

A report by Roesis

With the crusade against the Mistlord having come to a head over the previous months a gambit was prepared and it fell to a small mixed group to execute the final stage and bring an end to his machinations against our alliance.

Those present were:

Kylar	High Priest of the Reapers sect.	Appointed Leader of the group
Kiara	Priest of the Seers sect.	Designated 2nd in Command
Layla	Aspirant Knights Martial.	Designated 3rd in Command
Constantine	Veteran Ranger	
Iksar	Aspirant to the Knights Martial	
Tarndeth	Aspirant to the Order of Saint Michael	
Ember	Mage of the Red School	
Tarquin	Priest of Grey Gauntlet	
Ormund	Priest of Humact	
Markesh	Member of the Pack (unguilded trainee)	
?	Member of the Pack (unguilded trainee)	
?	Member of the Pack (unguilded trainee)	
Roesis	Aspirant to the Order of Saint Michael	
Snorri	Wolfhold Scout	

We were ordered out to approach the World Window waystation while a group of higher ranked individuals were tasked with drawing off the forces of the Mistslord by essentially making their status felt and luring them out.

It wasn't long before we met the first of many groups of hordlings which were dealt with in a manner that would become standard and swiftly put down.

A short distance from the waystation we came across a representative of the Celestial Bureaucracy Ministry of Internal Affairs who was looking for a group of "Rogue" Seers from the Order of the Stars (or similar) which is transpired had been defeated the previous moon by a group containing some of our current personnel (Tarndeth and Layla). After a brief discussion and some instruction about the nature of parley (unfortunately delivered to our own group) he left with the information provided and assured us that his people would not interfere in our business.

We arrived at the Waystation to find it populated by a group of elementals lead by a very affable

Djinn. It turns out the Mistlord had in some way broken the world window releasing four bound beings of the elements and their elemental contingents. We rested briefly while conversing with the Djinn when Ragamuffin Heartbreaker the recently formed Valley Mistweaver turned up and stated the following:

There is a prophecy that there would be a Plague of Poison followed by a rising of the Mists which would herald the 3rd Cataclysm - the Plague of Poison has happened and those that follow such prophecies feel that the Mist Lord is bringing about the "rising of the Mists". The 3rd Cataclysm will possibly follow.

When the Mystics created the Towers they utilised powers and tools these have been bound into the Towers. Some Shadowfall must have discovered a way of getting access to these powers and tools.

A Judge called a number of "Vessels" to the Tower of the 4 Winds and used a ritual which involved making various groups compete against each other.

The ritual created the Mist Lord who had power over the Hordelings and the Mists. The Shadowfall Judge attempted to use the Mist Lord but was stopped by the Valley.

Since then the Mist Lord has been acting on its own which is why he approached us 'you were interfering already'.

The Mist Lord was created from the beliefs and stories that exist in the "memory" of the Tower of the 4 Winds. It is unknown what purpose the Shadowfall created it for or in fact what it had been doing since the Shadowfall lost control of it. It has obviously been using the World Window, another tool left by the Mystics for purposes unknown and has been seen conversing with the Oracle of the Fire Wind - another tool of the Mystics.

The World Window has been "cleansed" by the Mist Lord and left in a more active state.

The Mist Lord has been speeding up the Hordelings reincarnation process. Destroying the Mist Lord at this point may avert the 3rd cataclysm, it may make the 3rd Cataclysm arrive sooner he didn't really know.

The Mists & a lot of the Mistweaver have been changed in some way -they have been "flavoured" by the Mist Lord.

there are now two sets - those that fell under the Mist Lord's power (the majority) and those that didn't (a smaller number) and it looks like the Mist Lord's Mistweaver's and Hordelings are attempting to amalgamate the ones that remain independent and seem to have a new purpose - doesn't know if destroying the Mist Lord will break this.

However using the Mists he felt was slowly changing him and that eventually you will be like the other Mistweaver's. He hoped that destroying the Mist Lord will change that but again wasn't sure.

All the Gates are closed and the Mists will soon be the only way to travel onto and off Orin Rakatha. It has had some effect on the world - the Ikarthian Triangle has been changed in some way that he cannot tell (as he cannot enter it) and there is a Mistweaver in there now.

The Mist Lords power is weaker in its centre when he is doing something and that it seems to be directly related to the amount of status about.

The Mist Lord cannot be faced as a whole and must be taken apart and that they had so far removed its Mist Form and prevented it from anchoring its self to the Place of Myths and Legends what remains is it's made of 3 component parts:

The magic that gives it power to use what it knows.

The belief that binds its knowledge into its physical form.

It's Physical body.

Get rid of all 3 and it will cease to be a problem!

He wished us good luck and says he hopes to keep on good ground with the Kern valley but he will be watching us closely but didn't know if he can hold out hopefully what we have given him will be enough to remain as he is.

