

Meeting minutes for Day of the Huntress, day 11 of the month Fashanos in the year 5111
Members in attendance: Rasti, Kysari, Anta, Ruh, Whisperm, with Aisalt and Landrat joining on the amulet.

Guests and Prospective Members: Dache

Kysari called the meeting to order.

Kysari quietly asks, "Ok, so Rasti, how much has Notta spent since last we met up?"

Rasti says, "Well milady I have no formal report but suffice it to say the Hall remains solvent."
"We have neither spent or received any silvers in the last week."

Anta says, "The Magic Mixer with Twilight Hall is coming up on the 17th at 9 in the evening and the next bounty help event is on the 19th at 10 in the evening. Next week's meeting is in Icemule Trace to kick off the tour of the annex pantries. We will have a house hunt at each location."

"We opened and explored the new house tents. These party tents are available to us to setup wherever and whenever we need them."

Ours - an ebon and leaf green canvas tent with a golden tree over the entrance.

[Willow Hall Party Tent]

Hardwood floors of polished black willow are inlaid with paler woods forming an intricate Willow Hall coat-of-arms. Cheerful candles on gold candelabra brighten the spacious tent, casting merry shadows upon its lush, ebon velvet interior walls. A heavy leaf green damask curtain embroidered with a golden tree separates the dance area to the north from this main gathering spot. You also see a discreet tent flap.

[Willow Hall Tent, Dance Floor]

A small, corner-bound dais rises up from the inlaid black willow wood floor to provide minstrels and musicians a place to perform. Tall, ebon velvet walls are brightened by well-placed candles, and a heavy leaf green damask curtain embroidered with a golden tree separates the main gathering area to the south from this dancing spot.

The idea of a pantry for the tent was under discussion followed by making the dance floor useable with DANCE verbs. For now, we can wheel the refreshment cart into the tent in the landing, brake it, and then pack the tent up with the cart inside to be unrolled in another location. The cart will not leave the tent if in another town.

"Librarian Kizalia tells me that our website, Willowhall.org, is nearing completion. Be sure to send her your bios and stories at Kizalia@me.com."

"Our fireplace room is coming along very nicely. Through the collaboration of our members we have come up with the following design:

[The Fireside Room]

This rustic room is a cozy retreat from the Great Hall. The worn modwir floor is covered haphazardly with fur rugs and fluffy pillows made from the hides of creatures native to the Landing. The rough hewn walls are covered with a multitude of portraits, sketches and hand carved graffiti. In the center of the room, a ring of comfortable modwir armchairs surround an immense riverstone firepit. Scattered rays of sunlight/moonlight filter into the room through a round pane glass window that glimpses out onto a leafy forest glade.

Obvious exits: an onyx-beaded forest green curtain

Touchable:

Look portrait: A forest scene is depicted with a gathering of adventurers circling Alexys McCleary, first Guardian of Willow Hall, who is holding a golden spade as she breaks ground for the construction of Willow Hall. You recognize some of the current members in the background who all look much younger and a bit thinner.

Look second portrait: Obviously the work of two different artists, this portrait commemorates the memory of Tunder Bledsoe, first Clansman and fourth Guardian of Willow Hall. The original painting depicts Tunder and Alexys McCleary in the solitary modwir tree as he passes the mantle of leadership into her hands. The newer portion shows a gently aged Tunder standing at the podium in Willow Hall's Great Room before a large number of adventurers.

Read graffiti: Deeply carved in a hoan plank reads an inscription 'Notta was here.' Underneath it is a lighter carving reading 'Only because the tavern was closed! -Oary'

Atmospherics:

An errant breeze outside causes some willow branches to scratch lightly against the glass window panes.

(night time messaging) Bright viridian starflies and amber fireflies mingle and dance in the forest glade on the other side of the window.

A spent ember cracks open with a sizzle and pop releasing a waft of smoke which forms an endless myriad of ethereal shapes as it drifts languidly toward the etched copper smoke chamber high above the firepit.

A loud WHUMP emanates through the room as a majestic white owl crashes head-on into the thick glass window panes before sliding off and falling to the ground with a SPLAT. Ruffling her feathers with irritation, the owl flies off looking a bit disheveled.

Firepit:

An immense riverstone firepit

(standard messaging)

Kysari then adjourned the meeting.

Submitted,

Anta Eirestor
Scroll Keeper