

THE ELDER SCROLLS/BBFRPG PLAY REPORT #13

Dominion: Apprentice Demise, Loredas 15th - Morndas 17th of Midyear 4E 206

Date: 102513, 4.5 hours.

Players:

Brian: **Jo'Rak**, Khajiit Assassin

Amanda: **Filbyn**, ~~Wood Elf Scout/sneak~~

Tina: **Riala**, Breton Mage

Logan: **Yngvar**, ~~Nord Warrior (Stormcloak Rebel?)~~

Tony: **Talan**, Redguard Warrior/leader

George: **Cocius Mantedi**, Imperial Legionnaire

Reid: **Kalarus**, Dunmer Illusionist and Enchanter

With the way before them open the group left Filbyn and Yngvar to guard the entrance while the rest descended down the spiral stone stairway.

They descended for quite a while before Jo'Rak with his keen eyes had everyone stop as he had found the bottom. After carefully examining the landing he signaled it was all clear and the group came out of the stairway into a small hall.

The hallway lead to a great chasm with pitted walls. A skeleton in a mage robe sat on the floor, back against the wall. There were two knapsacks and two water skins and several empty bags near it.

Of interest was the journal the skeleton was holding.

(found on the inside cover)

*Vabria frensca, sa belle, sa baune, amaraldane
aldmeris adonai.*

*"The foaming wave, so thunderous, so mighty, heralds the lordly
Elves."*

Journal begins on the first page.



This journal was supposed to chronicle my glorious career as an explorer of ayleid ruins. I had just bought it in Kvatch, now I'll never have the satisfaction of lecturing from it in front of wide-eyed students of the College of Whispers.

Three days ago, my apprentice, Velus, and I found this ruin, exactly where my meticulous researches said it would be. I made quick work of the skeletal guardians with several fireballs. It took us three days of careful examination of the ruins before we found the lever that opened that damned grating, which seems impervious to all magic. I know not of what it is made, nor how crafted and it looks like I shall not get the chance.

Having thoroughly searched the ruins above, I availed myself of the Ayleid well one more time before sending Velus first down that into the darkness. We descended the thousand steps to this, my final resting place in the dark.

We didn't know our plight until we had been down here several hours, measuring each dimension of this room. We even used some firebolts to light up the chasm, which has proven horrifically immense. The pitting in the walls indicates some great and terrible heat formed it but what in all of Tamriel could do such a thing I know not a one.

There is an alcove on the far wall, I believe it has some inscription on it but cannot make it out from here. It was when we made the long climb back up that our fates were so literally sealed. The grating was shut, and we had no way to open it. The lever was out of reach and sight of even a simple spell such as mage hand. For several more hours

we tried everything in our arsenal to no avail before returning to the room where you have no doubt have found my corpse.

After sorting through all our gear and rations to determine how long we'd last, It was a simple matter to push Velus into the chasm but I wonder now if that really was worth it since all I've done is prolong my death. Still, I had some small foolish hope that some fool adventurer, ha ha, like myself would open the grating above and I'd be free. But it has been 2 days since the water ran out and I've barely the strength to conjure a globe of light by which to write these, my pitiful last words. I could end it I supposed, but I will not follow Velus into that dark maw.

I've driven back his ghost several times but he is biding his time, waiting to laugh at my ignoble end.

So...here lies Eduard, short-lived explorer of ayleid ruins. What I have on my person is yours to keep. Just don't throw my body down into that abyss. I can hear Velus's wraith. Even now...he calls to me.

As the group started to talk about what they had found the faded wraith of Velus struck without warning, coming up out of the floor and attacking, then retreating. The party had a little difficulty in dealing with this threat for as soon as the faded wraith of Velus would attack, it would go back down into the floor. With some careful timing the group was eventually able to lay it to rest.

Kalarus and Riala found several magicked items on the body of Eduard including his robes. All magick and some coins were collected. Riala then sent her senses across the chasm while Kalarus levitated a welkynd stone so she could see. Together they found an alcove with ayleid writing:

Behold what was wrought by accident, Remember well the power of Magicka.

- Relathil, 200 years after the founding of the Valenwood Kingdom

The group then wisely decided to explore the chasm. After using the welkynd stone and sending senses with magicka they used some levitation magicks to get to the floor of the chasm some 60 feet below. There they found the crumpled skeletal remains of Velus still in his robes. Besides some magickal robes and other minor treasures they found his bloody journal, most of it was unreadable.



says I'm really learning a lot. He is very wise and the chance to study under such a master of arcane and scholarly lore is...well, father it should make it so you won't have to work so hard and mother can someday have a servant to order around instead of you! Ha ha!

Well, today we left Kvatch and headed for some ancient elven ruins. Cyrodil is crawling with them. Many have been defiled but we are hoping to learn something from these. My master is certain there is something of significance if we can just find it.

He is very clever, so I am sure we'll have something to show for our efforts soon.

Your loving son,

Velus

The group then ascended to the hallway and without a word, Coccius threw the remains of Eduard down into the chasm. No one thought this inappropriate at all. They then all started the long climb up the starway. Fortunately for them they had Filbyn and Yngvar who were able to get to the lever and open the grating, thus avoiding the fate of Eduard and Velus.

The group then collected Dunia, Sullene and their horses. They traveled back to Kvatch without incident.

They arrived at Borkul's Club at around 9:30pm. Borkul sent a runner upon their arrival and soon Brahnlor joined them. He said it was time to take on the dragon in Stornhall. He showed them some Honningbrew Mead in a case which was stored behind the bar; something to share when they return victorious. Getting fired up, Brahnlor shouted the bar door open on his way out much to the annoyance of Borkul.

The next morning the party headed out with Brahnlor. By late afternoon they arrived in Oakhollow, making much better time without the fleeing citizens of Stornhall. They took a short break, watered their horses then continued on stopping at their previous campsite by a small stream. The next day they passed through the Blue Ribbon Canyon and by late evening on Morndas the 17th. In a small quite huddled group the party ate a cold supper for there would be no campfire this eve. In the dark, Brahnlor shared what he thought his companions would need to survive the next day's battle with the dragon.

