

# Session Log - Rebirth Campaign

## Session 1

|                    |                                                                                             |
|--------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Locations          | <a href="#">Kalzendil, House of Cantanagia</a>                                              |
| Notable encounters | <a href="#">Rufus of Cantanagia II</a> , <a href="#">Rufus of Cantanagia III</a> , 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          | <a href="#">Kalzendil</a>                                                                                                       |
| Notable encounters | <a href="#">Treant's Roots</a> , <a href="#">Elder Grassbark</a> , <a href="#">Shadows of Spefur</a> , <a href="#">The Doll</a> |

### 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.

Session 3

|                    |                                                        |
|--------------------|--------------------------------------------------------|
| Locations          | Kalzendil                                              |
| Notable encounters | Shadows of Spefur, cultists, Phobos, Eleanor Marghissa |

XI. A Choice of Fates

The scene reopens upon the company huddled in the cold air outside the warehouse. A choice of three paths lay before them, each fraught with peril: to flee through the city's alleys with the breath of assassins upon their necks; to turn and face an enemy whose malice and danger they had barely started to comprehend; or to hunt the fleeing leader—the first true glimmer of light upon the shroud of Will's forgotten past. Driven by a thirst for answers long denied, the fellowship chose the hunt. Ribby, keen-eyed and swift, caught the scent of the trail and, clinging to the metal titan, lead the way. The chase was on!

XII. The Folly of the Splintered Path

The thunder of pursuit soon rose behind our heroes. "They went that way!" a voice sharply cried out, with the sound of boots rapidly closing in. In the desperate heat of the flight, Mirelle's footing failed, and she met the unforgiving stone of the earth. Without breaking stride, and being used to it at this point, Will caught her up, and now carrying half of his companions upon his shoulders he surged forward, all the while Ribby found himself sprinkling some water on the path behind to the amusement of the passers-by.

Then, a spark of desperate tactical wit, or perhaps pure folly, ignited in the Clank's mind. To divide the enemy's gaze, he suggested the party to split. Roar and Theodor, trusting in the iron-willed logic of their companion, vanished into a parallel alley, but not before practicing some flips, archery, and making friends with a stone wall. As if mirrored by fate, the shadows pursuing them divided as well, and the hunt became two-fold amidst the chaotic clatter of the district.

XIII. Shadows in the Harbor

In the confusion that ensued, and where the air grows thick with the scent of brine and sawn timber, Theodor and Roar found themselves hard-pressed. In the heart of a bustling harbor, amidst the brawny men of lumber and freight, Theodor loosed a precise blade from one of his endless sleeves.

The strike was a calculated lure; it drew the ire of the harbor guards and the working men toward the skulking assassins. Finding themselves suddenly surrounded by a wall of honest, angry muscle, the killers chose to melt back into the darkness.

**XIV. The Raven's Intervention**

Meanwhile, the rest of the party had cornered the fugitive. Without losing time in pleasantries, the Clank’s iron hand closed around her throat, hoisting her into the air. “Give us the truth and aid our flight,” they pressed, “or find your end upon this very spot.” The woman, however, was not much moved by the threat as she preferred the embrace of the grave over the betrayal of her masters, which would also lead to the same fate. Time, that most cruel of masters, was however expiring. The assassins drew near, and the air hissed with their deadly darts. It was only when a Raven, the keen-eyed [Phobos](#), plummeted from the heavens like a bolt of black lightning upon the assailants that the party found their opening. Under the cover of this feathered fury, and thanks to Mirelle previous architecture sightseeing, they vanished into the press of a crowded tavern, disappearing for good from the eyes of their hunters.

**XV. The Secret of Rudiana**

Reunited within the dim, ale-scented safety of the tavern's back-alley, the party resumed the interrogation. Though the gaps in Will’s memory remained vast as a canyon, they pried a few pieces of truth from the woman’s silence. She spoke of him as a Sentinel of Zamak, a relic birthed in the distant great city of [Rudiana](#).

Under the grim threat of a snapped neck, a bargain was struck. The woman, Captain [Eleanor Marghissa](#), revealed her affiliation with the [Shadows of Spefur](#) and agreed to provide safe passage out of Kalzendil, a city that now seemed to crave their blood, or gears, at every corner. Her vessel would carry them closer to the borders of Rudiana. Before the pact was sealed, she spoke of their true foes: a circle of [cultists](#), dark and demonic one could say, who sought to capture the Clank to fuel their own ambitions of power.

**XVI. The Eve of Departure**

With the promise to sail at the dawning of the next day, the company dispersed into the quiet of the evening. The threat had retreated, leaving a hollow peace. The heroes turned to the quiet of introspection, some even literally, while others sharpened their skills or gathered information needed for the road ahead. Feeling the weight of their new purpose and strengthened in their newly forged bond, they prepared. As the light of Kalzendil faded, so did the scene upon a fellowship ready to face the long and shadowed journey ahead.

