

Once more I put pen to paper to record more of my strange adventures travelling with the valley militia. As before my writings shall be made available to the locals, I shall hold the original scroll for inclusion in the royal archives when I return home.

I say when yet as the year draws to an end I have found no trace of my master nor any indication of his fate. Despite the generous support of the city of wolfhold and its skilled wayfarers there has been no evidence of sir Beryvus nor of who attacked him. Most strange in a land where folk boast of their deeds be they fair or foul.

Anyway I sit in the warmth of an inn located in an area called the aldonar tombs with a log fire warming the room and a goblet of fine drink beside me to record the events of the last few days. A time here called all hallows when the sleepless dead walk more often upon the land.

I was asked to join a small patrol of mixed folk from the three cities and travel here scouting the area. The patrol was under the command of militia sergeant orlando and the following.

Cullain, Dorric, Abishanti. Scouts and all round useful skirmishers
Mavan, Jack. Healers.

Mirri something or other. A pink fluffy wanderer who I was surprised to learn comes from the city of wolfhold

Rook, elf warrior, skilled with a blade.

Stoat, Kalliste. Warriors in the line of battle

Lupa, passionate warrior who still needs to learn how to parry.

Saryne, raving fanatic who's chaotic behaviour threatened the party several times.

As we patrolled through the woods we came upon a small group of dymwan who asked us not to go futher. There was some talking but on the whole things were far more peacefull than previous encounters I had seen between the valley militia and these people. Then, of course, the fanatic charged into the back of the group of dymwan screaming his wacry of death to the undead or some such and the fight was started. Part way through the fight all went dark and when I recovered use of my limbs the fight was done.

After recovering from this battle we resumed our patrol only to encounter a second group of dymwan. Much strangeness involving cheese or ham sandwiches followed before yet again the chaotic behaviour of the fantic led to battle. Part way through the fight I could a glimpse of a ghoulish rushing toward my back and all went dark.

After the many paralysed people had recovered we found the dymwan had withdrawn, after all the valley had started the fight when they were being peaceful. Anyway a few of them came back and when the group refused requests to leave the fight started again. This time it went better with the valley militia victorious. The skirmishers were able to run down and kill the ghoul leaving the fighting line able to crush the enemy.

Oh and the pink fluffy one was left dying requiring use of a potion called an elixier to save her.

Eventually we came to the Inn where we were to meet with others from the alliance cities. However the place was full of powerful undead, a discern showed a zombie warrior, several fetchs and some more powerful types. Not hostile to us though. Some in the group called for us to fight our way inside to see what had happened to the more powerfull group who should have been here. I seemed to be the only voice of reason calling for us to withdraw as we could not prevail against so many powerful enemies.

The undead tried to talk with us and despite several of the group attacking them did not attack us. Much shouting and confusion from the militia. One of the fetches, an evil looking one at that, kept trying to flank us but was called back by the more powerful undead. Clearly they wanted no fight which made the stupidity of the fanatic and the others who attacked all the worse. Faced by the constant provocation some of the undead took down several of the group and carried them into the Inn. Cries for a suicidal charge were heard to rescue orlando and the others and my efforts to reason with the group and withdraw to see what was happening and to gain reinforcements from the more powerful alliance people in the area fell on deaf ears. Then I was struck hard on the back of the head as I tried to dodge aside I was struck several more times. All went dark for the third time that night.

When I awoke after being healed it was to find other alliance folk all round and the rest of the patrol safe and sound. I was told that we had been affected by a powerful spell of illusion that made those within the Inn seem to be undead. Thus the fanatic and those others who had attacked had in fact been hitting their own friends. Perhaps that will teach them not to attack undead at will. Perhaps not.

During the evening we rested and fed on the fine spread laid out for us, interrupted by an undead attack, another group of alliance who thought we were undead and a few visitors from the alliance. I talked with many present. Sergeant Orlando's patrol was also asked to head out in the morning to meet with an important person from the city of wolfhould and guard him on his mission.

There was a head present on an altar in the Inn building, this was the focal point for the ritual that was creating the undead illusion, it was behind a powerful ward and the more powerful people were going to investigate this further on the morrow.

Some politicking went on and a few meetings which I was not part of. Also an invitation for someone from the white retreat to meet in the woods, something to do with slave trading. I retired for the night, well to be accurate early morning.

Sunrise found someone stomping up and down the Inn calling for someone to guard the door. I rose, dressed and armed and went to take station on the front door. Slowly the others roused themselves and more guards arrived. I had the opportunity to speak with several of the fanatics while standing guard, the older more experienced ones seem less chaotic and were actually willing to talk to me. Well somewhat anyway. One called Cyric or Cyrith was even willing to debate the subject of using undead with me although he had to cast which cut our talk short. Some of the others, called the sword, spoke to me and even agreed that their order was not a martial order as they were not honourable. They said that they were willing to be honourable except with the undead but did agree with me that honour is something you have or do not have and an honourable person is always honourable no matter what or who he deals with. I still find it amazing that they feel my people should have allowed themselves to be slaughtered rather than use undead in our armies to protect ourselves. But a fanatic is still a fanatic even if they are a more civilised and polite fanatic.

While on the subject of fanatics, Orlando's pet fanatic arrived and I asked him if he was going to obey the sergeant's orders or would he continue with his chaotic behaviour and attack any undead. After much time wasting he finally answered that yes he would ignore lawful orders. I hope that Orlando deals with this madman soon before his rash actions and fanatics zeal leads to the deaths of others in the group.

Finally all were ready and we set forth into a cold, wet and blustery day.

Having travelled no more than a few minutes from the Inn we spotted a group of undead in the distance heading for the building. They would not pass anywhere near us unless some idiot attracted their attention. Fortunately no one did. While we watched them an elf warrior, rook, came up to join us and we continued on our patrol.

