The Second - Saving

This next tale is of a Commander, lost to age so long ago. Before ages pass, when we warred with the elves and humans, we stole and ravaged those that we fought. Gold was but a warm surprise, for the true treasures of these times were the relics of these nations which they valued so much. But no man lives forever, not even a war commander as strong as an army, and when he died to honor him a keep was built in his name, and his treasures buried in his tomb. To keep him wealthy in his life anew.

Thousands of years go by, and eventually out reaches a hand to him, even though his spirit must have been deep asleep, granting him the power to keep his wealth.

Forever, as a lich.

As his power grew, he began creating undead, and a force to fight back against any who wished to steal from him. Until our small band of fighters tracked him down. We fared poorly against even the guards upon his front door, and stood no match when we ventured further into his lair; but no match were even our strongest, and even though many fled, two were still trapped. Moons went by and many of our strongest fought tirelessly in attempts to rescue our friends, yet to little success. Only once we gathered together once more did we push in, and after killing the lich's wights and crypt sentinels did we find our friends, already turned into undead creations, and the lich itself. Quick work was put into the defeat of the lich as without many of its minions, its power was much less, and I began dragging it away to exorcize it safely, and after more scrying and the destruction of its phylactery, did we only begin to face the greater problem at hand: how to break the cycle of avarice. No matter the amount, gold can corrupt. Too much and you begin hoarding, always wanting more. Never accepting happiness where you can find it. To fight the powers that hoarded this wealth originally, we decided to give it back to those it was stolen from, and use the rest by giving back to the people.

In doing so, we began another round of visions:

Dwarves on a wide shore watching strange ships arrive. These arrivals brought with them many resources, but the dwarves, who turned out to be Giltsvod, began raveging these ships and stealing everything. Unable to understand their actions, the strangers fought back, attempting to keep their goods for themselves if they were not willing to trade as they had hoped. We had to show Giltsvod it was not weak to accept or trade for their goods, but strong for being able to help them. We had to explain how acting in good faith can benefit them, and also those they trade with. Selflessness is, in the end, giving back to yourself, if you have enough patience.

Once we helped them grow a better understanding and begin trading with the newcomers instead of attacking, we felt like the next step of our journey had been finished.