

*Wait, Bomiz has a brother?
How do you even know
that?*

Dear Bellin,

*"Wise" is a bit of a stretch, but
I'll allow it*

We are not your brother Bomiz. Quite the opposite in fact. We are his wise traveling companions who keep him from harm, and hope that he may one day find his glory.

Look, we'll be frank with you, Bomiz is not himself lately. After nearly dying from crabs, he was just very quiet. We write to you and share his recent story in the hopes that if he never tells it to you, you will always know.

So anyways, after Bomiz's near death crabbening, we all needed to move on, and we were hearing the strange notes in the forest (if Bomiz has not told you of these, shame on him). We were able to move ourselves across the river with ease, though our favorite companion Donkules was more of a challenge. Beasts of burden were not meant to cross rivers with ropes. It is a shame Bomiz was not himself, because I believe the peculiar flow would have given him glee. The rivers flowed, but broke off from each other in ways not natural. We heard more of the notes of music. Sometimes from the air, and once from some trees that seemed to be dropping music right off their leaves.

After some time, we came upon a ruin. What looked to be an old temple, now seemed to be decayed with age. We agreed that there had been a second story at one time. Forgive the detail, but we want to ensure if Bomiz never returned from this silent fog, that at least one of his kin knew the story.

If Bomiz has not told you, we have a rogue among us: Ka'ali. We sent him forward to see what could be seen, and frankly he moved like the wind.

~~He strolled in~~ *moved in silently,* ~~leaned against a wall~~ *expertly approached the partition in the temple and* overheard 2 strangers. We ~~later learned~~ *immediately, because Ka'ali can recognize languages like family members (c'mon Puck, if we're going to subject the poor bastard to this letter, let's at least get the details right)* they were dragonborne, but Ka'ali ~~had no idea at the time. He sat there, lazing about before returning to us.~~ *knew first, since he clearly saw their tails before getting back, and realying ALL OF THIS to the group*

So we decide to move in and try to hear what these fellows are saying. We moved into the ruins and into place to spring a plan into attack: I would listen to the strangers with magic, and the rest of our merry band would wait around the area for a surprise. It would have worked beautifully, but our SNEEKY SNEEKY THIEF decided to get closer and made a ~~hullabaloo~~ *That's not... wait, never mind, yeah - that was my bad.* He then declared loudly he only wanted peace before

running away. As a neutral third party I ask you: what would your reaction have been? *They were ALREADY chanting some weird magic shit! I wasn't looking for a fight, I ALSO wasn't looking for a grave.*

So a fight ensued. We outmatched them (in numbers only) so thought this may be an easy fight. We were wrong, so wrong. The strangers teleported around our field of battle and left behind fields of crystal shards in their wake that felt quite painful. Ka'ali was knocked to the ground and the dragonborne were about to escape when the unthinkable happened. Dogiz, Bomiz 4 legged companion that day, burst into flame and fell against one of the strangers, pinning them to the ground. It was a miracle, and should not be looked into further. *Flombax works in mysterious ways, I guess*

Seeing their sister near death, the other dragonborne surrendered, and we gave them leave to help. His magic was some elemental flavor I have never seen, only heard speak of. We learned then their names were Raitha (the sister in yellow) and Ecba (the brother in pink).

So, here is where we need to ask you to be kind to Bomiz. It was his idea to come to this island seeking adventure, and the lot of us followed. Any cultural travesties unfortunately are the fault of him alone. We will still travel with him, but what we learned that day brought us great shame. The pair are locals, indigenous to be exact. We are on their island, and have invaded their sacred space (Bomiz you colonizer!). *Kind of messed up of Bomiz to displace entire civilizations like that* Their race was driven underground a thousand years ago by "The one who watches" a name we are hearing more and more. These ruins were one a great temple of theirs. They are seeking a weapon, or relic, which they say could power a great weapon. My mind started to wonder to possibilities when I heard the phrase "god killer". *Wait, NO ONE said tha... whatever, I give up* What has your brother gotten us into?

In the temple, the stone stairs we had moved over before were revealed to say:

"The one who wanders, seeks"

"The one who waits will guide"

"The one who wakes will rise again" *Should maybe mention that these two worshipped the one who wakes?*

"The one who watches, hides" *Tantala, or whatever*

Whatever the hell that means. Anyways, the two of them are looking for a weapon to kill a god, and are imploring Bomiz to build it for them. We worry for his sanity at times. Please Bellin, hold your brothers memory in your heart, as he may be different the next time you see him. *Or sold into slavery in Iktha, who knows?*

Sincerely

Rinnor (the Mule Whisperer) & Azhian (Killer on the loose)

*She's gonna make stew out of you
if she sees this dude*

She won't see it if you'd stop writing on my drafts!

*Someone's gotta fact check you! And don't give me that "I'm just
taking 'creative license'" crap like with that noble woman from the Isles*