

Dear Bellin,

Greeting from Gren! As of this writing, I'm safe and sound. Mostly. This has been everything I was hoping it would be when I left. While I do miss our talks and laughter—and the bizzleberry pie—I am content with the choices that I've made to get here.

I just escaped within an inch of my life and have to write this down before I fall asleep from exhaustion.

This is the strangest situation I've ever been in—although being trapped in a house on fire with a vampire trying to kill us does rank up there. But apparently that was LAST WEEK.

We contracted to investigate strange happenings at a temple and on our way we encountered a little girl that tried to charm one of our party members. When we got to the temple, there was a whole set of rules posted for the guards that seemed to imply there was some deception or illusion type of magic going on—or possibly people being charmed or even doppelgangers. It even mentioned not talking to a girl if we saw one—we had dodged a slingstone.

Despite little support for the soldiers nearby, we entered the temple to see what we could see. After navigating (running by) some crazy talking (lying) statues, we descended 80 –EIGHTY--flights of stairs following the voice of a little girl who needed help. None of us believed that this was an actual little girl—it just seemed too 'staged'? Two of us got eaten by this big floating mouth and the rest of us ran and found ourselves in a castle or building of sorts. It had magic attacking piano, a massive poisonous spider who just popped out of nowhere (he laid me out in one bite), an oddly "clean" set of rooms with no real signs of being lived in, and a fireplace that seemed like it had an opening to go somewhere but didn't. Very odd. The whole thing turned out to be a puzzle maze of sorts. Each floor was the same-ish. Same but different. Each with small differences.

Anyway, we were able to figure out several ways to go "up" and while each time it was 'déjà vu', it was different. After about four or five sets of "floors", we finally got to one that was different and once again we checked the fireplace and next thing you know we find an "exit". It took us to this final level.

I was sure we'd have to go up like 80 levels of room and was pretty confident something would kill one of us at some point. But, no, we opened the door to the "table" room and there was the little girl that we had followed down with her...parents?

Then she said we had done better than anyone else and it was all fun. Fuck that. Fun is taking apart of clock and figuring out how to put it back together as a combination back scratcher and incendiary device (Something I've been working on lately.). Oh, I've started cursing more. I have Ka'ali and Puck to thank for that. Don't tell mom.

We asked this girl if we can go home and we didn't think it was fun and something like we didn't want to play anymore and that didn't sit well with her. Next thing we know she's turned into this hideous old woman/crone and the "parents" turned into US. Well Ka'ali and Rennor.

I was pretty sure we were going to die. Anyone who can make illusions like she – it – did, surely could wipe us out. Especially with her own Rennor and Ka'ali bots. We started fighting and Azhian instantly went down. Charmed I think. And then gravity changed and we all fell and hurt ourselves.

Every six seconds or so she changed gravity on us and bam it hurt like hell. I was sure Azhian was dead because she was just unconscious. Three or four of us went down sometime during the fight but slowly we started picking off the doppelganger things—or whatever they were. I ducked behind the table after I realized that she was sort of picking people at random. I wish we had a tactical leader in the group. I guess we're learning as we go.

Finally, I realized that maybe the gravity only impacts the room so I ran out. I was going to sort of kite her and shoot and hide. But next thing you know she misty steps right into me outside. WTF? I was already hurt and now she was right in front of me. I really wished I had Dogiz at that moment. I'm bummed that I've made two of them and they've been taken out early. I will keep trying. Oh Dogiz..yeah..I've learned how to make a "steel servant" that will obey my commands—even fighting! No more mere parlor tricks!

Oh..so she does the gravity thing again and I was right—it was room bound. Unlucky for my friends but I think if I had stayed in the room, I would have died again. Oh yea, she knocked me unconscious at one point and I went down. Luckily we have healing!

So, she's right there in front of me and I can try to shoot her but she was so close it would be hard to hit. And if I ran back, she'd hit me. So I just tackled her. I don't know why I did. Well I know why—because I have no weapon other than my bow—something I need to fix. Hopefully I can learn a new cantrip soon. Ot get some daggers like Ka'ali...something. Because my punch..well....yeah...that's not going to leave a mark.

I just ran into her and tackled her into the room. And she clawed me. Dumb move Bomiz! At least she was hitting me while my friends were attacking her. She took me back down to within an inch of my life. But Azhian, bless her, got the final blow to send her back to whatever hell she came from.

And with that we were on top of the temple. With a big table. But we were alive.

And now I have to go to sleep. I've found that these battles really tire me out. More than my compatriots. I put on a brave face but honestly, I was scared. I think being scared like that gets me adrenaline going but as soon as we are done, I am completely spent. I am hoping that I will build more stamina over time.

OK Brother—please share this with everyone. (Except maybe the cursing part with mother).

I miss you all terribly and look forward to the time we can see each other again. Perhaps one day you can also meet my new friends—and I guess family—Azhian, Puck, Ka'ali, and Rennor. (Oh and we have a donkey named Donkuules!)

With much love,

Bomiz