Snuff Neir Verity Lucina

Gem eyed skull Arm Elvish sword (flame activated) Jug

Chime of Opening Lions

Ripple Ring Orb

Arm

Serdonicus was introduced as Sam

**Investigation Notes:**

Snuff has several magical items but doesn’t appear to know much about the magic they contain to the point of handing an unmagical item over for investigation. Neir, the human, has got a malformation that he assures is magical however he refused to allow me to detect magic or identify. Without cause I refrained from further study. Verity the teifling bard is proud of her teifling heritage and has an elvish sword that would be activated by flame. Snuff appears to interested in activating the sword despite not having knowledge of the swords property, somewhat reckless in my opinion. Lucina appears to be a naïve eladrin but has a lot of magical items, more than the group and appears to me a wizard. Her aura places her ability similar to mine but her inventory was of interest also. Notably she gestured a clearly unmagical set of cards forward in the inventory check. I am still not certain on what I can place the surge of magical energy from the capital to.

Lucina is sending letters. Neir can cast gust and some healing but was splashing the crowds but tended to his mistakes.

The party have blamed me for their stupidity, they seem careless and powerful so I will watch from a distance.

Neir is from Dawnfall, a burned village which he seems uncomfortable talking about North West of Comorda

-Arron Lister

-Serdonicus has been in the nine hells and has brought a sword to ths realm from there

-The deck of many things are with the party split between serdonicus and the void card is with snuff a smoke genasi

- Lucina made a deal with the drow from serrel warden

- Serdonicus appeared in Ravensgate

-- Neir’s affliction if divine mutation from external, probably malicious deity, very extensive internally… changing his biology, worsening

I have encountered a group of dangerous individuals at Kamorda. I followed the group to Fool’s March where I discovered they are attempting to cross to Arca in an attempt to get to the Fey Wilds. Their group is led by an Eladrin Witch named Lucina. She is the niece of Aaron Lyster, who I believe to be a notable magical figure from the empire. The

#illustration #drawing #monochromatic #blackandwhite #edited #photoshop #hands #hand #claspedhands #thatwaywhenyouwakeupandyoudontwanttogobacktosleepbutitissixinthemorningandyoureallyshould #painted #paintedhands #fingers #handart #handsigns #extinction #rebellion #extinctionrebellion #XR #art

“Long have I heard the tales from those who wandered from the cavern out into the wastes for food, supplies and glory, of the frozen city in the north. The Ivory City. A city frozen in time.”

“After years of begging, finally I was able to accompany a group northwards who were tasked with looking for new supplies, whether that be for weapons or food or building material.”

“The journey north was arduous. The Frozen Waste of Arca has no mercy for those with warm blood. The endless blizzard is truly a miserable thing, many times as a sat on the back of an older Moorbounder, the desire to turn back south was insatiable. But common sense dictates I would get lost and die in the cold, miles from home.”

“We had set out as a party of 15, 5 of the group had made the journey many times before, and led the way north. Some were very young, excited, nothing about the cold seemed to phase them. They were the first to die. We lost 3 when we were set upon by a group of Ice Trolls, they younglings tried to fight these vicious beasts, but were quickly knocked from their Moorbounders by the trunk of a tree swung by one of the trolls, bones cracking, spines broken.

There were far too many to fight, so the rest of us fled northwards at pace, leaving the trolls to feast on those who had fallen. We lost another 2 to the cold, dying in their sleep as we stopped to rest the next day.”

“Finally, with 10 of our party left including myself, though all by this point were weary, the beginnings of a structure were visible through the storm. It was the towers and turrets I noticed first, black and grey against the snow. As we moved closer, the scale of this city lost to the storm became clear, this city was 5 times the size of Hallen, and far more intricate in it’s design and architecture, beautiful artwork was carved into the stone of many buildings, covered in places by ice and snow, Elvish it its intricate details. I had to see more.”

“The group were resistant to this, suggesting there was nothing more to find and that we should turn back, that other, more sinister creatures called the city their home now. Their words did not register as I delved deeper into the Ivory City, making hurried notes where I could with numb fingers.”

“I heard a terrible low growl just as I realised I lost sight of the rest of the group, and was set upon by strange, elf and wilden like creatures with burning blue eyes and a strange purple discoloration to their skin. Dozens of them. They attacked with a viciousness that suggested they had no sense of self-preservation. Strange purple icur dripped from their bodies that burned when it came into contact with flesh. Just as I was sure this place would also become my tomb, my attackers were gone, the rest of the group reappearing to batter and hack at the creatures, I was pulled upwards onto a Moorbounder and the group fled southwards.”

“The creatures gave chase until the Moorbounders were out of sight, too quick for them to follow far thankfully. It was only when we reached Hallen following a further 3 days of travel did I realise we had lost another 4 from the group in my rescue. Of our party of 15, only 6, including myself, returned from that place.”

“I am certain there is far more to see in that frozen city, far more to be gained, but I have never been allowed on an expedition there since, and they are a rare occurrence in themselves. It is a city that by its very nature seems determined to ward off intruders.”