Graymoore

21st of Isoldre, 1127

Got pranked by the innkeeper in Graymoore, Kodrak a red dragonborn. Was funny because humiliation was spread among my new comrades.

Learned of message board with quests: guards for archaeology, pest control for stablemaster, find dog, do labor in fields.

Relatively common earthquakes rocked the inn, I found them highly dangerous. Locals did not.

Paid exorbitant costs (for me) to stay at the inn overnight. At least I got food for breakfast.

22nd of Isoldre

Was learning some physical exercises from Demiria when a crazy rando busted into the common room and attacked me. I levitated him and we proceeded to attempt to restrain him. Demiria was bitten, and Primus Ser healed her. After a brief struggle, Casbiel (?spelling?) coldcocked the lunatic.

The constable, dwarf Constable Gray grandson of the town founder, jailed the psycho. Primus offered food to the miscreant and he offered up nothing in exchange.

Another earthquake shook the town. Very concerning.

We visited the stablemaster, apparently large burrowing insects have been making off with the horses. While intimidating, Cabdiel convinced us to attempt to slay the beasts and we descended into one of their tunnels.

\* Have since used my scintillating intellect and interminable wit to acquire the proper spelling of the name of one of my comrades: Kazbiel. Was properly humbled upon the realization I had Dhamiria's name spelled wrong too. Hopefully, the new humility will transfer to a longer lifespan.

22nd, Part 2:

Approximately 30 seconds after entry, the foreboding of the tunnel came true as a stalactite critter fell upon Kazbiel's head. Dhamiria ripped it off of him with her prodigious might. As she held it still, we flailed in the tight confines of the tunnel and it proceeded to shred us. Finally, I was able to choke it to death with my magics. Blood was liberally sprayed throughout the cavern.

Ser discovered a box with a magical aura under some dirt in the tunnel. I translated the runes upon it to discover an arcane trap. We used mage hand to safely disarm the chest and inside I recovered a nice silver dagger enchanted to stay pristine.

Further in, a stirge onslaught nearly ate us alive and sucked 87% of the blood from my body. (6/7 hp!). In desperation, I was forced to blast the cavern with thunderwave to kill two of the stirges. A small cave-in bludgeoned us further.  Sorry pals. Dhamiria punctured the last stirge to preserve our lives and we fucked right the hell out of there.

The stablemaster discussed some exotic mounts with us including antelope beasties and a tiger thing. Cool, but expensive. Ser seemed taken with the tiger creature.

We rested at the tavern, unpaid for our efforts, as we didn't collect any insect corpses. There we encountered Kelly Seekerton, an investigator for the Halls of Antiquity. She was aloof and condescending, but hired us to escort her to her dig site. There she revealed a gargantuan cavern underground in a region of geological diversity. Apparently, her last escort service was lost inside... wonderful, another foreboding cavern.

Kaz noticed some interesting architecture of ancient Drow make and I also spotted some stuff that looked like primordial sea spirits; a curious place.

Earthquakes continued to disturb us.

Kelly user her drill construct to dig further into the cave; she was very enigmatic and at one-point threatened Kaz not to follow her, she even threw up a wall of stone to deny us. Shortly thereafter, Dhamiria warned we were about to be devoured by Kruthiks. With quick thinking, Ser and Kaz invoked an illusion of a wall and we hid behind it in the tunnel Kelly had dug with her drill construct. Now, we hunker behind this intangible shield with the dim hope that we won't soon be dismembered and fed upon by the kruthik multitude before us...

22nd, Part 3:

As we bickered and panicked over what to do, the kruthiks generally ignored us thanks to the minor illusions. After much debate, we were saved from certain doom by the return of Kelly. She lowered her wall of stone and we quickly evacuated into the next room. Upon being made aware of the kruthik horde, Kelly teleported us to safety!

Relative safety. She accidentally sent us to Kamuin and the ancient battlefield on the Balmere plateau. We were forced to spend the night among the long grass and old rusted corpses of machine soldiers of the past. Our rough night was briefly interrupted by a mimicking intruder with beady black eyes (inserting kenku theory here) but nothing came of it. We were properly returned to Greymoore the next day.

23rd of Isoldre

Arriving in town in a terrible downpour, kelly paid us a handsome fee for the trouble and we decided to 'take it easy' by harvesting grain all day. Dhamiria used the opportunity to practice her combat katas on the wheat, Ser gamely hacked away even after exhaustion, and I summoned my unseen servant squad to do the work for me. Lazybones Kaz drank lemonade and sat in the shade.

After this exhausting but fruitful session, Kazbiel noticed Dhamiria's bite wound was still bothering her and healed her a little, apparently he is actually a big softie. Just a lazy one.

As I was telling the others about the merits of Invisibelle, my unseen servant, we were suddenly set upon by two more crazy rabid vagabonds. They shanked poor Kaz into the mud, it was quite gruesome. Fortunately, I was able to blast them with a clean thunderwave and prevented them from executing him. Ser applied some timely magic and revived Kaz to full power. Very impressive magics.

We buried the crazies for the constable and Dhamiria said a sweet eulogy for the poor lost souls. There may have been tears shed, (nah, just the rain). We returned to town to find that a fourth hobo, this one a teenage girl, had assaulted the dockmaster, Rita, before being captured. As the two captured hobos struggled over some biscuits we discovered a few clues. They appeared from the south, in the direction of Leafside; and they had some fine silks on them that are typically sold from the Seabend region of the Midlands.

Shortly thereafter we retired to the tavern, much richer but also much disturbed. Tomorrow we will decide whether to help Kelly once again, investigate these vagabonds, or try to eradicate kruthiks. Much to do.

As the 23rd wound to a close, we all reflected on the terrors and learning experiences we had been exposed to thus far. Clearly we are made of sterner stuff than we once believed. Tomorrow I expect we will all have grown from our trials and ordeals, in confidence, wisdom, and inner strength.

24th of Isoldre

Ultimately, we decided to assault the kruthiks under the stables. Mostly because we couldn't handle Kodrak's puns (two bards with one scone, OMG kill me now). We quickly returned to the site of our attack by stirges. Shortly thereafter we encountered a weird silky substance (probably not spider webs...right?) that Kazbiel touched. Of course it was a spider web. A terrifying tunnel spider (Shelob!) leapt out and immediately injected him with stupifying poison. As he flopped to the floor we descended on the spider. Ser scared it away from our fallen friend with a cacophony of discordant whispers (who need the Evenstar?), and Dhamiria slashed it before I was able to crunch its windpipe with a nice touch. Ser cured our fallen brother and we pressed on. The lair contained the corpse of our missing dog, Pepper. A sad discovery. We also found a sweet set of magic chainmail that nobody could wear!

As we proceeded deeper underground, a pair of kruthiks scuttled forth and swarmed Dhamiria. She fought valiantly, exhibiting a remarkable focus and determination of otherworldly levels. Poor Kaz was once again assaulted by the foes, though this time he was able to rebuke them with an arcane flame charring one to cinders. Dhamiria shishkebobbed the other and we were safe once again.

We returned above for a quick rest. the stablemaster paid us and we tried out Kelly's glasses using conjuration. It was horrifically sickening. Upon our return, we found two horses had become hosts for kruthik larvae. We began beating a dead horse (thanks Kaz) and smashed the grublings. Covered in embryonic juice, we continued on. Some further exploration revealed an extensive cave system that was well beyond the scope of our little party. We returned above and recommended closure of the cave system via explosives.

We returned pepper's body to its owner, Lynn Wares the general store owner, and purchased some basic supplies. Kaz noticed that she apparently has some magic items hidden in a cupboard in the back of the shop. I tried to start a mudball fight with her kids as we left but picking on children is really just mean. We visited Dorn the blacksmith, who was beating the kinks out of a cursed sword, and sold the magic chainmail for 92 gold thanks to some smooth talking from Kaz.

I agreed to stand guard againt murder hobos at night and hit the hay early. Apparently the others investigated the moorbounder more thoroughly to get details on a possible purchase.

That night, during alternating watches, Dhamiria was jumped by a rusty dragonborn of ill intent. As she dodged its green firebreath she yelled out the warning and I blew a conjured whistle to signal the beginning of our next trial.

Dhamiria slays the dragonborn. A ship, “The Cantalina” is tattooed on its upper arm, the dockmaster Rita described the ship as having a home berth in Seabend and often making trips to Brightshore. This is apparently a sailor from said ship and home berth.

The constable relayed news to us the next morning that these “Hollows” are a plague and are absolutely everywhere. All of my studies can only suggest that they are some symptom of a lingering effect of the Abboleth invasion from many years ago.

25th of Isoldre

Kelly Seekerton asked for help again and I demanded more information on the job. I got lucky and tweaked a nerve, she revealed that she was investigating ancient civilizations to get more information on her artifact, an odd polyhedral spikey cube thing.

Ser and Dhamiria captured a wild rabbit to feed to the moorbounder, Mittens. The hunt was a horrific affair bordering on monstrous. But at least the moorbounder reacted positively.

We joined Kelly on her journey to the ancient ruins. We entered to do a complete sweep of the cavern. We found a neat whip that can morph into an inconspicuous item. Further in we were jumped by some stalactite monsters. Kaz was once again the victim (*hah*) of their first attack. The monsters brought preternatural magical darkness with them which made it nearly impossible to fight. Kelly handed Ser a potion to save poor Kazbiel. Dhamiria skewered one with her glaive. Then Kelly unleashed a magic missile swarm to end the cartoon peril... ehem.

With some direction from me, Dhamiria harvested a darkmantle ink sac from the corpses. With some post-processing we may be able to make a darkness grenade or some such.

Later in, we discovered a secret passage that led to an ancient location. A simple riddle revealed an ancient room with a creepy statue and a well preserved dead body. Further exploration revealed a fountain room with a symbol of evocation scribed upon the center of the fountain. The fountain itself has a beautiful filigreed tulip bud decoration swirling along the edges. The bodies appear to be dwelven and crumble to dust upon being disturbed.

This ancient vault is a gold mine, we find money, a brass rapier, 4 black velvety masks stitched w/silver threads, some magic ointment, a silver snuff box, a bag of 1000 ball bearings, and even some spell scrolls (*I see you reading my notes! The scrolls are MINE!*).

A statue guardian is standing on a teleportation circle...I have copied the teleportation circle script for this location. “For the glory of **Dhanbaduhr**” (ancient ruin/capital city of Vexyll's pit) appears to be the password to bypass the guardian though I do not know the language. The ancient people who spoke these words have been dead for about 1400 years apparently.

Ser attempted to charm the fountain with a magnificent bardic performance; we were all greatly moved and the room grew dim with heavy emotion, but the fountain did not appear to react. Ser touched the water in the fountain and discovered that it fluctuates between bitterly cold and toasty warm based on the side of the yin yang design of the fountain. Ser approached the metal floral structure in the center and despite all his best efforts was unable to extract a response from the structure. Kelly suggested that sacrifice was a major part of Dhanbaduhr culture and may be a key to understanding this artifact.

Using some 'clever' tactics Dhamira slugged Kaz while standing in the fountain , Kaz rebuked her to cast a fire spell on the fountain and Kelly cast an ice spell on the other side. Miraculously, this experiment totally worked and opened the irising tulip mechanism in the center.

Inside was a brass armillary sphere with arcane potential. It appears to be an astromancy archive. I can't believe my luck! I can't believe I am still writing notes instead of studying it right now! What am I doing? Goodbye!

...

...

Ser discovered that he had acquired an ointment of health he didn’t know he had. It appears to heal quite a bit and there is enough goop for 4 uses. Dhamiria’s sacrifice for the astromancy archive left her weak, so Ser cast a quick heal on her to bring her back to fighting power. I can only hope it is enough for the grueling trials that surely await us.

We descended deeper into the blackened tunnels of an ancient decrepit civilization. (Note: improve figurative writing skills, prose is important). Kazbiel found himself stuck in the wall briefly, it was an existential crisis for a bit.

In a gloomy corner we noticed a chest with a moving lock…as I attempted to open it from long range Dhamiria noticed it was avoiding my lockpick. With appropriate suspicion, she stabbed at it and it promptly tried to eat her. We slay it without trouble.

A bit later, we discover a couple husks of old kruthiks, they are gross. I stepped on one (out of curiosity! Not inattention!), and it crackled loudly. Kelly sighed and drew her revolver of doom. Kruthiks are upon us. Kelly appears to have a modern and impressive piece of destructive technology that I have heard of but never seen before. Dhamiria goes into a murderous frenzy and slaughters a kruthik, I miss horribly and am forced to shield myself with a dense blast of air. Kelly blasts futilely at the kruthiks, she isn’t a great shot considering her huge gun. Ser simply shouted at one and it reeled in pain. Kaz found another opportunity to bring the fires of justice down upon one of his attackers and incinerated one. I somehow managed to smash one with my choking grasp and then Kaz sliced the shite out of another one. A creepy life suck ensued as Kazbiel sucked the essence from its corpse as it perished. (not gonna lie, pretty rad) Ser continued to shout at our enemies (oddly effective?) as the kruthiks continued to be sliced by Dhamiria. Kelly finally connected and obliterated the kruthik closest to me (how fortunate!) before I managed to throttle the last kruthik in the room. We did surprisingly well.

Our luck was soon to end, Kazbiel fired off a *paranoia blast* into the murk and hit a HUGE kruthik off in the darkness. Right as it was about to rip his head off and feast on his innards, Dhamiria severed its thorax from its head with a great cleaving blow. Purple goo drenched the poor man (lol Kaz).

We fled deeper into the caverns and built a wall of stone the hard way to seal off the kruthiks. Here Kelly paid us before descending further to study her ancient lore. Ser convinced her to allow him to join her down there and likely discovered some good intel. (I get the sense that Kelly might have the hots for Ser…) Soon thereafter she asks us to leave. We make a rush for the surface, despite a massive earthquake chucking the ceiling at us. A massive boulder smashes Kaz (dude has terrible luck) and traps him only a short sprint from the surface. Dhamiria heaves the rock from his leg and we are back on the run (or limp) to freedom and fresh air. As we burst free from the encroaching earth DUST coats us all and lingers in the air, and the ground slowly pulses to a stop.

We have barely survived. But we have. As evidenced by this journal being filled in… ehem.

Or did we?! Maybe two hours later as we make our way back to town, a massive fissure splits the earth directly below our feet. THAT isn’t the issue, instead it’s the freaking METEORS that fall from the sky and attempt to smash us. (Upon reflection, I would wager it was rocks from a volcanic eruption ejected into the air and just now coming to ground, or some such thing).

At last we return to Greymoore, in one piece.

That night, I thoroughly studied the armillary sphere that is the Astromancy Archive. I was lost in my studies until deep in the night. Early in the morning as I stopped for a water break I was astounded to discover that floating in the sky, illuminated by the moon, was a massive flying city perched in the clouds. Rubbing my eyes in disbelief, I was forced to realize that my pitiful dreams of flight were miniscule compared to the achievements of some who have come before. I realized I would have to realign my dreams to a greater height, somewhere above even that flying city…

It faded into obscurity even as I observed it. I spent the rest of the evening recording my observations, I will probably feel the price of my studies tomorrow, but I will certainly not regret them.

26th of Isoldre

I should have got some sleep last night… oof. At least my mind feels expanded from my thorough study. **(LEVEL 3)**Reminds me of cramming before a midterm…

*I should note that I have allowed my newfound friends to read my journal, as I feel they have earned some say in this grand experiment. Naturally, this has led to some revisions and additions that are not my own. Please keep that in mind as you judge the transcription herein dear reader.*

(*Feel free to make comments in the margins, team. I will address as them as soon as I can. Art is also appreciated as it is not one of my greatest skills.)*

Apparently, the others have also experienced deep emotional events last night. Visions and the like. Weird.

There is a weird ship in the bay the next morning. Apparently it came from the river and it looks similar to the ruins in the cavern we exited. Someone with Kelly’s bag appears to be on board. Ser tried to summon a swarm of sea turtles so we could chase it down, but only a single little guy answered her call. Lol.

The rock monster leviathan trucks off into the sunrise...We are left contemplating its receding backside while Primus plays with the box turtle. We visited the blacksmith to try and gain some gainful employment. He offered to pay us 10 gold each to build his fence. So we spent the day doing that. Dhamiria and Primus Ser created a massive slab of meat to bribe the moorbounder, it had minimal effect that I could see.

27th of Isoldre

We slept at the inn and awoke the next day to complete the fence. Ser brought me some “lemonade”. It was tasty. We sold the snuff box for some gold and Ser bought a shit load of iron for materials to cast a spell he knows. We then visited the stablemaster so that Dhamiria and Ser could purchase Mittens. It was a very successful outing with the first ride handled very deftly by Dhamiria. Ser also completed a quality ride with the moorbounder.

I purchased a steed of my own whilst there, a speed demon of a horse I have titled Borasco. Kazbiel bought a draft horse he named Shrew (or Zeruut did, it's not clear). The horse that Dhamiria and Ser are going to share has yet to be named.

That night, a monstrous wave of hollows assaulted the town assaulting Ser as he was patrolling the fenceline. He cast a thunderwave to wake the others and the fight was on! Kazbiel showed off a remarkable power, blasting into the air with inky black wings erupting from his back emitting a bright blue flame aura from the feathertips. As Ser continually blasted the encroaching enemies with thunderous explosions, I inflated Dhamiria into a murder monster and she started slaughtering them. Kaz shattered them from his flight position and I did a little force choking. The zombies swarmed us, at one point Dhamiria made a huge threshing swing and reaped the field of hollows, slicing 6 at once. As we were whittling them away, Ser panicked and ran for it, resulting in a dirt nap. We desperately blasted the hollows as they tried to finish him off. Dhamiria stood admirably as a pillar of destruction, eviscerating the last hollow with a gruesome finish. Kaz rushed to Ser's side, rummaging through his bag for the healing ointment and applying it to him to save the day.

We slew more than a dozen (14) hollows and lived to brag about it. It took 8 thunderous blasts, multiple force chokes and a shit ton of slicing, but we did it. Ser was a true champion, throwing out 4 waves of thunder and beating down a couple hollows before finally succumbing to the horde. We collected 3 daggers and a meat cleaver from their corpses before the constable gave us some whiskey and some gold as a reward. Both Kazbiel and Dhamiria chose to forgo their fiscal reward.

The constable requested that we go to Leafside, speak with Rolar and ask them to deliver relief to Greymoore. With that, we slept for the evening and prepared for a long journey on the morrow.

Trip to Leafside

28th of Isoldre

Before we set off, we visited the general store and Ser drew a copy of the local map to Leafside. He did a pretty good job. Kaz reimbursed the shopkeep for the viewing opportunity but was refused by Lynn Wares. We ate a final meal with Kodlak the innkeeper who requested we return someday for his famous evening cakes. Learned today that the “extra” horse is now named Merlot.

The constable told us to look for old Fenric on the road and offer him a package, which he then presented to us. Having asked us to check in and deliver the package, he bid us good day.

We then left town at a gentle trot. While it is drizzling and rather dreary, I cannot help but be excited. To adventure!

After some clever weight distribution we pressed on at about 3.5 mph (trust me, we did math).

Maybe I should learn Tenser's floating disk...

After a short time, we noticed boulders that had been flung all the way out here from the earthquake/explosion the other day. Not long after, we encountered a large fissure in the ground with dead kruthiks scattered everywhere. As we leaped the fissure atop our mounts, a huge kruthik emerged to eat our faces. Fortunately, both Ser and I were able to blast it with a thunderwave as it attempted to follow us. With a beautiful screech of frustration, it was shoved back into the chasm and fell to its horrific demise. Much rejoicing!

That evening, we setup camp just a short ways into the Timberland. We are just a bit elevated now in respect to Greymoore, and we can see a large spiderweb of fractures in the land back behind us. Kazbiel spent the evening bargaining with his odd dragoncat. What a weirdo.

1st of Ahwa

Dhamiria took Mittens for a morning hunt and we discovered that he is an avid predator, taking down a boar and bucking off Dhamiria for good measure. After a long day on the road, we camped in the beautiful oak forest. Kazbiel bartered with his dragon-cat again. Something weird going on there...Zeruut seems pretty surly to me. Ser manufactured actual food for dinner, popping a huge wok full of hearty meat stew into existence from nowhere. Mittens immediately went for it. Kazbiel tried to discipline him and was instantly attacked for his hubris. I ate some soup.

2nd of Ahwa

*(11 months at 28 days each in a year for curious readers)*

The next day, as we continued down the forest path, we encountered a small offshoot lane with a cabin at the end. Hollows were assaulting the cabin banging on the walls. I would guess this is old man Fenric's place. Kazbiel charged in, always the hero. In a brutal encounter we slew 8 hollows Mittens leading the way, slaughtering hollows left and right. Kaz once again drew the ire of the big cat and received a grievous blow from the beast as he tried to heal it. They do not get along.

We were right, the cabin was home to Fenric, an old scrawny half-orc hermit. He introduces us to Bookvar, a flying book. He also introduces us to pizza. What a champion. Bookvar can apparently change forms, like into a goat. He is filled with words in a language none of us know. We bury the bodies of the hollows in his garden and wish him well. Neat dude. He serves us some shots of Constable Gray's “medicine” and it definitely made me sick. Bookvar (as a goat) made eye contact with me and I heard some creepy voices... something is definitely weird.

ONE DAY I WILL RETURN AND KNOW WHAT BOOKVAR IS. ONE DAY

We continued on a bit farther that day. We happened upon some ruins in the forest and made camp about 500 feet from them, no sense is hanging out in a definitely haunted old fort.

