Well, good night, good morning, or whatever.
Ok, so our shift of adventuring started in the inn, and we were greeted by a person the other group of adventurers had met with. Luckily, I was told to give my mysterious encoded paper to someone who descended from a bunch of different gods, and whose name started with A. So, once the two things were verified I gave them the paper, and then they bid us farewell and told us that if we wanted to talk with them we would find them in the temple district at the Tree of Life shrine. So, after we voted, we went to meet with this person, and they gave us a hint for the paper: the last line on the second paragraph said: One who's guts bleed black, and the second line of the second paragraph said: One whos grief is reawoken. so afer that, I forgot about it for one day, and came back to it, and I have succesfuly decoded it, it says this:
Winter dwindles as darkness takes wind
His eyes turn towards his home in Surind
Four cities rise to meet the King
With one bears his throne.

One whose faith is beat and broken
One whose grief is reawoken
One whose test is unspoken
One whose guts bleed black.

For evil, cast out, spreads its seeds
To over_Winter with the weeds
And bloom in Spring with heinous deeds
Where duties are left to rot.

Black and white wound warp and weft
Balance kept between the cleft
So tightly bound they bound their death
Beyond the pale of grey.

His followers make their marks
In shadows shrouded, discord sparks
But do not watch the waiting dark:
For the danger lies within.

And thus concludes the transcription of this poem, however it was brought to our attention that each place has its own version, and I will send each a key. We also know that each place has its own line in the second paragraph, Syenon has the las one, Tezchi'tatl has the second, and the other two, for those, I do not know which one is which.
The other thing I have to say is, later on thursday we went to find out what a big

thing in the forest was, and it turned out to be a giant ground sloth with the equivalent of full plate, it could pierce armor with its claws easily, and was withering us slowly, I am ten years older,but lucky for me, I am an elf, however, I can't imagine what it's like for a human. and with all that I wish you a happy non-Morganti-PD week. Oh, and wait, I have decided to change my name to Atalathon the II, so, warmest regards:

Atalathon The II