



GM Eddy's Table Chronicle

Stories, Consequences, and Open Threads

SESSION BRIEF

Corners, Curves, and the Old Trail. The party sought **Wrin**'s help with the **swamp shrine**, brought **Slag** into the circle, and learned that the dragon's arrival had shifted the tone of fate. **Regit** sensed a dark presence mark **Wrin** before her cards warned that her fate would be tested. At the **shrine**, newly risen organic partitions made sharp right angles in the muck. **Wrin** noticed too late, four **Hounds of Tindalos** stepped through, and the party fought them off. The group returned to **Otari** with **Wrin** alive, the **shrine** only partly burned, and the hounds' old trail bright again.

Party in the Record

- **Regit Lacher**
- **Ixor Giest**
- **Ilian**
- **Grizzle**
- **Sgt. Flint Ironhand**
- **Slag**

SESSION EVENTS

Scene 1 - Silver Talk and Wrin's Cornerless Shop

The night began with the party still in **Otari** after the dragon salvage and the **Rowdy Rockfish** pause. Before the group moved on, talk turned to silver preparations because **Worliwynn**'s old **Jaul Mezmin** werewolf plea remained unresolved. The table worked through silver bullets, silver shield bosses, silvered monk options, and what might be practical before another dangerous delve. Because **Wrin** is only open by night, the group returned to **Wrin's Wonders** once evening came. **Wrin** read the dragon's arrival as a change in the tone around **Otari**. She did not call it good or bad, but she believed the difficulty of what the party faced had gone up. The group told her about the juvenile horned dragon, the kobolds, and the other black-scaled dragon and river drake encountered inside the **Gauntlight**.

When the **swamp shrine** came up, **Wrin** compared it to the more ornate **shrine** the party had seen inside the **Gauntlight**. She wanted no part of entering the tower now, insisting that she and indoors were not compatible. The party also noticed what her shop silently confirmed: her space avoided solid right angles.

Result: Wrin would not go inside the Gauntlight, but the swamp shrine interested her enough to consider seeing it that night.

Scene 2 - Slag Steps Into the Record

Slag had come into **Otari** by boat the night before and heard the town's version of the dragon story by morning: the party had dragged a dragon into town, refused an **Absalom** buyer who wanted the tongue-root for ugly purposes, and had dragon parts going toward keepsakes and craftwork. Following the rumors, he found the group at **Wrin's Wonders**.

From a distance, **Slag** looked like a tall dwarf with a shock of white hair, a narrow beard instead of the usual dwarven fullness, and small horns peeking from his forehead. Up close, he explained that he was as much a dwarf as most, though his mother being an oni made him look different. He did not display a clan dagger, but **Flint** recognized the question as a dwarven one.

Slag asked to travel with the party for a time, hoping to learn from them and put his skills to use. He introduced himself as a cleric of **Irori**, an acupuncturist by trade, and a healer who also belonged near the front line with open-hand fighting, grabbing, and holding enemies still. **Wrin**, pleased by the fellowship in her shop, brought tea and tinned fish while the party took his measure.

Result: Slag joined the active party record as a healer, brawler, and Irori faithful.

Scene 3 - Regit Sees the Mark Settle

Before the group left, **Regit** warned **Wrin** about something he had sensed in her shop. To him it felt as if a dark presence had entered the space, settled over **Wrin**, and then descended into the ground. He could not fully explain it, but his best guess was that something had marked her or made some part of her accessible.

Wrin did not feel harmed. She tried chimes, sage, and a quick reading. The cards did not explain the mark, but they did give her one sharp result: her fate would be tested that night. She treated the omen with curiosity more than caution, even while acknowledging that some things punish attention.

Wrin closed the shop, packed a bag, changed into darker clothes and mucky boots, and prepared to leave with the party. Silver **salve** also came into play as preparation; **Wrin** had vials available, and the log records **Ixor** picking up one vial.

Result: The warning was not resolved in the shop. It became the night's fuse.

Scene 4 - Expected in the Swamp

The walk to the **swamp** was uneventful, but the place itself felt different. The party had the strong impression that they were expected. The bugs rose in a nervous chorus, wet organic sounds came from ahead, and something seemed to snap, slurp, and pull itself up from the muck.

