

Those who attended this mission were as follows:

**Wolfhold**

Kevralyn Soulfire, 26th Wizard of House Tumdurgul; Puke, Priest of the F

**White□ Retreat**

Mercutio, Crusader; Woolf, Warrior; Trill, White Path Healer; Harry, Seeker;

**Valley□ Alliance**

Piskie, Druid; Wheech, Druid; Fairiel, Druid; Tir-Analion Landward, Druid; Lu

The mission was jointly sponsored by the Seekers, and the Druids.

Daedalus Ebonheart, 15th Sorcerer of House Tumdurgul, had deduced the location of another Shadow Disk. We set out for the far South-East of Orin Rakatha - to Lostgate Wood.

**The First Evening**

Growing close to our intended destination, we encountered a group of that most despicable Sect of the Kalid, the "Children of the Brood". As to be expected, they had with them some of their vile cross-creations. When they learnt that there was a "dark elf" on the party, they offered to let our group pass: so long as I would accompany with their group. Still, our party were unconvinced that we should attack, particularly the elven druid Tir, (despite that I reminded him that a group from this Sect had previously killed a Valley druid – Harim Thornycroft – and then started a Ritual of Corruption on his remains). Eventually their wolf-spider beast grew too close, next began webbing people, and we dispatched their number.

We were then accosted by a small group of goblins. I did not trust them at all, and after a couple of minutes that the conversation was not seen to be progressing, I laid into them with my magma blade. Unfortunately I was alone in this action, and was temporarily beaten back. Not much later, a nearby goblin mysteriously developed an unadulterated fear of my presence and fled from the scene. Again, no-one else was willing to make a stand... we then beheld a group of Shadow People drawn to our presence and set forward to destroy them. At this moment, one of the goblins chose to slit Tir's throat. This is interesting, because Tir had been the most vocal about not attacking them. The only information of any gain was that apparently their leader, "The Great Green Goblin", resides nearby.

A waystation became apparent in the distance. A place of shelter seemed apt at this time of night, and there were two occupants – again, both of the COTB Sect. They offered us their hospitality, freely. Again, our naïve companions believed in this offer. I cornered the deputy and tried to wean some information from him, but he was not particularly forthcoming. All of a sudden, they both turned upon us all - a quick throatslit kicking off a short fight. That they sought to do so while they were greatly outnumbered, rather than when we were abed seems somewhat of a strange action, but that they were of the COTB demonstrates that they could not be of a sound mind, in any case. Amazingly, our companions demanded that we hold back from killing their powerdrained leader, as they believed he could still help us. Puke and his mace soon saw to that fanciful notion.

Some of their notes lay atop the table. These documented the recent experiments that these COTB had been carrying out, which mentioned the Shadow Disk and that a group of drow were in the area making enquiries about said disk. Apparently, the COTB leader had temporarily lost hold of the disk to some hordelings, but had since recovered it. The COTB were particularly interested in acquiring drow for their experiments, due to – and I quote – "the superior intelligence [of this race]". The only drow that they had *actually* managed to capture were from House Dranath, and these they had already begun combining with trolls, using the magical properties of the Shadow Disk as some sort of siphon.

The notes also contained some unfamiliar rune-encoded sentences, which the Seekers Harry and Caradac deciphered the next morning. These told of how the COTB had been performing various abhorrent experiments on a group of nymphs. The exact details of these activities are quite grotesque; the outcome was that one of them gave birth to some monstrous "Abortion Of Nature" within days. The notes also recorded that the nymphs suffered extreme agony over the course of these few days.

Later that night, we were visited by some goblins, who were trying to organise - if that can be

said to be the word - some resistance "against suppression". One of them, calling himself "Jackie Colchis, Sorcerer of the Yellow School", obstructed me while I tried to cast a fireskin upon another party member (which had required a ritual ceremony beforehand). Personally, I would advise that actions of this kind only invite oppression, as opposed to discouraging it. Interestingly enough, my enquiries determined that the favourite spell of this alleged "Yellow Sorcerer" was... Trip. Eventually, he confessed that he was a Seeker "in disguise" (despite that he was wearing the colours of the Valley Alliance Tower on his face). Eventually the goblins left, save for one that they referred to as "Her", who was carrying a baby.

## The Second Day

The next morning, we departed the waystation with one purpose: to hunt down those of the Children of the Brood. It did not take long before we encountered a group of Kalid, cowering behind a fence. Once most of the party had climbed over this obstacle, it was not long before they were dispatched. Travelling on, we encountered a Broodmaster with some of his vile creations. As usual, my presence invoked some excitement; his monsters attacked the party and we slew them. Whether it were him or another Kalid Broodlord that we discovered next in a small wooden hideout, I could not now say, but more beast-slaughtering was the order of the day. This Priest had a wand through which he was causing fear to many of the party. Eventually we trapped him in his shack, I lobbed in a curse, and he was beaten to death.