3rd of Ahwa

Had some trouble with the clasp on my journal. Wouldn't open. Ser was kind enough to keep track of events for me, and I have copied his annotations down here (My own notes are in **bold**):

*In the morning, we talk over to mosstop ruins. We’re digging for a chest that Kaz found when behind Zephyr, I see a strange looking woman with hugely long ears. She seems solid, walks behind a boulder, and then disappears.* **The old lady turns out to be a ghost that Ser is able to communicate with. She leads Ser to a buried chest which has a handy haversack in it. I chose to search it for goodies and there were none inside. This shall end up haunting me.**

4th of Ahwa

*Next day, we hear ogres down the road arguing. We convince them that the smaller one is planning on betraying the big one by stealing their dwarf snack and running away. He believes me, punches the smaller ogre. While they’re fighting, Dhamiria and Kaz run to the dwarf. I conjour an illusion of a giant ogre. The largest one is terrified of “the missus”, ,the smaller ones are confused. Through this and dissonant whispers, they are confused and run and generally distraught.*

*We rescue the dwarf, and eventually find her family. They stab Kaz before we convince them we’re friends. Among them is Chief Orvig, They wander through cave systems. He asks if we have seen an old white haired dwarf wandering around (called****Old Silverhands****). He’s some kind of legend. Seen all the way east and west on the continent, appears to those who need help and helps them out. The chromed silver paint that they wear on their faces is meant as a gesture of good will to him. The band itself refers to itself as the****Chrome Shamans****.*

*The woods here seem quite healthy, might want to speak with the****Blade Witches****. I’ve heard of them before, but never in a good way. It’s a taboo thing. They’re seekers of knowledge, often protectors of the forest, wandering types. They wander about and carry double-sided polearms.*

*They find us a lovely cave to spend the night in!*

*Zephyr sees the haver’s sack move slightly, She watches as a long dark hand, then arm, reaches slowly up out of the bag. A shoulder follows, and something starts climbing out of the bag.***Fortunately just a dream. I think.**

5th of Ahwa

*We approach Leafside, and smell burning bodies of sorts. There is a beautiful mansion we can see over the walls. We pass by 2 piles of 20-30 hallow individuals. There are two large creatures being ridden by individuals in plate. They are a bright-blue cross of a Komodo dragon and a rhino, they’re bulky and built. They’re drakes*

*We tell the guards we mean to speak with Rolar, who apparently is a Drake Lord. (the town’s economy and power is centered around these creatures). They say we’ll have to wait our turn.*

*We meet a random Firbolg who we tell our stories, he advises us to go to the Cerulean Garrison with our news. He’s from \*somewhere\* in Olomathia, he has a fishing business. Meet at the Stone Kayak.*

*Rolar tells us she has :*

*1.      Hollows at the gates almost every day – they’re coming from the East, most likely from Laudran.*

*2.      Molgar Darkbrow (the trade Baron) is going nuts about what’s happening to trade.*

*3.      There are rumors of Laudren being wiped out.*

*4.      She has a nasty piece of work taking advantage of my villagers – he is killing the villagers. He’s known as the re-embowler, he’s a goblin. She sends people out and they get killed.*

*5.      And there’s clattering out on the ruins of the lake – ask around on the docks.*

*We stay at the Stoic Kayak:*

*Talk to Samwell – he lives in the south of town across from Cod Capers (?).*

*- The clattering keep should start making noise sometime later in the night*

*- Everyone’s saying that the hollows are just people from other parts of Ikesh – somehow brainwashed*

*- Whoever’s behind this is attacking Hillfar next*

*- If you want to know more about rumors, find Tormid Mcgleary (the town drunk). He likes to wander around at night. He “listens” very well – need to bring some liquor to butter him up.*

*The CCC: They originally ask for a gnome who has a bunch of piercings and purple hair and a mohawk. Then, they ask for someone wearing a hat of disguise. “Otis, show him the thing, Otis put it on”. The goliath turns into a tall green Firbolg – it’s a hat of disguise!. They believe a dude named Voros is using illusionary magic to hide in the city. They (the band) is backed by the ChoiceCutsCorporation (I guess they have lots of money). Their names are Otis and Suliana. They told us about a statue on the shore of the island where the sound seemed to be emitting.*

***I was beset by horrible nightmares again this night. Clearly the haversack was cursed!***

6th of Ahwa

The morning came and I immediately went to the chantry to address my potential curse. Kazbiel joined me and Ser and Dhamiria went to the local coffee shop. The chantry has a shrine to each of the primary gods: Pelor Bahamut Kord Melora Ioun Hieronious and Erathis. The person working there, Friar Luke told me that the Friar Whambeg of Pelor could help me with my problem but that he was out collecting flowers and visiting the apiary NW of town. Ser and Dhamiria drank loads of coffee and got totally buzzed. I settled in to read in the chantry library after buying some augury equipment when the others grabbed me so we could investigate the clattering isle. Charlie (dwarven gal we saved on the road from ogres) came up and offered us a Pendant of Dwarvenkind as reward for our saving her. What a good lass.

On our way to the docks a suspicious halfling in a tricorn hat (AHA!) bumped into me and pickpocketed some of my scrolls! A ridiculous chase ensued with Ser crafting a canoe out of thin air to continue the chase after the fugitive hopped in a boat and headed for the island. Dhamiria bought (stole) an oar and I conjured another so she could row, Kazbiel started flying and dragging the boat with an attached rope, and I expeditiously (magic!) flutterkicked as we all contributed to chasing the scoundrel.

His magic rowboat still managed to beat us to shore (just barely), and he escaped into the keep on the island. Inside, a couple of traps were set to greet us. Should have known better. Kazbiel opened a door and was set upon by 3 rust monsters and an ankheg. Poor Kaz. After a long battle with the massive insects, he ended up on the floor slathered in steaming acid and with his sword reduced to rusty sludge. We prevailed, and Kaz was revived, but the whole endeavour was horrific. Dhamiria laid low the final bug with a thunderous smash, aided by Ser's mote of inspiring power.

We investigated the keep thoroughly, recovering a scroll of lightning lure, dust of dryness x7, a potion of watchful rest, an orb of time, and a Boros signet ring. We also found that the statue in the courtyard was inscribed with a curious riddle, Poorly remembered here:

*When clouds float in-to the ocean sky, not to usher storm but beautify, a handsome hunter with bow - not sword, can then receive his handsome reward.*

After clearing the keep we still hadn't found our fugitive, but the cathedral in the back had collapsed into the lake and was very suspicious. Rocks were everywhere, but we couldn't see the debris from the keep itself having fallen into the lake. It was also the only place we hadn't been able to fully yet explore. Plus, the clattering had to come from somewhere, and this seemed like a great place to clank some rocks around such that they would echo loudly inside the hollowed keep tower and find their way to shore. After some very unfruitful but desperate searching by everyone, Ser simply beseeched the open air, claiming that our hidden fugitive should work with us to determine the source of the clattering in the keep. This was rewarded with a slight movement that revealed a masterful illusion in the cliffside. We made our way inside this clever bolthole, seeking the shameless rogue that had purloined my magical scrolls. Vengeance will be mine.

Owlbears. Freaking Owlbears are guarding this hidden cave. They shred into Dhamiria with claws and beaks rending. Ser applies some incredible illusory magic to terrify them away just in time. Horrific creatures. Making our way further in we discover a spiral staircase that leads to underneath the statue of the hunter. A stake trap at the bottom pierced Dhamiria. The owner of these tunnels is a right bastard. Another trap is disarmed later on without issue. We do find some chests further in; they're full of rocks. Clearly an illusion! Nobody keeps a chest full of rocks! Instead, it turns out to be a chest full of geodes. 20 geodes at 5 lbs each are placed in the sketchy haversack. We come upon a small room in the cave with a rug, bed and desk. Kazbiel identifies that the desk is just an illusion and as he does, our fugitive bursts from hiding! Dhamiria captures him with a quick lunge. She removes his tricorn hat and reveals the target the two mercenaries described to us, Voros.

Voros claims the CCC is looking for him because, loan sharks. He owes them money cuz of gambling. He then tries to manipulate Dhamiria's mind with magic. He's a scum. He does seem to have some information on a hidden treasure beneath the clattering keep. Perhaps we can discover it!

We find some more geodes for 220 lbs total.

We eventually find the treasure of this castle. It appears to be a magically enchanted geode of massive proportions, it has an abjuration school aura around it and appears to be of powerful nature magic. Unnervingly difficult to identify. We have decided to turn in the gnome and report our finding of the geode to the drakelord of Leafside.

Choice Cuts Corporation, wants Voros. We report our work to Draklord Rolar who gives us a small reward and is informed of the magic gem under the castle. We decide to find out how much money we would gain by skipping the grasping fist intermediaries. Ser and Kazbiel perform the deceptive information gathering from the Fist members. Meanwhile Dhamiria and I pig out on donuts, awesome. Ser takes the fugitive to the CCC and collects our bounty, 360 gold.

I purchase magical inks to work on my spellbook for the scribing of hold person. I also make use of my nightly studies to **LEVEL UP.**Unfortunately, that night I am nearly slain by the handy haversack night terror as it escaped from the haversack and crawled around in my dreams. I awoke with the feel of its cold breath upon my neck. Horror of all horrors.

7th of Ahwa

The next morning we are happy to discover that Otis and Soleana are unaware of our backhanded dealings with the Voros bounty. We then went to the chantry and discovered that Friar Whambeg has still not returned from his apiary visit so we decide to go rescue him from whatever has waylaid him. We then take the horses and Mittens on a lovely journey into the wilderness. Until we run into a bizarre roadside boulder splayed with massive quantities of guts from various different creatures. Perhaps the work of the re-emboweler.

The friar appears to have been assaulted. Petrified bees are all that remain of the location where he was collecting ingredients. We follow a trail led by bees ensorcelled by Ser to a cave full of stone objects. Inside is a basilisk that has collected a store of petrified prey including friar Whambeg and his escort. The basilisk attempts to kill us but Kaz casts a darkness spell that completely confuses our opponent. Dhamiria lays into the creature with her glaive while it is blinded and we quickly dispatch the creature before it can petrify us.

On our way back, the boulder appears to be cleaned up, the guts possibly re-emboweled?

We make it back to town without too much trouble and return to the chantry with our frozen friar and a basilisk corpse.

Upon return to the town Kazbiel fluently entreated the guard to let us in. They obeyed without hesitation. The chantry claimed it would be a couple days before the alchemist could heal Whambeg. That night, I stayed up studying the hold person scroll instead of sleeping. I avoided the sleep demon at all costs.

8th of Ahwa

The crew visited the coffee shop to be reinvigorated. We also purchased a full complement of healer's kits. Kaz decided he would replace his rusted sword that had been chewed up by the rust monsters. A beautiful elven women ran the smithy in Leafside, Elvara Krismus. Dhamiria flirts with her a little and I discover that the Raven's Wing constellation is a traditionally respected constellation in Dhamiria's tribe. Ser sold her the geodes we collected, Kaz bought an Arkalon sword, and Dhamiria had her glaive sharpened. I purchased some darts and a sling.

We then went to the tavern and kaz bought Zeruut some booze to pacify him. We then visited the town drunk Tormid McLeary to get the lowdown on all the town rumors. After Ser created a vat of moonshine for him, he loosened his tongue and told us all he knew. The re-emboweler is a goblin raider. And the Ox is a very difficult dude to describe. He is a huge being that wants to conquer a whole bunch, a red haired dwarf showed Tormid a vision of the Ox.

We then went for a walk to find the re-emboweler, heading back in the direction of the apiary we were at yesterday. We very shortly discover a squad of goblins hanging out on the road ahead. Kazbiel immediately assaulted them and combat began. Darkness bubble denied the goblins their organization and we shredded them. We captured one at the end and despite some rabid threats from Kaz and Ser, the goblin finally agreed to lead us to his boss when we suggested that the boss might kill us for him.

He leads us through the woods to a goblin cave. As we proceed, more and more eviscerated corpses are posted around us.

Turns out the goblins were waiting for us. A whole bunch boil out of the woods and their leader makes his appearance, a Nilbog. After kaz obliterated their leader with a single witch bolt, a second goblin snatched up his nasty red hat and immediately transformed into a new red hat Nilbog. Now that it is renewed, it casts spells like mad, countering a spell by Ser, confusing an enlarged Mittens and regenerating health when it is attached. The manic monster continued to try to confound us but we slaughtered all its supporters. Zehirut (spelling!) even one hit KO one of them with a poison stinger to the eye. Dhamiria lanced the red hat with her glaive and it released a bunch of purple smoke into the air and began dripping large amounts of red liquid. We blasted the shit out of that hat and it constantly tried to mind control us. Fortunately, we persevered and finally destroyed it. We then released the prisoner goblin as he was no longer under the control of the nilbog chief. The clearing was inundated with horrific gore and the cave was worse, full of entrails. We find a pendant of the drunkard and a potion of lightning resistance.

That night, I slept in the chantry as far from the bag as possible. It made no difference, the creature attacked again that night.......

9th of Ahwa

The Zodiac of Ikesh:

* Nimbus - Satyr
* Mistro - Minotaur
* Durak – Ettin Ser
* Isoldre - Chuul
* Ahwa - Dragon
* Silvara – Dryad Kazbiel
* Sevana – Marut Zephyr
* Sirius - Wyvern
* Navar - Centaur
* Nanook - Chimera
* Eben – Mermaid Dhamiria

The first and last day of every month – Aboleth

I awoke that morning much more rested but still exhausted. The gang regrouped and decided to visit Rolar to collect a reward for our work on the re-emboweler. Rolar appeared riding a monstrous drake with lightning breath. Rolar was impressed with our work and clearly re-assessed our value. She paid us but was still unwilling to relate why she was truly interested in the OX. She did tell us that he was a warlord that may be linked to the decimation of Laudron.

We visit the coffee shop to prepare ourselves for the day ahead and I acquire an iced coffee while Ser orders a super strong zesty bean-milk bomb coffee.

Also learned the proper spelling of Zehruut as well. Finally!

Discovered that Ser was interested in researching the Bladewitches. I don't know much about them myself. I failed to find any neat information regarding nightmare creatures while we searched through the library. We then went and found Darkbrow, the dwarven trade baron of Leafside. He offered us a job as caravan guards to Arkalon, the caravan is leaving on the 12th. We will be paid by meeting the drakelord of Arkalon as it is a direct payment to her. He also gave us a letter of introduction to the Drakelord Shassa (hobgoblin hardass warrior) of Arkalon.

**Lore Dump!**Arkalon is the anchor to defend the Midlands from the Reznor Dominion and Shassa and her hobgoblin companies stymie them in the Stygian Flats using the excellent terrain of the Swampy terrain there. It is very militaristic, and they are quite capable.

Darkbrow also related to us that the hollows are former denizens of Laudron and Seaside.

Ser and Dhamiria reveal their desire to acquire a drake and bribe a guard to get in where they can observe the little ones. Sketchy? Probably. I shake my head as I write this.

We return to the chantry that night to get Friar Whambeg. As the rock encasement begins to crumble, I step back and drink my cold brew coffee. Its awfully cold in here...

*You are standing in a snowy field surrounded by trees. Before you, a beautiful structure carved from sculpted stone lies ahead. The architecture is foreign, but expertly crafted, almost organic in the lines of the walls and the slope of the roof. It consists of a central structure with a taller tower attached beyond it. As the snow falls gently down around you, you hear a crunching noise. You turn, and see a humanoid figure approaching, with a furred, elongated hood around the face. As you look beneath the hood, you see a cold-looking woman, with dark green skin and tremendously long ears. She looks through you, past you, not even seeing you. She gazes up towards the tower, and the expression on her face is one of concern. You see faintly glowing lines in intricate patterns across her face, too delicate and detailed to decipher their significance. She walks towards the entrance to the building, running her hand along a wooden fence surrounding a barren patch of exposed earth untouched by the falling snow…*

*You follow the woman into the structure. Inside it is warm and filled with more expertly crafted furniture in the same style as the building. Many of the devices sitting on tables are alien to you, their purpose and function unknowable. You wish to look closer, but the woman hurries along, dropping the cloak on the table and stepping into a small cylindrical room at the end of the hall. You are drawn along with her, helpless, and watch as the lower room falls away from sight as the small room lifts upwards within the tower. It slows smoothly to a stop at the top, and the woman steps out into a circular room, where another humanoid turns to face her. This one seems to be a man of the same race, but with a more blueish tint to his skin. The two embrace and share words in a language you cannot understand. The woman seems upset, while the man attempts to console her. Your eyes are drawn away from the two, and they seem magnetically drawn to a glass bell jar on the countertop, surrounded by arcane instruments and tubes. Within, a swirling dark mass of cloud and shadow gently circulates. As you gaze at it, two points of light flicker into being within the fog and stare back…*

*You are now looking from within the glass jar, outwards into the tower room. You feel calm and comfortable, and you wait patiently for your creator to return. A day later, your awareness is roused by raised voices. The creator and his partner burst into the room from the elevator, shouting at each other in raised voices. You feel confusion. The creator rushes around the room, grabbing items and talking hurriedly to the partner. He drags a box out into the middle of the room and begins to toss things into it. The room is filled with a sudden flare of orange light, pouring in from the window. Through the thick glass, you can barely see a swirling, twisting pattern to the light, and both the people in the room shout out as the floor shudders. The creator spins to you, grabbing your jar from the table it rests on. His voice rings out in your mind, telepathically clear for an instant:*

**“I’m moving you somewhere safe for now. Wait for me; I’ll let you out soon, but for now you must be alone. I’m sorry, little one.”**

*You send back a sense of understanding and comfort, wishing for the creator to be reassured, for you can sense the intense fear and tumultuous emotions within his mind. These intense emotions are the last thing you sense as the jar is opened, and you are poured into a dark, empty and cold void.*

You wait.

You wait.

You wait.

An eternity of solitude.

Waiting.

Festering.

You crave your jar.

You crave the warmth.

You crave the likeness of the creator.

You wait ..........

We couldn't have done it without key healing from Ser, a potent shatter spell from Kaz and relentless glaiving from Dhamiria. However, at last, the Bagman is defeated. Choked to death with the righteous fury I reserved for this sleep demon. The house I saw in my vision reminded me of the ruined house we found in the woods.

10th of Ahwa

We discussed telling Drakelord Rolar about the red haired dwarf that McLeary was coordinating with as a liaison to the Ox. Kaz got comfortable with his new ogre gauntlets and immediately challenged Dhamiria to an arm wrestling contest (SMH ... meatheads). He won, likely because Dhamiria hadn't had her coffee yet.

*Possible side effects of the Bagman:*

* Terrified of the (sleep) paralysis condition; when paralyzed also make a will save to avoid becoming frightened. Frightened effect gets a new save at the end of every turn.
* Will not use bag of holding-like items.
* Make a percentile check before sleeping every night, chooses not to sleep at a certain threshold.
* Scared of being possessed, will avoid characters/encounters where possession is known to be possible.
* Won’t sleep alone in a room ever again.
* Won’t sleep with bags/barrels nearby.

Dhamiria earned herself some true trust with Mittens, Ser worked with the garrison armorer in an attempt to acquire protection for himself. A difficult chore, as he has no experience wearing plates of metal or wielding a shield, and couldn't cast spells while wearing it if it came down to it. Some training is required. Kaz showed his new strength at the garrison training grounds.

Ser purchased a chain shirt and a shield to begin training. Dhamiria came and joined me flying my kite. It was a nice day of relaxing overall.

11th of Ahwa

We visited the drakelord to relay the info on the red haired dwarf that we discovered. We shopped for supplies for a while and then we noticed that the guards in town were already pursuing the person of interest. The clocktower struck noon as we observed the red haired dwarf. He explodes in a blast of light and psychic energy. The others collapsed and I was left to eliminate the threat by myself. Fortunately, the dwarf appeared to be preoccupied with his powerful expulsion. I slashed him into pieces in short order only to discover that the others were receiving a message from the Ox and he was the conduit. The dwarf was branded on his forehead with an ox head that appears to have psychic features. Even as we recovered, the warning bell rang indicating an assault by the hollow swarm. Together, we held off the swarm. Massive thunderous booms obliterate hollows, Dhamiria rode out with Mittens and the drake riders, slaughtering hollows left and right. Ser rescued dozens of people and we plugged the breach in the wall saving innumerable citizens. In total, we slew 128 hollows and saved 22 mortally wounded individuals. How's that for heroes?

It is hard to imagine what may have happened to the other towns in the Midlands. We slept hard that night.

Arkalon Arc

12th - 18th of Ahwa

Darkbrow felt obliged to reward us for our valiant defense, granting us plenty of value in rare inks and spell vellum and the like as well as regular coin. We then joined the caravan to Arkalon and began our duty to escort them. We leave Leafside behind, a bloody chapter in our history.

The caravan consists of 3 wagons with a driver each, 4 guards and two drakes with riders.The first day passed without issue, merely a dreary trudge through the rain. The second day was clear, and we encountered Walt, a hobgoblin, and his Walt's Wandering Wares. We pooled our resources to buy a rhythm keeper's drum for Ser. The third day was also clear. At some point, Mittens was walking around and he discovered a bugbear hiding behind a boulder armed with a crossbow. He had been attacked by moorbounders before and had lost his party to them. He had been past Arkalon recently and they were very revved up about possible invasion from the Reznor Dominion. We are on schedule.

The fourth day, we continued past some ponds the swamplands becoming more clear, when a gigantic crocodile attempted to eat Kaz' horse. It totally succeeded, shredding his horse and smashing Kaz clear of the event. With a disheartening burble it dragged the horse, Shrew, under water in no time and that was that. We vacated the area quickly. Not a good day.

