

Interlude: March 2-9

Gordon:

Squire Gordon returns home with around 400gp in cold, hard cash. Emerald is delighted.

“Why don’t we give it to Princess and Mallet, for the baby?” she says.

Choking on bile, Gordon says “Are you mad woman? Don’t you know that I got into this dangerous business to get up out of debt? I mean, what’s-his-name had almost all the blood sucked from his body today. I mean, as much as I’d love to go get a horse, I’m taking 300 of this money and paying down debt with those greedy dwarven blood-suckers.” [In a miraculous turn of events, Gordon actually passes a Wisdom check of 6].

Gordon walks off to Passburg (muttering to himself that he should spend the rest on the money on a horse, he’s a squire after all). Walking to the Pass Inn in town, he finds the room Ratho and Gatz, the dwarven money-lenders, use when in town and plops down 300gp, getting a receipt and stomping out. There it is. The peddler’s square, horse market today. He spends 50gp on a 40gp riding horse. Then overpays on a saddle and harness and after he pays his monthly expenses, he’s flat broke again.

Scobo:

“That Zubazoo thinks he’s so great, sleeping a few kobolds, doesn’t he? Well, he ain’t. That’s fer sure tootin’.” I’ll show him sumpin’, I will, won’t I.” Scobo sits down in the cottage his best pal Gordon lets him use. I’ll have a surprise for mister-fancy-britches-won’t-talk-to-honest-traveling-men Zubazoo. I’m twice the wizard he is.” Scobo latches the door and starts scribbling and chanting away creating just the right scroll for just the right moment.

Mallet:

Mallet carries Zubazoo towards his marital bed. The diminutive wizard has been mauled and drained of blood by giant ticks. His face is ashen and the filthy rags covering his wounds are bloodied. “Out of the way, woman! Can’t you see, he’s dying!” Princess, Gordon’s daughter and Mallet’s newly wed, visibly pregnant bride makes way. The mighty warrior gingerly lowers the wounded nobleman to rest. “Don’t worry, Zubazoo. You’ll be okay. Just like old times.” Mallet begins to gently weep warm, manly tears. “Tell the world we’re bros.” he says to his old friend. “We’re bros,” Zubazoo whispers back.

Mallet is relieved. His best friend will be okay after all. He smiles and chuckles as he wipes away tears. “No, don’t whisper. Tell the whole world!” Zubazoo grins back “You are my world, bro.”