**Year of the Wood Ram**

**Opening Buds Moon**

**Personal Records of Aomori Suzuran**

**Covering Games 31 and 32**

 I had heard that spring would finally arrive this moon, although those who predicted the weather were sorely mistaken. When I saw a few green sprouts poking through the soil near my family’s house I almost wanted to whisper ‘go back underground, it’s far too cold and you’d be a fool to bud now.’ Since the Murakami and Aomori families are primarily in the Pearl City, both family’s holdings within Kishar are certainly more modest than in my home city. As such, I have been staying in the home of a distant relative in the Low District of the West Quarter since coming to Kishar. He works within the Daihonsha, although most of his siblings and the rest of his family are rather skilled artisans and scholars who serve our family.

 Unfortunately, this means quite the walk when going between the Docks District Adventurer’s Guild and his home. I’ve taken visiting the silver bazaar during a walk from either—given my increased appetite. Usually a bodyguard escorts me to the Adventurer’s Guild in the morning, and then at night another usually arrives to escort me home.

 From what I understand, I have arrived at both a most fortuitous and terribly chaotic time in Kishar. Although there is always work at the Adventurer’s Guild, it usually comes with ill news. After I officially joined the Adventurer’s Guild, it was not five minutes before a running burst through the door declaring that we were to help handle riots in the docks. Apparently, a disease effecting Dragonborn has been spreading and causing mass panic through the city. Although, given that a cure is in the works and it only effects Dragonborn, so I do not understand the purpose of such panic.

My fellows from the guild and myself did our best to speak to the sailors and Jin Shi in order to reach an understanding. Although, we were only able to stop the worst of the violence, and I later had to pen a little of apology to the Jin Shi after an altercation regarding a boat being set to flame.

Gar, Chartrin, and I did not have enough time to finish a meal before another runner came into the guild hall. We set about de-frosting the Guild of Wind and Flame after one of their bungling students dropped an ice elemental core in the middle of a ritual—freezing half of campus solid and loosing scads of elementals into their grounds. Chartrin suggested that the Guild of Wind and Flame re-name themselves to the more accurate ‘Guild of Ice and Bullshit.’ I found myself agreeing with her.

The Adventurer’s Guild was also asked to judge a contest of wits between three representatives of the premier noble houses in Kishar. It was a contest of insults, although complicated by the fact that each representative had to incorporate phrases written by the guild members into each of their insults.

Luckily, the entire day was not spent in violence. The Golden Lotus’s proprietor came to speak with us and ask that we attend his venue later that night to help entertain his customers. I was interested in learning some of the popular games in Kishar and agreed to do this.

Unfortunately, while some of us looked forward to a pleasant night of hot drinks and games, one last job of the day came—requiring a trip into the sewers underneath The Sorrows. We encountered hooded cultists and other evidence of Gorgath within. Gar was most upset at these discoveries, and went to the Temple District later to speak about it to his superiors.

After I found a fresh set of clothes and bathed, the rest of the guild and I spent most of the night at The Golden Lotus. Chartrin proved quite apt at several games, despite her initial impression of the activities and many of us gained a fair amount of pocket money in winnings.

The next day was spent doing little, as there was an international gathering of ambassadors and such in the city.

There were many more at the Adventurer’s Guild this moon. Although, there was talk of several members who had not shown up in some time. The Quartermaster of our guildhall came by early in the day to mention that the inventory records and actual inventory did not match up. Amongst the missing items in the storehouse, he mentioned three boxes of candles. I had to wonder how efficiently the storehouses are managed if this sort of thing could happen. It’s not unlike when my younger brother would shirk his duties and just put something in the family storehouse wherever he pleased, as opposed to its proper place. But, it is none of my business.

We were also asked to participate in another contest between the premier noble houses this moon. This time, we were asked to guard a box that each of the noble houses would attempt to discover the contents of. I believe that throughout the two days we won nine fights in total against several groups from each noble house. Eventually, we took to marking our victories in a public place to further incite each house to send challenges our way. We were complimented on both our skill and giving them a challenge. Although, on the final day we learned that someone had tampered with the contents.

The current head of the Aomori House (My elder cousin Kaoru) declared that I would be his heir, and marry the current heir of the Kuronuma house, Hanako Kuronuma. I was not even aware that I was a candidate for this, and more surprised that the head of my house would consent to me marrying someone from the Kuronuma family—given their penchant for meddling and unseemly business. Although, I am sure that the head of my house has many good reasons for this and that I will learn of them when it is time.

A young child hired some guild members to teach a lesson to thugs extorting money from citizens early in the day. We ended up not finding other children, but a group of criminals handing supplies that they should not have had. J’ameishut, another mender and Special Investigator from the Jin Shi, was displeased to learn that some Jin Shi members had been taking bribes from these criminals in order to look the other way. Although, we did recover records of these bribes and find that some supplies from the Adventurer’s Guild had fallen into the hands of these criminals.

I was most unhappy to learn that we had another job in the sewers this moon. Gar was able to discern that the cult of Gorgath was attempting to put unclean souls into folk within the sewers—resulting in the most malformed abominations I have ever laid eyes on or read of. Once these were all destroyed and the ritual components confiscated—we all left vowing to find a bathhouse as soon as possible.

Luckily, I was able to procure another clean set of clothes from the textile merchant Del’ahari before everyone went to the Golden Lotus again that night. After playing some games, one in which I nearly bested Del’ahari, we were asked to recover some more goods stolen from the Adventurer’s Guild.

I could not have picked a worse team to skulk about the shadows and attempt to enter a building in silence and secrecy. The shaman Zhubin appeared to have little experience in moving in shadows. Narâl is notoriously noisy because both his armor and quick temper. J’ameishut is a member of the Jin Shi, and not a sneak-thief. Gar could not engage in a lie if he wanted to, and I have never learned to sneak before in my life.

Although, after listening to the guards making their rounds and sneak inside for wine—it seemed to matter little. These were obviously not people picked for their steller qualities—but because they were cheap. We were able to recover the stolen goods without much trouble before each of us returning home and to bed.

Chartrin disappeared at some point during the night when the rest of us were at the Golden Lotus. Gar told me she had received an unexpected letter earlier in the day that distressed her. I thought she might return in the morning, but I was mistaken. No one knows where she has gone.

The next day saw more fighting as we defended that blasted box. Unfortunately, Gar found enough evidence to convince him and us that a cult of Noctus was forming within the Dragonborn community and was thwarting the efforts of both the Adventurer’s Guild and Jin Shi to create a cure for the Sand Dragon Disease. We came upon the burned remains of the cure that was supposed to go to the Jin Shi a day before—and a number of Dragonborn in black hoods. Unfortunately, none within our party could speak their language as Gar was taking a shift guarding the contest box at that time.

During lunch, many of us at the Guild were also taken to a place called ‘The Night Market,’ where Fey creatures had most unusual wares for sale.

Perhaps the worst job of the day was recovering a chest of gold lost by junior members of the guild—a chest of gold serving as the prize for the winner of the box contest. I was not present for this—but was in agreement with Del’ahari and Gar over how disappointing these junior members were. The Chaptermaster of that Guild House has suggested that maybe those two members should be transferred to the Desert Outpost Chapterhouse to clean until the entire desert is spick and span.