

Session Log - Rebirth Campaign

Session 1

0. Prologue

A dark room. Two shadowy figures, only their silhouettes visible, are facing across each other at a table. A small stone lay between them. "Has everything been taken care of?" asks the older figure. "Yes", simply answers the younger one. "Very well, then" concludes the first, reaching out to claim the stone as he rises to leave the room. The vision starts to dim, with only the echoes of his purposeful steps fading in the background.

I. The Unlikely Gathering

The scene shifts. Another room. The setting is notably different this time. Bright and luxurious, as one would expect from the [House of Cantanagia](#). Within this opulence, a curious collection of beings has gathered: a nimble rogue cloaked in a shadowy corner and a clank of animated metal leaning against a wall, both their gazes silently focused on the faun and katari exchanging pleasantries on their daily choice of clothing, all the while a small ribbet attempts small talk and to quickly befriend them. Their initial communion could be described as one of awkward silence and hesitant, small talk, for they were strangers, bound by a purpose yet unrevealed. Interrupting it, the reason for their summon barges into the room: [Rufus of Cantanagia III](#). With the briefest and most commanding of words, he sweeps aside all deliberation, declaring that the Quest must begin at once and they were to follow his lead. Thus, refusing to provide further explanation to the inquiring lot, the hastily assembled party found themselves in the palace courtyard. Rufus, driven by a hidden urge, was already making for his carriage, careless of whether his hired hands followed. After a short but pointed debate over their means of travel, Rufus, with an audible sigh of impatience, commanded horses to be prepared for the party. Thus, leaving behind only a horse with a broken back, the journey begins.

II. The Ambush

The journey was swift, marked by no ill happenings upon the road. In a few days, the party arrived at the Cave of (Patrick please add the name :D). At its entrance, thinking only of the promised gold and the quick acquisition of wealth, they plunged into its dark embrace, clueless of the peril that might await them in the deep. Only a few steps in, a company of armed men, clearly lying in wait, blocked their path. Their captain, without wasting time, issued a cold ultimatum: "Yield the Lord of Cantanagia into our custody, or suffer the consequence!". The newly formed company, inexperienced in unity or the subtle art of parley, chose the latter. Knowing no better, Will clanked ahead, quickly crippling their brawler under the weight of his warhammer. The rogue Theodor, clearly more experienced, emerged from the shadows where he had disappeared without a word to the party, and in a flurry of blades disposed of the enemy's magical support. The fight erupted in chaos, as Mirelle and Roar, assisted by her loyal dragon, joined the skirmish with their words of power and the primal fury of the animal domain, all the while the small ribbet blasted the foot soldiers across the room with arcane might. As the dust of the battle settled, a few surviving soldiers made a frantic bolt for the exit, with one managing to escape the doom. The victors immediately turned upon Rufus, encircling him and demanding answers. From the tight-lipped noble, they extracted only a promise of a greater bounty

upon conclusion of the quest. Satisfied by the prospect of more gold, the party pressed deeper into the dungeon.

III. The Minotaur

They came at last to a sudden break in the rocks, and a blinding shine welcomed them into a vast opening. Showing again a lack of discipline and organization, and placing an unwarranted faith in the disposable hunk of metal named Will, they stepped into the unknown space. A roar was their greeting, followed instantly by the charge of a towering Minotaur. The monstrous beast closed the distance with terrifying speed and, with a casual sweep of its massive axe, hurled the clank across the cavern field where he struck the unyielding rock. Without faltering, the rest of the company responded with the full measure of their combined arsenal. The clank, likely concussed, having shok off the blow charged once more, with the faun following closely in an improvised act of surprising cooperation. The combined assault brought the Minotaur to its knees. Yet, in a surge of fury, the beast sent them flying once more. It was then that the hiding rogue emerged again, striking the creature's back with quick, precise cuts. With the swift suppressing fire of the ribbet and the power of Roar and her dragon, the monstrous fight was ended. As the party engaged in a most un-epic debate regarding the price per kilo of Minotaur's meat, Rufus acted with swift, chilling intent. He severed the creature's great head and, leaving the stunned fellowship in his wake, made a hasty retreat back towards his waiting carriage. It was on the journey back, in the dwindling light, that Theodor paused by the fallen corpses. A familiar tattoo, a sickle and a star, marked behind their ears: a symbol of a secret, known allegiance. In that instant, the image of the true design behind this sudden encounter formed in his mind.

IV. The Return to the Great House

The fellowship found itself again in the high chambers of the House of Cantanagia. There, they stood, a company still prone to silence, exchanging only small talk while awaiting the next command. The doors opened once more. The figure that entered the room was familiar, yet the presence that filled the luxurious room was of an altogether more imposing cast than that of the frantic son who had commanded their initial quest. It was Rufus of Cantanagia II, the true head of the house, and a man clearly more steeped in the art of diplomacy and the swift assessment of men's mettle. As he surveyed the strange, successful team before him, and their sudden request for a new mission to earn more gold, his gaze missed not the potential within them. Without wasting time, he laid upon the table a small pouch of unknown content, and in doing so, he proposed a new Quest, his voice resonating with authority. The pouch had to be delivered to a warehouse in the south of the city, recognizable as being next to the Dark Horse pub. However, the proposal was only in name, for the weight of Cantanagia's power pressed upon them, making the task an immediate, unspoken demand. The party was given seven days to make a decision, the consequences of which they could not fully understand. Left alone in the room, the combined knowledge of Ribby and Mirelle could discern some of the pouch's crafting and the intricate, magically-woven lace that bound it shut: a knot of such arcane resistance that no brute force could undo it. As the fellowship pondered around the pouch, to their great amusement, Roar engaged in a quiet chat with the small bonsai tree that graced the table's centre. From the whispers of the living wood, she gathered more info on the pouch's content: a small stone, cold and lifeless to outward sight. It bore no trace of common enchantments, but was instead an anchor for something far stranger: a soul's stone. Mirelle, moved by intuition, knew this was a burden not for the flesh. She motioned for the clank to get closer. The great hunk of metal, having no reason to doubt her intent, simply accepted the pouch, tucking it away into one of his

hidden metal pockets. Declaring his readiness for the immediate delivery, Will turned, and without looking back, led the party into the city.

V. The Shadow at the Gates

As soon as the party crossed the gates of the district and started to head into the city, and seemingly unable to take more than a few steps without any interruption, a shape detached itself with purpose from the high walls. It plunged toward Theodor, who enjoyed staying at the back of the group, his habit to be ever on the edge of the light. Despite the shocking speed and surprise of the attack, the rogue reacted with the instinct of his trade. He hurled the assailant to the cobbles and immobilized him with a practiced swiftness. But fate, or perhaps a higher hand, had already decided the moment. The attacker, a rogue himself of familiar allegiance, broke free and in a single, horrifying flash of metal, he drove a blade deep into his own throat and into Theodor's neck.

As the scene faded into darkness, the dying enemy uttered a final vow that clung to the air like smoke: "We will get the stone, one way or the other."

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