Illusions

By Otrocis

I now understand what the Forest Spirit meant by “seeing”. Those in our adventuring party who were captured ended up in Tezchi’tatl, but seemingly hundreds of years back, before it was swallowed by the rainforest, and still inhabited by wood elves. Wood elves are similar to illion elves, but they live to around six hundred years, and every day they either resist or are vulnerable to all spells. Wood elves also always try to maintain balance, meaning if they do an act of good, they must then do an act of evil, and vice versa. If a wood elf resurrects someone, they must then kill someone to maintain the balance. The adventuring party finds themselves in this community of wood elves, still as an adventuring party, also joined by many other wood elven adventurers, with wood elven classes such as ihimi and nagual (I show classes these in earlier chronicles I have written).

The first mission the adventuring party decides to go on is patrolling the border and making the people of Falnorian return to Falnorian. The first group of Falnorian people could not speak wood elvish, or the common that the party members knew. This group seemed fairly hostile, and attacked the adventuring party, eventually winning the battle. The three other groups also could not speak the languages that the adventuring party spoke, but these groups were less hostile, and after attempted conversation, left the forest.

The second mission was to help protect the House of Ground and Starlight from invading creatures. The party succeeded, however the strange thing is once they were defeated, the creatures all collectively stopped coming. After these creatures were defeated, the party decided that they wanted to go back to the house of Ground and Starlight, because its members could complete a ritual similar to exorcism that would hopefully allow them to escape this alternate reality.

While the captured section of the party was in their illusion world, I was attempting to devise a rescue plan. I had already located the captured party members with my vulture, but General Sabira said that sending a rescue party directly into Tezchi’tatl would be too dangerous, so it seemed like other methods of transportation were required. I managed to find someone who was a diviner with the teleport sorcery, and was old enough to have studied Tezchi’tatl. The problem here was that we could not afford to spend ten minutes in Tezchi’tatl surrounded by rainforest creatures while the diviners completed the teleport ritual. Now I searched for someone who could either transport us back to Orizan immediately, or someone who could speed up the teleport ritual. On the bright side, I found someone who had a sorcery that sped up a ritual, however, they were working on a far away section of the Greenwall. I managed to convince General Sabira to summon this person, however it was going to take a long time.

I must thank various members in the captured adventuring party for informing me on what happened during this time so I could be able to write the larger portion of this chronicle.