We received further orders to proceed out to a nearby fort to undertake a ritual of some kind. At the fort we met a member of the Shadowsfall who instructed us that we were to undertake three rituals that would break down the Mistlords power and in some way fortify us in preparation for a final confrontation. We were given a focus of "belief" and a set of scrolls which with a bit of organisation were used to complete the ritual to undermine the power the Mistlord was drawing from the old tower of the four winds. The results of this would mean that we would repeatedly meet and be forced to defeat representatives of each of the previous occupants of that tower over the course of the next twenty-four hours.

The first of these groups assailed us shortly after the completion of the ritual as the windborn lead an unsuccessful attack on our position.

Back at the waystation we were joined by a group of off plane travellers being guided by a wolfhold scout who had found them floundering in the mists. They were keen to assist so they were seconded to our forces and tasked with recovering items for the third ritual from the four elemental siblings in the area (who were believed to be open to the concept of defeating the Mistlord as they were bound to the area by his presence).

We received further word via the Wolfhold Ambassadors that a contingent of Halmadonian Knights were in the area and attracting large numbers of trolls and ogre magi to the area which was putting our mission in jeopardy. We decided to approach him in the morning with the dual goal of convincing him to leave the area and with the hope that he may be able to provide a focus of physical power to enable the completion of the second ritual.

The morning came with some cursing the previous nights drinking but we were all prepared when the hordlings made their first assault no doubt drawn to the smell of the excellent breakfast provided to bolster our bodies and spirits in the service of St Michael. . and the King.

We set off in the direction we believed we would find the Knight and lead by our ever keen trio of scouts from the deserts edge we were amply made aware of everything we were to face in our travels throughout the day.

After a brief walk we met with the Knight Martial of the Order of Chastity. After an open discussion of our objectives and the problems posed he graciously agreed to provide another distraction for the forces of the Mistlord and withdraw his forces further from our activity. He also agreed to provide Layla his family ring which would serve as the focus to the physical ritual which we are honour bound to return as soon as we can so if anyone does have contact with

him it would be appreciated if you could let all of the Aspirants listed in this report know. We pressed on under Kylars orders to a location where he believed we needed to complete the Belief ritual a second time. We repeated the creation of the ritual circle and using the belief scrolls and amulet recreated the ritual from the previous night. Unfortunately it appeared that this was in error and that we in actual fact performed the physical ritual incorrectly and were therefore set upon by a representation of the Mistlords physical form accompanied by a number of hordlings and other minions. After a very stiff battle we gathered ourselves together and found that the ranking casters of each of the three spheres had been struck down by the incorrect conjunction we had performed at all lay near death (casters of the evil sphere had also suffered the touch of their sphere but what do they expect?).

On the return we fought with a number of Taranor that were part of the belief ritual and when they were defeated we felt ourselves bolstered internally, a feeling that would reoccur with each manifestation that we faced and overcame.

We returned to the Waystation where we ate and resupplied and caught up with the other group about their progress, which was promising.

Of particular note was an Aldonar artifact that they had recovered. It was clearly emanating great power of a goodly nature but seemed to have an effect on those touching it that would cause them to want to protect, guard and retain it. Touching the item caused the individual to be healed, bolstered with power or magics or in some cases (those of an evil bent) they were forced into meditation. We left the item with the other group for the time being as they recovered it from a group of Dye fah Dyne they found murdered.

After a brief respite we set off on patrol again this time seeking the "Sword of the Darkwind" which was previously in possession of the Mistlord but was now on the move. We met and defeated many more hordlings and a representation of the Shadowkeep which further bolstered our faith.

At the culmination of our patrol we found out that the Watchers of the Stars from the Celestial Bureaucracy were in area and claimed to have already given the Sword to the Dark Oracle and then proceeded to declare that we were to be slain. He was partially correct when Kiara fell to the foul touch of their evil priest her spirit snuffed out by that which she embraces. She was returned to us by Sylar and we headed back to the waystation once again.

On the way back we met a very strange group of humans, appearing to be dressed as hordlings and lacking the will and intelligence of the simplest of sentient beings seemingly more akin to Zombies than anything else. The Troll with them asked us if we had never seen those who had been touched by the mists before but he wasn't open to a discussion on the topic.

As we approached the waystation we met another of the representations of the previous occupants of the tower, this time the Shrouded eye, a combination of Kalid and Morgothian commanders. The morgothians were lead by one of their Knights so I challenged him to single combat on the agreement that his men would not engage until we were done, this meant that our group could deal with the Kalid without being massively outnumbered.

Unfortunately my skills were not up to the task of defeating the Knight and I was felled by a number of artfully delivered blows and was subsequently tended. During my recovery Tarndeth also called out the opposing Knight but he too was defeated accepting honourable death rather than yielding to the evil sphere.

We recovered with a drink, giving thanks to St Michael for returning our brother to us and then dinner was served. During this time the planar travellers provided us with the boons of the elemental siblings proving themselves to be a useful group any of whom I am sure would find a worthy place in the Alliance should they wish it. We ate and spend some time discussing the next ritual which it was determined needed to take place at a nearby ruin.