The fifth day, we moved closer into the Stygian swamp. What a nasty sludgehole. The smell of burning flesh began to waft in and we found a fire where hollows had been burned. A weird prophet of Pelor was preaching to some folks about burning out the 'sullied creatures'. It looks like they have captured some hollows and a person who might not be a hollow and are intending to burn them. The priest is clearly overly zealous and its possible he might be about to burn someone they shouldn't. As Ser, kaz and I distract the priest, Dhamiria bulls through the guards and pulls the woman out of her cage. Ser and I combined a hold person phantasmal force mashup to reeducate the priest in his own religion before we all left the acolytes to their own devices. It seems we have saved someone from an unjust demise. Thus ended the fifth day.

On the sixth day, our caravan was assaulted in the middle of the swamp by a swarm of hollows as well as some opportunistic toads. A few hollows jumped into the middle cart and chewed on a necklace of fireballs instigating a massive explosion that destroyed the second cart and sent Ser flying into the mud. I immediately rode as fast as possible to the rescue, blasting toads left and right. Dhamiria and Kaz did their best to slay the enemies in the meantime. Mittens is swallowed whole by a toad. Dhamiria is pissed. The other toad starts to swallow Dhamiria. It's bad. Fortunately, Mittens is a tough meal and our team is creative. We defeat the enemies before us and survive, only a small amount of our caravan material was lost.

The 7th day rolls around. While the swamp is horrific, we are able to fend off the mud and biting insects enough to make good time and arrive at Arkalon late that night. This town is rustic, full of mud grass and huts. There are tons of well equipped hobgoblins marching around maintaining order and following orders and the like. We soon see a black drakerider and their mount. It is more squat and lizard-like without the horn that the blue drakes have. The drakkeep reminds me of a mead hall. Drakelord Shasa has a black mask and a monster warhammer but is otherwise unremarkable.

Upon being told that 'Nala' the girl, was saved from cultists, the Drakelord sent a contingent to slay the cultists. Quick and efficient justice. Scary.

Shasa shares that our shipment contains “WELBI shards” from Kamuin that empower drakes when ingested. It also appears that Arkalon had no troubles with hollows or the psionic vision that the Ox sent to everyone else.

Shasa asked Kazbiel to attempt to interrogate a Reznor spy, so that may be in our near future.

I am surprised to run into Typhon, who is here to both visit family, and investigate an ancient ruin of the Velki Enclave. He suggests going into the Dark Spires to check it out and possibly getting published with some awesome discoveries.

We spend the evening in the Drakelord's Keep having completed our journey to Arkalon.

19th of Ahwa

Expedition to the Darkspires

We had a few days to kill before Typhon's expedition. We visited Mistress Ebony and performed two quests for her. Collecting mushrooms and slaughtering displacer beasts. I acquired a sweet displacer cloak. Having come into some funds, I used the opportunity to purchase a gust of wind spell scroll and add it to my spellbook. I am now the true aeromancer I have always wanted to be.

25th of Ahwa

The trip is intended to be 3 days to the base of darkspire mountain along the road before a relatively difficult ascent up the mountain-side for a couple days to the fabled ruins.

The night before we left, Drakelord Shasa approached us incognito at the tavern. Hillfar has fallen to the might of the Ox, drakelord Beckis was a powerful minotaur warrior and he was obliterated along with his big and aggressive white drake armies despite having a strong terrain advantage as well. Roxton (home of the green drakes) and Drakelord Tyre also stopped communicating recently and Shasa is concerned that he is likely entertaining thoughts of betrayal. Shasa has asked us to suss out information on what is happening in Roxton. Shasa gave us a sending stone with which to communicate with her as well as a black drakehide badge of her approval and a small purse of “persuasive collateral” to help talk to Roxton. She left it open for us to use these funds if they end up unhelpful in persuasion and helpful to us. It contains 500 platinum in a dimensional bag.

27th of Ahwa

We meet with Typhon the next morning and decided to hire a person, Drogo, to guard our mounts while we make the climb and Kaz purchased a giant riding lizard, Secko, to help transport him. Typhon appears to have plenty of gear on his worg. The first day is easy and comfy, I enjoyed a long philosophical talk with Typhon and we had no trouble.

28th of Ahwa

That morning we were attacked by random swamp monsters including some will o wisps. We slaughtered them. Ser had deployed a leomunds tiny hut to help protect us. The rest of the day passed without issue. As we set up camp, we heard a jaunty melody on the wind. A monstrous tabaxi lute player comes striding out of the wilderness he introduces himself as Brightclaw, a brother of Hieronius and a general do-gooder. We have an excellent time playing music that night.

1st of Silvara

We travel without incident that day and make a turn off the road towards the darkspires after midday. We camp in the foothills that night. The ascent should begin the next morning.

2nd of Silvara

We leave the mounts with Drogo and prepare ourselves for the climb. Our first obstacle is a sheer 200 foot cliff. Ser fabricates a huge coil of rope ladder and I fly it to the top where it is anchored for the others to climb up. A massive boulder field makes it difficult to climb later on, and I trip and fall on Dhamiria who is also struggling. A few hours later the climb has been arduous and everyone but me finds themselves bruised and weary. Another cliff, this one 300 feet and characterized by a jagged crack, is ahead of us. Kazbiel uses his new lizard mount to climb and sends it back for Ser, but Secko is gassed after the second trip. Typhon and I use our magics to get the rest of us up. The final obstacle of the day is a ravine. Dhamiria jumps and misty steps across and ties a rope to a boulder on the other side before throwing it back. We all find various ways to climb across the rope.

3rd of Silvara

We wake to a snowy morn, how pretty! A wicked slope full of sharp rocks leaves a nasty gash on my arm. Annoying. An ice cliff is our second issue. We address it without much trouble. Later on, a huge snow field hides an unfrozen lake beneath it. Dhamiria falls in and nearly freezes horribly before misty stepping away. Later that day, we are finally exposed to an avalanche, fortunately it is a minor one and only kaz is hurt by it and only lightly. We are temporarily beset by a yeti or something that throws a huge boulder at us but misses horribly. It runs off. We finally crest the peak of the mountain where the cold and lack of oxygen sucks the life from some of us. Here, we do see our destination, a small roofless tower.

The tower is missing a large portion of its roof and a weird polished brass dome is jutting from the side. We enter through some large doors where we see a spiral staircase inside. A badly weathered sign over the door reads “outpost 213”.

An open archway beckons us forward. As we prepared to take a good rest and recover from the long climb our preparations were interrupted by a monstrous yeti. As it intruded on our hallway, Ser scared it away with a clever spell and kaz chased it with a fireball. It finally came charging back to be met with all of our prepared spells and attacks. The creature tanked our attacks and blasted everyone with a huge frost breath............

Waaah, woke up in the tiny hut, Typhon struggling to keep us all alive. Fortunate that we scared the yeti off. We almost all died.

We were determined to destroy it and we eventually did, using overwhelming magical power. What a dangerous creature. The cold is really getting to Snecko, and he has become majorly lethargic, I use an unseen servant to supply a massive amount of wood for a fire. We then took a short break and decided to explore the main floor here to ensure no other creatures can hunt us in the night.

A quick perusal of this floor reveals a locked door, another room with a teleportation circle and another door that has been barricaded shut. We shut our space to the rest of the world and sleep for the night.

4th of Silvara

We awoke safely in the tower, time to explore! We descended into the tower since we couldn't break the lock into the other room on the main floor. The lower floor has a super dead yeti, a pile of dull crystals and some interesting machinery. There is also a jail cell with the corpse of some kind of dragon skeleton? Kaz pulled off a large patch of thick yeti fur. Kaz charged two enpty blue crystals by running on the treadmill machine. After a while we are able to power the lights in the tower and fill 6 power crystals. On the main level, Ser pulled some ridiculous stunt to make some ice wolves leave us alone and we pulled some crates and magic apparatuses out of the room they were in. There is a pair of goggles/lenses and a pile of magic rope as well as a brass apparatus with interesting handles and the like. Rope of climbing, goggles of object reading, and THE POTIONATOR.

I pull on the goggles and we ascend the staircase to the next level. The next level has plenty of cooooool stuff. 3 crystals power the room, and the tower rotates on its axis and a desk of orb power begins to glow before reading off some info. 687 years since last update. Etc. Detecting 3 aberrant meteors of interest. Then a holographic image of Athendria appears floating in the sky and marks three locations. Touching the lights gives more information. :

* Just off the coast of Ebria on the western edge.
  + The isles of gravitas, see notes on the sundering. Identified at the time of the observatory's construction.
* Southwest of Ikesh in the middle of the ocean.
  + ??? Unidentified. Noticed today, upon our reactivation of the station.
* NorthWest of Ikesh and slowly moving!!!
  + Stjarnaheim. Notes on civilizations of giants. Noticed in 540 PC, the station went offline in 597 PC or so.

Notes on the sundering are found, referring to an ancient cataclysm that changed the planet, like the ascendants and their dabbling in unknown technology. Estimated date 500 BC. Stjarnaheim is the ancestral home of the cloud giants, known to be hostile to diplomatic overtures. It appears to be the same place as the floating city in the sky that I saw before.

I found a book on shipping routes and a calendar for when supplies are supposed to show up. It includes schematics on airships and the like as well. We spend the day researching and Typhon and I spend the whole night researching as well.

5th of Silvara

As we go to leave that morning, a suspicious dwarf appears “out for his morning hike” apparently. He calls himself Eoras. We feather fall our way down the mountain, using ropes to cross the crevasse. The trip down the mountain is quicker but still challenging. I fall and cut myself on the same rough stretch that I fell on during the trip up. Argh. We grew tired from our trip down and decided to rest.

6th of Silvara

We ate a steaming pile of bacon that Ser summoned the next day, Eoras took part and told us a story in exchange. It turns out, he is Old Silverhands, the legendary dwarf wanderer that is hailed by the silverface dwarves that we helped earlier.

However, later on during our descent, Dhamiria was struck by horrific bad luck and had a boulder land on and crush her leg causing a permanent injury. We will have to visit a professional healer to fix the injury. We do make it the rest of the way to the bottom without further incident and reunite with Drogo and our mounts. Typhon lost a few toes to frostbite, and Dhamiria's leg was broken in a horrific way. But we learned a great deal and had an incredible life altering experience. We parted ways with our companions Typhon and Drogo and continued on to Roxton. We made camp that night on the road.

7th of Silvara

We continued East towards Roxton. I spent the day dreaming up wild imaginations of badass airships and epic flying vessels. We are stalked by some moorbounders as we go along, but they leave us alone after a few hours of constant wary travel.

8th of Silvara

Today is the first day of the week long celebration of the summer solstice. Along the way we encounter a man smoking a spectacular pipe. We can smell the jasmine and herbs from almost a mile away. The traveler is weird, very friendly and clearly a chain smoking fiend. He introduces himself as Ranvig, a tattoo artist. Dhamiria showed interest, she is clearly a fan of tattoos, having a large number of tribal tattoos already. The others each got a significant tattoo and I was able to purchase a scroll of absorb elements. We then continued on our way to Roxton.

Roxton is a sprawling village based around a large fort in the center. It's not a particularly impressive town. We are confronted by some shady individuals upon our arrival, but Ser tactfully dissuaded them from their ill intentions with a crafty application of cunning magics. In town, we hear the excitement of revelry in this packed and seedy town. We find our way to the Proving Pit that evening and clearly the wise thing to do is have Dhamiria pown some people for money.

Roxton Reminiscences

9th of Silvara

Dhamiria voiced her intent to participate in the combat ring.

Rules of the Proving Pit: No magic, no weapons, last one standing wins. Apparently there is a cash prize for the winner of 200 gold. It is also very obvious that everyone is cheating. Dhamiria's first opponent is “some dude something something mudfeet the swift”. Dhamiria appears to dominate the first fight. Prepped for her second fight against Thickjaw Widefist, the local favorite goliath bouncer, Dhamiria is ready to rock. This is a tough one, he is super strong. Fortunately, Ser has a wide variety of vocal tricks to use on him and Thickjaw is toast. Ser applies some medical ministrations and Dhamiria is once again up to fight. This time Ripfang the Eager is her opponent. He is a horrific gnoll pack lord with claws and pointy teeth. It's bloody but Dhamiria ends up with the win in the most legitimate contest of the evening. In the championship round, Ova appears as her champion. The odds are 3-1 against Dhamiria based on the bets. Ova is intimidating in black full plate and a huge battleaxe. Upon helmet removal, it is revealed that she is a half orc and she carefully removes her plate armor before engaging in the duel. The match is going well. Ova appears to be a paladin, resisting Ser's cutting words and stealthily healing herself as she goes. She also has a compatriot in the stands attempting to alter the flow of the match. I throw my shame out the window and brazenly come on to the man successfully distracting him. Ova and Ser trade blows and tricks in the ring. Ova openly smites Dhamiria, it's pretty tacky. The fight is coming down to the wire when Dhamiria suplexes Ova into the floor of the ring for a final finisher. Dhamiria is the pit champion!

Ova suggests that we all get victory drinks in the dirty elf inn, famous for its defenestrations. Ova redirects us around backstab alley, this place is sketch. The tavern is nice on the outside, with a beautiful stained glass window, which immediately gets shattered by a defenestrated individual. The glass automatically repairs itself.

Ova says that she is from the Bhulgraz city state, known for its very wealthy and cultured people. She is from the order of the gilded rose. Apparently she is on the lookout for her friend Sir Maynard the Mighty, a bare-chested dwarf with a curved horn helmet who has missed their rendezvous with Dame Ova of the Gilded Rose; she is one of the 5 petals of the Order.

Ova suggests that Drakelord Tyre of Roxton has been in discussions with emissaries of the Ox.

10th of Silvara

It's another day of the festival of warmth! So naturally, we decided to visit the refugee camp and check it out. BSPF is a death cleric that is helping out there. Full name is: Bloodrinker Slaughterdeath Painbringer the Fourth. From a prolific line of necromancers. Trying to set up a flower shop :/

Primus Ser trudges around healing refugees from the Laudron and Hillfar disasters. Some of the refugees, named Glint and Balfor, discussed their experiences with the Ox and his crew in Laudron. Ser does his best to help out and the refugees clearly appreciate the effort.

11th of Silvara

Forgot to take notes yesterday, so quick recap from recollection: We visited with Drakelord Tyre of Roxton and discovered that he was going to decide who to support, Ox or Drakelords, based on who resolved their issue with the local gangs by removing the gang leaders. We also bought some nice new clothes and got haircuts before I meeting with the Drakelord. We tooled around town and found some info on the gang leaders. We also met some bladewitches that were working with Ova of the gilded rose. The leader of the Acid Fangs is Nubtail, a dagger lord that uses drake venom and hangs out in a warehouse in backstab alley. We could sneak in with a transport of special caviar or we could bribe some of his guys to get a face to face. The leader of the Green Scales is apparently Karyl who has ties with the underground drake racing ring. The bladewitches granted us some ingredients to make purple wyrm poison and gave us the instructions.

Ser and I decided to mix the poison in our room at the inn. Dhamiria and Kaz tromped back to the emerald garrison to get more info on the caviar shipment. They successfully acquired the rights to be the guards for the entry into town. They then visited Floral Laurels to buy some flowers from BSPF. We have completed the poison and now we have flowers. That evening at dinner, we ran into Ova and discussed visiting the gang lords tomorrow to help her find her friend. Dhamiria is clearly interested in her, making efforts to flirt with the paladin. Kaz volunteers to let Dhamiria hang out with Ova all night while we handle the poisoning effort tonight. Fortunately, (or unfortunately?) they had a nice evening but Dhamiria was able to rejoin us before we left to monitor the road.

The first wagon comes down the road, it is an armored wagon with some gnarly pokers on it. Driven by an older gentleman. We do a thorough inspection and discover no caviar. A second cart comes down the road, this one outfitted with the large pointy spikes as well and with two drivers. After some investigation we identify the caviar compartment and slyly poison it with the purple wyrm poison. Then we bail and spend the night at the inn.

We visit the Drakelord just to inform him that we poisoned the caviar and that if Nubtail dies its because of us and not the Ox's envoys. When we go to leave, we once again see the envoys of the Ox. They appear to be making efforts as well. Kaz sends his familiar to spy on their meeting with the Drakelord. Vivian (their drow leader with skin problem) declares that they have removed the threat posed by Karyl. We are behind! When they leave the Drakelord's presence we confront them to talk to them about our conflicting goals. I harshly insult Vivian and learn that she has a huge problem with being ostracized for her visual appearance. Shortly thereafter, Kaz rashly decides to attempt to drop her from a great height. It ends poorly, as the Ox takes over and lightning bolts him into the ground. He barely survived and we barely were able to calm down our opponents without getting incinerated.

As we (Kaz) recover at the inn, Ova uses here paladin blessings to fix Dhamiria's leg and we head out to recover her friend from the gangs and ensure the death of Nubtail. As we enter the back alleys we are confronted by a thug who claims that Nubtail has perished from a bad case of the tummy-aches. He demands our money and Kaz promptly assaults him triggering a huge rush of baddies. What a bad day!

Dhamiria fends off a thug while I am forced to deflect multiple attacks from a crazy gnoll and a rooftop archer. Ser summons a bunch of wild horses out of nowhere that crowd the alley with their neighing and clip clopping hooves. What a mess. It is immediately made worse as the leader casts a hailstorm spell with a wand. It's all going to Hell in a handbasket. Kaz uses his mace of terror to send them running and the thugs use their crossbows to shoot at us. Arrows are flying into our faces, and chaos abounds. After a reckless fight we successfully defeat the thugs. The thug leader is a caster and I successfully collect his spellbook and a special wand. What a great day!

The spellcaster leader is taken captive and leads us to the location of Ova's friend Maynard. We run into a bunch of bandits as we go who are clearly transporting a captive. At first a pair of heavily armed dragonborn confront us as the others make their escape. Fortunately, Ser is able to charm them into calmness and we breeze past them after Sir Maynard's captors. Dhamiria rides up on them with her moorbounder and together we force them to release Maynard. After we rescue him, the emeralds show up and end the encounter by attempting to capture the green scale thugs that had captured him.

Then we returned to the tavern to party. Maynard is a very vibrant person with lots of vitality. Dhamiria revealed that she had deep thoughts over killing a civilized humanoid for the first time. We then visited the butter churn and everyone but Kaz (who slept early) and myself got smashed on hallucinogenic butter.

11th of Silvara

We spent the day in a training montage and then went to the drake races to gamble our way to glory. We cheat effectively and manage to earn 10 gold. During the races we spot one of Karyl's thugs and follow him into the racing pits to talk to her. There in the bowels of the racing arena we made our pitch to convince the green scales to leave Roxton. Through some remarkable phrasing and impassioned pleas we were able to convince her to leave and even picked up a stiletto as a sign of authenticity that we succeeded.

We return to Tyre to describe our efforts. Turns out that he was lied to with a false vision by the drakelord's servants. We acquire yet another drakelord swatch to add to our collection. Ser claims a green drake as reward. We used the sending stones to communicate our success to Drakelord Shassa.

Drakkengrad

14th of Silvara

After some discussion of whether we should continue to combat the Ox, we decide to head to Drakengrad. We supply at a local store first, where Ser haggles for a deck of illusions from the shopkeep. Ser names her green drake Shnuffles. Sigh, now I am the only one without a loving pet. Borasco is an excellent companion, but he is a professional, not an emotional companion.

The first day is easy and refreshing to be back on the road.

16th of Silvara

I spend some time trying to understand the way that Kaz has developed his bond with his own familiar. It makes no sense. I am now convinced that Kaz has no magical talent at all and am concerned about how he casts any spells...

19th of Silvara

We continue our travels. A single hollow pops up and is slain by Dhamiria. She appears to be a bit shook by the death, worthy to keep an eye on. The next morning Ser complains that he is feeling quite sad and happens to spot something suspicious in a cave near camp.

*(Notes are now in Draconic)*

We approach the cave and the animals get worried and panic. Eventually a primordial guttural voice emanates from the cave. It insults my existence in completion. I pull it from its hole with my levitation abilities, it angrily tries to make me drop it, but I hang on and we are able to have an interaction with it. It is apparently a purveyor of secrets and a seeker of knowledge, a Nothik. It asks for some great secrets so I offer my alley thug spellbook spells but it reveals that it can't read. I offer that secret in exchange and it steals my ability to READ (in common)

“The Lion is gathering massive quantities of adamantite, for what reason I do not know”.

- Thariunne (The Lion) is one of the archmages of the magipalities.

Antiquity - Vexyll The Snake

Cultivation - Strobagast The Goat

Astromancy - Thariunne The Lion

21st of Silvara

(Still in Draconic)

Imma get this shit! Give me my words back! I spend the day relearning Common. Ugh.

At some point we run into a minotaur walking around a ravine. It appears to be a hollow! Various different types of hollows attack us including a hill giant, and some minotaurs. The enemies come charging in, Kaz casts slow, and Ova starts smiting. Ser throws up a huge plant growth slowing the hollows, Sir Maynard charges and attempts to gore one of the minotaurs (which succeeds?!), and then Dhamiria gets into it with the giant. Ova critically smites one of the minotaurs and Kaz flings a huge fireball into the fray. At one point, Dhamiria and I combo for a badass paralysis slaughter of one of the minotaurs. Overall, it was a thorough defeat of the hollows with no bad repercussions.

24th of Silvara

(STILL IN DRACONIC) The days tire me... I spend so much time trying to read...But I will prevail!!!

