

**“To the unlearned, death may be the end. To the servants of Grenth, we know better”
Book of Grenth, Livia, Koan 3**

I met the group in a tavern at the edge of Summerend Forest – While the wood elfs Inara and Ithryll were present as scout and mage and Witch Hunter Cavill lurked in the shadows, sir Pending bought along a member of the order he was Paladin for, a Cleric named Nell Nonsilver. We also were joined by the dwarf knight Duran Duranson – clad in dwarfen armour, complete with unicorn adorning his helm.



Gathering directions on a mapkin from the tavern, we journeyed into the forest, headed toward the cottage where a lonesome woman, rumoured to be a witch, crafted an extraordinary ale.

As we approached the cottage we found the granddaughter of the “witch” who would be able to supply us with the beer, should we locate several herbs from the surrounding area. When pushed for directions, she told us the forest was wild – full of enchantment, its layout and denizens would shift, especially as the local elves had vacated years ago. We headed west toward nearby caves to gather the first ingredient – Purple Grimcat Mushrooms.

However when approaching we encountered a clearing full of snakes



while we explored a haunting sound echoed through the clearing, scaring off the snakes. We encountered a wild Jabberwock while launched itself at the dorf, it's talons clawing at his armour and it's poisonous fangs piercing his plate



The party attacked with vigour, Ithryll's wood sprite Twiglett being torn apart by the vicious beast, however it's distraction allowing Cavill to greatly injure the monster before Inana removed it's head

We entered the cave and found it illuminated by large glowing crystals.

These crystals arced magic throughout, however when they impacted the massive crystal arms on a golem, it angled the discharge into the party as arced lightning !



As we battled the golem, Ithryll worked out it drew it's power from the crystals in the rock faces so while Cavill and Sir Pending distracted the beast, the party worked at shattering them. Ithryll managed to snag the fungus we required and soon fled the cave while we slew the rock monster.

We headed south toward the next location marked on the map – the ruins of the Old Kingdom. The ruins were occupied by a pair of massive bears and in an unusual turn of event, Inana charged the pair quite recklessly.



While the elf fought bravely, Duran, Nell and myself had to rush to help the outweighed scout as the animals savaged Inana.

Inana was able to slay one of the bears, while the second attempted to eat Duran but the dwarf's tenacity allowing him to slay the beast while I had to call on Grenth to tend his wounds.

Meanwhile Ithryll, aided by Cavill's grapnel, climbed the ruins to retrieve the Thorn Bracken we needed.

Nell, however, searched the ruins and found an entrance to a long forgotten dungeon, alongside a Golden Key.

We marked the location down for a follow-up adventure as we were rapidly running out of daylight.

We headed East toward the Fae Circle, finding a large tree had grown in it's centre and occupied by a large Owlbear.



Ithryll, taking up the recklessness of her cousin, used an ability I had only seen her use as a hound – she teleported into the branches of the tree, clambering down to harvest the honeyweed from the owlbear's nest.

The beast was not too impressed and Ithryll's screams echoed across the clearing as the animal tore into her – leaving her body broken and bloody on the ground.

We rushed to rescue the mage – Inana loosing arrows off while Cavill and Duran ventured to the edge of the circle to distract the beast.

I knew the risks of crossing Fae Enchantments but Ithryll was dying – I put my faith in Grenth and chanted his litanies as I dashed toward the fallen elf.

I dropped to Ithryll's side, hand above her heart as I beseeched Grenth to return her to mortality, as the Lord of Life and the Dominant of Death, she came back and Grenth's Hands allowed her to regain enough health to escape the monstrous creature.

The rest of the party was able to slay the beast and we managed to exit the Fae Circle – while the elves were unaffected by it's mystic powers, we all felt their tug.

As we were at the most south-eastern part of the forest we dealt with everyone's wounds and headed back toward the tavern – the light was failing and we knew better than to spend the night in a wild forest...

I write this from the table in the tavern, we will resupply and return to Summerend, firstly into the Eastern Deep Woods for Withenwort then North to the Magic Springs for Frogslip – hopefully this witch's descendant can aid us with this exceptional beer and help us restore the withering from our comrades...

