

A report by Hamish Mcpherson as dictated to Librarian Cartwright.

[My apologies for the state of this report, it was dictated by a half drunk barbarian whose accent did not make my job easier, Librarian Cartwright]

We were sent out on a mission to tick some boxes and investigate some triangles. On the mission there was

- Delta
- Wolf
- Tornado
- Drokal
- Drieden
- Malice
- Syl
- Kelorin
- Hamish
- Dougal
- Tir

To get to the boxes we had to go through a triangle [I can only suppose that this is the Icathian triangle which the party investigated, C] which proved much harder than it should when our scouts got lost. This started the who is the best scout game which everybody lost by getting lost. There is much good to be said about Grandmaster Delta, Oracle of the Bloodwind, Eminent Monk and all round badass but his eyesight is not what it used to be [these are Hamish's words not my own, C].

Once in the triangle we all started feeling crap and had weird visions about things like bugs in your skin and not wanting to kill people. There were shadow creatures and a prawn faced thing. In the end, because Drieden isn't a high priest of all the spheres (get it sorted) Wolf had to call on Humact (Humact hear my call, in Humact's light we walk) to keep us a bit safe and we could tick the triangle and move on. My advice to anyone else who has to go there is to take along a better high priest. I think that was everything for the first day.

The first box to tick was at a place where no-one could get into. Except apparently Tornado who managed to get everyone in. And some lady who might have been two people who was also trapped there inside her own little bubble. I forget how we got into that. She wanted to play a

game of questions where we got to ask her some questions and she got to ask us some questions. She was rubbish at answering and didn't know what the difference between a Weasel and a Stoat is [I made the mistake of asking what the difference was, I assure you that it is not worth it, C] We found out where the scrolls were. Somebody called The Collector had them but would trade them for screaming things in shiny things. Having worked out this meant souls in a jar and not pregnant ladies we set off to find some. On the way out there were some chatty Shadowsfall but by the time we came back they had changed into stabby Shadowsfall. They thought we had something, probably the scrolls. I did a spot of floor investigating and must say it looked very nice.

We had one of the more forgivable instances of scouting failure when we scouted out some people in white with blue hoods. There was discussion about how that didn't match any nation until we met them and found out they were entirely new! For future scouts they had white robes, blue hoods and a blue half sun on their face. They were called Cold Dawn and seemed nice. One of them fought Kellorin as part of a Knight thing, not sure if you can have night and dawn at the same time but they seemed ok with it. It was a close fight till the Dawn bloke healed himself and Kellorin gave up about half a second after that.

Oh and at some point there was a rain dance. Some lizard people needed help making water and despite our efforts, pissing in the empty stream bed did not help enough. So there was some dodgy magic and then a dance with a wave and then down came the rain. and down it continued to fall in torrents and buckets and cats and dogs until everything was soaking. by far the most successful ritual ever!

Then later there was a vision thing. A Halmadonian lady came running in and talked about someone getting stabbed. Then a whole bunch of Aldonar people followed her and then some people got very stabbed for a bit. Apparently this was not actually real because the Aldonar are all dead. They turned up again later. Exactly the same group! This was some sort of vision so the second time we bravely handed over the Halmadonian and then bravely stood by and watched as they killed her and put her soul into a jar. I think this is how we got the jar but there might have been something else involved.

Oh and there was a Mist gate, I almost mist that. [The only thing worse than having a barbarian try to be funny is having him try to explain the joke and then making you write it down, C] We were able to obtain one standard issue Gob which apparently you need for doing this. He also did wonders for the front line, possibly because he more than doubled the status, volume and width of the line on his own. The only downside to this ritual is that the closer we got, the more intelligent Gob got. Turns out that if he has the brains to think about it then Gob is a right dick.

He and Tir had a bit of a bitch and Tir had a bit of a strop but we got there, did the ritual and gave the guardians a stonking load of powers and other gubbins. What really did it was the psy. Once the ritual was done we demonstrated the Valley tactical withdrawal. Also the floor near the new mist gate is very nice. I recommend a look if you are ever there. Next box ticked.

We had a bonus box to go and help Wolf reconnect with a node of Humact (Humact hear my call, in Humact light we walk.) Apparently there were some Humacti stuck somewhere and when we activated the shire we had to rush to some sort of vision to help defend them. There were a lot of undead, a spot of floor investigating and apparently we managed to save them or let them be saved. Or possibly just helped for a bit. It was not very clear. Bonus box ticked.

The final box was still there to be ticked and we had the soul in a bottle from the Halmadonian woman. There was a lot of discussion about moral stances and whether someone's soul was worth some scrolls. The only resident of the marketplace said that it was and since that was our mission we decided to make the trade. We tracked The Collector to a ruined building complete with residential bats that circled around his head. Not great omens. We handed over the soul and got the scrolls in return. As soon as he had the scroll he went off cackling like a true loony. We once again gave our best demonstration of the valley tactical withdrawal.

In the other general groups we had met in the area there were Labyrinth drones who were expected because we were near their nation and Forgotten who were less expected. You might think that I would make make the obvious joke about not mentioning them before but [Here Hamish launched into what can only be described as a rant, I have recorded the gist of it only, C] That joke was not funny the first time someone made it. It has become less funny each subsequent time. I have a large collection of much better jokes [Debatable, C] that I will gladly supply if we can please, collectively as a nation, stop making the forgotten, Forgotten joke.

Anyway they turned up on mass to try and collect the scrolls that they somehow magically knew that we had. Dodgy stuff magic. A long drawn out scattered fight followed. After a lot of floor investigating by a lot of people we eventually killed everyone except the leader who apparently could not be hurt. Then we tried again and apparently she now could be hurt. She did not last long after that.

So we ticked the triangle, the mist gate box, the secret bonus Humacti box and the box of scrolls. All round a success.

More detailed information can be found in the pub in exchange for beer.

Hamish