

The tavern was pretty busy for the start of the weekend and Mal was certainly doing well as she slid some more coins into the pot in the middle of the table, barely paying attention as the door opened again

"bloody hell" Marko cursed "another halfling?"

Mal's eyebrows raised and she glanced over to see a havlin in a red coat take her wide hat off

"soon there'll be twice as many rogues as there are humans in the city" Marko grumbled

"And we'll end up doing four times as much work" Mal countered laying down her cards with a grin

"Screw you Mal" Marko tossed his cards onto the table and knocked back his drink

"in your dreams boyo" Mal began scooping the winnings toward her as the disgruntled thief stood up and headed away.

Mal carefully packed the cards away and noticed the Havlin wander toward Marko's newly vacant seat

She sighed and waved the newcomer over "c'mon youngling, take a seat" Mal called out in Havlin

As the young havlin's eye widened Mal switched to common "i'm Menos Lightfinger, call me Mal"

"Hi!" the newcomer waved "I'm Qura, Lightspell!" as she awkwardly climbed up onto the seat

"y'hungry?" Mal waved over the waiter "two halves and a plate of spiced wedges for the youngling please Malcom" passing him several coins from the pile she was sorting

"thank you very much! that's very generous!" Qura climbed onto her knees so she was level with the table

"that bugger gave me some dud coins, gotta shift 'em somewhere" Mal muttered to herself

"that's a very red coat y'got there"

"thanks! I heard Havlins are Rouges and I don't know what shade that is but hope this fits"

"Rouge? You mean Rogues? I'm a locksmith myself"

"Rogues? oh." Qura looked sad for a moment "I like it though, it has pockets!"