Eventually we come across a burbling brook that is part of the Crooked Claw River as we near Drakengrad. As we arrive, Ova exchanges addresses with Dhamiria to maintain a correspondence. Drakengrad appears to be a proper metropolis. Bustling with thousands of people and a prevalence of airships and watercraft. A massive red keep dominates, and impressive shrines and whatnot dominate the scenery. Ships appear to have flags denoting their home origin, including nearly every organization or nationality one can think of. The guards at the Eastern gate appear to be well appointed and professional. What an excellent city. They request an inspection that includes a psion that performs a mental investigation! How intriguing. He doesn't find anything suspicious and we are allowed entry. Inside, we are overwhelmed by the people and the sights. An old woman selling roses stealthily pickpockets a shellshocked dhamiria of her amulet of the drunkard. Hey! Drakengard appears to be a red drake city with powerful majestic ornamented creatures carrying their associated knights. Then we arrive at the pentapark and take in the center of the city.

*Draconic Notes –*I find myself appreciating the clarity and fluidity of writing in draconic. Arcane musings are more efficient and read with crisp clarity. Perhaps I will primarily write in draconic from now on. I admit that it is bizarre to naturally speak in common when I can't picture the words in my mind, a curious predicament. Maybe I will spend more time researching this in the future.

The pentapark is wondrous, displaying all 5 of the drakelord's cities with a color coordinating with each of the colored drakes and their municipalities. Huge granaries tower over the landscape storing food for sieges and wartime or for plague and famine.

We stay at the Drunken Drake in the Night District, which is steeply overpriced. This place (Drakkengrad) seems to just suck money away. Recognizing this, we decide to go on a shopping spree.

At the wind trade union, government agnostic trading entities from across the world operate and make money. This is the primary airport in the Midlands. The majority of airship travel comes from Crystallia in Ebria. Exorbitantly expensive to buy an airship due to the scarcity of the necessary elements to make them fly. (25-30,000 gold) Need **GRAVITAS** rocks to make them work. Aeronauts and architects live in Crystallia but are selfish and secretive with their engineering secrets.

25th of Silvara

We plan our next course of action. Through a very painful voting process we end up choosing to title ourselves The Graymoore Gang. Ova suggests that the League of Blue Steel does monster hunting quests. We then approach the crimson palace to meet the drakelord. A half-orc, Drakelord Djimon in half-plate greets us.

We discuss the calamity descending upon us and make plans for a preemptive strike on the Ox. The Drakelord pays us a great sum to participate in his planned assault on the Ox. His scheme being to send an army to distract the Ox's forces and send us in in a separate strike to eliminate the Ox directly. Having acquired an advance sum, we purchased various potions and the like and then looked around town for other plots to participate in until the attack begins.

Dhamiria acquired some deep insight into the origin of her family and the struggle with Lolth the former Drow Spider Queen goddess of her people. Deep personal plot growth here. Ser relaxed in the Treetop Grove and sighed in happiness.

**New Session**

Ser spent some time ruminating at the park-like temple. Dhamiria visited the Gavel, where people were training and fighting. This is the place of worship for Kord, god of smithing and combat. Dhamiria expresses some interest in learning some grappling techniques. A bit later, we head to the archives of Ioun to research Ser's interests and also to refresh my reading memory. This archive smells like books. So wonderful. Some minor investigation reveals some interesting revelations on the old planar war and the titan Igeer whose worship is coming into vogue again. The publication is from Vexyll's Pit. Igeer is a titan of old who had domain of all bodies of water in Athendria. The other two are marked as Bahamut (air) and Annum, the father of giants (land).

We grab some coffee and continue, looking for any information on the Velki Enclave. We find a book written by a certain GOWRON (*Half-Orc Lich!)*that describes some of their activities and locations.

Eventually, we decide to scour the city for signs of velki enclave pink crystals. Kaz and I use a flying locate object combo to detect signs of it. We found a ping in the lake near the docks. Unfortunately, our late night shenanigans alert the guards who are very much unhappy with us. We are arrested. The indignities of being arrested for foolishness shall not be recorded here.

26th of Silvara

We awaken the next day and tell the others of what we discovered in the Lake. With this in mind we participate in the plans we had arranged for the day; Dhamiria practicing her fighting, myself participating in the reading classes at the Archives of Ioun with Kaz' help, Ser flips through her book of alchemy she got from the bladewitches and goes around town looking to collect all the ingredients and equipment she needs to make health potions.

Ser and I prepare ourselves to enter the lake, but I use arcane eye instead. I am unable to determine where an entrance or the object may be.

We then returned to the palace to join Drakelord Djimon in his discussions with The Goat, the archmage of Cultivation, Strobagast. We beseech him to share what information and knowledge he can. It is very obvious that he is unempathetic and is looking to acquire what he can in a bad deal for us. Ser cleverly offers the knowledge of Theriunn, the Lion, stockpiling adamantite in exchange for intel on the Ox and his pals.

Strobagast details that the Ox and Vivian were the original pair and the rest have joined on later and are less significant. There is also a pair of twins, Finn (brother) and Fane (sister), who are of consequence. Finn is a specialist in abjuration. Fane is associated with illusory mind game magic. Our discussion done, Strobagast takes off. I ask Djimon to supply me with a scroll of intellect fortress if he can.

We go to the League of Blue Steel with the intent of taking a mercenary contract to get some side dough. There, we take on a contract to slay some trolls and also sell some old dragon bones and a rotting yeti hide. I scribe the fire spells from the alley thug's spellbook into my own. Dhamiria goes on a date with Ova, its awkward.

Aftermath of the Ox

10th of Sevana

Ser and Kaz appear to have manifested some psionic abilities from some exposure to the Ox and his hive mind ridiculousness. We receive the final drakelord badges from Jamonn and Beckus. We are also paid in coin and Ser even is allowed to attempt to take on an orphaned white drake.

11th - 14th of Sevana

We spend the next four days traveling back to Drakengrad from Hillfar having accomplished our mission to defeat the Ox and end his threat to civilization. Kaz was kind enough to help me return to competence with my reading and writing of common.

I owe Kaz one favor.

I spend the rest of my free time carefully crafting a unique spell as a self-congratulatory prize for our achievement. Kaz gives me his bottled blade, what a nice guy.

15th of Sevana

We return to Drakengrad and are treated to a hero's welcome. We are offered a dip in the hot springs at the drakelord's castle in our special wing of the castle when we return. Dhamiria and Ova enjoy a relaxing dip in the spring. There is also a feast at which Zeruut barely manages to maintain decorum. There is even a massage afterwards! Zephyr allows Dhamiria a chance to woo Ova and thus attempts to sleep in her own room for once. It is tough but Ser provides a calming spell to make it okay.

16th of Sevana

Ser continues his attempt to sway the white drake to his side. He also heads over to one of the druidic churches to see if he can learn something about speaking to animals. After his early morning he joins us for breakfast at the castle. An envoy from the order of the grasping fist alerts us to meet them for dinner this evening. We then look around for items that will help us to the bottom of the lake. We get some potions of waterbreathing and a breathing bubble. Some investigation reveals a broken down tower at the bottom of the lake. Arcane eye reveals a monstrous creature is hiding inside the tower where it has been feasting on local shipping and swimmers. We decide to descend into the depths to defeat this monster and collect the bounty on this critter. Inside its lair it uses acidic whirlpools and vicious claws to rend at us. We have a tough time, throwing lightning bolts swinging a flaming blade hissing with bubbles through the water, and finally Ser summons a pair of giant octopus to slaughter the beast in a writhing swarm of tentacles and ink. It appears to be resistant to most attacks but we continue to beat it.

Finally Kaz rips his steaming blade through its face and severs its monstrous head. Ser collects its head for the full bounty. Victory!

We investigate the cave that is its lair and find a shiny metallic key as well as 12 platinum lying around. There is also a hidden door with a symbol of the velki enclave. Kaz makes use of his ghostly gaze to peer through the door into its interior. There appears to be an air bubble in the dungeon inside. Kaz and Dhamiria rip open the door and we enter the interior. Inside is a Velki Enclave area with a teleportation circle and some crystal powered devices. After Ser inserts a power crystal the room lights up and the circle powers on. Ooh!

28 wastrilith fangs.

We take our time catching our breath and looking around in the underwater tower. Scrolls on the table appear to be shipping manifests with information on transport dates and hub numbers for destinations. There appear to be a few potion bottles and one in particular pops out as it is contained in a wire cage so people won't touch it by accident. A quick identification ritual determines that it is a potion of “Self Immolation” which casts 9th level fireball on itself when drunk. HOLY SHIT. Seems like a good idea for using with the potionator...

The next room of the enclave ruins contains a broken fountain and some creepy vines. Quite suddenly a pair of constructs animate in the corners with spotlight beams emanating from their eyes. Uh oh. I am totally worried about summoning the bagman as these constructs seem like they would be immune to psychic effects. They are certainly immune to non magical damage as Ser's octopus companions have no effect on them. Kaz' flaming blade is the only thing having effect until I am finally able to line up a lightning bolt and set them to fry. Mmmmm. Toasty. The next door is locked so Dhamiria takes some conjured tools to attempt to pick the door but it doesn't work out. We take the magic key from the wastrilith's den and try it on the door. When it opens, the next 'room' is a massive field of grass with blue sky above and a large chimera in the middle of the field. Scary. The key is an Arcane Key to Somewhere with one charge. Not what we want. Dhamiria and Kaz line up together and smash through with their combined might. On the other side is a cavern full of boxes and shite.

We find a couple of chests, one with an inscription:

*1. The wood key is two places to the right of the cursed chest.*  
*2. The platinum is to the left of the chest that uses the silver key.*  
*3. The third chest has either platinum or diamonds.*  
*4. The cursed chest is directly to the left of the chest that uses the gold key.*  
*5. The gold key is directly to the left of the trapped chest.*

Kaz looks into the chests with ghost vision and sees the answers bypassing the riddle and puzzle with ease. We recover the items we want without being cursed or trapped.

As we are perusing our takings, I am suddenly assaulted by a nigh invisible creature with sharp claws. Ser throws out a faerie fire and the creature is revealed, it hisses and rips most of Ser's face off. Kaz swings his flame blade through the empty space and suddenly the creature's head is flying across the room. That threat taken care of, we dim door to the lake and struggle to shore. After collecting our bounty for the wastrilith we head to our meeting with the Order of the Grasping Fist.

Seliana and Otis are going to meet us apparently. After pleasantries, they reveal that debtors of the CCC often become indentured adventurers to pay off their dues. They also reveal that they are impressed by our subterfuge in capturing Voros (the gnome) without their knowledge. It also turns out that Seliana is Janos' daughter. Janos reveals that he has an issue with some of his airships being intercepted near Ebria. Apparently the source of gravitas crystals are starting to dry up as well. He warns us against the dangers of the Velki Enclave as he has had extensive experience dealing with their haphazard experiments and the like.

There is some discussion over a possible airship reward for resolving his issue, but we can't be sure to get a gravitas crystal to power it. In addition, while Janos' crew is leaving shortly, Dhamiria is worried that her aunt will be captured by Lolth and the spider queen will cause some major issues within the imminent time frame. We have to make a decision on what we want to do next. Dhamiria commissions a gilded rose bracelet for Ova and I ask for an ox helmet earring.

That night I beseech the constellations about Dhamiria's issue and got a NO. Lol.

17th of Sevana

The next morning I cast another divination to determine that Dhamiria's aunt will be fine if we spend the time taking care of the request by the Order of the Grasping Fist. I buy Dhamiria a magic halberd and Ser collects some money from the local taverns.

18th of Sevana

We alert Janos and his crew that we will be joining them. Dhamiria asks about his tattoo to be directed to a new tattoo parlor. We discuss some of his history and broach the topic of Gowron the Eruditious who he apparently hasn't talked to recently which he finds either sad or disturbing. We make a deal to be awarded one of his missing airships and a small sum of money in exchange for finding his missing airships and their cargo.

19th of Sevana

In preparation for our trip to Ebria, Dhamiria gets a tattoo of the Ox Helmet from Janos' recommended tattoo parlor. Eliza is the tattooist at Illustrious Inks. Apparently tattooists in Lysanor have the ability to inscribe spells into tattoos on my body. Lightning bolt arm tattoos? Hell yeah. Ser invites Gnasher the white drake along, I buy some health potions. We are prepared for our journey. Ser animates her drum to accompany her lute playing as she goes to the vintner's guild to play music and give a great performance relating the deeds of the Greymoore Gang. Dhamiria makes her best pitch to Ova for one last night before we leave; and finally at last the two are able to figure out that they like each other.

20th of Sevana

We set out on our first journey away from Ikesh. What an exciting time to be alive!

Airship Adventures

20th of Sevana

This morning we head to the Order of the Grasping Fist to join them for their journey. There appears to be a crew of generic mercs in addition to the Fist members. Our menagerie of animal companions are to be held below decks. The generic mercs appear to be members of the wind trade union, an international coalition of trade barons that utilizes airships for a lot of their trade. Seliana introduces us to the captain of the ship, *The Rapacious Raptor.*A tall tiefling man whose horns make his hat into a tricorn is the captain, Sadler Rutland. The crew in total: 20 grasping fist people, a massive werebear cook Wilt Brownleaf, Rutland, Seliana the first mate, Otis the bosun, Shag Wenchem the ship engineer (a halfling I need to talk to!), and the contingent of trade union mercs.

The captain issues lifeline clips so folks don't fall to their death.

At last, the ship takes off and we are in the sky, a two week journey in the clouds ahead of us. Pure exhiliration!

*(the diary is filled here with notes and images from Zephyr's study of the airship and its flight mechanisms)*

I spent the entire first day trying to understand the ship's mechansims it's a vast undertaking. Shag is not particularly receptive to my questions.

21st to 25th of Sevana

Time passes in a haze of observations and investigation, there is so much to learn! Dhamiria completes her study of the manual of bodily health. Kaz tries to get to know the other mercs to little success. Ser organizes a deck party for the evening. Dhamiria and Otis have an arm wrestle, Ser gambles against Seliana on the outcome. Dhamiria pulls off the victory. There is some gambling, and music and pizza that Ser has conjured. It's a blast. I also pay Shag a small sum to teach me all he knows about airships. Ser spends some time with Gnasher and properly bonds with her. After the party we finally blend in with the crew and are accepted as regular people. Camaraderie is high.

26th of Sevana

The airship is cruising some 50 feet over the ocean and the Order members are fishing from the stern. Mittens and Gnasher play a game of soccer on the deck, it is another pleasing day flying through the skies. Kaz joins the Order for a fishing session, something he has never done before. It doesn't go well.

4th of Sirius

It's a foggy night, and Ser has spotted some kind of balloon shaped object off to the side of the ship full of what appear to be kobolds. Kobold balloon pirates! The captain blows the whistle for battle stations!!

A few winged kobolds leap from the balloon to attack, others swing grappling hooks and hoot with glee, Ser summons a fleet of owl interceptors as I begin the show with an electric broadside. The flying kobolds are freaking sorcerers! A barrage of scorching rays assaults me and Ser. Dhamiria throws some javelins at the balloon ship. With some murderous mists and a sacrificial thunder step from Kaz, the kobolds are launched overboard to perish from the long fall to the sea below.

When the battle has ended, one of the flying kobolds is still alive, held captive by Ser's owl-lings. He claims that in the mountains some flying monsters may have attacked his fellows. Or perhaps a “flying dutchman of an airship?” The kobold captive is chucked in the brig in chains to be released upon landfall.

7th of Sirius

Land is sighted below upon sunrise. The shore of Ebria awaits us below. I talk to the kobold sorcerer sky pirate, his name is Ulrich. I offer him a job on my crew when I eventually get an airship. He points out where we can fly past to pick up a crew of kobolds. Ulrich is a seed for my future aircrew!

In the distance, a monk spots an airship, possibly derelict, that is floating nearby. While weather-beaten, it is clearly a grasping fist ship.

We descend to the derelict using rope ladders from the Rapacious Raptor. We inspect the ship. This ship is smaller in size maybe longship sized and appears to be mostly intact, the crystal is powering the ship but it is not in optimal condition. We hook it up to the Rapacious Raptor and move on. A second wreck appears as we continue, a galleon sized ship is hanging out. Upon landing Ser uses detect thoughts and discovers... the whole fucking thing is a mimic. GAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

The ship-mimic has a monstrous eye where the wheel would be and massive dragonfly wings erupt from the masts and it takes off escaping the Rapacious Raptor's flight zone.

It's ALL BAD. ALLLL BAAADDDD!!!!

Kaz and Dhamiria flail at the gaping maw as it spews stomach acid and mouths horrible nothings at us. At some point Dhamiria is flung into its crunching mandibles and is barely able to hack her way free in a spew of gastric fluids. Kaz sears its mouth into hiding in the stomach. Ser stabs the eyeball over and over with his floating dagger and Zehruut flails madly at the giant eyeball. I spend my days teleporting to freedom from the grasping tendrils. Finally I am able to port off the ship-mimic and blast some lightning bolts as I float gently to earth. The others are still in the thick of things. Ser summons a wad of axebeaks to peck madly at its rolling eyeball. Dhamiria severs a massive tentacle which flops horribly to the deck. Dhamiria rears up and slams her magic halberd into the fleshy deck then sprints up the deck dragging her halberd with her. She splits the deck like a horrific seamstress of death. The ship-mimic lists to earth and I use all my power to set it down gently as it gasps its last terrible breath. Most of the trade union mercs survived the ordeal. 9/12 survived. A mimic this size is completely unheard of. Whoa...

As we process this experience, a flock of mephits descend on its corpse and begin chewing on it.

Kaz waxes poetical about his childhood fascination with mimics. They should never be that big. Groups of mimics can combine but not to this scale. This reminds me of that professor of arcane zoology that would be totally interested in knowing about this.

Another derelict ship is identified as we coast along. We shoot this one with a ship ballista first but it appears to be a real ship. Time is spent recovering gear and cargo from the wrecked ship. Deep in the hold is a chest, there is a scroll of “Murder of Crows” which I sneakily pocket before we check that the crystal and engines are in disarray. This ship probably won't fly again.

I scribe the scroll in my personal cabin.

A third wreck is spotted in an awkward position. We will have to parachute in from above. We tie a bunch of ropes together in the hopes of saving some magical power. Ser is a bit unwieldy in his heavy armor though and he falls from about 40 feet up, screaming, he hurtles towards the deck. Fortunately, I am able to cast a feather fall and save him. Ser convinces us to abscond with some Finder's Goggles that we looted from the ship. Dhamiria ziplines back to the Rapacious Raptor with style and the captain climbs up in exchange. He recovers the special chest from the ship. Ser has trouble returning to the ship again so I am forced to cast feather fall again to save his giant bum.

The Raptor continues to scan the mountains for shipwrecks. Suddenly, a flock of murder birds (perytons) descends on the ship. Mephits appear to be involved as well! Rutland shifts into a werewolf shouting “Prepare to repel boarders!”

I summon an abberation, a miniature incarnation of the doom ship we just fought. It blasts crazy eye rays from its myriad eyes at the closest peryton. Dhamiria hucks some javelins at one but their feathers appear to have some magical resistance. Some nasty mud mephits join the battle spraying mud all over Ser. The crew joins in the defense, exchanging blows with the perytons. A smoke mephit drops on top of Kaz and unleashes a rush of smoke and cinders. Ser polymorphs into a massive silverback ape and sends a floating crate to smash the smoke mephit. Kaz engages a mephit with his flaming blade Ambition. The peryton king casts a scary shadow ability that banes Dhamiria and Ape-form Ser. Kaz is assaulted by the peryton king but he dodges. A second peryton attacks him scratching at him with its claws. A blast of necrotic damage unleashes from his shadow of moil. Ser the silverback smashes a pair of mephits, Dhamiria cleaves a peryton in half, and another peryton slashes Soliana who drops to the deck spraying blood everywhere. Zehruut flies in and stabs it with its poison tail. The peryton king responds with a slash that cuts off Zehruut's head. Dhamiria rescues Soliana with a health potion, and Otis wakes up and shadowports to the peryton king. Rutland shreds one of the smaller perytons and throws its corpse overboard. With its family slain the peryton king goes apeshit (lol) and starts shredding people. The mimic-ship and I bombard the peryton king for massive damage. Finally, Dhamiria misty steps onto the Peryton King's back and chops its head off with a massive swing of its halberd. Ser king kongs his way to the top of the crows nest and roars at the mephits that can be seen in the distance. We have victory!

Shag offers some preservative chemicals to keep the peryton king's head preserved. Soliana is very happy to have been saved and gives us a gold bonus for our work.

We continue our search for a ship and shortly after the peryton attack we discover another craft. This one has an intact crystal, it is of the Yacht class. The other is of the War Balloon class. Dhamiria locates a box with some potions. We return it to the Grasping Fist. We tie up the second ship and drag it along behind us as well.

Soon thereafter we discover the last shipwreck. It is heavily damaged, looks to have been attacked by the peryton flock as well as the mimic-ship. Ser sneakily collects an unidentified wand from this last ship as we are collecting the cargo. Rutland once again acquires the special cargo, and we gather to go over the final summarization of our mission. Having completed our task, we head South and a return to Ikesh.

I spend all my free time investigating the two airships that we recovered.

Yacht – 60 ton carrying capacity, top speed 7 mph, 2/3 size of the war balloon, 1 mounted ballista, 200 hp

War Balloon – 120 ton carrying capacity, top speed 4 mph, 3 mounted ballista, 300 hp

After some discussion and thought, we decide to select the yacht. Kaz makes a pitch to the crew of the Rapacious Raptor and the wind trade union to help us repair the ship and get it running. With their help and Shag's insight, I have finally acquired enough knowledge to understand what it takes to get an airship running. We perform some airborne repairs along the return journey and then have the Grasping Fist return the ship to Drakengrad for repairs while we go off to rescue Dhamiria's aunt. Ser concocts a few ballads about the ship-mimic and the peryton flock. The crew of the Rapacious Raptor quickly take up the ballad and it becomes an iconic sky shanty.