Slag chanted with his Irori symbol and searched for magic, but whatever waited there did not register as a magical aura. As the group advanced, they saw new organic partitions: vine, branch, moss, and debris walls that had not been there before. Some were long enough to make cross-like shadows and hard angles in the **shrine** space.

Wrin did not react to the new partitions. She looked past them toward the old **shrine**, fascinated by its age and its connection to **Nhimbaloth**. The closer the party came, the dread returned, like metal on the back of the tongue. When the others warned her that the barriers were there, **Wrin** finally began to see the angles.

Result: The shrine had changed. The new 90-degree corners were not decoration; they were doors.

Scene 5 - Four Hounds Through the Angles

As **Wrin's** face went pale, four creatures stepped into the **shrine** space through the angles. The first moments were disorienting; several of them seemed caught or stuck in space as they arrived, giving the party just enough time to react.

Regit tried to identify the attackers and initially read them as undead mastiffs. That mistake mattered. The creatures were not undead, and their resistances made early mundane blows feel like scratches rather than telling wounds.

Wrin was still half-focused on the **shrine** when the first hound reached her. It climbed into position and slashed her before the party could fully control the field. From there, the battle became a fight to keep the creatures from tearing her apart while also learning what kind of enemy they really were.

Result: The encounter revealed the corrected threat: Hounds of Tindalos, not ordinary undead dogs.

Scene 6 - Holding the Line Around Wrin

Flint opened with elemental ammunition, using fire first and then cold, while parrying and repositioning with running reload. The cold shot became one of the night's biggest hits, tearing through a badly wounded hound and leaving persistent cold in its wake.

Ixor raised his reinforcing shield, drew the Smoking Sword, shifted into Hampering Stance, and used Not So Fast! to punish a hound trying to move past him. Even when the sword only pierced through resistance a little at a time, **Ixor** kept the pressure and the doorway control where the party needed it.

Slag's first fight with the group was messy but useful. He punched, tried to grab, tried to trip, healed **Wrin** for a crucial twenty hit points, and later used silver Needle Darts to kill one of the hounds. His three-action Heal also proved the danger of bad assumptions: because the hounds were not undead, the burst restored several enemies along with allies.

Ilian, fighting as a monk-druid alongside **Grizzle**, worked the melee with bear support, jabs, and persistence. **Ilian** was hit hard by a critical strike but stayed in the fight, and **Grizzle's** support damage helped finish a wounded hound. **Regit** drew the silver sword cane, pressed attacks through the resistance, and **Wrin** herself fought back with frost and steel as the hounds' Ripping Gaze and claws kept cutting into her.

Result: All four Hounds of Tindalos were defeated. Each character, including Grizzle, gained 100 XP.

Scene 7 - Wrin and the Old Trail

When the last hound fell, **Wrin** finally understood **Regit's** warning. Something had followed the party into **Otari**, settled on her when they came to **Wrin's Wonders**, and waited until she approached the **shrine**. The mark did not create the hounds' interest from nothing; it made an old trail bright again.

For the corrected record, **Wrin's** history with the **Hounds of Tindalos** is not a bargain, not a summoning, and not a demon's jealousy. Years ago, she performed an astrological reading she should not have been able to perform. She looked along the wrong seam of time and saw a future that contained herself. In that future, she was not supposed to be looking back. The hounds scented the paradox, and she has been hiding in curves ever since.

Result: Nhimbaloth's taint did not make the hounds care about Wrin; it refreshed a trail they already had.

Scene 8 - Fire, Prayer, and the Walk Back

The party wanted to damage or burn the **shrine** before leaving. The organic growth could burn, but the structure underneath proved to be stone. With no real stock of alchemical fire available for the whole site, the group could only scorch and blast part of the growth. The **shrine** took some damage, but it was not destroyed.

Slag offered prayer to Irori to cleanse the place. **Regit** also offered a litany against the evil before them. **Slag** received an answer: Irori would love to help, but his hands were tied; he could not intervene that day, though he would remember **Slag's** devotion.