With the planar travellers retiring to enjoy a party in honour of one of their companions who was getting married we pressed on into the falling darkness to complete our ritual activities. At this time we had given possession of the Aldonar artefact to Layla as her natural inclination to do the best for the alliance and following orders we felt would give us the best chance to control the artefacts influence (Tarndeth, Roesis and myself had not touched it).

More hordlings and representations of the tower of the four winds were met and overcome until we approached a ruined keep.

Inside it was clear so we set a guard and began preparing the final ritual circle. This went smoothly as we were well practiced and in no time at all the ritual words were ringing through the night.

This time there was little delay and at the culmination of Embers final words elementals burst into existance all around us and we were pressed from all sides. Layla and I managed to form a rear guard while the group reformed outside the building to better use our numbers and capabilities.

With a particularly fierce elemental finally put down we thought were were done but all of sudden Kylar determined that there was one last thing to do and ordered us all out onto the dunes on the double.

Entering a wide open patch of sand flares burst into light across the ridgeline and the Dark Oracle began to taunt us. Not standing for this we charged which proved tactically unsustainable as our flanks were enveloped by the hordlings positioned across the brow of the hill. We reformed into a more advantageous configuration and pressed to battle, intent on recovering the the Darkwind Sword from the Dark Oracle.

The Oracle himself seemed to be surrounded by an aura of darkness and fear which limited our options in facing him directly to those of greater status. After a long back and forth battle the Oracle finally fell although at the cost of Tarquins life.

With the spoils gathered we headed wearily back to the waystation for a quiet drink and some contemplation of the battle we expected in the morning. During our discussions the Baron Silas of Wolfhold arrived to promote Kylar to the position of High Priest within his sect.

We greeted the morning with a hot breakfast eager to bring the final end to the Mistlord while pitying the faces of the celebrants who had greeted the dawn still deep into their cups.

It wasn't long before our forces, bolstered by the courage granted us by our preparations, met the Mistlord and his followers in a sandy valley close to the waystation.

Our courage won out against foes far mightier than we, Ogre Magi, Trolls and Shamen all fell one by one while we held the Mistlord at bay. As the numbers arrayed against us fell Snorri fell to the blades of a combined assault while my life was snuffed out not once but twice (although the first time the Good Sphere saw fit to protect my mortal spirit, the second a potion from Sylar was administered swiftly for which I thank him) by a lightning charged blade wielded by some form of shaman.

In the final moments the Mistlords shell seem to break apart leaving behind the corpse of a member of the Wizards Concillium and a number of hordlings. We collected the fallen Wizard and fell back as explosions levelled the trees and shattered the lands in a wide area. It was a long hard run to leave the area of destruction and I give thanks to The Saint that we lost no-one else in that hellish journey.

So the Mistlord is dead. The repurcussions no doubt begin.

Stand Guard against the Darkness.
For St Michael and the King

Roesis
Aspirant to the Order of St Michael

Addendum: I recently received the following communication from what is left of the leadership within the towers concerning the artifact. In the best interests of communication I include a full copy here:

For the attention of Aspirant Roesis and Mage Ember of the Red School.
Primarily, congratulations on the success of your recent mission.
I would also like to thank your party for handing in the pyramid-skull totem that the planar-travellers acquired for you. From what we know, this object

is one of three.

The totemic item that you provided has undergone research from both artificers and seers but the results are sadly less than satisfactory. The item is one of three, each aligned to the major spheres. As such, their full nature and capacity cannot be accurately ascertained until such time that two or possibly all three are either in proximity or possibly 'conjunction'. With the assistance of The Order of Mandragon of Halmadon's Heights, we have ascertained that the totem's function when used solely provides spiritual protection for up to two dozen people. By intoning the words 'totem I give myself to you so that you may protect me' and holding the totem, one piece of spirit is temporarily transferred to the artefact. In return, the recipient receives the smallest amount of spiritual protection equivalent to a first rank bless.

The Order of Mandragon also reviewed their collection of Aldonar texts and identified a separate reference to artefacts that bear some similarity to the object you discovered. In the writings of the Aldonar Seer Sothsarris there is a brief mention stating "the triumvirate of the spheres will rise once again through hidden darkness of future's past, through lone agent decider of prophecy's path." We believe this may be a reference to one of Sothsarris' prophecies but we have no further information at this time. You may be interested in Ichabod of the Blue School's recent report that detailed the acquisition of the evilly aligned totem.

I would also ask if any aldonar texts were found with the totem. I understand that Aspirant Tarndeth mentioned the translation of half of a prophecy. The other half may be of interest. I must finish now as I have a delegation from the Dai-Fah-Dyne enquiring about some missing members that I must attend to.

Yours faithfully
Milton Hasp - Quartermaster for the Merchant's Guild, Fortune's Keep