[19:13] <paganini> *

[19:13] <paganini> *

[19:13] <paganini> *

[19:15] <paganini> Dujan is heading across town towards Jom the Wheelright's barn. The apple he had for breakfast (and lunch!) settles sour in his belly, and the cold settles in his bones, even though the sun is bright overhead. As he goes he looks around, thinking to himself how pedestrian Thornstad is. What do these folk know of magic? Too little.

[19:17] <paganini> Today was a particularly slow day at the market. Not even Fenely the Innkeeper's daughter had stopped by to poke through Dujan's amulets.

[19:17] * Mike_Holmes is now known as Dujan

[19:18] * Dujan puts a hand on his stomach to try to stifle the sounds his belly is making. Big dreams getting a wagon when even lunch tends to elude him.

[19:18] <paganini> As he nears Jom's establishment, he sees Jom himself standing out front deep in conversation with a tall brown man, elegantly dressed in fine (though travle-worn) boots and cape. On his head is perched a rakish wide-brim cap with a scarlet feather in the band.

[19:19] <paganini> The man is weighing a fat purse in his hand. Jom is eyeing it and licking his lips.

[19:19] * Dujan considers the purse as well for a moment, but he also considers the hat, which he thinks would look amazing on him.

[19:21] <Dujan> “Jom, you rascal! Who is your new friend?” Dujan says jovially, setting his pack down with an audible thud.

[19:21] <paganini> As Dujan gets closer, he hear's Jom saying “generous offer, but it was my grandad's wagon see, what fought in the wars and all. I could hardly bear to part with it for less than...”

[19:22] <Dujan> Going on with that story about the wagon again! Dujan doesn't think much of Jom's salesmanship.

[19:22] <paganini> Jom: “Oh greetings Dujan. This be Thestrel, just in from Vindhaloo! He wants to buy my granda's wagon!”

[19:22] <paganini> Thestrel doffs his cap and executse an elegant leg

[19:22] <Dujan> “The amazing wagon of legend, yes,” Dujan says.

[19:23] <Dujan> Dujan is taken slightly aback to find a man of such culture, but quickly recovers and gives him a Lintaneon flourish in response.

[19:23] <paganini> “Well met, friend Dujan. What business are you in?”

[19:24] <Dujan> “Ah, I am a purveyor of mystic and magical delights from the far reaches of the world,” he says with just enough showmanship to say he's conscious that he's going over the top with his response, and yet still somewhat serious.

[19:26] * Dujan reaches into his pack.

[19:31] <Dujan> He pulls out what looks like a tiny dragon figure, with a foreign aesthetic.

[19:38] * Dujan the dragon puffs forth a snort of smoke, and Dujan waves his hand just so while concentrating on the tiny spirit in the figurine, and suddenly the smoke looks like a castle for a moment in midair.

[19:39] <paganini> Thestrel stand sup straighter, looking surprised.

[19:39] <Dujan> “I give you the Dragon-occupied Castle of Lord Izornu of Poraal,” Dujan says in his charming way.

[19:40] <Dujan> The castle begins to drift away in the wind, and suddenly one might wonder if it had ever been there at all.

[19:40] <paganini> “I *see!*” says Thestrel. “A marvelous enchantment. I've not seen one so cunning since our company set out from Palyarma!”

[19:40] <paganini> Jom just stands there wagging his jaw. He may have never seen Dujan work real magic before.

[19:41] <Dujan> “Palyarma? I should have known that a man of such culture would hail from those reaches,” Dujan continues on with him.

[19:42] <Dujan> “And what is it that you yourself do in this wide world?”

[19:43] <paganini> Thestrel sets his hat back on his head. “I have business to conclude with the excellent Jom. Possibly you would allow me to buy you a flagon of meade at the Roundtop Inn after sunset? I think you will find my tale most intriguing. And possibly rewarding.”

[19:45] * Dujan senses an opportunity… one that doesn't involve trying to purloin Thestral's purse, and possibly end up again in the dungeons of the Magistrate of Thornstad.

[19:45] <Dujan> “You honor me. I would be delighted to join you,” he says, and takes his leave with a nod to Jom as he goes.

[19:46] <Dujan> “A good afternoon to you both.”

[19:47] <paganini> Thestrel returns his politeness, then resumes hagling with Jom.

[19:47] * Dujan knows that it's probably politic not to disturb the rest of their negotiations. Either he'll get Thestral's purse, and thereby Jom's wagon, or Thestral will get Jom's wagon, and Dujan can get it from him. Either way.

[19:47] * Dujan steps off with a spring in his step, looking about to see if anybody has left any food out where he can get at it.

[19:55] <paganini> *

[19:55] <paganini> *

[19:55] <paganini> *

[19:57] <paganini> Zaal the Crying Magician has a manse on the highest hill in Thornstad, a mind-reeling nexus of spires and towers and bridges. Parts of it look as though they must have been built in the Zephyn Empire, far to the east of Vindhaloo, and transported to Thornstad by great creatures of sorcery.

[19:57] <paganini> That's probably what happened.

[19:58] * Dujan considers revising his opinion that Thornstad is a place of little magic. Ah, but what matter. to the task at hand.

[19:58] <paganini> Surounding the dwelling is a glistening walled garden of enticing wonders that Dujan has only ever seen through the bars of the one way in, a 30 foot tall iron gate guarded by Zaal's slave warriors.

[19:59] * Dujan strains his neck to get a better view of some of these amazing things, waiting for somebody to come over wondering what he's doing.

[20:00] <paganini> He doesn't have to wait long

[20:00] <paganini> One of the gate guards stumps over

[20:00] <Dujan> “Is that plant moving?” Dujan says incredulously.

[20:00] <paganini> The guards are about 8-feet tall, dead black, covered in fine velvety fur, like panthers.

[20:00] * Dujan straightens up as the guard approaches.

[20:00] <paganini> They have six long fingers, four joints each, and two thumbs (one on each side)

[20:01] * Dujan almost takes a step back in dread, emboldened only by the gate between him and the guard.

[20:01] <paganini> They have no eyes that Dujan can see, but that doesn't seem to stop them. The one looming over him opens a wet red maw and growls through slashing fangs: “What you want, peasant?”

[20:02] * Dujan swallows hard, “I am Dujan Farwalker, member of the Kronistag Order of Magery, and I wish to inquire if I might at some point have an audience with his most amazing eminence, Zaal, he who is called the Crying Magician.”

[20:03] <paganini> “Your boots walk far maybe. Time for new ones. Zaal no talk to old boots.”

[20:04] <paganini> The guard turns like he's going to walk away.

[20:05] * Dujan looks down at his boots, forlorn for just a moment… they really do need replacement. Then he looks up suddenly and says, “Tell your master that I have something for him. If he wants it, I'll be back tomorrow at noon to present it.”

[20:06] * Dujan then turns to leave, trying to be dignified in the process.

[20:07] <Dujan> As Dujan walks away he wonders what it is he's going to find to present to Zaal tomorrow if they happen to let him through the gates.

[20:16] * Dujan peeks over his shoulder, and gets the feeling that this didn't really work yet. He turns back.

[20:17] <Dujan> “And tell him that he'll want to see what I have if he doesn't want to anger Remorial the Dark,” he says.

[20:23] <paganini> The giant guard pulls up short. He wheels around, and crouches down so his eyelesses are on level with Dujan. “Remorial? Why no say so! I will tell Master Zaal. Come back tomorow, master Dujan. Please excuse this Phlorn stupid talk about boots.”

[20:24] <Dujan> Dujan just nods sagely and solidly, and turns again to go.

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