26th of Fifthmoon

Xitli came to us first, to tell us that another arc was coming, and that we would do well to seal the Zebragrass leytap before it arrived. (A message that was repeated, later, by certain others.) Firstly, to do so, we had to clear the area surrounding the ley-tap, which I hear went well; this too was the first encounter (of what would be several) of slimes inhabiting other shells. This time, the slimes lived within the emptied carapaces of mudcrabs, causing our party members to not realize what they were fighting until several had already been slain.

Subsequently we went out to warn travellers, for we had (or rather, our more mathematical and analytical party members had) discovered that the worst of the waves of the arc would strike along a nearby road, one much-used for travel between Gemglass to the east and the rest of Lakeshore. On our way, we briefly ended up stuck in the mindscape, but were able to leave with much less trouble than we had the last time we were stuck there, when we had to deal with one person who had split into several different people, or perhaps one person imagining himself, or perhaps mindscape beings trying to become one person - even now I am not sure what truly happened that time, months ago, only relieved that we escaped. This mindscape adventure was much simpler, as we simply had to fight strange oddly-aspected body parts.

During this trek, we had some trouble with a party member named Ishamael, one who we met many months ago and has only just now returned. This Ishamael has many minds within him, all of them switching between each other fairly often, and many or all of them thinking they are from long ago, during the times of Oldmin and Eldspel, Falnin and the Dark Council. Some of these aspects are warriors, some are mages, some are semi-martials. One is an assassin, we think, and jumps immediately to killing. We have decided, that if ever we see Ishamael wearing chainmail, we are to knock him unconscious, in the hopes that this changes him to a less-deadly personality. (Less deadly to his own party members, that is. Tensions are high.)

We spent time placing signs, hopefully readable ones, with directions to avoid the road and either go back or go around (if they truly had to be traveling during such a fractious time). There were many interesting people we met, during this setting-up of road-blocks and signs: a family, who our new Colorwoods friend took some offense to; a trader of magic items, who I considered trading with but unfortunately did not have much of value on me; one of Zari-Kiri's own scouts, back from investigating an exploding field; a smooth-talking yet odd-seeming Bellmorn traveler, one who begged aid against the Hur; a messenger from Harmini, declaring that a moot had been declared, a meeting of the many peoples, in response to Bellmorn's own aggression against Eldar and the Weyrwoods; a strange, colorfully-garbed person who asked about my reproductive organs; and a heavily cloaked Greyfen mage, who had some confusing things to say which I have completely forgotten.

After we took our noon meal, we turned to the problem of the swift-approaching arc. The now-familiar waves of mana, pushing in then draining out, had only just begun to ripple across the landscape. Someone - I forget who, and I also forget how - had heard a message from Ra, to whom many of us have been sending the excess mana gained during arcs, saying that if we

did not close the leytap before the arc struck, we would all die. This being quite a strong message, we chose to close the leytap. Sybil oracled, or perhaps seanced, to try and learn more; Sybil is one of the water-people, who have divine intervention from the lake, to resist blue mana rash and to be made entirely of lake-water. So it is saying something, when Sybil opened their eyes from the oracle and immediately fell, covered all in blue, dead to the mana rash.

This weaving was a difficult one, though in the end we did succeed. Twice we connected to the threads and tried to untangle them, and twice we came apart not in one circle but in two, a much more dangerous way of trying to channel the energy. Eventually we decided we didn't have time to risk on a third attempt, and tried to interlink the two circles as best we could (clever, slime-obsessed Obb's idea). Even with the interlinking, it was a hard one; several of us almost exploded, only saved by Beau's quick reactions and mana absorption. There was also a deal of confusion and fear, for Ishamael at that time had a great fear of undead - and Ashani was a necromancer, one who was animating our dead party members, enabling them to continue to defend us. But in the end, we managed. Barely. But we managed.

In the aftermath, those of us who sent mana to the gods had a vision. The rainbow river, and us flowing up it, back along the path; the rainbow turned to gold, upstream, higher and higher, to a mountain, towering above all but one. On the mountain's slopes flowed not lava but pure molten crystalline, so purple it hurt to look at, and four figures around the rim. The four jump in and are gone. Gone.

I do not know who these four are, but I know what a great service they have done for us. I will see if I may repay it to them, or their heirs, if the opportunity comes before me. So should we all.

We then tended to our own party - namely Sybil, who is dear to many of us (NOT just for their looks or how 'attractive' they are, despite what the horrible gossips may suggest, they are a FRIEND, and you all show them far less respect than they deserve) and who, unless we found a way to draw out the mana, would die permanently to the blue mana rash. Fortunately, there was an easy way to do this: an immense blue shard had been found to the north, and there were nearly certain to be slimes there. The party brought Sybil's body along, fed the body to the slimes - but in that feeding the mana was separated from the body, and Sybil was able to be resurrected!

The shard, I hear, was a strange one, with fog and jumping fish, but I did not get to see it myself. It was planned that those of us in camp would shelter there during the arc itself, for though Ra's warning had let us know how urgent it was to close the ley-tap and avert certain death, it still was going to be an arc, and thus dangerous and deadly. Much of the camp reached that shelter. I did not; I had stopped to do a last check of the camp and ensure there were no stragglers, and was just outside the shard itself when the arc struck and I perished in the swell of mana.

There were many deaths, and many with strange affects; I hear rumors that mutations were common, this time, though I myself am unchanged except by experience. I will be some weeks recovering from the mana-rash, both from the arc and from the closing of the leytap. The talk of

the camp, though: Aeliana, Calix's childhood friend and lover, would have permanently died if not for some strange divine intervention, the details of which I do not know.

Also, I promised my new friend from the Colorwoods a fight, and due to the chaos of the arc and its aftermath, we completely forgot to actually fight! I must remedy this situation soon.