

Thus once again the Sacred Swords of Humact journeyed forth from the White Retreat toward the Cerements Embrace waystation. Thereto find the portal to the Plane of Sleepless Dead which had been used some 6 moons past. Luckily it was still there and intact and we passed through. As soon as we arrived a group left by our enemy Doomwraith ambushed us with Mor Silvani undead and a shreiver, a hard fight but dealt with, thanks be to the timely arrival of Original Sword Priests Doom and Ormond. We were sorely pressed when they arrived but Doom tended to Beren who had been maimed and Ormond was able to heal whilst I took the fight to them.

These Priests, Doom and Ormond had kept the portal open for us and had been here upon the PoSD for many years, but are also two of the four original Sacred Swords of Humact and my inspiration to become a servant of Humact's light. Now here in the driving rain, with our brother Woolf in his deathly state we were reunited. They were upon a pilgrimage and were accompanied by a spirit of Humact and they asked us to join them. A great honour indeed, and one which we all accepted there and then in the darkness and rain before continuing along our way.

Fortunately Humacts light showed our paths were together and we journeyed together. Upon their business Doom and Ormond purged an evil spirit and we encountered numerous undead until we eventually met High Priest Puke who agreed to aid us and provided Sanctuary for the night. The following day we journeyed to meet the Realm Lord of battle. We encountered one of his Lieutenants and Beren lost a duel. We were then attacked by wave after wave of Barbarian Spirits from the McBeest clan until we finally met Brother Woolf whom we fought and pacified. Finally we came to the realm Lord, who had been destroyed by High Priest Puke who stands as the Realm Lord in his place. Puke relinquished us from his realm and the McBeest clan from their contract and we found ourselves back on Orin Rakatha where a lost pathfinder was most surprised to see us.

We ourselves began to get lost also and it seems there was some kind of effect taking place. Eventually we found ourselves inside some kind of veiled glade where we were most thrilled to meet the deep Elves of Lare Tinwe. They were most dignified and graceful but also most militant and stubborn. They had chosen to involve themselves in tower matters because of Dye-fer-Dyne activities particularly those of Haroon Abbershay who sponsored the slave trade on Orin Rakatha. They appealed to us to intervene and we refused out of good conscious. They accepted this and we agreed to meet again after rest though the veiled glade was attacked by Yuan Ti some of whom managed to get a torc on our brother Lupus.

In the morning I was awake early and talking with the others who were awake when Haroon made an appearance. I tried to parlay with him but he was agitated. Next thing I knew he showed me an ornate bottle and with a few words I found myself trapped within the bottle. One by one my companions joined me some having taken a good beating trying to resist.

The place within the bottle was scoured by the winds and resembled a small elemental plane. We soon encountered a pathfinder who was also trapped and we set about trying to find a way out. We fought the scouring winds and met elementals. We met a Taranor Sorcerer whom we helped and who has now made it back to our towers. Finally we came to the stopper of the bottle and we strove to remove it. Suddenly the Genie appeared and fought against us. Soon we bought it to a parlay and he explained that he had been bound and that if we freed him he would free us. We agreed and set off to destroy the bindings. Fortunately, there were only 2 bindings for they were most challenging to remove and we were sorely pressed. The genie then reappeared and we rested before exiting the bottle.

Haroon appeared to be having a meeting of some sort and was most surprised to see us. I gave him a chance to yield and explain himself but he set about killing us along with his group of powerful men. Two lines formed and the battle raged both sides holding well and Haroon using great quantities of powerful magics. He then set his minions to kill me but our line held strong and soon I was able to move from behind the line and circle their position. I drew my knife and approaching unnoticed from behind I took Haroon hostage, offering him a last chance of redemption- then he vanished me. When I returned he was still alive but a number of his men had been slain. This time I went over and slit his throat as the men beat him to death.

This is to my shame- and not the behaviour of one who worships life and as the adrenaline flowed away I came to be shamed by my wrong behaviour. To be honest I do not remember much after that until I saw the eyes of the Lady of Lare Tinwe as she bequeathed favour to us for the action. Even after this the elves wanted to blame the Labyrinth of Xenos as well and wanted us to go after them. Once again we refused and tried to sway their course. That night we were again attacked by Yuan Ti but we also had a strange visitor, Rolu of the Earthwarp. We spoke late into the night though in the morning things seemed different. Rolu confirmed that the torc was of Silvani origin and that though it wasn't working properly it was designed to control non- Silvani in the way that the torcs had previously been used to control Silvani. He was able to remove the torc from Lupus. In the discussions with Rolu it occurred to us that maybe the LoX had been working with the Silvani to adapt the Torc.

In the morning the Elves still wanted us to go after the LoX, once again we refused and we tried to steer them away from such a course suggesting that it was a rogue element rather than the

whole tower that was to blame. Thus we went on our way, encountering some lesser groups of Labyrinth drones but nothing more on our return journey.

By my Hand

Cirith of the Sacred Swords of Humact