

"While you claim I have crossed the line we all maintain, I embrace Death as I faced Life – without fear as we all return to Greth"

Attributed Last Words of Verata the Reviled

Myranda sighed and pushed the book away.

She reached into her bag and drew out a brush, closing her eyes as she ran it through her long black hair distractedly.

The party of adventurers she had been working with had ventured into a troglodyte cave while she had investigated rumours that the Cult Of Verata had returned.

As seasoned adventurers they had handled the affair well but several members crippled by a taint known as The Withering

And yet Ilthril, horribly injured by the eldritch horror, had managed to regain some health with a potion of Major Restoration – something Myranda had not encountered before.

And thus she found herself in this library searching through grimoires for more information on these potions.

"May I offer you water, sister?" one of the librarians approached Myranda's book-strewn table.

"Please." Myranda gave a weary smile as he carefully set down a glass and poured from a large jug "thank you Richard"

"Would.. would you kindly?" he gestured toward the jug

Myranda suppressed a sigh – they had performed this ritual several times over the last few days

She granted him a smile and drew a rune in the condensation on the jug, muttering the Rite Of Purity over the water

"may I ask why you would have me pour before you bless the water sister?" Richard asked

"It is written a man must eat a bushel of dirt before he dies" Myranda replied. "this is clean drinking water is it not?"

"Of course!" he replied hurriedly "just, some divine Blessing is always welcome"

As he picked the jug up he glanced at the book at the front of the pile "Potion history?" he asked

"In my grandfather's day, there was a Potion Maker who lived in Summerend Forest"

He had that far away look in his eyes of someone travelling through a memory

"A witch, they used to say. She'd make a potions and ales like no other. I heard a descendant of hers is still there living deep in the woods. Perhaps she would aid in what you seek?"

"A very good suggestion Richard, I think that may be a worthwhile trip"

The Librarian smiled and wandered off to offer Blessed Water to other patrons leaving Myranda to tidy up the table and return the books.

She would head to this Tempe of Minerva the rest of the party were staying at and see about a trip into Summerend Forest...