

**"When your death arrives, remember that too is part of life"
Book Of Grenth, Olias, Koan 10**

Wornsdy the 10th of Gormanath 22

I have travelled without my previous companions to visit Father Galbraith at Layhoke – he had sent word of a pressing need of a servant of Grenth

It was here I met an eclectic group of adventurers seeking to locate an arcane amulet, worn by the Hero Callen as he fought the Demon Lord Prazekar

This group consisted of a pair of elves Ilthril a druid and Inana a scout, a human with hunter by name of Cavell, a Khet assassin by Vasha and a dwarven arcanist by Tr'vore, whom I had seen on posters proclaiming his magical fayre all over Grand Sulis



This group had located all four pieces of the amulet and Father Galbraith explained it's importance in binding the Demon Lord in a pocket dimension.

Repairing the amulet over the fire, our group was dragged through blinding light into this mist filled area filled with strange ruins and floating rocks surrounding an immeasurable column of ice



The party managed to find three chests each containing a crystal key without any resistance, however Tr'vore's antics were ... unnerving.

While I queried if we were prepared to face a Demon Lord, the elves each turned a key in the two far locks – as Tr'vore was spooked at visions and Cavell patrolled the ice-prison, I utilised the final key, veins of blue fire encompassing the pillar and freeing the demon itself

While Tr'vore was unnerved by the demon's stare, spoiling himself and collapsing to the floor in terror, the party all rushed to battle the beast.



While several blows were struck, the beast's massive swing impacted into me and sent me sprawling to the floor. Through my injuries and daze I saw the party land monumental blows on the demon and the legion of giant rats it called forth .

From Cavell's mighty blows, Tr'vore utilising a golden glowing staff to launch fire, Vasha couldn't control her cat-like urges and swiped at the giant rodents while Ithril also made short work of them, launching fireballs to spread the smell of burnt fur throughout the chamber

It was Inana's elven reflex that tore chunks from the demon in rapid succession, leaving a grotesque rat-king to be diced by Cavell and the elves while we cleared out the remaining giant rats.

As we recovered a strange portal tore into reality, a small robed rat and an exhausted seer stepping into the arena before fleeing from Tr'vore's hastily thrown excrement covered rodent.

Before any of us could react, the dwarf ran through the portal after the rat-men, leaving us to utilise a Return Portal back to Layhoke so we could report to Father Galbraith.

As we ruminated on Tr'vore's location, Cavell presented papers taken from rat-men showing Grand Sulis and a tunnelling machine ... this does not bode well and thus we must travel to the city once more and report to the council...