We decide to mount the monstrous peryton head as the figurehead on our newly christened Perilous Peryton.

Kubiri Crisis

27th of Sirius

After a long journey, the Grasping Fist drop us off at the base of the mountains just South of Murkwater. We wave goodbye to the Perilous Peryton and the Order. Then we take a leisurely pace up the mountains before camping. Our first night on the ground in a month. Ser practices with her failed fireball wand, it appears to be a wand of wild magic.

28th of Sirius

It's the end of the first month of autumn. It will soon become cold. Dhamiria takes the lead as she directs us towards her ancestral home.

1st of Navar

It begins to snow as we climb into the mountains. This area is unclaimed territory, but is clearly on the edge of Reznor Dominion territory.

2nd of Navar

Dhamiria continues to lead us deeper into the mountains. As we climb higher it gets much colder, Dhamiria asks Ser to send a raven to her village to let them know we are coming.

3rd of Navar

Dhamiria finally spots the peak of the Whitecrest summit. An albino moorbounder watches us from a long way off at one point. We loop around it carefully. We are now only four hours off from the village. As the sun is setting for the day, we finally set eyes on the village nestled around a frozen lake near the peaks of the mountains. Nyumbani lies ahead of us. Dhamiria rides into town upon Mittens clearly excited to be home.

It is here that we finally meet Safiri, Dhamiria's mother, who is a bit frosty towards the outsiders that Dhamiria brought home with her. Uso's anvil appears to be a smithy where (Uncle) Uso lives. We are greeted by a boar feast, everyone here is drow with barbarian styled clothing and culture. Gnasher fits in just fine with these mountain snow folk. Ser gives a wonderful rendition of the Ballad of the Graymoore Gang, and the stars glow brightly up in this incredible mountainous vista. After the greeting feast we retire. Dhamiria goes with her mother and uncle to find out what is going on with her aunt. It appears that her aunt goes on a trip every year to a spring in the mountains full of red liquid that is a part of the river styx. It is connected to the raven queen and is where a pact with the raven queen is renewed every year and it is here that the Kubiri (Dhamiria's tribe) enforce their split from the spider queen by reaffirming themselves with the Raven Queen. The ritual is completed by submerging a crown of Lolth in the red liquid of the spring.

4th of Navar

Early in the morning, we start our day by resting in the local hot springs. We contemplate purchasing or renting some mountain goat steeds to aid us in our travel. Uso takes us to Aunt Baraca's temple to see if there is any information left there. Dhamiria intends to use finder's goggles to track down her aunt. It doesn't work. Later we get into a ice skating race on the Eye of the Mountains lake. Despite my expeditious retreat magic, Dhamiria barely wins the race with her superior talent and technique. Kaz attempts to cheat by dimension door usage but nobody considers that to be fair. After the race, Safiri rewards us with ice skates for participating and then asks us to help one of the sick children in town. Ser also offers to cast some plant growth magic on their crops. Kaz lays his magic hands on the ill child and cures him of whatever ails him. Ser spends the rest of the day singing to the plants... weirdo. It seems that the Kubiri are starting to warm up to us as we show our talents and usefulness to the tribe. They recognize that Dhamiria trusts us for good reason. Safiri brings us a couple of beastly mountain goats to replace Borasco and Snecko for our trek into the mountains.

Dhamiria engages in a duel with her uncle to test her skills and attune herself to the ancestral spirits that guide her in battle. It is a stunning display of martial prowess and deep emotional connection. We then prepared for the next day.

5th of Navar

Kaz and I mount up on some wooly goats. Neat. Ser takes Gnasher and of course Dhamiria mounts up on Mittens. The first stage of our journey goes through the Kubiri burial grounds which is really just an open air cryochamber. The ravens apparently come down here and peck their bodies into nothing. Skeletons from ages of ancestors lie around. Creepy. Dhamiria offers a prayer. The high necromancy risk here is super sketch in my book (which is literally sketched in my book now, haha). The first trek is tough and frustrating. Later on, a narrow winding trail along the cliff face is quite intimidating. The first day ends uneventfully and we rest inside Ser's Tiny Hut.

6th of Navar

A crevice forces us to feather fall Gnasher as she is too large to land gracefully at the bottom. As we continue, there appears to be some ice formations that resemble mole hills... Dhamiria seems to think this might be the domain of a Remorhaz. Carnivorous burrowers that live in arctic regions using their extreme heat production abilities to melt their way through ice. We decide that it has to die because it is too close to the village. Ser uses a plant growth to slow it and Kaz blasts out a sickening radiance. The creature erupts from the earth much closer to us. As Dhamiria slashes through it, the flames inside it erupt from its skin and spray all over her, the creature grows angry and heats up into a superheated furnace of doom. The creature grabs kaz and crunches down on him in its mouth. Kaz is in real danger. Kaz thunder steps away from its face. Dhamiria slashes at the creature but flames spray all over her, she flees on Mittens. As the creature rears up to descend on the next of us, I fling a final lightning bolt to end its onslaught. Dhamiria harvests some scales and frills from the beast. It was a good choice to remove this terrifying threat. At least the damn thing makes the rest of the day warmer after that hot episode.

Unfortunately, as we continue Gnasher sparks an avalanche with her joyful gallivanting. Ser dimension doors to safety as Dhamiria gallops at full speed on Mittens to escape the avalanche. I cast fly on Squall (my goat) and Kaz's goat and we fly to safety. Ser uses his natural animal charm to inspire Mittens to run like the wind and Mittens and Dhamiria barely escape the avalanche. Ser drops a tiny hut and we take a much needed break.

7th of Navar

On our 3rd day we find ourselves a little confused as what direction to travel. Our disorientation results in Kaz getting frostbitten and he is quickly exhausted. As we continue on, we barely avoid a hunting pack of winter wolves before we are finally making our final trek up to the frozen peak we believe Dhamiria's mother is going for. It is bitterly cold and everything sucks, Kaz is frozen like an icicle. The sunset is incredible over the mountain peaks on this cold clear evening. Before us, a cave looms from the side of the peak and a carving of a raven adorns the top of the doorway.

We enter the cave and the drop in wind velocity is a beautiful thing. Even for me. The floor of the cave is tiled, clearly this is a crafted space for rituals and the like. The space is dominated by an eerie red pool with a gentle waterfall constantly filling it. There appears to be a bridge to a stairwell that will allow us to traverse to the cavern floor. On the cavern floor there is a deeeeeeep black pit that leads down farther than I could ever see. Some dark red mushrooms grow around the pool possibly feeding on the pool.

8th of Navar

As we awaken inside the cavern the next morning, Dhamiria wades into the blood pool. The experience doesn't appear to help her find answers and she emerges exhausted from the ordeal. I spelunk the depths of the hole with an arcane eye and detect a squad of weird spider eel creatures as they climb the tunnel. The nyogis (?) are clearly hostile raiders, battle commences!

The neogis attack! The big one attempts to charm us so Ser counters with invigorating music. Kaz is swarmed by little buggers. It isn't good. Dhamiria whistles for Mittens and charges in to engage the big boy neogi. I release a thunder scream and obliterate a set of neogi babies, Kaz copies me and thundersteps to a better location obliterating three neogi babies as he goes. One of Ser's summoned goats is slaughtered. The neogi master casts hunger of hadar, and as I attempt to counter it, I am myself counterspelled. Bastard! A black void of doom appears around me as the hunger of hadar appears. Ser is command spelled to walk into the death pit. Kaz surrounds himself in a wall of fire. Dhamiria unleashes fury on the big neogis. I fly out of the hunger over the pit and see that Ser is about to walk off into the pit. I cast feather fall, MVP spell, and save him. As Dhamiria slaughters the Neogi master, I return to the surface and obliterate the last two neogi adults with a clutch lightning bolt. I race down the pit after Ser, and Dhamiria smashes the last two neogi babies.

After the conflict, I float the mounts down with a feather fall after some animal persuasion from Ser shouting up the hole. Now that we are at the bottom we take a quick break and head down the dark tunnel from which the neogi came. Riding the animals we travel down this tunnel for many hours. We rest in the tunnel that night.

9th of Navar

As we start again the next day we find some crazy mushrooms and pack them up, we travel for a while and nothing exciting happens.

10th of Navar

At some point we come across a 3 pronged fork and after some divination magic determine the left path is doom and the right path is the most likely path to lead us to our objective. We encounter another person at some point but they run away when we shout at them.

11th of Navar

On this day we are out of food for the animals, so we forage more closely for food. There is a set of tracks headed to the right at the next fork, and the cart tracks we originally found at the Raven's Grotto go left. Ser finds some crazy face mushrooms that make the eater talk forever non-stop.

12th of Navar

We investigate further into the underdark seeking food and Dhamiria's aunt. Ser summons some spiders to forage for us, including a lizard and some more ridiculous mushrooms. We all eat lizard meat, and the goats eat some rations.

13th of Navar

We come to another fork and are forced to augury for direction. We eat the last of the lizard and the goats eat mushrooms, spending the entire day bleating like mad.

14th of Navar

At the next fork, Kaz is able to discover some cart tracks, we are on the right path. Ser sends out his hunting animals again and recovers a large snake thing. We stumble upon some matted mushrooms and cave moss. Edible for the goats.

15th of Navar

As we set up camp for the evening, Dhamiria feels that she is being called to follow a weird silhouette and her ancestral guardians have directed her to see that way down the tunnel in the darkness are some small fires. Dhamiria believes that we are getting close to the Underdark city that was indicated in the Raven's Grotto. I send out an arcane eye that night to inspect the fires and discover a Neogi camp. It is full of neogi, carts of writhing neogi young and piles of supplies. There is also a large number of cages full of various humanoids at the edge of the camp by the shoreline.

16th of Navar

We decide to capture a neogi to interrogate them. Kaz uses his mind tricks to lure one away from the camp, and Dhamiria and he prepare to jump it. They do so smoothly but it tries to scream out. Ser casts calm emotions on the creature and calms it down. Kaz sends Zehruut to distract the guards that come to investigate the sounds. We successfully escape. Ser casts detect thoughts as Dhamiria interrogates it. Apparently, they have sold Dhamiria's aunt to the dark elves in Golgoroth to the NW of our current location about 10 days ago for use in their entertainment pits. The neogi appear to be cowardly slavers that are generally afraid of fire. They sell slaves to the duergar and fish people of the lake. They barter in food and water. Apparently the lake is a lake of madness that shouldn't be drunk. It causes eerie visions much like some kind of weird rainbow haze. We send the captive back to the camp to offer a deal for the slaves.

The neogi offer all their slaves and 4 weapons in exchange for our decanter of endless water and a huge pile of food. After the exchange, we make a pitch to the slaves to attack the neogi and recover our decanter as well as all the food and supplies the neogi have. 16 of the slaves agree to join us in our fight.

17th of Navar

Today is the day we make our move. The Neogi are massed together and we have recruited a large number of former slaves to help aid us in defeating them. I carefully select and prepare my spells in preparation for the onslaught. Amongst the former slaves is a half-orc that appears to have druidic powers, Khaiju. He claims to have met Dhamiria's aunt briefly while enslaved. Apparently, she was sold in Gaelgoroth, a major drow city of the Underdark. Bragir, a quaggoth is also a former slave of note. Beastly and strong, he will aid us in our endeavors. Apparently, at some point Dhamiria's aunt had briefly escaped near Silnareth (?)

We commence our attack. It's a brutal slaughter. Holy crap. It's over in no time, the Neogi are obliterated. Holy crap. 30 seconds of fireballs, obscene plant growth, swinging halberds and raking Mittens claws. None of the former slaves are killed, nobody is even wounded, as the Neogi struggle to escape their own camp and are roasted alive in seconds.

We loot the camp and collect some haze goggles and a pair of potions. We also repurpose one of their slave carts. Khaiju has a lot to say, he is a member of the League of Blue Steel, and grandson of Knotrick, the famed Orcish leader. He tells us that he is seeking out corrupted crystalline creatures and has recently been through the Olmothian woods where Ser is from. He is also aware of the encroaching darkness of the forest and is seeking a solution. He relates his tale of how he became attuned to Melora and how he is not a classic orcish brute. He also claims to have some knowledge of the terrain in this Underdark.

We set off that afternoon to continue our trek through the caverns. After some short distance we are ambushed by a family of Gricks. Kaz throws up a wall of fire around the little gricks and toasts them all to cinders. Dhamiria is nearly slaughtered by the Grick alpha right off the top but is able to survive. Khaiju flies in to heal her and I levitate the Grick alpha into the ceiling. It floats there helpless, and Dhamiria leaps up on Mittens to slay it to shite. Khaiju harvests some food off the grick.

Ser is monitoring our ration intake. The animals are devouring food.

18th of Navar

We set off the next day feeling accomplished, heading for the Drow city. We stumble upon some ripplebark mushroom as we go which supplements our rations nicely. Some discussion on the haste spores potion reveals that there is a region of bizarre fungal growth that is horrific and awful. The Mycelium Wilds.

19th of Navar

We are nearing the Drow city. Ser, Khaiju and I get into the prison cart to pretend we are prisoners of our Drow captors (Kaz and Dhamiria). Gaelgaroth spreads out before us, black stone full of stalactites, stalagmites and the like. The city fills a huge cavern that is epic on proportions. Khaiju enhances Dhamiria's personality with a spell of eagle's splendor. She presents herself to the guards a slavemaster bringing meat to the pits. The deception works and we are let in. All the men are escorted by women, no men are alone. Everyone is drow except a single duergar that is a wealthy merchant or something. There also appear to be some gorilla like Drow with an extra set of arms. Very weird. We make our way to the pits, where a large number of the locals appear to be headed as well. We pull over into an alley and hangout. Dhamiria and Kaz head out to see what is happening while I observe with my arcane eye and Ser watches the cart. Khaiju follows along as a bat creature that he has transformed into. Thus prepared, we attend the coronation ceremony in the pit arena. It is apparently a decision to see who will be queen of the dark city for the next three years. The challenger, LevRay Thenorza is now the newly crowned Deep Queen. Queen of the Deep, lady of Gaelgaroth.

Apparently, the incumbent was favored, and had successfully defended her title many times over a multiple decade reign. After their duel, the arena hosts some other gladiatorial combats. Kaz and Dhamiria decide that they need to do something before Dhamiria's aunt joins the battle.

Now that we are in the city, we decide to pose as a traveling fair, the first of its kind in the UnderDark. Kaz and Dhamiria (AKA Indra for now) look around to find out what they can. They discover that there are flying guards, so we should avoid flying.

We decide to pose as a traveling menagerie to get close to the barracks where we can bargain for Dhamiria's aunt under the guise that we need another member of our traveling show. Somehow I have earned the role of “Dunk the puny human in the dunk tank”. Ser plays music to accompany everything. Dhamiria handles the animals in a neat show while Kaz provides illusory special effects. I would not speak any more of this shameful experience. We do really well with our spontaneous show and the guards invite us to play for the queen. Dhamiria angles to acquire a new member of our menagerie first. Apparently, her aunt has been moved to a high security location elsewhere, to the Weaver's Perch.

We vacate the city and decide to capture a guard for interrogation. It isn't pretty, but we manage to capture two at once. Using some mind magic from Ser, we are able to blur the memories of one of them after acquiring the information we need. We also frame the cart as having been attacked by gricks that led to the unfortunate end of the traveling menagerie so that we don't have to perform for the queen. We take the other captive with us, subdued by an overwhelming amount of Zehruut poison. We plan to release them the next morning after Ser has recharged his mind magic and can scrub the memory of our encounter from the drow's mind.

20th of Navar

Dhamiria has an ancestral dream that guides her down the path of her unique development. Ser obliterates the memory of the sleeping guard and we make our way to the high security prison. After half a day, we stumble upon The Haze. It appears to be covering the whole tunnel. We decide to camp that night and push through the haze tomorrow on our way to the prison.

21st of Navar

We decide to put on our haze goggles and push through. Everything is pink-hued and the haze lights everything up pretty nice. At first there is not much to worry about, but as we go it gets to be kind of irritating and nauseating. As we wade through the psychedelic murk, we are suddenly assaulted by some umber hulks and hook horrors. Naturally, we respond with powerful magic which creates bizarre magical anomalies due to the haze. Kaz is stunned and lit with faerie fire and set upon by eldritch horrors. One of the hook horrors slaughters Kaz's goat before he avenges himself upon it. One umber hulk is laid low by a well placed lightning bolt. The final umber hulk is fleeing into the haze from Ser's dissonant whispers when Kaz shoots an eldritch blast. This randomly spawns a little imp which immediately shreds Kaz, laying him low. As Dhamiria chases the umber hulk, I sicc the Bagman on Kaz's imp. The Bagman swallows the imp whole and shrieks in exhiliration before pursuing the umber hulk. Ser makes a flying leap and heals Kazbiel who sends Zehruut to sting the umber hulk. Finally, Dhamiria spears the hulk with a violent thrust and ends the madness.

Or does it? Ser is beset by craziness after prolonged exposure to the haze.

We push on as long as we can and finally escape the haze after an extended day of travel. As we make camp, I perform some arcane reconaissance and discover that the prison of interest is mounted on the celing with a large outpost anchored up there with spider webs and silk rope bridges. An impressive location, Rezbazon, the Weaver's Perch.

22nd of Navar

Aunt Baraca's rescue commences. We sneak across the bottom of the cavern using various stealth skills. Then we make a sudden strike on the ballista outpost at the far Northern side. Using calm emotions and physical prowess we subdue the guards there. Afterwards, Zehruut flies across the bridges flinging down cards from the deck of illusions. We smash the guards at the door using more physical prowess and a clutch slug plymorph from Ser. Using their keys we bust into the prison to free the prisoners and Aunt Baraca. The warden emerges from her lair as we go to make our escape. She orients the guards on the true interlopers and dispels the illusions. I briefly have a magical duel with her that ends with no effect as we counter each other. Kaz throws up a monster darkness bubble and I send my air elemental into their keep to distract them. We all leap from the dungeon and I feather fall us to a safe landing. As we go to make our sprint to freedom, kaz sends Zehruut to get the mounts. A ballista from the prison centers on Baraca to slay her and Kaz flings himself in front of the bolt. He is impaled and stapled to the floor, immediately in a state close to death. Ser sprang into action and dimension door-ed his body away before dumping a healing potion on his torso which was mostly gone. I blasted the next bolt from the air with a lucky lightning bolt, and we finally escaped the range of the prison. The warden stares down on our retreat, promising a reckoning. I look forward to it. Ser lays down a pair of massive plant growth spells to disguise our escape and slow our pursuers. As we flee, we nurse Kaz and Baraca back to health.

Baraca relates her story to us, and tells us that she was able to hide the crown (special drow crown) in Silnareth just before her capture. We will have to head there to recover it before we can leave the UnderDark. The warden is known as the High Weaver.

23rd of Navar

We travel at our fastest pace throwing plant growth up behind us. We are at the edge of exhaustion and are scratching at the end of our rations. We will need something to change if we want to escape safely. At last we arrive in the silken paths, and we are able to coax out a spider-riding-gnome-guide to help us out. A very bad deal later, we have acquired his services for the guiding. His mount is called a steeder. He also has various caches of food along his trail. Something we desperately need.

24th - 26th of Navar

The guide gets us through with food and sustenance. At one point we are assaulted by darkmantle like creatures and a brief encounter with haze. Fortunately, he proves to be a professional and gets us through. Baraca tells us that the crown of the spider queen is truly horrific in power, able to command armies of undead, summon demons, mind control people, and generally one true ring its way around.

27th and 28th of Navar

We exit the silken paths. The guide did well. After giving us some direction to Silnareth, he takes his leave and we scavenge as we go. Knowing the way, the journey goes well and we gather some food when we can. Ser continues to dump plant growth behind us.

1st of Nanook

Mittens hunts down a large crab and slaughters it, providing plenty of meat for him and Gnasher. We book it for the rest of the day. At the end of the day we see that a massive cavern looms before us, with a dark valley below. Vague blue light spreads out through the area and the ruins of an ancient city can be seen in various places.

The Peryton and Lysanor

1st of Nanook

Unfortunately, I was far too distracted to take notes for many days. (we played in person and I suck at taking notes in person).

Blah Blah Blah

25th of Nanook

At long last, we return to Drakkengrad via teleportation circle from Leafside. We have a number of things to take care of now that we are here. Kaz is still hurting from his ballista wound, Dhamiria needs to deposit her aunt in a safe area with the Raven Queen's cohort, and we need to re-acquaint ourselves with the Perilous Peryton. The deaconess of the Raven's Wing Sepulchre is happy to see Dhamiria and Baraca and after some discussion of their experiences, Baraca chooses to remain at the Sepulchre for the foreseeable future. We then visit the basilica of the dawn to see if the priests of Pelor can revitalize our friend Kazbiel. The priests are able to relieve Kaz's suffering after a sizable donation to the church's coffers. The dockmaster of Drakkengrad, an Aarakokra named Klecky Fitzel, releases custody of the ship to us.

The Peryton is beautiful. 3 main masts with four side-sails. A nice railing, a monster ballista on the bow with a stack of ballista bolts at the ready. The Peryton head is mounted magnificently upon the bowsprit. The forecastle includes a strategy room for important discussions, the rear cabin includes the officer's quarters where we sleep, and also a mess. The main hold houses the menagerie, and plenty of storage and food for the animals. The front holds a cargo ramp that can open for disembarkment or loading. The rear of the ship's lower decks is the engine room and houses the energy crystal which is heavily armored. I am given the key to the ignition of the ship and am now labeled the captain. We decide on a few upgrades for the Peryton and purchase them. Now short on money, we decide to complete some requests for folks to make some money.