Later on we encountered a group called kalid who attacked us, claiming we were undead. These were dealt with quickly. With our few wounds tended we continued on our patrol only to encounter some goblin/orc types who saw us and ran off apart from one who for some reason attacked one of our scouts and who was slain by the scout in return.

Then some dymwan who's undead attacked us. Dorric demonstrated a lethal attack move which he seems most skilled with, he ran behind one of the dymwan, stabbed him in the back and continued on his way as the body fell. A well struck blow. For the first time this morning I was hit by a ghoul and paralyzed.

Our patrol continued with more skirmishing against the undead and again my recollection was cut short by the blow of a ghoul.

Then in the depths of the woods we came upon a goblin, or more correctly he came upon us as he ran into our midst screaming for help. He was followed up by a pair of highly skilled men in black without any identification. They dodged my blows and the blows of others, struck several down and then left with the goblin in the mud. Mayvan seemed dead but then recovered from what was a strange potion effect. The others were healed and the goblin who had been playing dead gave us a very short speech. Handed us a box that he carried and then ran off again saying that if the killers wanted the box then he would be safe but if they wanted him then he had to run away anyway.

His little speech identified himself, one hardcash, the goblin king's treasurer, his mission, to take the box to the tall lady in the clearing over the hill beyond the woods and his current state, scared and running away.

As he was, at the time anyway, a senior member of the city of wolfhold we agreed to continue his mission.

We continued through the woods and with no more than a brief skirmish or two made our way to the hill and the clearing beyond. Here from our vantage point on the hill we saw a great circle marked in the grass, a tall woman in the center and a ring of dymwan and undead about her. As we approached she called her servants to her but did not attack.

She was presented with the box and opened it, she read the letter within then took wolfhold city colours from the box and put them on. Her followers seemed stunned by this and milled around confused. She then ordered us to kill them which cleared up any confusions they had. She then stood and observed to battle. Once combat was done wounds were healed and the pink one

was once again treated with an elixier.

As we returned to the Inn I took the opportunity to speak with the lady, Mortifearer by name who was a high priestess of necromancy and had been invited to take over as head of the sect in wolfhold. She seem intelligent, charming, powerful and of course of a similar attitude towards the undead to myself. It is pleasant to speak to someone without expecting them to start ranting at you about undead being evil.

We were attacked by one sizeable group as we crossed the hill again. Just before combat started the enemy lined up and it was clear they had several skeletons with them. I called for those with maces to engage the skeletons while those of us with swords took on the humans. Once again my words were unheeded as the fight started and those with maces attacked the priests while those with swords stood with me and fended off the blows of the skeletons.

After a somewhat typical rabble like performance the group got more organised and managed to destroy the undead and priests.

Back through the woods and nearly to the way station when we came upon a human being followed by two undead. He claimed to be one of monks me and said he didn't know why the undead were following him but that they would protect him and could we get rid of them please. A number of people seemed willing to try and a fight ensued. A fight that was watched by myself, malvan and the lady Mortifearer from a little way up the path as none of us saw any reason for this fight to happen. After the party was soundly defeated they withdrew to heal up and then for reason that defy logic they attacked again after not being able to hurt the undead during the first battle. In the end the man ran off saying he would return later to see if the more experienced alliance people could help.

With our healing wasted by the last, pointless fighting and all of us wounded we returned to the Inn.

I sat and spoke with her ladyship for a while until a wolfhold scout arrived to escort her back to the city.

The more experience groups arrived over the early evening and we spoke much about the days activities.

Also the Inn staff provided a fine evening meal.

Well fed we were given another mission to undertake, it seems that the dymwan were preparing a much more powerful version of the ritual we had found here at the Inn. The more powerful groups were going to disrupt this group and as a first step we were required to take the head to a prepared area where the ritual on it could be destroyed. Then we were to join the others as they ventured onto the plane of the sleepless dead to directly attack the greater ritual.

We took the head and travelled into the woods, searching for the hut where the head was to be placed. After much backtracking our scouts guided us to the building which had been made ready. The head was placed within a cross of lit candles and we stood guard to prevent any interference. The first attack was a patrol of morgothians who fell to our blades. They were followed by undead who attacked the back of the building then after much banging of windows they assailed the front where we stood guard.

Eventually something began to happen, the lights flickered, those in the party who could heal were pulled into the building and malvan was repelled away. Then the candles went out and as we left the doors slammed shut. We returned to the Inn and linked up with the others to travel to a portal which the dymwan has set up nearby.

The portal was guarded by undead which were engaged and destroyed by the combined might of the alliance. We then crossed into the plane of the sleepless dead and walked to the place where the ritual was taking place. Here we found a circle of dymwan and many powerful guardian undead.

We advanced to battle and I found myself parrying the mighty blows of several powerful undead. At this point I realised I had advanced with the more powerful group and the sergeant and the militia patrol had stopped a little way ack. I withdrew to join them and fought between them and one of the other groups covering their flank. Our scouts were active skirmishing while the bulk of the patrol held a circle aided and protected by dark and devlin. At one point in the battle I was attacked by a ghast and recovered standing in the fighting line of the circle where whoever pulled me back had left me. I again joined battle and was able to engage a warrior zombie type, keeping it away from the backs of the group fighting beside us. The battle went well for a while as the slow but very heavy blows of the zombie were easy to block and I landed

many blows in return. Then I was flanked by a ghaſt who had burſt through orlando's patrol and paralyzed my as he attacked the group I was covering the flank of.

Once more I recovered to find the battle done and all returning to the portal before it closed. We made it through and returned to the Inn. Here we talked over the days events, munched on the plentiful chicken from the evening meal and generally relaxed. After chatting with the others for while I retired.