

Myranda paused as she entered the crypt – while normally quiet with the dead instead voices raised in anger greeted her.

Readying Melandru's Judgement, the mace was heavy in her hand as she strode forward to witness the sister superior arguing with a massive albino, carrying a corpse of all things "I don't care about rumour and here-say, we are not necromancers" Mother Dana was confronting the figure

"the followers of Grenth guard the line between Life and Death." The figure countered. "i'm not asking for raising the dead, just need to ask this guy about what happened"

"Even if the dead had anything to say, it's not something everyone can do" Dana stepped away "Leave now "captain", we are unable to help you"

"Captain?" Myranda stepped forward "Why would the City Watch bring a corpse here?"

"Ex-Captain" the albino gave a half shrug "please sister, holy artefacts have been taken"

"I. I have performed the Rite once before" Myranda ventured "I cannot guarantee it will work but will try"

"I would appreciate anything you can tell me" the captain nodded gratefully

Myranda placed her buckler under the corpses' head and laid Melandru's Judgement on it's chest.

She took a deep breath and began her chant in the old tongue

"Mighty Grenth, Master of Life and Lord of Death, hear my prayer.

This thread has been cut and has delivered to you before it's time.

Your servant beseeches you to allow this soul to speak it's tale"

As she closed her eyes she could still see the body in front of her, only slightly translucent but it's eyes, burning green stared straight at her

"I guess i'm dead then?" the voice was barely a whisper

"Yes, you died" Myranda tried to keep her voice calm and low

"I knew I shouldn't have dropped my guard. Was on a heist with Fingers McGee. I said we should leave the icons where they were but I guess he shanked me. I feel I should be more upset about that" the spirit's sigh whistled throughout the chamber

"The worst is over. Not to mention you have left everything behind" Myranda smiled

"including glands. And the haul. We were going to stash it with no-name Jack and lay low, meet up with Hob as knew a place" The ghost paused "gold, fine. Art, ok. But religious icons from a church? Never a good idea. Is. Is it getting colder?"

"I think Grenth calls you, our time is limited"

"A shame. Hopefully attempting to do the right thing counts"

Myranda smiled "i think intentions count" as the spirit started to fade "be at peace"

She opened her eyes and wiped the tears running down her face

"Well, Captain." She started, noting the wince from the large man "Fingers McGee is your culprit, stashed with No-name Jack?" her eyes narrowed "What icons did they take?"

"I'm not at liberty to say" the captain straightened up and moved toward the corpse

"He stays here" Myranda's jaw clenched "he has paid his dues and is at rest now"

"But I should..." the albino started

"No. He is with Grenth now" Mother Dana stepped forward to block the ex-guardsmen "you have your information. Now go"

Ex-Captain Connor paused and nodded "Thank you for your help" and turned sharply, dropping several coins onto the collection plate as he stalked out of the mausoleum

"was that a good idea?" Dana asked

"If Grenth allowed it, it must have been" Myranda recovered her equipment "and now Mother, I must rest..."