

We assembled on a mission to travel to Thranduil, where the Chosen sought for a specific item, a Seal, one of several that they had been searching for. Having previously contacted High Priest Gurthang, a native of Thranduil, the Chosen arranged with him that they would transport him to Thranduil in return for his expert guidance and assistance in the accomplishment of their mission.

We arrived in Thranduil, in south east Gondor, an area that was currently the focus of action in the war between the Morgothians and the Gondorians. An area where both sides had their elite troops at this moment in time – being a groups containing mostly evil Priests, it was pretty clear where our loyalties lay in this conflict. With ourselves, and with those who would be the victors.

Throughout the first night we engaged in minor skirmishes with the Gondorians. Gurthang's proudly displayed Eye of Morgoth on his shield and tabard put us into opposition with them almost straight away. We also engaged and fought several ghosts of Numenorians that seemed to animate as some sort of response to our presence in this area. One unusual site was well, found on the first night, a well that was guarded by a forest spirit of some sort, a spirit that had just awoken. Finally, we made our way to a Morgothian encampment, where Gurthang, by right of his status, took command and we rested there for the remainder of the night.

In the morning before we set off to search for the Seal an unusual Orc came to visit the camp, having heard of Gurthang's presence here. This Orc was really a Human, who had been changed into an Orc by means of some curse. A little background is now necessary. Gurthang, as a Half-Orc was not readily accepted by the Morgothians on Thranduil (tainted blood and all that sort of stuff) but he has a sponsor who has aided in the past. However this sponsor also has an enemy, and that enemy wants the shield that Gurthang carries, called "Witness", I believe, a Morgothian artefact, as it would enhance his power and status considerably. The Orc told us that the Enemy had cursed Gurthang's Sponsor, and in order to remove the curse Gurthang must defeat the Enemy. The Seal we sought was owned by the Enemy, who tapped its power to make him stronger than he would be otherwise. Removing the Seal from the Enemies possession would count as defeat and the curse would be lifted. The Orc also told us that the Enemy was seeking us, and travelling around with his band who were so numerous that they would defeat us. The plan was that Gurthang's Sponsors men would lure the Gondorians and The Enemy (and his men) to fight each other, while we looted his camp and took the seal. We would hide in the area of the Well until the Enemy's men passed by. The Well was a "good" place and no evil person could go there - they would fall asleep if they did. The presence of myself and Nerak (both of us Drow) preserved us from this effect, by use of our magics.

The plan seemed viable so we agreed to it and set off, moving off to the Well to rest whilst the Enemy and his forces passed. We fought several groups of Gondorians throughout the course of the day, often strengthened by the Numenorian's Ghosts whilst making our way to the Enemy's base. Once at the base we assaulted it, and defeated the defenders. A search of the base soon revealed the treasure store (quickly looted) which contained the Seal, however the seal was protected by a ward.

Castratia at my urging animated a zombie and sent it into the ward to activate it, that the power of the Ward be unleashed upon the Zombie and not us. The Zombie was slain by the ward and a Hepath of Transmutation appeared, the guardian of the Seal. This Hepath was able to transmute one thing into another, generally something similar or the entire opposite, Gurthang was transmuted into a full Orc for instance, and commanded by the Hepath – during this time he slew Davion and Tarquin (Tarquin was saved by the use of an elixir). Harmful invocations were transmuted into Healing ones upon him, and Ariakis was transmuted into his Axe, a weapon which I grabbed and fled with to keep it from his hands. Ultimately the Hepath was slain, we recovered the Seal and left making our way back to the camp, again skirmishing with Gondorians on the way back.

Setting a guard, the night passed uneventfully, the heavy rain ensuring that most things kept to cover. In the morning the Cursed Orc returned, this time as a Human. We had succeeded in striking a blow at the Enemy and so the curse was lifted. However he bore a message to Gurthang requiring some payment for the help that they had rendered us, as they had lost several fine warriors decaying the Enemy yesterday. We were required to travel back to the Well, which was a "good" source of power and taint it – so that the Morgothians could pass through this area freely. We agreed to this and moved to the Well, skirmishing with Gondorian forces once more. At the Well we found the forces there roused against us, there were several of these Numenorian Ghosts and the forest spirit, we battled here long and hard, and I was slain by the ghosts, after being felled by a Thunderclap spell. The rest of these events I now know only by repute as related to me by the others of our group.

Whilst our combatants drew off the Ghosts Chorley snuck in behind them and using a vial of the essence of evil tainted the well, this weakened the creatures such that they were soon destroyed. Moving back to the camp, where we would await Mu'l who would facilitate our transport back to Orin Rakatha, the party was confronted by the Enemy and a few of his men. A long battle then ensued, during which the disease his blade bore lay many low, however in the end the Enemy was defeated and our forces emerged victorious. After returning to the camp we were contacted by Mu'l and returned to Orin Rakatha, save Gurthang who remained behind on Thranduil.

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