

The Sacred Swords and their comrades were on their way to meet with a representative from the Otomi people when we encountered some Hordlings. Things deteriorated rapidly as we discovered that the Hordlings were huge and seemingly endless. Our group was split and there was nothing I could do but consolidate my smaller group and try to find help. I was aware that the Wraiths head waystation was nearby and that the KVA would already have people there on business. We pushed on through the remaining Hordlings and made it to the waystation where we discovered High Priest Puke in charge of a mixed group of Wolfholders.

He was not entirely pleased to see us, as we were not entirely pleased to be there. I ascertained the situation, the men took a rest whilst I tried to organise a rescue party for our absent friends. It soon became clear that we would not be able to find our friends before the morning and that the events happening here at the Wraiths head required the attention of the Sacred Swords. At the waystation we were attacked by more Hordlings, who, after they had died had a residual radial power draining effect, similar to void hordlings.

It soon became clear that the Dymwan were in the area performing some sort of ritual, the void hordlings seemingly being a side effect of their actions. Being near the Ikarthian triangle it was clear that they were once again trying to harness the five points of power that exist within it (previously used to create and control the darkwind). I believe that this is possible due to their reactivation following Alabrions ascension to aspect of the Wolf involving a ritual associated with the five families of the Valdemar. Of course, the gathered Wolfholders were there to assist them in this matter as part of the Dymwan-Wolfhold alliance. I was at once resolved to prevent the Dymwan plan from coming to fruition regardless of the consequences. I felt it was only right to inform High Priest Puke of our intention.

We took our rest and I was awoken in the morning by a whispering wind that carried a message for me from the others in our group. They were together and well apart from Djim and Verrik who were still missing. I roused the men ready to try and recover our friends, and to stop the Dymwan from whatever they were up to. Puke and assassins Roban, Ygarl and Tanis joined the Swords along with Druid Tersius, whilst Viosh lead the other group.

Immediately we encountered undead including Arboreal constructs, a crimson tender, a

will-o-wisp and wood ghouls, all of which we dispatched in short order. Then we came upon elite morsilvani, some still dressed in Shadow Keep colours. As ever these were tough opponents but they were slain before their master a Dymwan High Priest showed up. We spoke with her on the matter of the Hordlings and she allowed us to continue on our way.

We then came across a group of Easterlings with whom Roban negotiated. Tersius and I were summoned over as representatives of the VA tower and the White retreat. I agreed that we would fight against the Kalid Swordsworn should the need arise and we went on our way. I must confess that I felt a chill run down my spine when this was shook upon.

We pressed on fighting more arboreal constructs and regular undead until we came across some friendly hordlings who granted us an audience with a mistweaver. First, we had to fight an Ettin and a goblin that once slain began to emanate the power draining effect- were the Dymwan trying to affect the mists and the Hordlings again? The mistweaver arrived and explained that the Dymwan were corrupting the points of power with their ritual and that order and balance on Orin Rakatha was at risk. She appealed to us to intervene and we agreed. She also spoke of our lost friends and indicated that they were safe and would be released if we were able to stop the ritual.

Relieved that our friends were alive we headed back to the Waystation, En route we were stopped by a large group of aggressive Shadowsfall. We didn't want to fight them but they were determined so after a short negotiation they attacked us starting with a flurry of scrolls and potions effectively negated by Sorcerer Rancor. The fight was long and hard with both sides holding well. We pushed and got a kill, then a few of them left saying they were after the other group. The fight fractured and went against us though we were able to pursue those who had gone after Viosh's lot and prevent them from getting killed. Tanis needed an elixir.

Since leaving the Wraiths head, its magical defences had been activated. There were now a beguiling goodly undead spirit and three elementals. Rancor dealt with the elementals but the spirit proved to be most annoying- I still have no idea how we dispatched it- in the end almost everyone hid up trees and offered it sweets and fruits. Tired and hungry we eventually made it in and took our rest.

Fed and watered with a few invocations cast we set out as a group to disrupt the Dymwan ritual at the nearest point of power. I made Roban take command of the Assassins so that we might preserve the advantage of surprise, they set off and we followed. In short order we heard a shout of distress from Roban followed by the sound of fleeing and pursuit. Soon we were engaged with the Kalid Swordsworn with whom we fought long and hard but prevailed. Pressing on we came across another troop of Swordsworn. Determined to disrupt the ritual we finished them quickly and pressed on. Soon we were at the ritual site the entrance to which was guarded by a large group of Dymwan warriors whom we charged breaking through ferociously as Rancor lead the Sword to their quarry. Soon we were through and pressing on the last defenders.

A strange effect had occurred, however separating us from Vioshs group- I didn't think much of it at the time, but it continued for several hours and was not typical of the usual disruptions that occur between the Plane of Sleepless Dead and Orin Rakatha at this time of year. Such things are not my speciality but I think it worthy of note for the more academic amongst you- perhaps a planar rift of some sort.

Anyway, Arrol of Viosh's group pointed out to me a pair of MorSilvani elite crossing the battlefield toward the ritual building. My warriors engaged and Rancor in the thick of it I intercepted them myself with Arrols aid. I was however unable to stop them entering the building. Rancor and the Swords soon caught us up as Arrol lead the charge we engaged the MorSilvani and Dymwan and tried to disrupt the ritual. I thought we had done so, when a Realm lord suddenly appeared along with some kind Abomination of Disease. They drove us out of the building and we engaged them in the field. They were most powerful and many of us fell to the effects of corruption and disease.

Meanwhile Vioshs group re-entered the building and somehow the portal through which the Realm lord had come was closed. With both groups barely able to stand, those that still had strength carried the rest back to the waystation. Luckily we encountered no resistance for we should surely all have died then if we had. After a short while the Easterlings turned up to guard us, though I feel it was more designed to antagonise us. Fortunately we were too wise to fall for the provocation and the rest of the night passed unharmed. We were visited by off planers who brokered a meeting with Melkeron in the New Year.

The following morning I was awoken by another message carried to me upon the wind by Tornado. The Shadowfall were nearby and coming to kill us. I immediately rose and awakened my friends and at that very moment our guards were attacked by assassins.

Sufficiently readied we were able to kill the first wave and soon everyone was up and ready to go. I knew we were together when even High Priest Puke was out of bed. The Swords needed to head off the main Shadowsfall group to allow Viosh and his men to leave safely. This we did and soon came upon a large group of tooled up Shadowsfall. Being well prepared ourselves and ready for a fight we took to them and the fight was won convincingly. Freed from the Shadowsfall we were able to meet the Mist weaver and reunite with our companions and continue on our mission to meet with the Otomi, knowing that Humact had granted us this opportunity to thwart the Dymwan and preserve the balance of all that is right and natural in Orin Rakatha.

By my hand,

Cirith, High Priest of Humact, Leader of the Sacred Sword