[Session 4](#)

|                    |                                                     |
|--------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| Locations          | <a href="#">Kalzendil</a> , <a href="#">Rudiana</a> |
| Notable encounters | <a href="#">Olin Keeves</a>                         |

**XVII. The Merchant’s Maiden**

The scene reopens as the sun rises upon the fellowship boarding the Merchant’s Maiden, the vessel of Captain Eleanor Marghissa. For several days, the ship cuts a steady wake toward the northern docks, the closest harbor to Rudiana and the ancestral home of the clank. Amidst the rhythmic creaking of timber and the snap of canvas, the heroes sought to pass the hours of their transit.

Theodor, finding the horizon clear of immediate pursuit from his vantage point in the crow's nest, descended to the lower decks. There, amidst the raucous laughter of the crew, he sought the camaraderie of the glass and the die, winning the favor of the sailors through games of chance and shared spirits. Ribby, ever curious of the natural world, scoured the ship's nooks, discovering a peculiar compass-plant that unfailingly bowed its leaves toward the North; satisfied with his finding, he took to the water for a refreshing dip. Roar and Mirelle sought some conversation from the captain herself. Their inquiry into the ship's dubious history yielded more shadows than light. Captain Eleanor spoke of a crew bound by years of shared trials, yet her voice carried the weight of a final voyage on this ship. Due to the complications at the Kalzendil warehouse and the failure of her original mission, she revealed that the Merchant's Maiden must be scuttled or sold upon landfall. To protect her crew, they would have to vanish and begin anew. While listening to her discourse and watching the crew execute swiftly any order issued by the captain, a suspicious materialized in our heroes' mind that the events in Kalzendil could have gone very, very differently, if the captain had so wanted. Meanwhile, reflecting on the journey ahead and the events of the past days, Will dedicated his strength to the ship's labor, moving heavy crates with the tireless patience of a mountain.

### **XVIII. The Man Who Wasn't There**

As the party gathered under the deck to deliberate their path to Rudiana, a chill not born of the river air settled over them. They noticed a figure standing but a few paces away. A man who seemed to flicker in the peripheral of their minds. He was familiar, seen a dozen times throughout the voyage, yet the memory of him slipped through their thoughts like water through a sieve. He swiftly introduced himself as [Olin Keeves](#), a man of cheerful countenance and innocuous aura, but yet he exuded a hidden potency that the party was well aware to not contest. He referred himself as a harvester of secrets, aided by an eerie capacity to go unnoticed. Without being asked, he unveiled the fruits of his background check on the fellowship carried out for the captain, revealing knowledge that even they had not yet grasped. "Are you the sentinel of Zamak?" he playfully inquired to Will, his smile thin and knowing. "You are forged of an ore that laughs at the constraints of the physical world." He spoke of Zamak ore as a malleable substance capable of channeling the very magic of the soul. It could be used to enchant and upgrade an equipment, raise the fallen from their graves, or, as he hinted with a lingering gaze toward Mirelle, touch the essence of a living spirit. He revealed that the Zamak clan once held ties to two great families: one in Kalzendil, long since extinguished, and another in Iaras, recently butchered. His eyes rested heavily upon Theodor during this final revelation with a silent sympathy. With a promise that their paths would cross again, he vanished back into the anonymity of the ship and from their minds.

### **XIX. The Mark of the Ancestors**

The remainder of the voyage passed in a pensive silence. Upon reaching the port, the party thanked the captain for the safe travel. However, at this departure her mood shifted from the one they got accustomed to in the past few days. With a cryptic message she wished them to be careful in their journey ahead, as the very fate of the world could depend on it. Shortly after, having secured passage with a caravan, the heroes journeyed until the horizon was dominated by the jagged peaks of the [Ogunan Summit](#). Finally, they stood before one of the entrance gates of the great city of Rudiana. Here, the sight was a tapestry of all the peoples of Aestilon: merchants, adventurers, and travellers of every race crowded the thoroughfare. Our strangely assembled party finally found the anonymity they craved. As they approached the guard's post, a curious phenomenon manifested: glowing emblems appeared above some of the heads of those passing through the gates. Swiftly inquiring with a passers-by, Mirelle gathered that the symbols were representing the clan affiliations within the city.

To the surprise of none, while passing through the gate a radiant symbol ignited above Will's head.

The mark of the Zamak clan. But a gasp and confusion went up from the fellowship as a nearly identical sigil flared into life above Ribby. Will turned to his small companion, his voice heavy with inquiry, but Ribby's confusion was as genuine as the clank's. The small hero knew nothing of such ties. With another question to add to the vast list they already possessed, the fellowship crossed the threshold and in doing so, they were welcomed by the breathtaking sight of Rudiana. Before them now stood Aestilon's greatest forge. The scene starts to fade as the heroes gaze upon this titanic convergence of ancient stone, tempered metal, and the eternal roar of the seething magma coming from the depths of the mountain.

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