

Dear Mother & Father,

What have I signed up for? I know the only way for me to truly expand my knowledge of the arcane and its interplay with our material world is to leave the confines of regimented study and to acquire it firsthand. But holy hell I did not expect it to be so sudden!

Oh, yes, I have arrived safely in Gren. And have met some very interesting people. I suppose we are a 'party' or 'gang'. My peeps. HEE HEE. So I landed and immediately we found work. We were tasked with finding some sisters and reporting their whereabouts or getting them to return to Winter's Edge. Anyway, we tracked down the first woman's house. And, well, I shall describe--

The evening in what I will now dub as 'hell house' was crazy. An automaton named Pyris greeted us at the house. The owner, who we were seeking, was not there. He then gives us a scroll announcing the death of the owner and that the house now belonged to our party. Who deeds a house to strangers? Very odd.

We were also given instructions to not let a man in and to not open a door in the basement. Then a man shows up. Of course we do not let him in. At first he is nice and polite and kept his frustration in check. He kept trying to convince us to let him in. We did not. He began to get angry and we realized that this was a vampire. Silver weapons in the house and a wooden stake confirmed it. It was quite scary. A vampire could kill our entire party without much effort.

Over time he sent us a plague of the giant bird things pecking on the all windows--and breaking them. We killed them fairly easily. We went to the basement to avoid talking to the man and he sent a pack of hellish weasel rat abominations. They were a little harder to kill but we managed.

Oh, yes, THE HOUSE WAS ON FIRE. There was something cooking when we arrived. We, uh, knocked out the automaton for reasons. Well no one thought to turn off the cooking meat. While we were in the basement the kitchen caught on fire. When we came upstairs the flames were to the ceiling. Quick thinking and one of our members essentially casting prestidigitation as fast as possible to help douse the flames helped. We turned water on where we could and eventually subdued the flames.

The man--I mean VAMPIRE--was very upset--appearing in windows on the second floor, under the toilet drain (yes, the toilet drain opened to air under the house). Whenever he saw one of us he would attack with magic fire acid whatever goop. Now the side of the house was on fire...more prestidigitation as small bowls of goldfish in water appeared and were hurled at the flames. They weren't real goldfish--tiny clockwork things. Pretty cool actually--in any other setting.

We took some damage but overall got things under control. We were praying for sunlight to drive this man away--and it did drive him away!

But something different greeted us. How can I describe it. Basically a large gelatinous collection of mouths (and teeth!) all speaking this horribly inane language we could not understand. It was maddening--literally. It took very ounce of my being to not run away. This thing hit some of our party and it hurt mightily. But, I'm writing you so, I'm still alive. No one died.

At this, all I could think about was sleep. I was exhausted. It was the scariest night of my life. All I could think about was sleep and not wanting to be in that house a second night.

We found some very interesting secrets and communication to the owner of the house (ex-owner?) that has our curiosity roused.

I do feel my knowledge increasing. I saw some things I did not realize were possible at this house. And already I feel stronger in my knowledge. I have been able to infuse some magic into my defenses and hopefully it will aid me in fights. Although I usually try to stay back and use my bow skills. While I may be seeking adventure, I'm not too keen on putting myself in immediate mortal danger.

With love,

Bomiz

PS - I know I left quickly and in a huff. I need to find my own way. But I appreciate your love and support and hope that I can make you proud.

PPS -- AAAA. I totally forgot. I met someone who might have known my great--grandfather. I will fill you in on that in another missive. For now, I need to sleep some more!!