15th of Twelfthmoon 215.3.3
This moon we ventured a little farther from Corravane than usual. To start, we stayed in the city and dealt with a warehouse that was burning, despite the pouring rain.
While we were walking through the city to get there, we encountered some people that were walking, talking, and fighting despite being asleep. We knocked them out after a little bit of effort, and when they were healed, they yawned and were truly awake once more. They claimed to be from Green Block and Blue Block, and said that they had just been fighting a Troll, or Mud Crab. or something similar. We thought they might be from a nightmare-ridden village we had heard about. One of our missions was to investigate the village, but we had no time.

We found out through thorough investigation that the fire was able to burn through the downpour because of some sort of gel, was Alchemist's fire, and that it was set intentionally. We were able to get all the people out safely, but the building did not make it. Before the collapse we collected some of the gel. While continuing our sleuthing outside, one of my teammates was trying to track the arsonist while the rest of us interviewed the victims. None of them had any ideas as to who would start the fire.

The one tracking the offender had no luck in that endeavor, but did find that someone had killed a street cat with MORIGANTI, and placed her in a tree. We theorized that it may have been some sort of warning. Our Wild Mage innkeep determined that she was not a familiar, and not a mage in Wild Shape. We gave her a burial on our way to Syenon.

For our second mission, we went to Syenon. Awnswell, our third innkeeper, had most of the cipher paper pieces we were looking for. All Awnswell was missing was three scraps of cipher. We were told that they were likely in places related to Moriganti killing, dealing with Moriganti, and mostly between above and underground, such as the sewers. We got a teleport to about ten minutes north of the sewer we

were going to enter, and after five minutes we gave the cat (whose name I forgot) a proper burial. Before that, though, we were attacked by a group, at least one of whom was a necromancer.

I have some information for Miss Amysri of Anguron: Your city is NOT under the control of at least two COD members. I learned this from a gargoyle we met in the Seneon sewers. I told it that you theorized it was, and it told me that your theory was wrong. I was going to trade more information with the fellow, but had to turn around to help my teammates who were being attacked by some odd little blobs. When I turned back, the gargoyle was gone. We continued on, and found a Moriganti sword.

Somewhere in the sewers, I think after the gargoyle but before the sword, there was an area where our mages kept getting hurt and they were acting odd. In the same area there were manhole covers leading to the surface with runes or something around them. Any weapons that came into contact shattered, except for my Runic katana which simply lost its runes. A rock that was thrown through exploded into shrapnel. It is likely the sword was farther in the sewers than this.

This sword was moving of its own accord, floating towards us and hacking. One poor soul got both arms and legs hacked. Miss Amisri, if you're reading this, we could use the tinkering tendencies of your nation to make a full set of prosthetics. We all ran away, and when we came back for our fellow adventurer, we found a portion of the cipher in his pocket. A teammate and I devised a plan where we would act like I had the paper, while he really held on to it, so that I would be the main target, and it's lucky we did.

Farther on in the sewers our casualty had his limbs begin to tingle. We followed the tingle to various exits we already knew about, and it got stronger at each. Eventually, and with his permission, I killed him, and we followed his wisp to a secret door. As we walked through the wall, we began to duel various foes, before dueling creatures that looked like each of us respectively and wore the same gear. They also fought

in the same way as we did. I was... not used to dueling myself in the armor I had put on that used to belong to our now wisp friend.

A door appeared once the last of us had beaten ourselves. When we entered there were more floating weapons but thankfully these dealt regular hacks and impails. Things didn't go well, and most of us were almost entirely or entirely hacked. Eventually, I got my calling horn out of my bag by purposefully falling and getting my team mate who still had use of his arms to grab it for me, and blew it with the intention to send the weapons away, which it did for a half or quarter minute. I noticed that when something weird or complicated happened, one of my fellows, despite full hacks, was able to move about one step, so we started doing weird things, including calling a duel. When declared, a duel would take place, even if neither party was trained as a duelist. Finally we were all able to get healed because our Wild Mage used his chin to move an empathic ray for healing onto himself.

Our wisp friend, now material once more, told us of what he had witnessed while we were dealing with the duelists and weapons. He wisped into a dangerous passage where he heard something about "boss" "smuggling" "permanent damage" and "wait until the king is in the arena" he was then summoned by people wearing all black cloaks, promptly killed again, and wisped to Syenon where he was able to be healed and returned to us.

There were two encounters with flashing shadows, where every now and then we'd feel like we were being ambushed, but nothing would come. one was before and one happened now. Then we chased some vague shapes that turned out to be doors. when we hit the doorknobs, we were transported through into an area with fighting elf and human ghouls. All of us besides the Wild Mage who pulled through earlier and was entrusted with the scraps of code were not so lucky to survive the battle. When we were slain we felt like we were falling. We saw fighting scenes, two elves holding hands, a blade bleeding black. When we were brought back to life we still had all of our gear, and were just outside the sewer entrance. Some time before this we got

the second piece of the code, but I forgot to write down when that was.

The Wild Mage told me of his ventures after we were all returned to the exterior of the sewers: he was wading through chest-high water, and somewhere, somehow found the third piece. He can no longer feel soul-fear, and has stains halfway up his shins, I believe. In other wrapping up news, when dusk came and we found out the consequences of our deaths, I found that I was no longer able to convince people with the help of a deity due to a divine intervention from Athena.

What a moon.
-Wan