

Amethyst, Zilvan, Jeremiah, Thorn, Grey Cloud, Renown, Thulelantir, Jharkor, Lenor, Boshek, Virana.

We had been travelling for some days, following a Dymwan group. Our routine patrol had turned into a somewhat longer term mission. We had been following the river Calix to Dragur forest, intending to return to the Towers at that point. However, as we reached the edge of the forest, we encountered a Drowic group, led by Veliketh Chillbringer, a White wizard of House Durgeloth. We joined them in an attack upon a Dymwan group, and though the fight was won, some of the Dymwan fled, using their undead to cover their retreat. The Drow were unable to continue pressing the Dymwan – something about needing to ‘warn a man who intended to go boating on a dangerous river’... - but we followed the group for several days, though they always seemed to be able to stay ahead of us, sending their undead against us to slow us down. Most of these attacks had occurred at night, and had been low-level undead – zombies, skeletons, ghouls...

On this evening, we thought we had finally caught up with them. Thorn and Grey Cloud had spotted the Dymwan’s camp ahead, in a group of caves. We decided to press the attack, as the hour was late, there was still light, and if we could catch the Dymwan without their undead, their defeat would be that much easier. Just as we moved towards their location, though, a large group of undead assailed us. The unexpected attack refracted the party – several were paralysed by a ghoul while others fought skeletons. Boshek and I dropped one of the warriors, but as I went to aid the fallen, the ghoul rose – unfortunately it paralysed me as I killed it, and I could only watch as Jeremiah was killed in a furious magic battle with the Dymwan mage. Whilst resting, Thorn and Grey Cloud confirmed the Dymwans location. Quietly, we moved in, Reknown carrying Jeremiah’s body. As we closed, we could hear the Dymwan talking and laughing. We stormed in, determined to regain our spirits (which were low with the death of Jeremiah). The zombie guards were despatched, and a furious fight with necromancer and her acolytes ensued. As we gathered together our wounded and tended their hurts, Amber of the Rangers Guild arrived. It seemed that she had been supervising a Valley training mission with some raw recruits, but the increased Dymwan activity was proving too much for them, so she sought our protection for the group. Explaining about the death of our comrade earlier in the day - Amber immediately offered to resurrect Jeremiah, using an item she had. This done, and once we had meditated and healed all our wounds, Amber led us to where she had left her group. As we arrived in the camp, several magical beings appeared. Once we had dealt with these, Shard told me of an unusual occurrence that had happened shortly before we arrived... 2 beings had teleported into the camp – both had seemed to be human – a member of the Wizard’s Concilium (the emissary to the Dai-Fah-Dyne, Dreams of Shadows told me) was chasing ‘the beast who ran before her’, who gave his name as Greyus. They fought for a short time, the Wizard’s Concilium person appearing to be bruised, and then disappeared again. Also of interest were a number of Azard’An, who were seeking Dai-Fah-Dyne, and a report of Minotaurs in the area – one silver and one gold – from the Labyrinth of Xenos.

The trainees were Shard, Dreams of Shadows, Wyndy, Magpie, Elijah Steel, Torrik, and Enyanna. Phaid was with them, having been looking for our group. I introduced Phaid to Amethyst, as he had some matters to discuss with her, regarding a vision he had received. Amber arranged for some protective wards around the camp, and I retired for the evening.

In the morning, Amber returned, and suggested that the trainees 'distract' the minotaurs in the area, as the remainder of their training mission. Our group would continue to investigate the Dymwan presence. We left the camp and returned to the path leading to the caves we had previously visited, intending to do one last search in daylight before investigating other likely Dymwan camps, however, as we rounded a corner in the path, we encountered undead – a Rank7 SwordWraith, and three skeletons. The SwordWraith used dark power against us – Zilvan was PowerDrained – and we were forced to rest while Zilvan meditated.

Thulelantir and Grey Cloud encountered 3 Shadowsfall as we prepared a suitable site – one was of a group who visited the camp the previous evening. They wanted to know if we had discovered anything new of the Dymwan in the area. Grey Cloud told them of the undead we had just met, and that we would be resting in the area for a while before moving on. The Shadowsfall were camped with their colleagues a short distance away, and they said that they would return to their camp and speak with their comrades.

Having rested, we decided that we would take a route to the caves that would encompass the Shadowsfall camp, and that might provide us a further opportunity to speak with them. We saw no sign of their camp however, and passed through the area they had said they would be in. Continuing up towards the ridge, we walked for some time before the scouts returned saying that they thought they had seen some dark figures ahead. We held position while they made further investigations, and then sent back a report that they could see one dark figure on a downward-sloping pathway, where they had previously thought they could see four. We moved down to their position, and as we rounded the corner, there were indeed 4 figures – three Dymwan, one R5 Spirit of Wounding. The Dymwan were dealt with quite quickly, although the Spirit was more difficult. Again, we failed to check the dead Dymwan, and they rose again as undead, paralysing several. Thorn once again required an elixir, after the Spirit cast a Cause Grievous Wounds upon him. The path down the ridge was dark under the shade of the tree canopy, and rose steeply on both sides – an ideal place for an ambush – but we passed untroubled and out to a clearer, wider path on the edge of the woodland. Here there were other dangers. A lone ghoul was in the woods, seeming to be grubbing about at the base of several trees, and throwing pine cones at any who approached. Nothing could be found there when it was lured away, and eventually it seemed that it grew frustrated, as it cast White magics against those closest to it – Jharkor suffering from an Ice Javelin to the head – and paralysing others. It was at this point that Zilvan was forced to retire back to the camp – he had used up all his power, and would need to rest if he was to be able to aid the party. He returned alone as we

continued on. As we did so, more Dymwan arrived – one of them challenging and taunting us as she strode ahead. Lenor shattered her weapon, and she fell back quickly. Dealing with them, we searched the bodies and found this document:

All the arrangements have been made to meet with our Kalid contact to receive our supplies. The location is as previously arranged. Do not let me down.

The return trip was largely uneventful, although we did encounter a small group of Dymwan. Most unusually, though, we found a dead Dymwan under a tree. She had obviously been involved in fight, as she had weapon wounds all over her body. Speaking with her body, she had been killed by a Halmaddonian and a Hospittaller. She had been carrying a Khalid top in her belt – it seems she had been given the top by the Dymwan, and told to be seen to wear it. She had been killed before she could accomplish this, as she believed that we were the Dymwan group she had just left, and no-one had seen her wear the top since. This made us sceptical of the validity of the document we had previously discovered.

As we neared the camp, we met up with the trainees, who had encountered a Dai-Fah-Dyne, and were escorting him to the camp. The man was a Prince of his peoples, and was apparently involved in some sort of hunt. We encountered another of the strange magical creatures that had been at our camp the previous evening, we returned to camp leaving the trainees to deal with it.

When the trainees returned, the Dai-Fah-Dyne who was with them, a Prince Haseem, explained about a hunt he was on, and was anxious to bring to an end. The necessary order of the attack was organised, and we left to pursue the creature Greyus. The Prince was in competition with his brother, but his brother's hunt was elsewhere. We were able to quickly locate the position of the golem, and Prince Haseem joined the fray, attacking with his ensorcelled sword, while the necessary magics were cast by members of the group. The evening continued in a light tone, with several Valley groups arriving at the camp for rest, including Phaid, Thoran, Castratia, and Puddle.

Virana, Seer of Wolfhold