

Doublloon Lagoon

The Adventure Begins...

Aye, it be about twenty years ago when I was told the story. The old salt's name was Haisan. I mets 'im on the whaler Funnel Chaser. We became close crewmates while makin' the season's whale run the year before.

A terrible accident killed him on our last hunt before we set sail for home. Tangled up in the harpoon line somethin' bad he did. You've never seen somethin' as terrible as a man whose had most of his flesh flayed from the bones like that. There was nothin' we could do for the poor fellow that far out at sea. Anyway's, he was always bragging about how he was part of Captain Kreth's pirate crew. We always laughed and told him he had to much to drink. He would claim to know where Kreth's treasure was buried which only left him open to more insults and jokes from the rest of the crew. I was the only one with him as he lay dyin' in the hold that night.

After hours of feverish blabbering about treasure and Kreth and his ship the Siren's Skull he weakened and grabbed me arm cryin' and wheezin'. He looked at me and said "You believe me Jack? Don't cha?". "Sure" I'd say, anything to make his last moments bearable. As the Reaper heard his last ragged breath his final words were: "Lathris Islands" and "Saint Celeste". That was it and he was gone.

I was silent for long moments after I read the final words on the parchment. I dropped the letter to the table and looked up at the chamberlain. "This is real?" I asked again. He looked at me and said "The fellow we paid for it has never led us astray with his information.

No one outside of the Royal houses or Kreth's crew knew that Saint Celeste's medallion was stolen by Kreth. If that would be leaked forty years ago it would have caused panic and bloody revolt by the peasantry." I looked towards the window, out at the moonlight reflecting on the water in the harbor.

"Captain," the chamberlain continued, "we also believe that the other Royal houses have gained access to this information. Even as we speak they are preparing to act upon it!" With those last words he slammed his fist upon the table, scooped up the goblet of wine he had been drinking from minutes earlier and hurled it clattering at the wall.

His outburst ended as suddenly as it had began and with his head hanging he said in a low voice "The King has ordered you to find the treasure. At any cost. If this is all true, whichever house finds the treasure not only will have a substantial warchest with which to turn the military balance against us, but will be able to do so as the blessed of Saint Celeste. Captain, set sail for the Lathris islands immediately...and find that treasure!"