As we are about to set out, the dockmaster alerts us to a letter we received from Kelley Seekerton while we were away. The text is as follows:

*To the Graymoore Gang,  
  
Word has reached me at my place of study of your daring exploits! I want to congratulate you on your significant contributions to the Midlands at large, and your acquisition of such respect and admiration by the people there. Who would have thought the scrappy band of sellswords would end up achieving such heights?  
  
It has been several months since we last met, and I wanted to extend an invitation to you all to come visit. My research continues unabated, and our brief time together was instrumental in my investigation. You demonstrated plenty of latent skill for such work then, and have proved beyond a shadow of a doubt to myself and many others your capacity for doing sensitive and difficult work.*

*At your convenience, please seek me at my place of residence at the city of Slateway. I promise to serve you a feast befitting heroes. I believe I also have a proposition you may find intriguing, based on our previous conversations; I am certain you are all well-equipped for the tasks I have in mind.  
  
Respectfully,  
  
Your previous employer, fellow researcher and admirer,  
  
- Kelley Seekerton  
  
P.S: If you come, ask for Kelley at the Halls of Antiquity. One of the automatons will direct you as necessary. Also, if you do decide to visit, please do so without drawing too much attention; many eyes watch your movements these days. Being famous does have its downsides.*

Keeping this in mind, we head to the league of blue steel to acquire a mission and make some money to recoup our expenses. Our old quest has been removed, apparently completed by somebody else while we were gone. Bradagottir, a half-drow looking man with some badass new age weapons and a super sharp sword. He is clearly a badass. After a short introduction he takes off. We take a job to hunt down an enigmatic shapechanging criminal. We then head out for a celebratory meal and drink and find our way to groztown where we partake in dwarven feasting. As we eat, we investigate the crimes associated with our shapeshifter. It seems to be focused a bit on rich people and in the golden oaks suburb and never occur in the ag ward.

Upon returning to the Peryton, we discover the presence of a housewarming gift from Janos in the form of a decadent bottle of an especially valuable wine from the Pork and Cork vintners.

As we crash for the evening, some absurd warforged intruders step onto our deck late at night. It is quite alarming. Dhamiria confronts them as I begin summoning the power of Scirocco. The leader introduces itself as Locke and claims that they are here to discuss a proposition. We adjourn downstairs to discuss what they want. The Rust Buckets offer to pay us 8.5k if we help them smuggle an unknown package to Lysanor. It becomes clear that Locke and his crew are very much not cool with the Reznor Dominion and there is a lot of animosity there. The Rust Buckets seem alright to me. Sledge, Snag, and Scope are his companions. We agree to transport them in exchange for some money and help finding the shapeshifting crook.

26th of Nanook

The priest of Erathis that was robbed is our first interrogation target. His description suggests that the criminal had an odd accent, something that may not change between shapeshifts. I use locate object to find the missing tiara stolen from this priest. The Midnight Petal is a brothel that appears to be containing the stolen object. Ser modifies the memory of the owner and forces him to divulge where he got the tiara. The proprietor describes the encounters he had with the Rakshasa shapeshifting criminal. Apparently the guy goes by Mephistopheles and lives in the mudwater slums. We head over to the Silken Sheets for more information and there he is. He makes a break for it

We move to pursue the Rakshasa criminal. Using various methods of transportation the others swarm the crook and attempt to beat it into submission. It attempts to self destruct with a fireball which I hastily counterspell. The rakshasa attempts to also charm poor Dhamiria but fails. Suddenly, Bradagottir shows up and attempts to steal our catch firing multiple times at Mephistopheles. Kaz chucks up a darkness bubble on Bradagottir to make it hard for him to shoot. Zehruut stings the target but his poison has no effect on the fiend. Ser summons a leaden cage to trap the Rakshasa. A huge dome descends on the rakshasa, Ser, Dhamiria, and Ser's floating garbage. The fugitive blasts a fireball at close range. Dhamiria tanks the blow and wraps the magic rope around him with a deft stroke. Gagging him and tying him up, the rakshasa is defeated. Unfortunately, the lead dome is too heavy to move and I am forced to summon Borborygmus to dig them out. We march the rakshasa down to the league of blue steel to acquire our fee. They help us place it inside a specially designed box. We collect our pay and then hang out with Bradagottir and discuss possible transport for him to Lysanor at a small cost.

I ask for guidance from the deities using divination to determine the likeliest place for the Rakshasa's cache of stolen goods.

27th of Nanook

The next morning we grab some coffee and breakfast pastries and head for the mudwater slums. With some interrogation of the locals and an analysis of the divine riddle from my divination, we find the rakshasa's cache. It's full of odds and ends and a couple of magic items as well. A ring of cold resistance, a ring of spell storing (levels 3), and a necklace that doesn't break under normal strength.

We spend the rest of the day shopping for clothes and browsing the market.

I lean in to the spider queen aesthetic and order some neat goggles with a set of extra lenses to get a look as if I have 8 eyes. I also buy some tight leather pants, a tricorn hat for piloting the airship, and finally, a set of clothes to give me a red hourglass feature on the front.

That night, the warforged arrive in the witching hour and bring their smuggled crate to the Perilous Peryton. The Rust Buckets unload the crate and we prepare to depart. They tell us to dock at tower 2 unit 3 in Lysanor and then they bury themselves in a pile of hay next to their crate.

28th of Nanook

We depart for Lysanor. A smooth takeoff and a much anticipated gentle lurch and we are off. We celebrate the maiden voyage of the Peryton with Janos' bottle of Liquid Gold from the Pork and Cork vineyard. Ser teaches Kaz some stuff about medium armor usage. Dhamiria decides to spar with the warforged, they are really cool creatures. I observe the matches to get some insight into their functions. We also spend some time coordinating our tactics as a team and our competence as a crew.

1st - 4th of Eben

After some travel we are now over the Magipalities, Lysanor is on the horizon. The heart of the magipalities and my original home. It is a stratified city with very little social mobility. I briefly attended Bartleby University of Wizardry.

I go to visit my parents and we reacquaint ourselves. The Unseen, Lysanor agents, have been coming around. Master Ook-Chin has gone missing. I give my parents enough money to pay off the student loan they took out for me. And we go out to the Clyria College of Performing Arts so Ser can participate in the open mic night. His performance is pretty good and people are surprised when Ser tells them he is the one and the same bard from the Greymoore Gang. The prime player is Libreto the Loquacious, a famous bard of long age and history. Ser is impressed and spent some time talking to the man. That night, we await the arrival of the Rust Buckets' contact for their smuggling operation.

That night as Kaz is keeping watch, he receives a message in the form of a note attached to a dart. Apparently, the other player in this smuggling game wants to meet. Mr. N

5th of Eben

That morning we head to my parent's house to take them on a tour of the skies over Lysanor in the Peryton. Archmage Theriun apparently is rather benevolent in his rule of the city. This is their first opportunity to see inside the scholastic estates. My parents relate to me that Typhon has published his discoveries and has suspiciously left my name out of the references.... I will need to speak with my wayward friend. Instead of last author, I am merely in the acknowledgements.

We find our way to the Fresh Biscuits Bakery and acquire some snacks! Our meeting with Mr. N is to take place in the alley behind the bakery at midday. We also buy some coffee beans and the gear we need to make coffee on our airship. Finally, we head to the alley to meet Mr. N.

The alley has a secret brick button entrance. Kaz pops the brick and the wall rolls away which allows us entry to a secret foyer. A dwarf greeter allows us in and we are to meet with Mr. N, in the next room is a small office full of scrolls books a nice desk and a very nice chair that is empty. A cat with mismatched eyes sits upon the desk. Mr. N appears to be invisible. He is the leader of the Order of the Discerning Eye which has the partial goal of observing and undermining the Unseen. He claims some talent with psionic skills. He also claims that our smuggling efforts with the Rust Buckets has helped the Unseen in their endeavors. The Rust Buckets escorted their cargo to Anathema an agent of the Unseen and then boarded a different airship which became their reward for the smuggling. The Unseen appear to be immune to Mr. N's psionic probing. N points out that the Unseen are responsible for the removing of my former Master Ook-Chin. He asks that we help him undermine the Unseen whenever we can. Naturally, Mr. N is the cat.

Master Ook-Chin has been deported to the archives at the city of Slateway for some labor camp sort of business.

After our meeting with Mr. N, we head to Typhon's new archaeology lab to confront him about my lack of authorship in his studies. After a tense conversation, we hash out an agreement to not misunderstand each other in the future and possibly continue our studies of the Velki together. Typhon has hurt me, I am not sure I can trust him as much as I used to. He does pay for a sending scroll using his new grant money so that we can keep in touch in the future. Ser spends a little extra time intimating our concerns after we leave.

Ser then heads out to meet up with Libreto and play some music. Ser kicks ass and makes some money. Libreto remixes the ballad of the greymoore gang with Ser accompanying. Dhamiria flexes and does some athletic moves as a visual bonus. Libreto offers to take us to dinner with him, and I manage to finagle an invite for my parents. I am forced to buy an elegant silk green dress to attend and I am shocked at how sexy I appear in the outfit. Cesar Rocco is the chef at the olive branch restaurant. We have a magnificent meal. On our way back to the ship after dropping off my parents, a squad of students waylays us, intent on testing our mettle.

The combat starts off well for us, with a combination counterspell barrage ending in no action from their wizard. Dhamiria engages them at point blank range and Ser polymorphs their leader into a slug. I cast slow on the lot of them and they are quickly at our mercy. As we attempt to de-escalate, one of the enemies shifts into a wereboar form and refuses to quit. Kaz flares his flaming wings and overpowers them with his personality. As they move to head out, the young thugs stomping off in a huff, a dozen figures in robes and metal masks filter out of the alleys and doorways. The brawlers are clearly scared of the newcomers and quake in fear as the figures visibly announce their dislike for us before fading back into the shadows.

Upon our return to the ship, we investigate for stowaways and discover a tracking device mounted on the steering column. Dhamiria uses her finders goggles to locate the creature that placed it. We launch the ship and set out to find them. It appears to be an individual that hangs out on the spire of the Lion, possibly the archmage? No, it is Anathema, the agent of the Unseen. The tower of the Lion is warded against divination. Clearly we need to bail before the Archmage Thariune can stop us.

6th - 8th of Eben

On the journey back to Drakkengrad, Kaz continues his armor training and we coordinate our skills. I also learn the sending spell and contact various persons with information we have acquired. Upon returning to Drakkengrad, we complete the ship upgrades and acquire new armor and clothing. Then we set out for Slateway to investigate Kelley Seekerton's mission as well as Master Ook-Chin. Sendings to Master Ook-Chin appear to be received by a man that doesn't recognize me. Very disconcerting. We then head off to Slateway.

9th - 11th of Eben

We travel to Slateway

Slateway and Vexyll's Pit

12th of Eben

We arrive in Slateway, near Vexyll's Pit which is clearly an unending chasm that dives into the darkness. Carefully rounding the city, we park behind some hills on the NorthEast side of town and hike in to town. There appears to be a fully functioning mine in the hillside that has plenty of folks working hard. The Catacombs are an ancient place that rests below the city with a handmade entrance at the mines. Old artifacts are sold at the Halls of Antiquity, such as the cube that Thompson sold to Vexyll last year. He used it to buy a nice mansion on the edge of town.

We mind magic our way into town past the guards and find an automaton inside the Halls of Antiquity, whom we name The Curator. He leads us to Kelley after a 5 minute ride up a lift inside the Tower of Inquiry, a extradimensional tower that never ends in height. Eventually, the lift stops and we have met Kelley. She looks completely different...Ah, it is Vexyll. Well.

Vexyll's Pit is a bit of a honeycomb with a thin winding staircase running down the side. A waterfall cascades into the side endlessly. Vexyll assumes that it is a rift in the space-time continuum that takes you to another plane entirely. Likely between Elgethos and Stygia if she had to guess, a region in the nine hells. She also indicates that this used to be the site of a great city that was lost in ancient wars below the city. The Pit may be a remnant of the Great Expulsion in which the gods were forced to leave Athendria.

Vexyll wants us to seek out an item in the ruins. She needs another quintessehedron. A rock. Same as the one that she used in the ruins near Greymoore. We do some research. The Ascendants are the ones that developed the city before they were lost in the Great Cataclysm/Expulsion. Magical wards have blocked some of the deeper accesses. Our expedition is intending to head towards a “Mini-Pit” inside of the undercity. The quintessihedrons are capable of holding incredible amounts of power. There are some rumors in the Velkian enclaves that there may be a magic crystal capable of storing and using energy in a much more efficient and powerful way. Their pink crystals might be similar in usage to the quintessahedrons, they are not comparable in energy however. We investigate a number of other items of interest, Kaz looks into the Blue Duke, a devil in Hell, general of Malbolge armies that interests him. Dhamiria investigates the dragon that destroyed the Drow empire back in the day. Ser asks Vexyll about the darkness that is assaulting the Olmoth woods. He receives some insight into the fact that dragons used to be chromatic and metallic but now possibly have a third kind....?

Finally, Vexyll reveals that Master Ook-Chin works in the archives and she believes it is a pretty regular arrangement. No suspicion at all...weird.

She offers to pay 11,000 gold per charged quintessahedron. We also successfully convince her to let us take her empty quintessahedron in case we discover a method of charging it.

After we make our deal with Vexyll, we head to the archives to confront Ook-Chin about his sudden transportation to the Archives. He does not seem to remember me, and I am barely able to convince him to work with me to heal him of potential mental tampering. He is skeptical. We agree to meet him in a few days to attempt to heal him of his issue and discover what happened that got him effectively exiled from Lysanor.

That night, Kaz leaves the ship to meet up with Raine, his contact to his warlock patron. The guy is very intimidating but Kaz appears to be comfortable with the meet up. Raine hands over some spheres covered in infernal runes. Not sure what they are. Raine is impatient and rude. Kaz is a bit confused looking. Raine leaves through a shimmering portal. We confront Kaz about his sketchy late night actions and he agrees to discuss with us any future actions he might take related to the Blue Duke.

13th of Eben

We arrange for animal care and ship care and then meet Vexyll for our descent into the Pit. We feather fall into the Mini-Pit and immediately find a pair of dead delvers. Sad. Kaz steps on a fragile vial full of acidic gas that explodes upwards and begins to melt his bones!! Lol, not really, just a little damage.

As we continue, we are suddenly beset by a wad of nasty spiders, phase spiders and cave fishers. Ser is yanked off into the weeds and phase spiders set upon us. One bites into Kaz and nearly rips his head off. Ser dim doors away from the cave fisher that snatched him. Dhamiria slashes one to pieces and Kaz explodes a pair of spiders with his fireball. I unleash the mimic ship, a steel wind strike and chill touch to remove another two spiders. Finally, Kaz whips his flaming sword through the explosive blood of the final cave fisher and ends the battle. After the combat, we descend into the Mini-Pit a bit farther and land upon the roof of an ancient chapel that had been buried long ago.

There is a shrine with 6 small flag poles in the chapel. They are faintly moving in a non-existent breeze. Emblazoned on a plaque is a little poem.

Honor the dead, the dying, the lost.  
Honor their deeds with the ferryman's cost.  
Honor, don't gloat, those who have passed,  
with words of peace and pride Amassed

We do our best to appease the riddle and are rewarded with the opening of the sepulchre. Inside is a desiccated corpse with a set of fine elven chainmail, a ring of jumping, an aquamarine worth 500 gold pieces, a potion of animal friendship, a coin of delving.

As we descend through the caves near the Pit, we stumble upon an odd furry green purple creature that is feeding on a large bestial corpse. It is a massive lupine thing, an easy 12 feet tall. I panic and block off the tunnel with a wall of force. As we contemplate how to deal with the creature that has been blocked off, Kaz summons some fire to irritate it and suddenly, a creepy eyeball tailed panther emerges from the darkness! Zehruut heroically flies in and stings it right in the heart, putting it to sleep with his powerful venom. The panther falls to the floor, vulnerable, and Dhamiria and Kaz slaughter it. Kaz unleashes a fiery wall of doom on the lupine monster from behind the wall of force. It roars in pain and lumbers away. As it flees I taunt it with a message cantrip and then lower the wall. Dhamiria rushes through and chucks a kunai at its head empowered by Ser's augmenting magic. The blade hits it between the eyes and explodes with thunderous power. Boom. We harvest the weird eyeball tail from the panther thing. A little farther down, we find their origin, a row of old growth vats that have been ruptured. One specimen appears to still be inside, but we choose to leave it alone. Around the next bend is a massive gateway sealed by a magical barrier. A large seal is inscribed in the floor warding the door and guardian statues stand in the corners. Ser and Kaz perform the magic dance to unlock the seal. I have Borborygmus pull open the massive gates and a wash of nasty damp hot air rushes out. We get a little scurred and decide to shut the gate. As we do, the ward reappears. We decide to camp outside the gate that night. However, our evening is disturbed by a nasty long armed ape thing with a dozen mouths around its chest. It has a truly horrible ability to project anti-magic. It shreds Kaz into little pieces and its whispering aura sends Ser screaming into the corner. Dhamiria attacks it and then runs the ferk away. Zehruut runs as he sees his master Kaz go down. I summon the bagman to distract it and drag Kaz away while pouring a potion down his face. Ser's panic sends him through the seal activating the golems to crush our faces. The bagman forces the creature to drop concentration on the anti-magic and Ser gains control of his senses, creating an aura of vitality to heal the others. The creature smashes the bagman. Kaz gains his feet and chucks a fireball at the mouther beast which finally crumbles as its counterspell is countered by Kaz. I slow the constructs, Kaz gets smashed by a construct. I throw a lightning bolt, is does nothing! Dhamiria takes a deep breath and confronts the constructs and slaughters one. Ser continues to support her with his healing. Kaz rushes to the seal circle to attempt to do the dance but it doesn't power up, he dances anyways. Miraculously, the seal is activated and the constructs return to their posts. That was close. We... go back to sleep!

14th of Eben

We jam the door open and enter the realm of Kalag Dur. After a long descent, we find the crumbling caved in ruins of a small city in a large cavern illuminated by dozens of pools of lambent algae. The city appears to be full of people that have been petrified into statues as they were going about their business. At one point we find a pit fiend that appears to also be turned into stone mid-smite as it was about to smash a citizen. All kinds of odd and varied things are turned to stone and frozen in time in the middle of a chaotic breakdown in this city. Various fiends appear to have been attacking the city when they were all frozen. There appears to be some signs of the blood war having occurred in the middle of the city when the petrification occurred.

Near the center of town there is a congregation of Ascendants that are frozen mid-tribulation focused on a large black stone that reminds us of the gem at the Clattering Keep. Blue sapphires appear to be growing out of the base of the sphere. 500 gold worth of sapphires are collected. I also find a pouch of stardust on the person of one of the frozen mages. Using a pinch, we observe that the sapphire gem is bound by magical chains of some sort constraining its power. We find an enchanted chest with two spell scrolls and a bottle of black glue.

We enter the city hall and it appears to be full of magma pipes and there are also a few pools of magma like energy. This place is ridiculous.

Apparently, it is also literally the worst. A beholder rises from the magma. Xylagretch cackles in glee and attacks us, slamming down some steel gates over the entrance.

Xylagretch Continued!

Xylagretch is an issue, and gates come down behind us trapping us in with him. Multiple eye rays of various quality bombard us with horrific powers. Ser and Kaz fall together and I am forced to

A lever in the side of a pillar contains a pink powered orb of high power concentration. Running the lever raises the gates on either side of the magma cavern.

We prepare ourselves to travel deeper into the magma caverns. Through the gate past the beholder's lair is a giant 250 foot skeleton with lava pouring down its face from its eye sockets. Magma elementals are everywhere. The skeleton rests against a volcano. After obliterating the elementals we head to the top of the volcano where we discover a quintessahedron being charged by the machinery harnessing this volcano. When we remove it, it triggers the volcano to erupt, spewing magma and causing a cave in. We activate fly spells and bust ass for the surface. A harrowing escape reminiscent of the death star at the end of episode 6 is not enough to stop us as we burst through into open air and close the enchanted gate behind us. On the surface, it appears that magma is seeping through a slot on the side of the pit deep down. We reconvene with Vexyll and go over our discoveries and exchange the quintessadedron for payment. It appears that we have stumbled upon a couple of distinct power sources. Quintessahedrons, giant crystals of amethyst and sapphire character, and the velkian pink power crystals.

Vexyll relates what she knows to Ser about the darkness in the Olmothian woods. Apparently the Alder Tree has some blight upon it and her investigation is being stymied by the Alder Conclave who are effectively incommunicado right now. The blade witches and their inscrutable motives were unhelpful despite their knowledge base as they weren't excited to trade that information. The blade witches are led by The Crone or a pair of crones(?). Vexyll mentions that the blade witches are likely located a few days north of Drollport.

I buy a dispel magic scroll and set to on cleansing Master Ook-Chin of his mind magic. His personality immediately returns to what I am used to. We convene on the Perilous Peryton to discuss his situation. Thariune had him sent to the archives. He had unmasked some of the Unseen and that didn't go over very well.

Olmothia and the Tabor

We arrive in Drakkengrad and deposit Master Ook-Chin. We collect some supplies and set off for the Olmoth Woods. Primus Ser will be leading this expedition. We decide to head for Drollport so that we can attempt to contact the BladeWitches before entering the Omoth Woods. The airship goes about 120 miles per day. We spend the flight training. I apply myself to physical fitness under Dhamiria's watchful guidance. It is torturous. Ser and Kaz train each other in the use of medium armor and he becomes more adept at the use of heavier armors. Dhamiria communicates with her beau, the paladin of Bulghraz.

