

Following the experiment a few moons back a group was put together to go and poke around the Valgrind Pass to see what fate befell the Vanishing Tower and what the fallout was. We were set to begin from the Vale of Dreams waystation a day's walk south of the tower proper. A small and elite team was organised as below;

- Drokak Greyspire
- Nathan
- Obelisk Grimfort
- Vallan
- Scarlet
- Theran Shendolan
- Kyle Om'Paq
- Kurt

Rather than try and do a blow by blow account given the short timeframes between now and heading back out I thought it best to try and summarise the main points of interest.

The Tower Itself

The vanishing tower does indeed appear to have been destroyed. There are clouds of dust, areas of rubble and sand which attest to the physical fall while areas that retain certain aspects of a towers metaphysical component seems to indicate that it hasn't simply disappeared. These areas were of particular interest. They varied in size although most we came across were the size of a large building or even larger. The effects within also varied ranging from being unable to cast power (and existing power effects would not work within), unable to cast power (and existing effects would not work within) to being unable to strike physically with a weapon or indeed combinations of two or all three effects. These areas also seem proof against the mists although certain larger and more powerful hordling types (Mist Shaman) seemed to be able to expel us from the protected area that was most "towerlike".

Melniboneans and Hepathologists

The College of Hepathology has ceded from the Wizards Concillium in protest against the vanishing towers destruction. They are gathering the remaining living Melniboneans to their banner in an attempt to save them. This appears to be in part due to the close ties between the College and the Vanishing Tower as it appear that much of the College's teaching went to (and came from) the Tower and owing to the nature of the WC (in that much of their status is made up of "visiting professors" and the like) there are likely to be a number of those from the VT who were resident with the WC during the destruction. While we came into conflict with the Melniboneans at almost every turn the College were content to allow us to exist provided we did not engage in conflict with them. We attempted to begin the process of developing a diplomatic relationship by healing one group of Melnibonean survivors and sending them to find the College camp in the hope that we can avoid having some else constantly trying to kick our heads in for (lets face it we've got enough coming up on our plates to worry about some pissed off homeless types).

In terms of Hepaths we met a few but no more than you might expect if the Melnobs were just poking around any area of Orin Rakatha. A couple of packs at most.

The Dymwan Incursion

Taking advantage of the massive loss of life resulting from the towers fall (more than 3300

confirmed dead) there was a considerable Dymwan presence in the area. The towers fall (combined with the opening of the gates) seems to now allow the Dymwan to once again summon minor undead spirits while not contained within the Oasis of Souls. This seemed to be further enhanced by some aspect of the Chaos resulting from the Towers fall meaning they could summon (although struggled to control) Lesser versions of undead you wouldn't expect to be able to exist. Examples encountered included. . Lesser Mummies (who could still Fatal you). . Lesser Wights . . and "Cosmic" Skeletal Warriors (not special named or nout, just bigger than greater).

It turns out that the Dymwan were essentially sending priests out to summon as many spirits as they could and then releasing them (as Necromancers have a limit to the number of undead they can control at any time which is directly tied to their power and influence) meanwhile other groups were building "attraction points" in order to gather these roaming undead together into a massive horde. Obviously given that this horde would be pointed directly at the Kern Valley (being at the bottom of Valgrind Pass) we were quick to Volunteer to assist the Halmadonians in it's destruction.

The controlling element of these Dymwan was one Lacrymosa, Chosen Knight of Calex Wraithspawn. Who was engaged in combat and eventually mortally slain (lets face it I wouldn't put it past them to come back going mwuahahaha this was all part of my dastardly plan to be a Deathknight!) and the ritual points destroyed.

Halmadonians

We met a member of the Watchers sect who was actually very cordial. Over the course of a number of separate conversations it became clear that he is part of a faction who are playing the "Long Game" as it were and are not as fervently opposed to the Ascension as Sir Danus and his lot of crazy zealots. I doubt we will see any support from that area but it may not prove necessary to engage and kill them as a matter of course. After destroying the Dymwan rituals a number of items were returned to them for destruction or containment (ropes and ritual casting materials primarily). Being of a specific necromantic bent it was felt that there wasn't much we'd want with them anyway and they were therefore a cheap price to sweeten a diplomatic relationship.

Hordlings

As previously mentioned the destruction of the tower resulted in a fairly substantial number of hordlings being in the area. Of particular note were two Mist Shaman seeking to make sure no-one tried to "act like towered folk when they weren't" which I assume was a reference to using the left over "safe havens" to protect them (us) from the mists.

Pordaradrim

We spent a few hours taking advantage of a Pordaradrim guide who we assisted in exchange for a safe passage back through the mists to the Vale of Dreams. He was (as you might expect) gathering rare plant samples from the area as they had previously struggled to enter while the Vanishing Tower was in residence. We gathered a few for him. He was also interested in animals and had an interesting rope which could be used to send back a "subdued" creature to some sort of holding pen. First time I've seen them gathering animals. One of the phrases that did take me fancy was talk of an (the?) Ark. It was a term used to refer to where the plant and animal samples were being taken/stored. Whether this was a physical area or part of the tower wasn't clear.

River People

Rumours of their genocide were greatly exaggerated. We met a small band of their folk (although there were more in the area) who were trying to gather the “fragments of the song” from the Vanishing Tower. In this we did assist by carrying with us a cup which we placed some water in and activated within the areas of the broken tower that remained “odd”. These gathered fragments (which we couldn’t hear because apparently we don’t listen right although I blame years of hitting an anvil without ear protection. . I should sue) were apparently captured in the water and then when the water of spilt it was “returned” to . . . somewhere. I’ve got a Theory (it’s not bunnies) that would be published alongside this report which expands on this thinking somewhat.

I would also add that I have extended a hand of friendship to the River Folk and when the Cataclysm occurs I have invited them to find us and offered our aid in protecting them. Before anyone says I’m going soft they are still apparently the way to get to the Central Isle (you know to claim a tower) so I figured it’s best they come to us rather than having to chase them down rivers to get a lift. The fella we spoke too also mentioned a figure a number of times known as “The Master of Lore”. He seems to be related to the songs of the land in some way. During a threeway conversation between ourselves, the WC and the River people the conversation seemed to suggest the the Master of Lore was a Mystic but the River Folk were very cagey whenever such things were discussed.

Shadowfall

Generally miserable. The ones we met were followers of Whoreson so we didn’t kill them out of hand. They spoke of the “The Master of Lore” stating we “we recognise him if we saw him” and then doing the usual chin strokey “I’m superior to you” bit when pressed on the matter. Think they may still be sore about the whole voice of the mystics thing. **Kalid**

We tried to be reasonable. They were cocks. We killed them.