

Wind Moon Mission Report

In attendance: Kevralyn Soulfire, Party leader, Baron of Darkhome
Darkhome
Grey Sorcerer
, High Priest of the Reapers
Theran, Ranger
Gob, Iron Guard
Nathan, High Priest of the Path.

Khandis Greykoil,
Kylar

The Valley have reforged the Temple of the Four Winds and four Oracles now stand as the Voice of the Mystics upon Orin Rakatha. With a Cataclysm almost upon us their wisdom and guidance could not be more needed. Still there are many upon the land that do not acknowledge the truth of the Temple and its Voice.

The Oracles have spoken, the Voice must be heard by all that would listen. The Temple of the Four Winds has called an open meeting of the peoples of Orin Rakatha so that those that wish to do so may visit the Oracles and the Temple. The turning of the seasons from the dominion of the Ice Wind to the Blood Wind has been selected as an auspicious time, the equinox approaches.

The Lords of Fortunes keep have decreed that the Tavern Waystation will be made available to host this gathering in the heart of the Valley's lands.

Our initial brief was to act as guards and diplomats for this event, though things quickly became somewhat more of a challenge than that. We were also split into two groups. Barons Kevralyn and Lancorin, Kylar, Theran and myself were in the main group and Nathan and Gob were to join us after a quick scout around the area.

On the way to the tavern we dealt with a group of Hepaths who should not have been allowed to get anywhere near that close to a delicate political situation.

The tavern itself contained a representative from the Temple and the shrine itself. As we were about to make introductions and settle in a Shadowsfall appeared and triggered some sort of ritual. He said Momento Mori and we disappeared from the Tavern. Geographically we had not gone more than a short walk from the spot we were at. However our immediate encounter with a group of Bethelim who believed that they had a tower suggested that we had been misplaced in time rather than in space. Unfortunately Nathan and Gob were still scouting the area and were not caught in the same part of the ritual that we were.

This was confirmed when we returned to the Tavern and found it covered in announcements and flyers that were from the time of the Ravanon Cult being a major issue for the Valley. We spoke with Prince Sardonyx and various members of the valley who believed that he was their saviour and that Wolfhold would soon get its comeuppance. Wry smiles were passed before we starting making an effort to ascertain how we might best return to our correct time and what the Shadowfalls' motive had been in this openly hostile act.

We were joined by the Dreadlord Araikas, who had managed to project himself into the ritual. He explained that the Shadowsfall archivists had somehow projected the Sativa onto Orin Rakatha. This is an event that has never occurred before and requires great knowledge of the Sativa. The Dreadlord explained that being the plane of stories the way to escape the ritual was to play out the story and try to find the most influential characters. These would likely be accompanied by Shadowsfall or be Shadowsfall themselves and slaying them would bring an end to the ritual.

Our story was the unmasking of the Ravanon Cult and it must be said that knowing in advance who the secret cultist are makes the job somewhat easier. That being said in the course of a single day we fought against the dream world equivalents of some half dozen of the best warriors in Valley history, including Prince Sardonyx, Kleinmort Ironfist and the Nar Serbitar. Fighting Kleinmort who was breaking bones easily while we had no one who could cast good power was a tough.

Of note during this we encountered High Priest Andrew of the Heights who explained that he was outside the ritual and able to project himself into it. He has come looking for the Knights who were to test the temples validity. Apparently the ritual had created a number of story bubble and Andrew was able to access ours because we had begun to break out of our story. The other groups were trapped in different stories and so far none had broken out.

When we completed our story by slaying the Nar Serbitar we emerged to find another Shadowsfall who cast the Momento Mori ritual and threw us into another bubble. This story was much further back in time to the days before the Valley alliance. On returning to the tavern we met Nathan and Gob who rather than progressing their story had spent the day drinking sake. Thankfully the story began to play itself out when our host keeled over after his dinner. After initial hostilities his wife was prepared to believe that we didn't do it if we would find his alchemist who had mysteriously disappeared, just after bringing the host his food. We tracked down the Alchemist and found him accompanied by a Shadowsfall. We slew both and found ourselves in a strange limbo time. We were in the same area but did not appear to be at any specific point in history.

