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With a groan the dwarf set his armor against a small tree trunk, the smaller half of a cracked kobold skull rolling out underneath the garments, "Ugh, all this spinebreaking is making me thirsty!".

The ranger sat on a log across him, counting the round coins his keen eyes spotted in the Evil One's labyrinth they just escaped. He watched the purple sparks flinging from the wizard's hands, who was trying to get a small campfire going. He looked tired. They were all tired. "Some lamb chops would be nice", the wizard sighed absently. Without pause a dark shape flew through the air, a heavy thump and the blank stare of dead lamb eyes stared right back at him.

"You're welcome!", the barbarian bellowed from behind, stepping into the flame-light, cleaning the fresh kill's blood off his battle axe. The ranger immediately started searching his satchel for small pouches of herbs and spices.

The dwarf's eyes lit up, "Oh, good catch!", after which he visibly drifted away into distant memories. "Ah, back at home me pops always had the best roasted lamb... Ye know what would go great with this: whisky!". The wizard playfully conjured some bubbly water, duly stating: "It's the best I can do".

The dwarf chuckled, "Ooh lads, now you got me reminiscing me favorite pastime: the fine art of *whisky tasting*! Some tasty snacks on me left, a warm fireplace on me right and a couple of whisky shots in front of me. I can alr..."

"Say no more!", the barbarian bellowed, "I know just the place! *Tell us when, and we'll take you there!*"

The dwarf eagerly took out a pack of scribbled parchments holding dates and notes. Such a busy life. "Oi, this making a living is killing me", he thought jokingly...

