

# Session Log - Rebirth Campaign

## Session 1

|                    |                                                           |
|--------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------|
| Locations          | Kalzendil, House of Cantanagia                            |
| Notable encounters | Rufus of Cantanagia II, Rufus of Cantanagia III, Minotaur |

### 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 shook 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 Orb, 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 Orb, one way or the other."

Session 2

|                    |                                             |
|--------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| Locations          | Kalzendil                                   |
| Notable encounters | Treant's Roots, Shadows of Spefur, The Doll |

VI. A Bloom of Hope

The scene reopens, finding our heroes confused and shocked by what they had just witnessed. As they desperately rush back to the aid of Theodor, it might already be too late for the rogue. Shoving aside the lifeless body of the attacker, Roar discovered the horrible truth: still lodged in their friend's throat was the dagger of the enemy rogue. In that moment of panic, knowing that to hesitate was to choose death, Mirelle attempted a healing song. Though the young faun's power was yet a fledgling bloom, her melody brought a brief solace, soothing the party and buying their dying companion a precious span of time. "The Treant's Roots," chirped the small Ribbet, quick to snatch a path from the darkness, "It is the only haven I know where he might have a chance to see tomorrow!"

Kneeling by the rogue, Will had already wrapped his massive hand around the wound, his metal fingers shifting with precise, stabilizing pressure upon the dagger's hilt to prevent further harm. "Lead the way," he simply said to Ribby, rising to his feet with the wounded rogue held carefully in his arms. With that, the party launched into a desperate sprint through the winding streets of Kalzendil, but not before Roar kicked the dead rogue one more time, "Just to be sure", she shrugged.

VII. The Roots Refuse the Shadow

Upon reaching the verdant borders of the Treant's Roots, it seemed their plight was already known. What appeared to be a healing staff moved toward them with a stretcher. They immediately motioned to take charge of the body, but Will, refusing to relinquish his careful grip on the embedded blade, stood firm. Elder Grassbark, a venerable medical faun known to Ribby, dismissed the attendants and motioned for the clank and Ribby to follow.

Within a surgical chamber, Will gently laid the rogue upon a bed of living twigs and leaves. To their astonishment, the vegetation rose to meet Theodor's form, adapting to his shape, and then began to mimic Will's hand, gently replacing it to stabilize the blade before beginning to spread into the wound. Thus, as the damage and the life of their friend were seemingly secured, the blade was gently pressed forth from within and removed.

While the surgery proceeded, Roar, unable to find a suitable diversion in the waiting area, sought comfort and information from the living wall, inquiring of the very plants about the safety of their refuge. She learned a grim truth: that here, as in all places of healing, life and death walked hand-in-hand. Soon after, Ribby and Will returned. The Ribbet informed the others that, after speaking with Elder Grassbark and explaining the latest events, they were now deemed harbingers of ill omen and

unwelcome within the grounds of the Roots. The healing staff then delivered the news: the surgery had succeeded, yet a cruel complication had arisen. Due to the scarcity of the most potent restorative flora for such a grievous wound, Theodor had been stripped of his voice. Devastated, the party could only seek guidance. The promise of a possible new surgery in a month, and a sketched image of the rare plant needed for his full recovery, were all the solace they received. Nonetheless, with hopeful laughter and smiles, they reunited with their now-mute rogue, who had awakened from his ordeal. Quickly adapting, they informed him on how the event developed, after reading his questions through a notepad Will produced from his bottomless chest pocket. After Ribby passed the assassin's blade to Theodor, who vanished it into his robes without a word, the company resolved to leave the Treant's Roots and seek a tavern where they might gather their thoughts and plan anew.

### **VIII. A Toast, and a well-deserved long rest**

Following a round of drinks offered by the grateful rogue, celebrating the possibility of seeing another day, the party headed for their private chamber to enjoy a well-deserved rest. The night passed uneventfully, broken only by the occasional metallic squeak and what sounded like soft oil splashing.

### **IX. An orb, a doll, and a twisted purpose**

The following morning, after a swift council, the party resolved to deliver the Orb to the designated warehouse, the one indicated by the head of Cantanagia, and rid themselves of the accursed thing with haste. Sticking to the most crowded paths, and sensing the presence of hidden, shadowy watchers along the rooftops, they arrived unscathed at the delivery point. Here, Will casually patted his leather satchel and felt a chilling lightness, the horror rapidly setting in. Checking the contents of his travelling bag was a nightly ritual, one that Ribby and Roar had diverted him from the night before with the promises of relaxing massages and joints lubrication. But the greater shock lay within his breastplate compartment. The pouch containing the Orb was open, and the Orb itself was fused to his very body, partially sunken into his plating and impossible to remove. Next to it, the item he now frantically searched for lay—a small, simple thing of thread and wool: a doll, which he clutched to quickly hide away.

As his companions circled him, confused as to why their normally calm friend was now visibly agitated, they realized their troublesome mission had become more complicated with a new and dark twist. Yet, there was no time for discussion; they stood before the warehouse doors. The small Ribbet attempted to scout the building, but a voice from within had already noted their presence, inquiring as to their purpose.

### **X. Treachery and the Clank's Secret**

Lacking a better course, the party chose to enter the warehouse, letting fate chart the path. Within it, armed workers, including several clanks, were shifting boxes in a busy, delivery-driven scene. Theodor, this time to the surprise of no one, melted immediately into the shadows unseen. As the others approached the commander of the workers, Will hinted for Mirelle to lead the discourse.

The demand for the Orb and to conclude the transaction was swift. However, for lack of better words and attempting to explain the grim complication, Will simply unlatched and opened his breastplate showing the partially fused Orb. "This is impossible... he must be... one of them! From the [Zamak\\_clan](#). But they should not exist anymore!" the overseer hurriedly informed his commander. Upon hearing these words, what should have been a mere delivery turned into something that the party could not foresee coming. "This changes everything. Seize the clank, kill the others!" the leader barked.

Caught by surprise, the company was immediately encircled as attacks rained down. They were separated, yet these mere hirelings were no match for the tested coordination of the heroes. Without a missed beat, Theodor materialized from the darkness, a harvest of death reaped by his quick blades. Will deflected the blows aimed at Mirelle, the companion closest to him, while Roar and Ribby held the flank, rapidly disposing of anyone foolish enough to get too close. The skirmish seemed to rapidly approach its end, but destiny had yet another twist in store that day. The glass roof above shattered, and deadly darts rained down from familiar, shadowy figures. The enemy leader, terrified by the unfolding events, chose self-preservation over seizing the clank and bolted for the back exit. Will gave chase, glimpsing the first chance in ages for answers to his own shrouded past. But before he could lay hands upon her, she vanished into the back alleys.

Joining back his companions and keenly aware of the new, deadly threat lurking above—the small looting ribbet in particular, having confirmed the lethal efficacy of the airborne darts—made a final, desperate choice: to gather the team and abandon the fight as the scene fades once more, rushing through the back alleys rather than testing their luck against the assassins overhead.

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