As we fly over the first edge of the Olmoth Woods, a flock of flying snakes assaults the ship led by a very large wyvern like creature. Ser polymorphs the big one into a little insect and the encounter becomes trivial as we slaughter the little snakes and fly on. The snakes appear to be infested with the crystals.

We arrive in Drollport and park outside of town. The village is singing a celebratory carol when we arrive. A large tree sprouts from the center of town. We visit with the mayor at the only tavern in town, the Tacky Clam. The next day some bladewitches are in town and we engage them in conversation. They offer to take us to a conclave to discuss matters with the “mothers”.

24th of Eben

After sleeping one night in the woods on our way to the conclave, we set out again. There appear to be a dozen bladewitches shadowing us in the woods. Their home space is an active location with many bladewitches training and doing whatever. They lead us to the “mothers” to discuss the Darkness.

The mothers, Ruth and Agnes, are a hideous abomination two mouths in one beast, grossness and multiple feet. Yeeks. They reveal some secrets to us in exchange for Kazbiel's memories of the experience with the Ox.

The Elder Conclave is trapped deep in the woods around the roots of the Alder Tree, encased in crystal. Eoras, Old Silverhands, came through seeking answers and was sent ahead but has not returned or been heard from. The Darkness emanates from the crystals. Its purpose and origin are unknown to the bladewitches. Apparently, they are awaiting the word of the Oracle to lead them to a solution. They reveal a black hole near their creepy throne. It ends up being a portal to another plane where the Oracle resides. Through the portal appears to be a lonely black stone island in the astral sea. A plinth of grossness seems to host a battered lantern emitting a dull green glow. The lantern appears to hold multiple bright souls? That are rushing around inside.

The prophet relates that the music that Ser has been hearing in his head is from the Tabor, a musical instrument of an ancient bard Rudaroc. He suggests that there are some shady folks of the black market that may know more about its location.

Tortoise Bay on the coast of Kamuin, and the Black Talons of the Reznor Dominion are both locations and groups that are associated with underworld connections. The Unseen of Lysanor would also count, but they aren't likely to help us.

25th and 26th of Eben

We decide to head to Oakheart first to see if any of Ser's musical pals from his past are aware of the Tabor. We also are forced to dig a crystal out of Ser's leg, having grown one at some point along the way. As we fly over the woods, the music begins to worm its way into our minds.

27th of Eben

Oakheart is a beautiful town, carefully crafted out of the surrounding forest with impressive treehouses, ambient lightning and terrific natural architecture that was meticulously crafted by druids in the distant past. Unfortunately, they did not consider the possibility of an airship docking with them at any point. There is no space to land and we are forced to negotiate for a tree to anchor to.

Upon landing, Ser's former neighbors fetch his sister, Brassica. She comes forward to meet us. The town is mostly firbolgs with humans, half-elves, and elves scattered about. Ser happens to have 4 siblings, all older than Ser. Elder Hammond introduces himself to us, he is Ser's old master, a half-elf with some obvious druid vibes. We have a wonderful (vegetarian, lame) dinner with Ser's family and get a rundown on the status here. Elder Hammond doesn't appear to know anything special about the current crisis and the town is clearly just a wholesome place where happiness and song dominate. Hammond offers to host us for the year-end festival tomorrow and we gladly decide to stay.

28th of Eben

After an epic breakfast we head out to participate in the festival. There is a drinking contest, an eating contest, a bull elk riding contest, an arm wrestling contest, boulder and log throwing contest, and a bar hanging contest, archery, dart throwing, rock throw into cups, obstacle course with balance beams and the like, poetry writing contest, chess tournament, an open dance floor, a debate forum, and finally the main attractions: a cooperative tree cutting contest, some card games, and the big boy obstacle course all around Oakheart.

I will participate in the drinking contest, chess (detect thoughts anyone?), and the card games (using arcane eye of course). Elder Hammond destroys me at chess. Ugh. Int he grand obstacle course, I cheat and push myself to epic levels! But Dhamiria simply outclasses me. Finally, I just go to the drinking contest and drown my sorrows. Somehow, I win and am awarded an oaken tankard made in Oakheart. Somehow, despite my drunkenness, I am able to win the card game too! Celebrate!!

As I am getting my drink on, a horrific scream echoes through the woods. A pair of misshapen beasts of the forest descend upon the forest village! They are beset with horrific crystalline growths and shamble with menacing purpose towards the poorly defended town. I bring forth Fyrnado to burn these interlopers into ash. I make sure to bring some highly flammable mead with me, for scientific purposes. Unfortunately, the creatures are immune to fire! The crystals absorb the energy and transfer it to the beast's bites! I am forced to dismiss Fyrnado as useless and bring out the Bagman. Ser uses some forest spiders to web up the elk beast, and Kaz drops a sickening radiance on the elk and boar to make them suffer. Dhamiria naturally slays with her glaive. Kaz's radiance disintegrates the elk as it is wrapped in horrible webs and screams its elk scream at the sky. The boar is a beast and is mentally challenged by the magics of myself and Ser. It struggles in the sickening radiance. It gives off one final scream of defiance before Dhamiria severs its spine with a massive stroke of her glaive.

As we survey the battlefield, we spot a few crystals in the trees and undergrowth. It appears that the colors of the crystals are unique to each tree or bush which are each uniform in color per organism. The elk appeared to be a lightning elk while the boar was a fire boar. Perhaps the colors of the crystals signify what element dominates each creature. We finish our celebration that night and then prepare to head out into the forest to discover what's up.

1st of Nimbus

Ser throws up some plant growths to wall out the town from crystalline monstrosities. We then disembark in the Perilous Peryton for Lysanor where we will discuss with Mr. N the appropriation of the necessary knowledge for solving our Olmoth Woods issue with the Darkness. I spend the journey practicing my physical fitness thoroughly with Dhamiria as Ser cheers us on. I make excellent progress. Kaz also helps, working on his teamwork and support.

During the journey, I receive a sending from Typhon indicating that he is preparing a journey for the next expedition. Dhamiria also gains information from Mr. N through his bouncer. He requests our personal meeting for a debrief.

More importantly, during my nightly sending calls I discover that my dad has disappeared, my sending barely made it through and it seems he has been captured.

6th of Nimbus

We get to Lysanor and contact my mom, I teleport her to Drakkengrad where she can hang out safely with Master Ook-Chin. I need to find my dad. Mr. N contacts us to discuss the issues that are popping up. We need info on the Tabor and Rudarac, and we need to find out why my dad is missing, probably (not for sure) kidnapped by the Unseen and Archmage Thariune. Apparently, “Hush” is also causing havoc in town resisting the Unseen. We need to find a solution to the Unseen and hopefully Hush will be able to help us. We arrange to set up a sting operation with Mr. N to interact with Hush mid job as he appears to be a third party between Mr. N and the Unseen.

N continues to expound, describing the location of the Tabor of Rudarac, suggesting that it is located in the hoard of a young dragon that violently stole the instrument from its previous owner in a smash and grab dragon operation. A stealth dragon. N offers to set up a sting operation for this evening so we can make our meeting with Hush happen. In exchange he will help us contact the previous owner of the Tabor so we know what to look for in hunting for the magic item. He also claims that the description of my father's situation doesn't sound like the typical thing for Thariune and his goons.

We decide to follow up on N's sting operation and arrange to meet Miss K tonight at 11 PM.

We plot our encounter with Hush and Miss K. Telepathically linked, I summon Borborygmus to shadow me underground while I make the transition.

Carol of Roxton is apparently Miss K. We make the trade unmolested, and Miss K heads out, we are pretty sure that Hush will jump her while she is alone so we tail her with Dhamiria and Borborygmus.

Hush suddenly appears and threatens Miss K. As he does, Dhamiria reveals herself and Hush immediately moves to run. I sic BoBo on him and he moves to escape. Dhamria grabs him and Hush releases a cloud of invisibility powder and escapes. Ser flies in as a hawk and releases a cloud of truesight powder! The chase continues! Dhamiria misty steps in front of the guy on top of the roof. I whip his mind and pull down his mask with a mage hand. He is overwhelmed by our combined efforts. As we restrain him, Kaz makes a plea for peace and communication. We recognize him as Chef Cesar Rocco. The ruckus has summoned the Unseen and we are forced to very quickly convince Hush to leave with us. Leaving BoBo behind to delay the Unseen, we all fly invisibly into the dark and land at one of Hush's safehouses to discuss. We agree to set up a meeting between him and Mr. N. We then head back to the airship because my alarm has gone off, Anathema has once again invaded our ship. We pursue her unbeknownst to her. Ser uses detect thoughts to find out who she is......

IT'S VIVIAN! She is so Powerful! We make an invisible run for it to Mr. N's as Vivian panics and shoots a flare for reinforcements from the Unseen. We are now very worried that Vivian will attempt to destroy us... so we head to Mr. N with all the knowledge we have gained from the night's event.

Mr. N pulls all the information he wants from Kazbiel's mind. Very rude. But, he does hold up his end of the bargain, and tells us about a circle sigil that we can use to teleport to the ancient ruins where the dragon makes its lair.

We now have a working relationship with Mr. N and he can help us in the future.

Having acquired what we need from Mr. N, we head to the university to meet with Typhon about his next expedition. They have identified 3 things to pursue.

* An investigation into the lack of Gravity crystals from the isle of gravitas as requested by Duke Janos.
* Thariune has requested a research effort to the Ceaseless Squall in a joint effort with the University of Uthorim. The Withered Haven islands that were there did not originally appear to have much going on but now a Velkian Enclave structure is believed to reside there.
* Thariune has also mentioned interest in contacting Stjarnaheim. The Cloud Giant City.

We decide to suggest they send their expedition to the Ceaseless Squall so that we can go with them in a month when they are ready. We should meet up with them again at the end of the month, the 28th.

We head back to the ship to take off, doing a once over of the ship for trackers. I find one on the bottom of the hull. Dhamiria finds a letter addressed to the Graymoore Gang on my bunk in the ship as well. It appears to be a letter from Vivian, she has captured my father.

THE END HAS COME FOR VIVIAN. SHE SHALL PERISH.

We will meet her in the grasslands west of Lysanor in a week to deal with her kidnapping of my father. In three weeks we need to return to Lysanor to meet up with Typhon, in between we will confront the Dragon, steal his Tabor, and possibly cleanse the forest of the Darkness.

8th of Nimbus

We arrive in Slateway to embark for the dragon's lair. We all prepare ourselves, summoning aid and prepping protection spells. We teleport through.... straight into the dragon's hoard. Treasure abounds, the permanent circle is on a stone slab that could be moved around. We also spot a person..... freaking Porkchop.

PORKCHOP FIGHT

9th of Nimbus

Wake up in Clifftop Castle, on Porkchop's land.

Some Time Passes un-Annotated.

Our encounter with Vivian ends in agony and sadness as Thariune whisks her away to her tower. At least we appear to have made progress with her. We return to Drakkengrad.

20th of Nimbus

I complete my athletics training with Dhamiria and reunite my parents in Drakkengrad. I settle them down in the Rakshaza's old abode and they immediately fit in with the local farming community. Unfortunately, we have separate pressing issues. Ser and I decide to head to Omothia with the airship while Dhamiria and Kaz teleport to Kellenora to resolve their problems! Yikes. Before we leave, Ser purchases the necessary gems to cast awaken on Gnasher and Mittens.

Ser and Zephyr's Duet

As we prepare ourselves for our journey to Olmothia, Kaz and Dhamiria head off to Kellenora. Ser voices concern that he doesn't know how the Tabor actually works. We head to the Archives of Ioun to see if they have any knowledge on how the Tabor works. Some volumes we find reference other impressive famous bards and the magics they wielded. We work with the head librarian there who casts legend lore on the Tabor for us in exchange for the knowledge of the functioning of the Szerpher. Apparently, the Tabor was used in the Great Sundering (?) and has an unfathomably long and ancient history.

24th of Nimbus

We travel West to Olmothia using the Perilous Peryton. Ser practices his magics using the Tabor

25th of Nimbus

The island of Stjarneheim suddenly appears with a massive displacement of air and clouds as it teleports into view of the Port side. While it is quite far away, we can visibly see the sonic wave of air displacement rushing towards us. There is also a massive thundercloud of weird pressure based weather. It is a horrible experience that nearly tears the ship apart despite the frantic and ingenious efforts of both myself and Ser. We limp on having barely weathered the storm. We pass over Greymoore and drop a bag of gold over the town to show our appreciation for the origin of our company.

26th of Nimbus

We arrive in Oakheart

27th(?) of Nimbus

We delve into the woods. They are f(bleep)ing creepy. Crystals and mushrooms of unnatural colorations and light have spawned in the undergrowth. Ser calls upon a beast of the woodland, persuading a crystalline squirrel to descend from its tree perch to hang out with us. It guides us deeper into the woods. Ahead of us, the forest descends into the familiar shimmering of the Havoc Haze we encountered in the Underdark. We strap on our havoc goggles and are able to see in the haze. The pursuit of the unnatural squirrel is draining and difficult. Ser begins tapping the Tabor which seems to keep both the haze and the humming hymn at bay. At last, the squirrel leads us to the Alder Conclave. He leaves us and beckons that we proceed without him. As we enter the clearing ahead of us, a village sits before the trunk of the massive Great Alder. The town is all carved from wood, but appears to be completely deserted. Everything has a gray cast or pallor to it. The havoc haze also appears to have dissipated.

We enter the village. I summon Borborygmus, and Ser animates a murder crystal. We carefully stride forth and observe that the entire village is both here and not here. They are flashing into existence as lightning strikes and they are all pantomiming their typical daily lives. The horror. We are suddenly beset by fey creatures of some variety, a yeth hound (bat dog) and some darklings. Fortunately, Ser's magical protection stops the darklings from messing me up. He also lightning bolts the shit out of them. We survive and head up to the foot of Melora's temple at the base of the tree. Ser pulls out his food offerings purchased in Drakengrad and makes a brief prayer to Melora. We proceed through the temple and on the far side is a balcony viewing platform. We begin the long walk down to the tree's base.

As we near, a small river appears to be separating the tree from the rest of the forest. We proceed across a fallen tree over the river and enter a huge crystal field. Ser plays upon the tabor and its magic resonates. As Ser begins his performance, the crystals begin to fight back. A harpoon monster and its little tick buddies come at us. It is horrific but we pull it off. An epic polymorph dim door fall splat ends the harpoon monster in a spray of gore as it splats upon a pile of glistening deadly crystal blades. The Tabor is passively preventing the haze from encroaching, but the humming hymn grows stronger. We proceed into the depths of the crystalline growths and we finally find the Alder Conclave and the circle of druids that have been crystallized as they cast a massive spell. Additionally, Old Silverhands has become crystallized as he attempts to fight the primary crystal as well. A rune that matches that on the Tabor is visible within the crystal, which is translucent. I stand by and offer support as Ser squares his shoulders and attempts to do something about this problem. In this moment, Ser plays his Tabor and the crystal responds, cracking and losing its humming hymn. With a final pound, Ser smashes the final blow on his Tabor and the crystal is caught in a wave of sonic magic. The sonic wave pulses out in a rush of power disintegrating all the crystals in its way. The druids and Old Silverhands are released from their crystalline prisons.

A brilliant pink eye appears at the bottom of the pit. It begins humming in Draconic. It is the humming hymn and it is a song of exultation and excitement. It is a DRAGON. Made of pure vibrant pink crystal. It is the biggest dragon of all time. It gives a great call into the sky and the clouds separate as the song passes by. The great crystals of Leafside and Vexyll's Pit both respond (though we don't know this). The dragon has no wings, it is an endless serpentine snake and it flies without wings as it drifts off into the distant sky.

The lead druid has rescued the others, we fly down to rejoin them. The leader is Spinel of the Capable Crew, included in the druids is Gowron. Atrexolon, the God of Crystal Dragons is the one that escaped from the prison that Rhu'Daroc set for him.

To Ebrea for Kobolds

We salvage what we can from Byvoris' corpse and lair. Through our tender ministrations we collect 50 lbs of blue dragon scales, the lightning gland of an adult blue dragon, Byvoris' giant horn, (2' by 5' long) and various magic items and gold/platinum. Chillendra the storm giant is impressed with our victory but is barely able to get over her trauma. She leaves, and the squall ends. Galaxea contacts with a sending immediately and suddenly arrives at our side. She plane shifts us quickly back to the ships and Flotsam. We arrange for the continuation of research of the withered haven and head out to deal with our own issues. We fly back to Drakkengrad. I attempt to teach Mittens how to count and read and write, it doesn't go particularly well.

26th of Mistro

Mittens is equipped with a potion deliverance tool. Kaz has his shield emblazoned with the Perilous Peryton symbology. We discuss some ideas for what to do with the dragon's lightning gland and dragon scales; we may need to go to Uthorim to have talented artisans perform the needed modification.

Finally, we set out for Ebria to finally collect our kobold crew and to head to Crystallia to investigate Kazbiel's father and also go to the Isles of Gravitas for an investigation into the end of the gravitation stones we need. Ser spends the trip channeling his energies into the Tabor of Rudaroc. Kaz investigates his dolar machina, I teach Mittens about the many wonders of reading writing and arithmetic, scribe Private Sanctum and Dhamiria trains with Shnuffles and sending's Ova, her paladin girlfriend. She is going to attend the festival of warmth in Bulghraz in Silvara, 3 months time Summer Festival.

16th of Durak

We arrive in Ebria to collect our kobold crew. As we fly in, the kobolds scramble amongst their treetop village. Something is amiss.... HOLY SHIT ANOTHER DRAGON!

An amethyst dragon busts out of a cave and threatens the Precious Peryton.

Aeracrest and Kobolds

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An amethyst dragon busts out of a cave and threatens the Precious Peryton.

16th of Durak

Amethyst Dragon Assault

The dragon is resistant to psychic damage, it uses a gravitational breath to obliterate us and anchor us to the ship. Fortunately, Dhamiria is an angel of death and our combined lightning bolts and the like are able to finally shoot it down, Ser delivering the final blast of green lightning. As it perishes, its body disintegrates into atomization and completely disappears, unlike the differentiate spell I can cast however.

We land at the kobold colony and collect our crew, they are totally impressed with us and immediately acquiesce to our requests. As we acclimate the kobolds to their new duties, we head to Crystallia where we have business with Kaz' possible father and also Garvin, we want to get cool tattoos. We end up heading to the peak of the Apheru pyramid to discuss Kaz' situation. It also sounds like the Beta Rho Omega chapter might have some knowledge of special dragon armor crafting techniques.

We confront a certain Chadwick about his business dealings with Kazbiel's mom. Ser uses his mind magic to convince Chadwick to reveal that his youngest brother, Larry, was very close with Duchess Olomeda.

He also offers to pay us 3600 gold to ship some smuggled goods to Yvatlos. We all then go to Garvin's Inks and get badass magical tattoos. I choose a lightning absorbing tattoo that is a stylized woman holding lightning bolt in the air, a la Lady Thor.

Ser goes SUPER deep into debt in order to get a draconic transformation tattoo. Dude is cray cray.

20th of Dumak

We are a little behind with meeting typhon in Aeracrest. We decide to head out as soon as possible to make up for our issues.

During the trip I scry upon Larry Ravionne (Kaz's presumptive father) in order to determine what he is up to and if we can find him. He appears to be working an adventure for the CCC along with the gnome we met in Leafside, Voros, and a tortle we do not know. During my scrying it becomes clear that Larry is somewhat passive. They appear to be in the heart of a dense humid jungle. A scrying on Vivian fails to take affect as she appears to be magically protected against such observation at the time of my casting.

21st of Dumak

I scry upon Vivian, it is successful during the middle of the day. She is shaking down the headmaster of the university of Allure in Lysanor. I relate this to Mr. N through Sending and we set forth a timeline to arrive there to help his rebellion around the 21st of Isoldre. I also observe her having feelings at the top of the tower of the archmage. We will have to craft a clever sending to reach out to her in a diplomatic manner. This could be a very touchy and sensitive subject to breach with her but I feel it must be done. I collect the braintrust to decide on a path forward. Meanwhile, Kaz convenes with Zehrrut to get a better grasp on what he is doing with the Blue Duke and what the plan is on their warlock pact.

We convene to send a message to Vivian, it manages to get through and she responds favorably, unfortunately further communication seems to be unlikely because of the archmage's influence.

2nd of Isoldre

We arrive in the Isles of Gravitas. They are intricately tied together though some of the rocks have fallen into the sea. Aeracrest has a set of 3 airships from the research expedition tethered to a “dock”. An aarakokra comes to greet us. He is imposing and has a terrifying maul. In any case he allows us to visit and warns us to not run over any young aarakokra. Cracklebeak Swifthammer is his name. He presents us a docking form which I will have to fill out. Aeracrest is clearly a bureaucratic nightmare however.

Aeracrest seems to be having rocks falling into the sea for the last 4 to 5 months. It seem that changes have been occurring ever since the velkian enclave noticed an atmospherical anomaly.

It appears that Typhon's theories on the reason the floatstone is sinking is due to some malpurpose by the king. He may be actively hiding something from us, or he is dead and that is being hidden, etc.

We decide to 'celebrate' our research experience as cover to discuss our plans where the Unseen can not hear.

3rd of Isoldre

Typhon distracts the unseen while we investigate the outskirts to see if there is something out there that will inform us on the nature of Aeracrest's issues. Ser notices a house that is hanging out on an underhang on one of the floating islands.

Some wyverns and a chimera come busting in, random monster attack!

The wyverns descend upon us! It is a terrible decision for them. Kaz summons a crown of blue stars and obliterates the chimera. I haste Dhamiria and she flies up to engage the wyverns, finishing off the chimera as she goes. The wyverns assault Kaz and paralyze him with their poison, it is the last thing they do. I differentiate one to dust, and Ser thunderblasts the other two right into Dhamiria's whirling spear. It's over in no time.

