

Undermountain, Day 1

I've decided to chronicle our delving into Undermountain. I plan to write in this journal nightly, or least each time we rest. Syranna says she'll know when night falls -- something about how moon elves always know when the stars shine -- but I think she said that just to make me feel better. She's usually so cold though; maybe she said it to make herself feel better.

Anyway, this is our first rest since climbing down from the Yawning Portal. It's funny. I've been in and out of that bar since I was a teenager. I always said I'd come down here but I never really believed it. Here I am Undermountain. You heard me boasting for so long, and now I'm here.

It's cold down here. Durgal says we shouldn't light a fire. He says there's nowhere for the smoke to go, and that it will attract predators. He knows more about living underground than the rest of us put together, so we're taking his word for it. The damn dwarf is snoring right now. We're in the middle of Undermountain, the most famous death trap in the world, and he's curled up on the floor like he's asleep in the cushiest bed at the Blushing Nymph.

For a deathtrap it hasn't been that bad so far. We moved from the well to the room with all the pillars. Haravven wanted to ignore the warnings on the wall, but in the end we took a vote and headed west through a hall of mirrors. Damn but they were eerie. I'd heard that hall was down here, but I just wasn't expecting to actually see it.

It was a shock when the skeleton reflection started attacking Cecil, but it didn't seem to hurt him, and Thrent didn't detect any undead with his spell. It was an illusion like mages sometimes conjure up at town fairs to wow the hayseeds. We laughed at it, but still, damn eerie.

Undermountain, Day 2

We had our first fight today, and almost our second. We met a group of goblins wandering through the halls. The first sign was an arrow that missed Haravven by an inch. Syranna threw a light spell down the hall and we could see that there were eight of them, one more than our number. We had no cover so there was nothing to do but charge them. They charged too, and we met in the middle with a tremendous clash of weapons and shields. The fighting was fierce, but it went quickly. They

clearly didn't expect us to be such good fighters. Even Syranna weighed in with her staff and took down the last one.

We started to loot the bodies and Cecil seemed really anxious. He wanted to get moving because he thought the fight might have attracted something worse. He's always so paranoid, we didn't really think about it. Then something worse came.

It was a troll! A real troll! I've seen orcs, and goblins, and kobolds and such, and once I saw some ogres from a distance, but I've never actually seen a troll before. They're ugly bastards; no wonder they're so mean.

Anyway, it came up from behind us and we backed away. Durgal wanted to kill the thing. He kept shouting things at it in the giant's tongue, but Thrent cast a silence spell on us, and we dragged Durgal away. The troll rushed up after us but it didn't get more than a few feet from the dead goblins. No doubt it didn't want to leave such an easy meal.

Well, we're resting now so Syranna and Thrent can get back their spells. Once they're ready we'll get moving again. It doesn't do to stay too long in one place in Undermountain.

Undermountain, Rest 3

Haravven is dead. It was a trap, right in the middle of a long hall. One second he was walking right behind me, and the next, well the next second he was dead. A blade came out of the ceiling and it --

Anyway, none of us could bear to leave him in the hall to be troll food.

Well, none of us but Cecil. That rat wanted to take his things and leave him behind. We're not going to do that. We're not going to treat him like some dirty goblin.

We've turned about, and we're heading back to the well. Durgal seems pretty sure we're heading in the right direction.

Undermountain, Rest 4

I hate Cecil. He won't help carry Haravven, and he keeps on saying the smell of him is keeping something on our trail. Every now and then he claims to hear something behind us. How can he be so crass? If he calls us fools once more, I swear I'll gut him and leave him to delay the supposed menace.

I'm tired, and writing isn't making me feel better. I'll try again ~~tomorrow~~ next rest.