father of Shayliss after a valid understanding of my dues to his daughter, we returned to the Inn to discuss our findings.

It seemed that when the old temple in town had burned down the father of Dezra inside at the time, a man by Ezekel Tobin had been with his daughter, and both were lost within the blaze. The fire had been one of many sad events in the town's history, but with the rededication of the temple today, people had hoped for a brighter future. There are many rumours on how the fire started, including one about the daughter's apparent lover, who was never seen after the blaze (rumours tell he fled to Magnamar following the blaze, though some say out of sadness, others say out of guilt). Either way the attack, some think might have been an attempt to again leave these people without their goddess, or a place to worship any gods or goddesses.

Thinking upon this we separated to our rooms, exhausted by the day's actions, and with little leads to scour, however sleep was not ours to have. A few hours into my slumber I was awakened by a knocking upon our chamber door. The father Zantus awoke us saying of strange movements in the cemetery adjoining the temple. The sheriff being out of town, he decided to disturb us before the town guard. We gathered our equipment and hastened to find what had unnerved him so, only to find that the dead had indeed risen from their graves and were apparently waiting, but for whom? As we entered the graveyard they assaulted us, and we fell upon our skills to defend ourselves. Dispatching such abominations was easy until one of the dead emerged from a crypt. Here walked the charred father Tobias. His actions were fierce, and while I managed to perform my duties as a devotee of Calistra, in banishing many of his followers, his strength proved too much for me. While I knew I had hurt him, the energies of my goddess disintergrating the burnt flesh from his white bones, his assault knocked me down. If it had not been for Zalthu and her command with blade and fire, I would have perished there. As she cut down his body, releasing his spirit for true release, rather than animated torture more questions remained than answers.

Why would the father Tobias be raised? Was he returned for a vengeance known only to him or vengeance upon his attackers? If so then why had he not risen years before? If he had been forced to return to his shell, then who done the deed, for no one skilled in the necromantic arts had so far been found within the town to our knowledge, (Would that sweet Xandrine was here, her skills in this area would have proven most useful). If this was so why? Was it to indeed destroy the new temple, or as a diversion for some other deed? Was this linked with the assault from the morning previous? It would seem so, but while Goblins are pains for sure they do not usually count necromancers amongst their numbers.

Following our quest for clues we investigated the tomb of where the father's bones had laid all this time, and found out one fact at least. His daughter, who had burned with him in the old temple, was reported to be buried with him, but her bones were gone. Were they ever here, or was the raising a way of stealing them away, and if so why?

All written by Anthony Ockendon (aka Ecrodorias), 24/11/03.
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