The owlin hiding inside the floating house greets us timidly. Cadbert Farsee is grateful for our help and he reveals that he was one of the king's scientists in the floatstone mines, and he ran away from the events that occurred there. Ser brews him some tea and now he is on our side. Apparently some construct dogs assaulted there science team while the king was visiting. That was about 5 days ago which doesn't line up with the loss of floatstone but it does explain possibly why the king has been unavailable.

Ser and Kaz apply their best charms to convince Cadbert to help us get access to the king's mines. He agrees to help us by using his credentials to get us in.

We return to Aeracrest with Cadbert in tow. He uses his status to get us access to the castle, along the way, we notice a very popular blacksmith that appears to possibly sell floatstone based weaponry!

The first group of guards hardly blinks at Cadbert and us. Our path takes us through the throne room however and these guards are much more suspicious. It does not stop our silver tongued duo however! Unfortunately, ahead of us the guard captain, one who is quite intelligent and cunning, still await us. Ser simply tells him how it is and he lets us through. Huh. That was easy.

We leave Cadbert in an introductory hallway and I summon Borborygmus to keep us company. The first few rooms are mining equipment, forges, etc. One room appears to have a bizarre floor inlay with an intricate key based structure. Ser fashions a key with his creation ability and activates one of 3 cubic kilns. A green glow fills the room from that cube. In one room we find a lot of float stone and a crystal golem assaults us. It is handled in short order by Ser using a hold monster spell. Borborygmus is jealous of the coolness that was the crystal golem.

As we continue to explore the labyrinth, Dhamiria falls through the floor as it collapses beneath her, Kaz chases her down as they fall to the sea below the Aeracrest island. In a dramatic turn they barely survive the fall and are able to dodge a giant snapping dragon turtle in the ocean below. They return via flight, and as they are resting, Ser has an experience with Nivrag the debt collector appearing in his mind. We continue to explore, there is a teleportation circle as well as some of the king's private rooms.

We continue on and are ambushed by some construct snakes!

Construct Centipedes slither down the hall, we are in tight quarters, but the Greymoore Gang is unafraid of these contraptions. Dhamiria hacks them apart, it appears that Ser is temporarily poisoned by one and confusedly assaults Dhamiria to no effect. After shaking it off he polymorphs one of them to a slug. We win. Investigation of the mechanical snakes shows us nothing about how they function. The next room contains an underground waterway that trickles away into the sky beneath, the upstream passage appears to be traversable. Another room with a green box setup is here. We continue as we don't have the key. A hall full of shrapnel traps bloodies the party, but we press on and find a fountain room. The fountain here appears to be very similar to the one we discovered in Kelly Seekerton's dig site. The puzzle asks for schools of magic which we apply, necromancy, illusion, and divination magic. A mobius strip of platinum is here. It is another Ascendant relic of spells and magical utility, a spellbook!

***The Atlas of Endless Horizons.***

***SO COOOL!!!***

I now must decide which spellbooks to attune to!

Kaz and Ser combine their ghostly gaze and creation to craft another key to the second cubic keyslot. Kaz sends Zehruut down the river tunnel where he discovers another cave with a mechancial dog! It launches mechanical harpoons at Zehruut and slaughters him, we await it at the mouth of the river and prepare ourselves to slaughter it. It rushes out and Ser holds the monster allowing us to bombard its paralyzed form.

A cursory inspection of the defeated construct reveals it has ancient Ascendant power source (now drained) and other ascendant script upon it. We move through the dungeon, and through an irising door is a massive brass dog construct. It roars a thunderous shout that stuns most of the party, fortunately I am able to trap it inside a wall of hardened air. When Kaz comes to, he casts sickening radiance on it and the creature succumbs, impotent. We proceed, and are ambushed by a harpoon dog! I convert it to slug form using my wand and kaz and Dhamiria slaughter its mechanical snake companion. Two corpses of royal guards are laid out here. I find a collapsible rod (magical!). The next room contains some shadows of scorched aarakocra. Totally annihilated. Small tubes protrude from the ceiling. Looks like a trap! I carefully spider crawl my way along the wall with the slug in tow. Once past, I drop the slug into the hole in the floor and eliminate it. Returning to the party, we go through another door and its full of nasty fungus. Further progress reveals another room full of floatstone, another crystal golem resides here! A casting of my murderous mists in conjunction with Ser forcing the opponent back into the winds restrains and crushes the golem. A satisfying victory. Later, we barely resist the power of a terrifying charming ascendant statue.

4th of Isoldre

Finally, we clear the dungeon and activate the third room. Returning to the room of glowing statues, the hatch in the floor opens and slides aside revealing a spiral staircase into the floor with glowing light emanating from below. Inside is a quintessahedron glowing blue and emanating crackling lightning. 3 Aarakocra sit huddled in this room as well as some dead ones. They have been down here for nearly a week and some have died including the king. Dhamiria and Kaz help the Aarakocra return to the throne room while Ser and I investigate the quintessahedron. I contact Vexyll and send her a sigil sequence to the teleportation circle so she can directly aid us in stabilizing the hedron.

It appears that the quintessahedrons are each attuned to a different element. The one we retrieved from Vexyll's Pit is a fire elemental hedron this one appears to be from the Plane of Air. It will be difficult to recharge this hedron... Perhaps Stjarnaheim or something in the plane of air will provide us with a recharging power.

We discuss how we will handle this situation, keeping Thariune in the dark and also helping Typhon with his research project. It is a sticky situation, with some very sensitive knowledge. But we make a great plan.

We tell Typhon the islands are falling through natural decay, that floatstone is a finite resource. We will keep the Aarakocra secret about their quintessahedron and reveal all of the information that we can about its function. We settle our business in Aeracrest and retire to our airship, successful.

That night, Kaz is summoned by his patron...

After Aeracrest

Kaz is visited by a devil. Demiurge. This charismatic individual offers us a job to recover an Iron Jar from a dao on the elemental earth plane. We agree to this offer in exchange for information, communication and a great sum of gold. Demiurge agrees to meet us the next day to begin our adventure. I designate the Perilous Peryton as our location of recall using the Atlas of Endless Horizons. We orient the kobolds and Mittens to pilot the airship to Drakengrad while we are gone.

7th of Isoldre

Demiurge arrives early the next day and immediately plane shifts us to the earth plane where we are immediately almost run down by a oxen team and carriage. It is very dark here, possibly because we are underground. Some light seems to emanate from greenish mushrooms growing on the sides of buildings and walls. Ser asks the first local we see where we can go to find stuff and he is directed to the Almanac, a directional monolith that gives some directions. This town is called the Ceaseless Delve. Ser cons some locals into telling him where the Collector hangs out. Heading out of town, I prepare Locate Creature so that we can detect him when we get close. We head toward the lava pits, that were suggested to be in the direction of the Collector's home. At the first magma pit we are waylaid by magma bulettes! Demiurge is immune to fire and handles it easily. Rayne goes invisible and murders stuff from safety. Dhamiria slaughters the bulettes. We win handily. The heat of the lava pits wears on us, but we continue on. I cast a locate creature spell and we find the Collector without too much further ado. He greets us at the top of a hill. He is clearly reluctant to part with his jars however. In the end, he agrees to give away a jar in exchange for a “training bout”. We head to an arena and face off against a squad of jar contained entities. The first squad is two gelatinous cubes and a frost giant, yeeks. We slaughter them. The dao releases his second assault, a Nightwalker oozes forth. It is a shadowy beast of huge proportions. I funnel my whirlwind into its space and it becomes a darkness twister. Unfortunately, the third assault is a Pit Fiend, a truly terrible beast that is resistant to magic, extremely powerful, and capable of terrifying magic. Through extreme effort we are barely able to emerge triumphant. The Collector is impressed and offers up an Iron Jar to Demiurge as compensation for his entertainment. Our contract is complete.

8th of Isoldre

It becomes clear that our schedule isn't going to allow us to fly all the way to Lysanor in time for the revolution. We decide that we will be teleporting to the magipalities and having the kobolds fly the ship behind us. First we are going to stop in Drakengrad because Ser has some business to deal with there. The kobolds intend to have a party of some kind in the meantime as well. They claim that they will be celebrating their monthly birthday! I decide to purchase a large pig to bring to the celebrations.

Ser and Kaz combine their wealth to pay off Ser's loan to the Choice Cuts Corporation (CCC). Ser discovers as he is paying that he was pickpocketed along the way to the CCC from the palace and lost some 150 gold as well. I purchase a Web scroll while in town.

Dhamiria and I head to the Raven's Wing Sepulchre to visit with her kin. After discussing our travels, Dhamiria asks about the enchanted spear glaive she received from Kazbiel's mother. The priestess tells her that it is likely cursed with some kind of divination magic, that may be allowing the Duchess to spy upon us. As we are discussing stuff with the priestess, a Kubiri guard sneaks into the back chambers with Dhamiria's glaive and attempts to steal the spider queen crown. She was apparently mind controlled while holding the glaive!

As we discuss the enchantment on the glaive it becomes clear that Duchess Daetoris may have been watching us this whole time and knows everything we do. What a monster! We are alerted via sending that Nyumbani is being marched upon by an armed force! We rush to defend the town and the priestess of the sepulchre sends us to Nyumbani!

We rush our preparations, picking out a ravine in the snow where we can pull down an avalanche on the invaders. I send out an arcane eye to observe their approach. Both Kaz's brother and sister are leading a column of drow warriors and even drow abominations, draegloths.

Kaz confronts his siblings in the ravine of ice, he makes his appeal mostly to his brother, and his sister clearly doesn't want to talk. Indra commands an attack, Yumenar hesitates.

Indra screams and charges across the ravine at Kaz's illusory self, as she does so, Ser unleashes a thunderwave that causes an avalanche. It buries the drow warriors in snow and eradicates them. The draegloths struggle out of the snow. Tourbillion engages them, Dhamiria engages them. Indra places Ser in a hamster ball otilukes sphere. Kaz faces off against Indra in mortal combat. Unfortunately, Indra chants a code phrase and Dhamiria's glaive takes over her mind! Dhamiria turns on us, cutting down Ser in moments. We are scrambling, Kaz attacks Dhamiria and thundersteps Ser away from the conflict. Dhamiria is rattled out of the charm, and Ser is teleported to safety. Kaz engages again, and Tourbillion holds the attention of the draegloths. I disintegrate one and revive , Dhamiria slays two more, and Ser is able to stun Indra. As we continue the onslaught, Yumenar comes rushing over the ridge and leaps to save his sister. It's getting hectic when finally, Ser polymorphs Indra into a slug. Dhamiria finishes off the last Draegloth and combat comes to a close. Kaz and Dhamiria find themselves discussing the fate of Indra and the reasons we were fighting each other. When Kaz reveals that Duchess Daetoris is a warlock, making pacts with demons, Yumenar is shocked.

There is much deliberation. There are no easy answers, and murdering Indra in cold-blood doesn't seem like the best choice. Ultimately, we decide to have Yumenar turn in his sister to the Shade Queen. I call upon my agreement with Demiurge and acquire the teleportation sigil to Shelthalas. After a short break, we bring Kaz's siblings and a beheaded draegloth to Shelthalas via teleportation circle.

21st of Isoldre:

The Liberation of Lysanor!

Post-Thariune

Vivian sets a condition as she leaves, we have to make sure that the Children are protected. There are approximately 47 children clones of Thariune that need protection and training. We decide that it might be a good idea to restrict access to the Arch-mage's tower. Vivian tosses us a set of keys to access the tower. She says that there is a secret door on the second landing that is where the children are currently hidden. We convince Mr. N to give us a full day to “secure” the tower and we begin teleporting orphans to various places where they will be safe and secret. Some go to Porkchop, some to a Gnomeopolis location under the Brothers of Hieronious, some to Ova in Bulghraz. Bulghraz is a gorgeous decadent city of gold and brass. It is truly impressive and clearly very wealthy. Dhamiria decides to stay in Bulghraz for a few days while we send the rest of the children to Drakkengrad and the brothers of Hieronious there. We scour the tower for information and items while we still can before Mr. N and his revolutionaries ravage the place. We are able to discover some cool stuff:

Wand of the Warmage (Kaz), Thariune's Robes, Decorative Circlet worth 300 gold, Potion of Advantage, Potion of Growth, Potion of Poison, Clear bottle of Everclear, 2 bags of Dust of Dryness, Manual of CREATE BONE GOLEM (15000 gold to build with rune bones), Manual of Bodily Health, Tome of Understanding, a Dozen Cloning Vessels.

We are able to convince Mr. N to leave the cloning room alone for awhile. We stuff 4 cloning vessels into the portable hole to keep for ourselves and smash the rest beyond recognition. Thariune's telescope has been tracking a rock floating through space.... based on his journals and my knowledge of space, this is beyond the atmosphere of Athendria. Remembering when the planet Yoria aligned with Athendria and allowed Abboleth invasion, this is somewhat similar, but much smaller than a planet. This large misshapen rock appears to be chunks of a city that resembles Stjarnaheim. Thariune was curious about this celestial body but didn't really have a lot of information. It appeared about 2 years ago, but that's about it. A curiosity to keep in mind. Maybe I should SCRY IT later on. We word of recall our way to the ship and leave the cloning vats on the ship. Using control weather, I accelerate the Perilous Peryton to maximum speed. I also scry the asteroid while we are on the ship. The asteroid is rotating aggressively and the sun shines on the ice cold rock intermittently. It is a desolate ruined plaza with an abrupt dropoff that is a clean break at the end of the plaza. Further scrying reveals that this edge contains multiple openings of subterranean structures that have been sheared off. Some dead vegetation appears to have frozen here on this rock, the trees appear normal as though the origin of this area is Athendria. There is also half of a very large body, one that has been sheared in half, and the body has been frozen as well. This appears likely to be a giant, possibly from Stjarnaheim.

Spinel contacts Ser and alerts him that Atrexalon is stirring, possibly going to wake sooner rather than later. We return to Drakkengrad with the airship at last.

1st of Ahwa

I clone myself. At last! Bwahahahaha!

6th of Ahwa

We continue our journey...

As we finish the sales of our gear, I investigate a clothing dyer and a hairdresser to change up my look. Glacial white hair with light blue and silver trimmings on the robes I acquired from Thariune's corpse. A new look!

Kaz visits a physical therapist to handle some of his wicked nasty scars and body damage. We have to return all the Kubiri to Nyumbani. To do so, we rent out Porkchop's teleportation circle platform and peform a complicated series of teleportations to get them there and return her platform to her.

7th of Ahwa

We have finally returned the Kubiri to their home and finished our teleportation tactics. We now have to wait for the Perilous Peryton and then proceed to bring the Coronet to the Raven Queen. The Deaconess of the Raven Queen has been studying a method to transport us to her realm. We prepare ourselves for the mission on the morrow!

8th of Ahwa

The Deaconess has prepared a boat for us to travel the River Styx and hands us a bag containing the Coronet of Lolth. We begin our journey. As our trip begins, we find ourselves sailing the River in what appears to be Bytopia but isn't really.. we appear to be beside the plane rather than IN it. As we marvel at the beautiful vistas, some bizarre flying manta ray things assault us! We dispatch them relatively easily, dunking one into the River causes it to immediately die. Eventually, we pass into the next stage of the River, the Parched Sands. I do not recognize this place, it is baked sands with three suns and various monstrous skeletons in the sand. A trio of highly magical horses appear off the side of the boat and gallop in pace with us. They are magnificent magical beasts. Ser matches their hoofbeat tempo on his drum and attempts to commune with them. Ser offers them magical muffins and we receive a blessing from the God of Horses. We eventually find ourselves transitioning again to the next realm of the river's flow, The Icy Wastes. In this region of the Nine Hells a wave of yetis attempts to charge our boat and crush us into the river. Ser reverses gravity. It's over. The next realm is a jungle of sorts, tropical and full of lush plant life. As we go, a large net of ropes rises from the river and stops us. Ent fisherman!

The ent appears to be accompanied by a much smaller creature that starts shouting something at us. Ser extends some jerky and it offers to lower the net just a little bit in exchange. Ser fashions a meat cube and they finally let the net down. But as we pass by, the ent grabs the back of our boat and stops us. Seeing that it wants something as well, Ser casts plant growth upon it. As the ent is bewitched by the local forest, it lets go of the boat and we float away unmolested. Further along, a group of werecreatures lumbers out to the edge of the river. Ser hails them telepathically, offering them a promise of food. Another cube of beef is offered by the Bard of Creation and we leave them behind as well. After a short while, the river flows upward (weird) and we are briefly above the endless jungle and we can see skyscraper sized trees full of lights and magic before the river twists back down and we are suddenly passing on to the next realm. Now the world is grayscale, all is in black, white, and gray. This, is the Gray Wastes. A dense fog permeates the area, and we only have maybe 20 feet of visibility. As our vessel drifts down the stream, monsters of the wastes attack us! The angry and the lonelies assault us. The large one, The Angry, wades into the river to attack us and gets obliterated by river monsters. I web one of the lonely harpooners after it spears me and it is trapped on the shore where it dies. Kaz eldritch blasts the last lonely and we are free of the beasts. This place is depressing, and before long our minds are beset by horrible fears and awful ennui. I begin to remember the horrors of the bagman. Finally, we are through and in the next realm. Here, it appears to be very chaotic with random floating islands with gravity in different directions and stars in the distance in all directions. Limbo. One of the asteroids pivoting in space has a creature watching us as it rotates around our boat in the river. Ser shouts a friendly greeting across the void. It isn't happy. It is a star spawn seer, master of psychic magics. It summons a star spawn hulk to aid it in battle. At first it is terrifying, warping Ser next to him where he wails on him with a psychic star staff. Ultimately, we survive. Obliterating the star spawn enemies. As we try to get a break, a monstrous entity of the void rushes past forcing our ship to bob in the waters of the Styx. Finally we leave this horrific plane. The next plain appears to be our destination, the plains of death. Abruptly, a spider being comes busting out and attempt to charm us into giving away the crown. We summon all of our powers to deny it, and the spider beast is left behind in the wastes. Finally, as we push on, the river rolls out into a lake of red and then a sea. The ravens are dense here. Emerging from the gloom, a small island with a tree that is constantly moving through the cycle of life and death. Also docked at the island is a pure black oaken ship. The Raven Queen awaits us at the base of the tree. We disembark and Dhamiria takes a knee in front of the Queen. As she does, her ancestors rise from the red sea and join her; the many ancestors of the Kubiri made more real than ever in death. In payment for the services she rendered, Dhamiria is granted a magical weapon The Dark Feather, from the Raven Queen. Having completed this journey, I plane shift us back to Drakengrad.

11th of Ahwa

Personal Adventures!

22nd of Ahwa

The Gang reconvenes in Drakkengrad, having handled various pieces of business in different areas of the world. Dhamiria claims that its possible she encountered Morvuna the Voiceless One having been dominated by the Mindflayers?? Curious.

Stjarnaheim will be in Greymoore in 4 days.

We coordinate with Typhon to come up with a plan to infiltrate Stjarnaheim. We visit lysanor and buy a pass w/o trace stone and collect Typhon before heading out.

25th of Ahwa

We return to Greymoore and visit the townsfolk now that we are very advanced and experienced travellers. It is a heartwarming and cheery experience and we are all a little nostalgic for the old times. We chat with various individuals from our past.

Green floatstone (rather than pinkish) is anchored in the underside of the floating island. Bits and pieces of metal, like pipes, also jut from the underside of the city. Pulling up alongside the island, we throw out some gangplanks and step out onto the island before bidding Mittens and the kobolds good bye. They bust ass for safety while we move into the island. Shortly thereafter, the island teleports to its next location. Once inside, we stealthily move through the city of cloud giants on the lookout for a “smiling one” a jester of the cloud giant court. We believe that we can make use of them to sneak into the quintessahedron charging core.

Stjarnaheim

We descend deeper into the underground of Stjarnaheim. There is a skybridge...definitely a bad deal. After a crazy aerial battle we proceed. A fork is ahead with markings. The starforge and The Overlook and Gateway. We head to the Starforge first. It appears to be an incredible arcane forge.

The Hybridization of the three artifacts, astromancy archive, atlas of endless horizons, and crystalline chronicle to become.........

We proceed to the overlook, which looks down on a tunnel that presumably leads to the Gateway. An insane yugoloth and his elemental companions guards the entryway, but he lets us through after a confusing conversation.

The next room contains the astral gate. Moving through this room as we couldn't find an activation method, the next room houses the quintessahedron of astral pathing. Determining that the floatstone here isn't really floatstone but rather astral stone, we carve off a piece with the intent of bringing it with us to the Peryton.

Stjarnaheim is damaged, the crystal oscillator that determines the timing of the jumps is missing, having been blast into the astral depths by the cloud giant scientist. We may have to retrieve it at some point. We have also collected a large piece of astral stone. Now we are to head into the Modouli desert to identify what powers the quintessahedron.

Descent into Avernus

24th of Silvara

On this day, we took the Perilous Peryton down into Vexyll's Pit to attend the Blue Duke's assault on Avernus. We need to deny his attempt to conquer the overworld. I assigned the journal keeping to my simulacrum, Zephyr Cy-clone. She is now in charge of journal text.

Cy-clone here!

Avernus is awesome! I can't wait to call down a meteor swarm on the fiends. Everything is great, and Zephyr Cy-prime is only a little bit of a bitch. She has given me a companion, Mur-Mur the air myrmidon. He seems a bit like an evil monster. But maybe he is alright!

Avernus is pretty, so much fire and acid cloud. Can't wait!