**Valley of Lost Honor**

Hrakhamar to Omu

From a steady stone staircase rising for several hundred feet you finally emerge back into daylight for the first time in several days. Instead of the tropical jungle, however, you’re greeted by a cracked and blistering wasteland. The dwarves called it the Valley of Lost Honor, as they were forced to continually cede ground to the encroaching firenewts over the last several decades.

Over the next several days you travel across this wasteland, scrounging for meager supplies where you can, while enjoying the relative safety of Gillian’s hut at night. You are constantly watched, however, and the firenewts don’t make any effort to conceal themselves from a distance. They also don’t try anything aggressive, and never approach closer than several hundred feet, typically appearing as a cadre of mounted warriors in the distance.

Mannix at some point during that first day of travel you’re sending stone tied to Xandala receives a message. **[show Xandala handout]**

The message states: Mr. Mannix, if you’re still alive, I believe I’ve located the lost city of Omu that the oracle spoke of. It’s sunken into the jungle, surrounded by 100 ft cliffs, nearly impossible to find from the ground. My flyby was limited when I was attacked by gargoyle statues that line the walls. The city is in ruins but far more intact than Orolunga. No sign of my father, but I believe I saw some red-robed figures crawling about. I believe we will both find what we seek here. I look forward to seeing you again.

You haven’t had any nightmares in the last week, and your sleep has been undisturbed inside the hut, so it’s terrifying when you begin hearing the familiar trio of old women whispers when the sun gets low one day and you begin setting up for the evening.

PEggy: “There, there I see them! The valley!”

WG: “It seems they survived their trials at sea and underground. They’re getting closer now. A persistent group, like that last one.”

BN: “The beast still hunts.”

WG: “Indeed it does. Lost them at sea but should be much closer now. There’ll no escaping this time.”

Widow Groat = old woman, scratchy voice

Peggy Deadbells = witch voice

Baggy Nanna = creepy animal voices

**Frost Giants**

After several more days of travel you finally stop seeing the Firenewts. Vegetation begins to grow between the cracks in the ground, and the air grows more humid. A shadow passes overhead and you flinch, remembering the dragon, but when you look up you see a small flock of winged dinosaurs, which pay you no attention.

Finally you can see the jungle beginning in earnest a few miles ahead. As you approach a startlingly loud wolf howl pierces through you, then another. The ground begins to rumble as you see large - no, giant humanoids approaching. Their wolves reach you first, their heads as tall as yours, teeth barred in snarls, a blue mist whisping out of their mouth.

The giants approach you warily, one male and two female. Their skin is pale blue and they’re carrying human-sized axes and wearing horned helmets, and each is dripping with sweat.

One of the giant women strides forward. She does not raise her weapon but stares at each of you. “Small folk! We are looking for someone. Are any of you Artus Cimber?”

“Let me see your hands!”

“Why smallfolk out here?”

“What do you know of Artus Cimber?”

**Why are you looking for Artus/what are you doing here?**

“Artus has Ring of Winter. It should be ours! We will find him and take it, and cover world in snow and ice!”

Names: Issen, Bafri, Fraid