Within the shack we found a severed head, which someone rather distastefully decided to impale on the branch of a tree. I believe it was at this point that the Shadow Disk was also recovered. After much indecision, some of the druids sat down to commune with nature, and we all rested back some power. We were then approached by a hordeling who had been crossed with a Salamander. He complained of the Fire burning within, which he found a constant source of distress, and expressed a desire to return to his former hordeling-self. He was also interested in us wiping out some nearby COTB settlements. As far as I was concerned, we were going to do that anyway.

We returned to the building for some supplies, and I identified some items that we had collected. We then set out with the Salamander-hordeling to the next COTB base; en-route we were waylaid by some more Kalid. The base came into sight, atop a hill. A group of Kalid watched as we ascended the hill. They were quite happy for me to approach; some of my fellows had the wit to come up with a plausible excuse for their presence. The Kalid did indeed grow suspicious as the entire group piled over the barbed fence which separated them from us, but by then their deaths were imminent. After a vicious battle, only their leader remained, and

he had a hostage. The hostage – whom we could not see – called out that he was a Pathfinder from the Valley Alliance Tower. The leader made a bid for escape; I bound him to the ground while he was half-over the fence, and in this awkward circumstance his fighting was severely hampered and we cut him down. Returning to the building, the “Pathfinder” emerged. Actually, his name was Amadar Windtalker, 12th Wizard of House Dranath. I engaged him in some conversation; seems he didn’t have a focus. A pity, indeed. He was apparently quite content to die, and we – well, some of us – were quite happy to oblige.

We fought off further Kalid, then sat down to meditate/mnemonic. During that time, Mercutio spotted an assassin hiding in the bushes. Throwing caution to the wind, he charged after him. Unfortunately, the assassin made short work of the elven warrior.

We then made our way down a treacherously-steep embankment to the final COTB base. Their leader was delighted to see me – “Ah! You have brought me a dark elf!” he exclaimed. “Excellent! Do not kill the Drow,” he ordered his associates. One of my colleagues then decided to inform them of his elven heritage. “Kill the elf!” was the retort. The longest battle then followed. It appeared that we had interrupted a Ritual to corrupt Nature in some form. Several times, they tree-charmed some of our group (they can be broken out of this enchantment, in a similar way to the blue spell Sleep). A sword component of the Ritual proved harmful to the druids, and the undoing of Tir Landward. We were ultimately victorious but at a cost – Fairiel had lost her connection to the Nature Sphere, and three of our fellows were dead: Luples, Tir, and Mercutio. Having no means ofelixirizing them, we returned bearing their bodies and belongings back to the waystation.

As dusk approached, so did a figure: a Mor Silvani Shriever named Jamal Ferozen. He could command some druidic invocations, and offered to reincarnate the dead party members as animals. In the end he resurrected the three, although Mercutio took badly to returning to the land of the living and started attacking Harry the Seeker in the kitchen. A powerdrain quickly put paid to that, and Mercutio was somewhat calmer when he regained consciousness.

Apparently the Mor Silvani are looking to re-home their race on our plane, and are now considering Annach Morrannonil a possibility (this makes a change from their previous stance). They are looking for safe havens on the land, and had been speaking to the Kalid. This Shriever had of late spent several days with some of House Dranath, to observe their ways. He spent about ten minutes with us in this regard, before departing.

We were harried by some Shadow People; later we became aware of a couple of drow assassins lurking outside, although they fled when we went outside to investigate. Then a delegation of local druids arrived to speak with us; with them was the nymph who had suffered the COTB experiments. She restored Fairiel's connection to the Nature Sphere. Another strange creature present was a were-ape. This group of druids – calling themselves "The Druids' Alliance", if I recall correctly – spent a long time discussing what to do about the COTB problem. I think they eventually resolved that they would not tolerate the actions of the COTB, but would not wipe out all their miscreations (such as the salamander-hordeling who was standing outside next to the fire). They departed, and the were-ape said he would send in some creatures to watch over our building so to ensure our safety. I believe he then left to set up a ward around the area.

The drow outside re-emerged, but would not give their names/ranks when challenged – apparently these were of no consequence (evidently). With them now was a creature of an elemental nature. Several animals also appeared. At the end of the battle, only our group remained standing. Apparently these animals were to be our protectors, and the were-ape (when he returned) was slightly distraught that we had slain them.

By my hand,

**Kevralyn Soulfire  
26th Wizard of House Tumdurgul.**