Thallan's Journal #2 The Man's Promise.

Day 2

Dear sister,

Finally a chance to take a breath.

And finally away from the chaotic fools of the Wormwood. How that rag-tag bunch of blood thirsty dullards ever managed to survive a day in the open sea remains a mystery to me.

Speaking of dullards.

Yesterday we elected a new captain. At least that is what I believe is to have happened. To an outsider's observance I'm sure it looked quite unlike the dutiful appointment of a senior officer by a mannered crew.

Rather it would have appeared as a bunch of egotistical maniacs of all shapes and sizes beating their chests in order to take prized ownership of a pile of water-logged sticks crumbling before them.

O pride you are a sparkling distraction to the dull of mind!

The two largest among us clearly feeling that brawn was the prevailing factor decided to punch it out for supremacy.

One opened the challenge with a beautifully finessed strike that rather spectacularly broke their own nose.

The other proceeded to all but bite the others head off at the nape. If it wasn't for our ship's over-used healers, the vanquished would have bled out on the deck even before the votes would be counted.

So in this manner therefore our captain was duly appointed.

Sister, your laughter in my ears gives me welcome encouragement!

It is noteworthy to point out that the crew still seems very much divided. A number of glances, winks and raised-eyebrows were plain tells as to the crews mixed loyalty.

I do not spurn them in this. All delegates while sharing some desirable traits, were clearly out weighted by their lack.

Nonetheless, our new captain has surprised me somewhat over the last few days. Perhaps that powerful head is not completely comprised of hardened bone?

The state of our ship remains grave, but stable in the short. The crew have pulled together to make her sea worthy. I suggest this is perhaps out of personal

survival than that of any new found unity. But needs must.

The cleric from the wormwood has again proven to be her worth in weight of fresh water, leading the repairs deftly and precisely. An interesting captain she would have made.

The recent storm has proven a blessing and a curse. While it has all but crippled our hastily inherited ship, it also provided a timely catalyst in finally overthrowing that pair of power-drunk malevolent thugs.

ironic that had they stayed true to Harrington's will, we would be in much worse fare.

So it is perhaps fortunate then that they decided a mutiny of their own. Driving the both the crew and the weather against themselves. Lives lived by the sword dear sister?

Yesterday saw us take leave of the ship to gather much needed supplies for both repair and resourcing.

Our embracing shoal being part of a larger island was a kind mercy. Besmara perhaps is a-watching? If you have faith in such things.

A long boat reconnoiter revealed the island to be seemingly deserted. The recent attack from beings half-goblin, half-cephalopod, kept us apprehensive.

Staked skeletal frames along the coast in various stages of decomposition did nothing to appease our unrest. Nor did the bite marks that covered their somber visage.

Beaching the isle in the proximity of a wheat field long abandoned we discovered considerably over-sized crustaceans. Our food resource was apparent, if not inconveniently packaged.

I recall hearing a melodic singing carried on the air, though fleeting. My heart yearned for your song once more, though my head rationalized this as the play of the wind. Sister!

Singing gave way to a buzzing sibilation as we neared the field.

Only moments after we spied more rotting staked members, a swarm of enraged flying insects emerged from the disheveled paddock.

I have never seen vermin so innervatated!

The cooler heads of the party receded to take stock of this unforeseen event.

The more impulsive unsurprisingly surged forward swatting the irritated flock and the surrounding air with their crude hand weapons. Distinctly ineffective.

Water and fire were employed to various effect. Oh for more formidable control of the elements. More affianced study is clearly required. O sister, to be in our libraries together!

Our occultist violently disgorged a torrent of spiders over the horde, and over our slow-witted swollen-nosed slugger.

It was effective as it was disgusting. Commensurable to the horde at least. Would the slugger favour spider bites over vermin bites? Who could tell?

In wisdom he would, as the galvanized pests expeditiously deliver their larvae deep under the reluctant host's epidermis. A most interesting species. Given their vehemency I would hold grave fears for a hosts once they hatch en-masse.

Swarm abated, we gathered plentiful wheat, from a safer distance, for our upcoming travels. Returning to our long craft we again took measure of the enlarged coastal decapods.

Dignity no doubt looking for some release, the warriors seemed clearly keen to cleave these poor creatures asunder.

Admiringly, the party decided on showing a modicum of restraint and perspicacity and tactfully enticed these creatures into a considered formation.

Not before swollen-nose being grappled to the ground in a blended cacophony of bravado and pincers. I believe am starting to genuinely feel sorry for the chap! See sister, I do have emotions beyond the page.

Curiously, the seemingly benevolent jovoc-fiend again made an appearance. Apparently stranded on this isle much in our manner. I wish for providence to be at work, though suspicions say otherwise.

The impish creature informed us of the island's night time inhabitants. The isle is presumably quite awash with exanimate ghouls.

With added incentive, we loaded up the long boat with wheat and crab-meat and left the darkening island behind us in favor of our beleaguered vessel.

Upon our return, our new captain was faced with perhaps his first real test of character.

One of our crew had purportedly floundered in their duty. It was not clear if this was from lack of will or lack of ability.

Regrettably this revelation occurred coinciding the Wormwood's traditional 'bloody hour'.

I'm not sure if it was a desire for the familiar, a lack of leadership, or indeed the surplus of leadership, but our newly appointed captain seemed quick to award amercement.

Dear sister, I can say my heart groaned in dismay at the prospect of our new overseers repeating past barbaric institutions.

The captain took this opportunity to appoint his officers. I am among that number in the vocation of navigation. An employment that will provide somewhat of a challenge if not a welcome distraction to the vulgar and mundane that has followed me these past days.

I digress. The poor artificer now trussed to the mast...

The appointed first-mate stayed the whip to annunciate a rather forthright dialogue. Both to instill loyalty to the dubious crew, and I believe, to embue a level of compassion to the bound soul.

Gracefully the last lash was withheld. Some shared religious custom between mate and captain found sensible mercy.

And in this two thoughts were inculcated.

One. My appraisal of the first-mate seems increasingly accurate. He is a man of quiet resolve and assured astuteness. I have offered him my honest support. Sister, you know I do not offer this lightly.

Conversely, two. My initial assessment of our captain was imprecise and somewhat underrated. He may well be fit for the duties ahead. Perhaps his cranium does enclose more than stale air and boney cartilage.

I must fare thee well and bring this missive to an end. I fear my constitution is again demanding a measure of intoxicant to placate my poisonous appetition.

Dear sister, we will be together soon.

Forever.

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