Maggie had hit a new high. Following the order to return the Quartz King's box, Magdalene felt that all hope was lost. She couldn't even tell anybody, but even if she could she'd probably be jailed immediately. All she felt she could do was pray to Gloriel, and that she did. And she seemed to have listened. Her fellow guild members suspected someone completely different, and she even finally won a game against her good friend, The Traveler. Her freedom was once again realized, the thrill from the game leaving her with brimming confidence and a need for more. This is what led her to challenging the Quartz King to a gamble. If she could beat The Traveler, she could beat him.

   Magdalene had a nagging feeling of worry in the back of her head, but her robust self-conviction failed to allow her to process it. She instead hoped to seek out a member of the Thieves Guild and perform any jobs if possible. It would keep her head level and allow her to keep her winning streak so that she comes into the game with good spirits. Mags tied her cloak as she prepared to leave when Saabi manifested out of nowhere. "What Mags doing?" Saabi asked, scaring the daylights out of Magdalene. "OH! Gods. Hi Saabi, I'm going on a trip, I'll be back in a few weeks time." "A trip?," Saabi repeated. "You bring Saabi!" Magdalene raised her eyebrows. "Saabi, you can't come with." Saabi pouted, waving her arms in the air and exclaiming,"BRING SAABI…no choice!!" Magdalene blinked, and then replied with a pent up sigh. "Okay Saabi, grab your cloak, we're going to…visit my Uncle. My Uncle Novouen. It's gonna be a long journey, so stock up on snacks." Saabi resumed her normal smile and just responded with a "yay".

   After a few enjoyable weeks of traveling, making stops to rest and relax, Mags and Saabi approached a person that seemed to be rummaging behind their stand. Magdalene turned towards Saabi and pulled out a mug, a waterskin, and some sticks. "Here Saabi, I'm gonna catch up with my Uncle. You make something with the sand over there. Like a castle, or even the Lap Lounge," she suggested, smiling at her dear friend. "Okay!" Sabbi says, snatching the supplies from the dhampir and going to work. Magdalene turned, approaching the person behind the stand. She pulled out a card and displayed it. "Magdalene Birdrat, locksmith apprentice, pleasure to meet you."