

"Grenth alone determines the flow of Life and Death" **Book Of Grenth, Livia, Koan 24**

Wornsdy 19th of Geldonath, 1022

I had returned to Grand Sulis with the group of adventurers to restock and prepare to assault the nightmarish horrors of the Temple Of Mourning.

Agreeing to meet at the Golden Lion first thing in the morning, I encountered the elven adventurers Ilthryll and Inana, joined by the Witch Hunter Cavill.

Vasha soon arrived looking rather haggard "Bad fish" was all she would say on the subject and we pressed no further

With no sign of Hlekkjar or Sir Pending we prepared to leave, however Sir Pending's form loomed out of the morning mist alongside a bulky man wearing very little more than a loincloth and a great big bushy beard.

"I am Brian." he stated very bluntly before we could question

"A barbarian who was working the lumber yard alongside me" Sir Pending added

"I am told you folks may need a strong right arm" Brian's colossal voice boomed "And I am a prestigious barbarian"



With that the party returned to The Temple Of Mourning at Greycombe Hill.

While we advanced into the vestibule carefully, we found nothing had been disturbed from our foray.

However, while Cavill marked out the trap we encountered last time Ilthryll managed to heavily injure herself on the retracting spikes.

As we ventured past the heavy door we left last time, Vasha venturing ahead with her exceptional night vision.

The party began to filter into this pair of rooms when some vile corpse of multiple welded together body pieces came flailing out of the gloom into our Khet, causing her to leap for comparative safety of some stacked barrels



The majority of the party attacked, my own incantations to Grenth holding the abomination rigid while Cavill cleaved it in twain.

Ilthryll pushed forward into a collapsed room and was attacked by an even larger monstrosity – multiple animal pieces grafted onto something the size of an ogre.

The elven mage fared poorly and was smashed to the ground, her life bleeding out.

Thankfully I was able to dash to her side and stabilise her condition as Sir Pending and Inana tore chunks out of the beast – Vasha's well placed arrow shot ending it's corrupted existence and Sir Pending destroying a zombie climbing out of the well in the corner.

We encountered a locked metal door and had no "security specialist" to aid so Sir Pending and Brian used brute force, Brian's sturdy head shattering the hinges and throwing the door into the next room.

Peering through, we were greeted by a collection of skeletons and a female figure in robes surrounded by glowing green mist.



While one of the skeletons was wreathed in green flame, a monstrous abomination stood strong in the room, a mix of multiple heads torsos arms and tentacles!

Sir Pending and Brian forged forward into the skeletons, the flaming skeleton launched fireballs and helped destroy its comrades.

As the party advanced, the necromancer fled across the room behind a swarm of zombies and the monstrous creature.

While Brian continued to use his head and mashed his forehead against the flaming skeleton, Cavill launched forward, sprinting across a table to drop a massive cleansing flame into the zombies, so now we were facing the abomination and several zombies on fire!

I carefully took aim and doused the abomination in Holy Water, my Prayers of Shielding aiding the party, Inana and Sir Pending attacked it in earnest as it swept Cavill up in a long prehensile tentacle



while Vasha's arrows carefully blinded the monster, Inana was able to dart past its flailing arms and split it almost in half, strange green light exploding out of its corpse

Cavill took advantage of his newfound freedom and pressed forward, smashing his silver blade into the necromancer.

As she fell the magic holding the zombies intact dissipated and they crumbled, leaving us to check the room.

The necromancer was an elf carrying a staff made of bone, very similar to weapons crafted by followers of Grenth's Death aspect.

Exploring further, we found a secret room with a bubbling cauldron and a large amethyst crystal – a quarter of it crushed into the potion and this is what powered the undead constructs.

As Ilthryll approached it, the magic in her staff drawn toward the potent power she was surrounded by a blinding light – I knew she was a shape shifter but this raw power had altered her form – in front of us stood the identifiable shape of a blink-dog.

We cleared the dungeon and returned to Grand Sulis – the Witch of Greycombe has been laid to rest and hopefully there will be no further transgressions against Grenth's Order...