Thought's and Notes from Bell Scarletrot



Thursday, 4th Week of the Ninth Moon

It is curious to think I am recalling the events that ended only 3 moons prior. It feels like it has been an eternity, but the requests from the scholars guild respectfully ask for at least an excerpt length of a biography to record some of the group of adventurers who "stabilized our country, welcomed foreign cultures, and saved us all from the moon tears." I find flattery amusing enough that I think it's at least worth writing a page or two of memories before I leave this place.

First off, introductions for whenever are unaware of what this paper is. Greetings! I am Bell Scarletrot, an elven noblewoman from an Illinor family. I was born in Torkor but raised with the responsibilities and ideals that would be important once we had returned from our long-term stay. My writings here obviously imply that I never did, and in all honesty never plan to. My fathers words are hollow that now ring on deaf ears, a man stuck in his old times. For me though, it will be time for me to move forward.

As you can probably see from the photo, I have infernal magic within me being a cursed child of beelzebub. Some people's problems are more apparent than others, and for me I was a devil's child. I like to think it's the influence of the adventurers around me, and the people I talked to know that it isn't what defines who I am. Some adventurers like Ingrin and Abby (almost wrote her name as Star Child. Hrutr's nicknames stuck apparently.) were some who I truly talked to. Seeing so many various people from different backgrounds come together in a group was an amazing sight indeed. Especially when you join, even if part of the way through.

I had joined I believe during the 4th moon. The visitors were just arriving and I had taken an interest in the new weaving god I had begun to hear about. I hadn't taken interest in religion before but someone who values creation and is about tailoring and weaving was a deity that was a coincidence to be sure, but a welcome one.

My first mission I can't recall too much of, but I do remember being ambushed by a band of ruffians paying the group back for their actions. It was the first of many interactions with the problematic Giltsvold. Harold had mentioned their hostility during border passes, but apparently tensions were high after some incident from beating up a captain. Enough to instigate a clan war I suppose, among other issues. One such example is claiming that Torkord should respond with weapons drawn to the new visitors. Though if you're reading accounts from me I'm sure you're well aware of the xenophobic response the clan gave.

Not too much time was focused on it, as we quickly set into the depths of the caves to fight Harbinger followers attempting to summon the mountain. A sentence of words I was unfamiliar with until swords were drawn against the cultists attempting to let out an old being of chaos.



It was a startling and awful experience in those tunnels. Heroic tales of old don't include the gruesome details, and it feels like we idolize fighting for glory. It's different when you do it. The exchanging of blows, the blood running from your chest, the bodies littered everywhere. Having your wounds healed and reopened constantly as people try to keep you alive. Peeling off the plate mail of a dead cultist to readjust the straps to protect yourself. I sometimes regret going back to town after perishing twice in the damn cave, but sometimes you just want to wake up from a nightmare. I had missed the finale though, where they fought a living shrine alongside our Kveld innkeeper, it's when I learned of Hrutr.

A never truly told anyone, but the fire I saw in him when fighting is what inspired me to keep adventuring. When I went home after that day, I truly considered being done with it all. I had earned so little from the awful day I had. That angry dwarven man had suffered a moriganti stab to his eye and he kept going. It was bewildering to me why he would do such a thing. It took some consideration, but I realize that my leave would just prove to my family I couldn't succeed on my own if I would run at signs of a quarrel of difficulties. When I heard the stories of others and the hardship they went through, I knew my own were valid, but so many others went through a lot more trials and adversity than me, suffered so much more. That was especially true when I learned later of his full story, but that is for him to tell and for me to know. If you are truly interested in him, look at Kveld clan records, or try to find the man yourself. He was a remarkable person.

Regarding my time not adventuring would be my research and skill developing tailoring. The first month I believed I went to a class of the Weaving God, not too recently after encountering him adventuring inn. It was a very packed place with it being more of a school or lesson hall. I was of course placed in an advanced course and was even given some lectures by the God himself.

My second month was conversing with the first visitors from the isles. The laflass as they are called, were able to show me much of their tailoring industry. They focus upon goat and sheep wool but also have a particular soft material known as cashmere. I also purchased some silk from a creature called silkworms, which is fantastic for suit making. The colors they use are natural and tend on the brighter side of the color spectrum. They're intricate pattern techniques even baffle me, and I plan to research it more.

My last month of a particular action was with the fourth visitors, the metal people. In exchange for records and weaving techniques from Illionar I learned some of their advanced embroidery methods,

though they are very physical and difficult, so I wouldn't recommend learning unless you are dexterous and strong. Embarrassing to admit, I lack the ladder. They also described a kind of "anchor" enchanting, where you place long lasting protective magic on articles of clothing by having it absorb mana from an environment, unlike the first visitors who use naturally magical objects that assist the user. Most commonly in curing fatigue.



Back to the adventure, our quests varied from meeting with visitors, to fighting off Guiltsvold, until about the last week where "shit got real." Fighting nightmare monsters is not fun.

The one that definitely struck me the most personally, but will be swept the most under the rug was the Third Visitors missing in the ruins they explored. They had learned the past of our nation. The reason for Ill-Art-Nazril and Illinor's cooperative relationship. Slavery. I had no part in it, but my family's name was built upon the act by owning a largely profitable mining company that often used the hobbits bought from the north. The reason my family came here a century ago was to expand our resources and power by increasing our political influence in the dwarven nation. To say they were infuriated by this institution is an understatement. I don't think there is a word in this language that describes their reaction, but was against their entire culture's idea of justice. Enough of an insult that they had them come at us with swords drawn demanding answers. They were calmed down by the explanation that it was an ugly past when our nation was controlled by immoral entities, but then they looked at me. When they asked me what I knew, I went silent. It felt like talking to my father. Straight and direct. They demanded to know if my family took part in this. I was truthful. It ended with a sword through my heart, and a bitter apology quickly after. Truly I didn't know what to feel at that moment. Shame, anger, and confusion flowed through all of me. It was the first time in a long time I didn't know how to respond to someone. I still don't know how to truly feel, but the death almost felt like a disconnection from my family. I don't need to associate with their actions, or this. It was the day I decided to make Scareletrot a name to be proud of.

There were the large issues with the core and the mirror demon, but those will already be discussed in these records. This was just more of a personal record keeping of my own feelings and experiences. It's nice to write things on paper sometimes.

For those asking where I may be now? It really depends, if you are reading more than a dozen moon-cycles from its publishing date I am long gone. My plan is to explore the first visitor's continent and its culture, while also putting as much space between me and my family as possible. (My father will not read this, so do not inform him please. He does not care.)

If you are one of my old party members, I hope this loose chronicle finds you well. If you wish to find me, I did say where I would be, and if you need my help I am willing to take up a blade again. Hopefully when you reach me, everyone will know the name and I can greet you from the top of a tailoring empire. With that, I bid the reader farewell.
Remember, the looks don't make the person, it's the smile behind them!