

"while Greenth commands Life and Death, you must be prepared for either"
Book Of Greenth, Livia, Koan 7

Mundy 17th of Geldonath, 1022

The visions of the Temple Of Mourning echo through my prayers, shatter my dreams and even bleed into my waking hours.

The group have returned to Grand Sulis, witch Hunter Cavell taking the rat-men scrawlings to the authorities, the Khet Vasha and Ilthril and Inana, the two elves headed toward the market.

Myself, I headed to the small necropolis Greenth's Children inhabit to discuss events with Mother Muune.

While no solutions are forthcoming, I headed to a tavern called The Cockatrice – able to procure a small flask of water for blessing as I fear the Temple of Mourning would be imminent in my future.

Upon entering the tavern, I encountered Sir Pending, Paladin of the Burning Hand and was able to catch up with my stalwart associate.

By happenstance, the two elves entered looking to trade provisions with the chef, apparently they had procured Harpy Eggs, a rare delicacy Sir Pending was quick to order.

The two elves were followed by a third elf wearing a Dwarven Helm and a pirate's tricorne perched above it – this was Hlekkyar, an outlaw with wanted posters plastering Grand Sulis.

While uncomfortable, I proceeded to discuss my visions with Sir Pending as Cavell joined us in the tavern.

Sir Pending told me witchfire had been spotted over the Temple in Autumn and a band of adventurers returned bruised and bloody.

Hlekkyar, hearing this declared himself one of those adventurers and regaled the tavern of his 'brave' exploits in slaying a necromancer within the Temple's catacombs.

Partially inebriated and partially in a vain attempt to impress the elves in our party, he brandished his sword and declared his ability to clear the catacombs again of any foul monster, sparking disbelief in both Sir Pending and Cavell, spurring the impetuous elf to rush out toward the Temple



It was on the road in the rising dusk we encountered a shock – the party were travelling and found a ghostly shape moving toward us – a Death Spectre carrying a candelabra burning with fierce green flames



While Hlekkjar's impetuous charge left him gasping for breath on the floor, the party's lack of preparation saw a difficult fight – while my own recital of Grenth's Grasp stalled the shade's attacks, the party had to rely on Ilthriell and Cavell's magic flames to dispatch the spirits. Thankfully my own mastery of Grenth's Aspect Of Life was able to keep the party fighting fit and we continued toward the Temple Of Mourning

We navigated the ruins toward the section Hlekkjar claimed was the entrance – it certainly matched my own visions and a massive iron and bronze gateway confirmed this was of the home of the Children Of Grenth's Funeral Rituals many hundreds of years ago.

As I stopped to decipher the markings the rest of the party entered the gloom ahead. No sooner as they had a series of monstrous howls echoed – a pack of werewolves had been hiding in the roof fornix and leapt on my fellow adventurers



Through a frenzied melee our party managed to lay these roofhounds to rest – my own sceptre Xenrai's Judgement being plated in silver proving an anathema and allowing me to almost decapitate a monster attacking Hlekkyar.

The elf's response didn't warrant much celebration – he opened a bottle to drink from and released a swirling fiery elemental genie.

When asked what task to perform as a boon, Hlekkyar's response was to tell the spirit to "Jukete off and don't come back" earning dismay from the party and the spirit itself.

He did, however prove his knowledge of the Temple as poking at a statue revealed a hidden stairway into the catacombs.

Unfortunately the party had entered the main charnel house and Inana had awakened zombies while investigating stacked coffins.

Sir Pending displayed his order's propensity for fire as his immediate reaction was to incinerate the coffins and the party set upon laying the zombies to rest.

While exiting the charnel house, both Vasha and Hlekkyar managed to capture some foul vermin that was a mixture of a fish and a rat from the central font.

While Vasha could not contain her instincts and tasted the... creature, she declared it foul and it was disposed of in the flames raging on the edges of the room.

The party travelled down the stairs into the depths of the Temple, Hlekkyar managing to step on and trigger a spike trap, catching Inana as well.

As the party attempted to venture further into the catacombs, sickening monstrous sounds and Hlekkyar's tale of beastly undead chimera, the party decided to leave the door undisturbed and return to Grand Sulis to rearm...



Returning to Mother Muune to ask about our order's history in the Temple Of Mourning, she offered to show me more of Grenth's Teachings – this time using His spirit to ward off blows.

I hope it will not be required, but fear it shall be...