Regit received a similar sense that divine hands were tied. The party would have to deal with **Nhimbaloth's** work themselves.

Wrin's flight magic ended, and the party chose to escort her back instead of leaving her alone after the attack. The session ended back in **Otari**, with **Wrin** alive, the **swamp shrine** still standing, and the hounds' arrival now tied to a much older wound in her life.

Result: The group returned to Otari. The shrine remains an active unfinished problem.

TREASURE, REWARDS, AND CARRY-FORWARD

Rewards Noted

- 100 XP each for defeating the four Hounds of Tindalos at the **swamp shrine**.
- **Slag** joined the active party as an Irori cleric, healer, acupuncturist, and front-line grappler.
- **Wrin** survived the attack, strengthening her trust in the party and giving **Regit**'s earlier warning weight.
- Silver salve was discussed and made available at **Wrin's Wonders**; the chat log records **Ixor** picking up one vial.
- The **shrine** suffered partial fire/blast damage to its organic covering, but the stone structure beneath remains intact.
- **Slag**'s devotion to Irori was noticed even though direct divine intervention was withheld.

Carry-Forward Threads

- **Wrin** was not newly chosen at random. The party's Nhimbaloth-taint refreshed an old Hound of Tindalos trail left by her forbidden reading of time.
- Right angles now matter. The **swamp shrine** created corners that acted like doors for the hounds. **Wrin** avoids corners for a reason.
- The **swamp shrine** remains unresolved. Burning away the organic matter will not be enough if the stone beneath still holds the site together.
- The hounds are not undead. Vitality healing, undead assumptions, and Recall Knowledge mistakes can create dangerous tactical consequences.
- **Wrin** is still unwilling to enter the **Gauntlight shrine** unless absolutely necessary, but she remains a strong occult resource.
- The dragon's arrival changed **Otari**'s rumor climate and **Wrin**'s sense of the omens. She believes the difficulty has gone up, but she does not know why.
- Jaul Mezmin and the werewolf thread remain open, so silver preparation may still matter.
- The Third Spring Route, the Ruln chamber, the Guardian, and the undecoded parchment map remain open leads from the previous session.

DISCORD-STYLE RECAP

Copy/Paste Player-Facing Summary

The party began in **Otari** after the dragon salvage and **Rowdy Rockfish** pause, then returned to **Wrin's Wonders** to ask about the **swamp shrine** tied to **Nhimbaloth**. **Wrin** sensed that the dragon's arrival had shifted the tone around **Otari** and suggested the difficulty of what the party faces may have gone up. She refused to enter the **Gauntlight shrine** for now, and the group noticed again that her shop avoids solid right angles. **Slag**, a dwarf of oni parentage and cleric of Irori, found the party there after hearing the town's dragon rumors and asked to travel with them as a healer and front-line brawler. Before the group left, **Regit** sensed a dark presence settle over **Wrin** and sink into the ground. **Wrin** tried chimes, sage, and a quick reading; the cards only warned that her fate would be tested that night.

Wrin closed the shop and went with the party to the **swamp shrine**. The place felt changed and expectant. New organic partitions had risen from the muck, creating sharp right angles around the old **shrine**, but **Wrin** did not seem to notice them until the others warned her. When she finally saw the angles, four **Hounds of Tindalos** stepped through. **Regit** first misread them as undead mastiffs, which mattered when the party learned they were not undead and resisted much of the early damage. **Flint**'s elemental ammunition, **Ixor**'s shield work and Hampering Stance, **Slag**'s healing and silver Needle Darts, **Regit**'s sword cane, and **Ilian** with his bear companion **Grizzle** eventually brought the hounds down. The fight was rough on **Wrin**, but she survived, and everyone earned 100 XP. Afterward, **Wrin** understood that something the party brought back had marked her and refreshed an older trail. She did not summon or bargain with the hounds; she looked somewhere she should not have looked once, and now time's hunters remember. The group partially burned and blasted the **shrine**'s organic covering, but the stone beneath remains. **Slag** and **Regit** offered prayers, received the sense that divine hands were tied, and the party escorted **Wrin** back to **Otari**.