For those who care

Written by Thomas, on 4/14 writing on 4/3 (yes, I know I’m late)

On Friday the 3rd, we embarked on a mission investigating elementals who were tearing swamp, as if looking for something. The story goes as follows:

After fighting some animals, we arrived at the location we were trying to go to, and sure enough, there were elementals. They were fighting each other and ripping up the ground, except there was one thing, or elemental, that was different. As we walked up to it, it was fighting other elementals from the forest and volcano spirits, and we learned it was its own spirit. This swamp spirit is considerably smaller than the others, maybe size six or so, and was very young (in spirit terms). After it finished fighting, we talked to it and it seemed to have voices in its head, and complained a lot about it. I offered to do my diviner ritual, which does the equivalent of an exorcism and a scry (it’s complicated), and the swamp spirit agreed. The vision I got was long, and it is as follows: (yes, I love using parentheses and saying “as follows”).

At first, there was peace. The spirit was living peacefully, but it doesn’t have memory of this. There was the “tickling” of the plants growing, and it could feel the movements of the crocodiles in the swamp. People took from the swamp, and gave back, but nothing that bothered it. There was smoke in the distance, but it didn’t feel like anything to worry about, and there was just peace all around. Then, the forest came. It started growing and taking from the swamp at the same time as fire burned the swamp and things took from the swamp. There was all-out chaos. Then, it stopped, and the vision shifted and it showed people (who we assume to be wood elves) taking care of the swamp, mopping up lava and chopping back the forest. The spirit liked these people. Then, there was more tickling, and taking away from the swamp, and

the vision shifted. Suddenly, everything became more clear. This was the time the swamp spirit came alive, and was conscious rather than just watching. What I saw was an empty swamp. Swamp and mud, as far as the eye could see. Then it shifted to tickling and taking away again, and again to the empty swamp. But then, there were huge fires in the distance and people and things ripping up the swamp, destroying everything. And what I felt was fear. Intense, extreme fear.

As far as I know, this scry was rather useless, although maybe someone out there will find it extremely useful. As they say, one man's trash is another man's treasure.
This is my first, and likely only chronicle this week and it is rather short, but I hope you enjoyed!