7th of Halfmoon, Waywoods

Bob Dalibor, Human Viking

Dear Journal,

Today was a lot of betrayal and death, so let me explain. I was late for my inn duties because of the snow, so I had to rush to the inn. By the time I got there, I saw a very unfamiliar face. She was a tall human; I think the only one taller was our second innkeeper. She was in long heavy robes, fur-lased boots, and a scarecrow of a face. I was told by my friend Gellf that this was our new innkeeper from the Harbinger followers. And let me make it clear: I will not state the name of this innkeeper incase this book falls into the hands of evil so let me continue. I was very carful when I came in. The innkeeper said in a gruff voice “I am the shine of the Harbinger followers, as I have a connection to them.” I quietly sat down and looked at the mission board. It read as follows: “Job 1 Rescue Harbinger Followers from Geysers” next it said “Job 2 Inspect the White Lake” I will skip the first mission, except for the time we met an old woman with a staff in her hands. “You know that new innkeeper you got” she said, “as a shrine of the tree of life, I can tell she has bad intentions” and some other stuff I can’t remember. Let’s skip to the lake. When we got there, I thought I had snow in my eyes. There was a purple orb, about 2 feet tall, with wings like that of butterflies. But behind it there were an onslaught of skeletons. There were these glowing hot springs, I mean actually glowing. There was of corse the lake shining brighter then all the hot springs, and these purple crystalline shards. But that did not mater, what did mater was the skeletons. I raised in, hacking there limbs away with precise cuts, eventually, one skeleton brought its flail high and crushed the orb with a sickening crunch.

I was angered by this, so I started using my full capability’s and began actually dropping them. Eventually, we beat the last enemy, so we checked out the dead orb. It was a fay, a small harmless ball of magic. Gellf started an oracle, but first I used my undead sense (coming from the exposed bone on my left leg) I could tell that these were natural undead. That means that they were not created by necromancers or other undead, it just meant they sort of happened.

In the oracle, we saw the lake, at the middle of the day, at first it was white, then it was full of rainbow ripples, then more like bubbles. Then all of a sudden, I felt myself diving into the water, the burning acid turning my skin and bones into ash. But we still dived deeper. We say at the bottom a river of purple stuff boiling all the water that touched it, creating the rainbow bubbles. Then something clicked, and the lake was now in a bottle, that shaked continuously, building so much force, that the cork popped. But instead of hearing it pop, tare was such a loud explosion that I was defend for a long while afterword. And the vision ended.

- Bob Dalibor