Here we met Judge Hawson who had been sent to meet the Temple's representative. He made it clear that his faction of the Shadowsfall had no knowledge of this ritual and went as far as to tell us about the infighting in their tower. He personally believed that the temple was genuine and said he would aid us through the cataclysm with words and actions. He felt the Shadowsfall had failed as the voice of the mystics and was trying to redeem them by aiding us.

Judge Hawson told us that there were four remaining bubbles. One containing the Heights, one the Kalid, one the Halls of Sutekh and one the Wizards Concillium. We were to rescue the Heights and the Kalid and Hawson and his men would go after the other two.

The story in the Heights' bubble was of their pursuit of the Aldonar. Here we were mistaken for Heights by Aldonar and as Aldonar by the Heights which seemed somehow unfair. We fought through both until we found a group of the knights who seemed to realise that there were in the wrong time and strangely were accompanied by a member of the Shadowsfall. The knights were clearly under some sort of glamour as they believed him to be one of their own number. This is obviously a direct violation on the part of the Shadowsfall of one of Orin Rakatha's most fundamental laws, that no person shall impersonate members of another tower. When the Heights realised who we were the glamour seemed to wear off and they turned on the Shadowsfall. His death popped their bubble and we were back in the strange limbo time.

From here we had only the Kalid to rescue. At this point I would like to make a brief aside, normally I would keep track of the number of Kalid slain on journeys such a this, however the members of the Kalid who were here to inspect the shrine were clearly here under diplomatic circumstances and all other Kalid that we met were part of the vision world so their deaths do not weaken the Kalid directly, for morale purposes only I will record that their were a total of 8 Kalid illusions slain.

The Kalid story was their pursuit of the Taranor. Again we were mistaken for both by both and killed both. We did finally find the group of Kalid we were here to rescue. They were surprisingly

from the Stone Panthers and very feral. They refused to believe that the Shadowsfall with them was not a member of their tower (again direct impersonation) and the matter was not settled until a duel between Lancorin and the archivist. The death of the Shadowsfall again popped the bubble and when we returned to the tavern we were free of the Sativa.

Just as we were setting in we were attacked by a large, well equipped force of the Shadowsfall lead by what we believe was some sort of Psionic projection of Archivist Amos. After some choice words regarding how many of their own laws the Archivist had broken and assistance from the winds themselves we beat the Archivist's forces and disrupted his projection.

From here we simply greeted the diplomatic guests and confirmed as one after another they validated the temple.

Of note I have recorded below the words of the Mystics offered to each of the guests and two general prophesies.

Judge Hawson, Shadowsfall: The mystics had no words for.

Malcom Middleton, Aethertown: Fade into obscurity or embrace change and forge a new destiny.

Kalid: The time of nations is passed. There is only room for one people, who will they be old or new.

Wizards Concillium: The path to greatness and accomplishment is attuned to specialisation.

Eschew greatness and focus on the now.

Halls of Sutekh:

He that was bound will rise and you will kneel again before his dark majesty. Halmadons

Heights: As one

age ends another begins. The cycle continues and the flame flicker on.

Dymwan: Action or inaction. Aggressive expansion or quiet contemplation. The unlife teeters on a precipice, which way will it fall.

Dyfedyne: Profit comes from many things and embracing change increases the return many fold.

Reader: All ages pass, some fade away gradually and are forgotten. Others explode with awe and majesty and are remembered.

First General Prophecy: That which has been done can not be undone. The end of the year of reckoning will be as foretold.

Second General Prophecy: The time of the Valdemar has passed.

As ever if you wish more specifics or feel I have made some mistake please inform me directly.

Khandis Greykoil, 12 Sorcerer of House Drannath.