The Quest for Afinilimin

I am not that good at taking notes, and far from the best at writing, but I would like to make a contribution to the records of my party's Quest, to the lost city. To Afinilimin.
We were a group that was far from coordinated, as most parties are, but no matter what they were a group that I can call my friends. I come from Keystone, not all of us did. I felt alienated from most people due to certain circumstances, but these people treated me like one of their own, and never judged. I thank them for that even now.

We began our adventuring around Keystone- Doing errands for nobles, carrying supplies between outposts, but I would say our adventures really began after meeting a man that changed most of our lives forever. He didn't go by any name so we gave him 'Albus' as a temporary one so we could talk to him. He was blind, and many thought him crazy, but this man was the most powerful person I have ever met. A follower of the Tree of Life who led us to Eldwatch, an outpost next to the Eld, where we started our quest and learned that we were not the only ones in search of the ancient city.
Our party was never the strongest in combat, and when we learned that one of the Dark Council was hiding up in the Halhars and Albus along with other incredibly powerful people were attempting to deal with him, we knew we could only do so much, but when one of my close friends, Hawke, got captured and we had to fight incredibly difficult creatures working under the shadow of the Cat, we knew we didn't have what it took to continue fighting and left it up to the bigger powers.
To describe what we did next, I must first introduce another: Farthen, and a place we found months before. Farthen was a dwarf that is connected with the earth, rock, and stone. He is a singer who can sing to the ground and helped us in a ritual to be pointed in the direction of Afinilimin using stones we found in a tomb that housed thousands of years old dead bodies. We didn't know it at the time, but that tomb was from Afinilimin, and through using those stones he sung to the stones to point us in the direction we needed to go. From there, began our Quest.
Using maps that I had found in a chronicle from centuries before the Fall, I was able to get a relatively accurate idea of where Afinilimin was before it vanished, and this sent us on a long travel to Dragon's Reach- A safe haven outpost in the middle of the death-filled hellscape of the

halhars. Traveling there took weeks, and the fatigue after our journeys made us rest for days before going out again. Screw the ram.

To describe Dragon's Reach, I would have to be able to describe the feeling of being in a new world. Having dragons flying above us regularly, circling the town, and even real shrines to almost every god or goddess- Food, real food! And a library full of the most fantastical wondrous books that have stories and knowledge of the past four thousand years. It was incredible, but it was only a pit stop for us as we needed to deal with a greater threat that those of Dragons Reach made us aware of. The Eldar. The Eldar are a group famous for their arcanistic magics that we of Winterhearth are unable to perform. Their warriors are stronghearted and difficult to defeat on their own, but as they were invading into Winterhearth and attempting to reach Afinilimin as well, they didn't just go alone- They were prepared, and built fortifications as hundreds of them grouped together in the pass between Dragon's Reach Mountain and the one beside it. We knew we couldn't defeat them in pure combat- Likely no one could, or not easily at least- So we did the only thing we could, and used the terrain against them. We split into two groups: One underground setting explosives in the perfect spots under their fortifications to destroy them. Another group went high up into the mountains, and used similar explosives to cause an avalanche and bury them from above. It worked. The large majority of the Eldar Arcanists were destroyed, and most of their healer and necromancers who were able to summon got buried under the snow or trapped in caves unable to get out. This gave us the advantage, and after some time we searched through the snow and retrieved immense amounts of resources that they were utilizing. Tons of magical weapons, silver and runic equipment that we could never have even dreamed about, and even six real magical items. This gave us the upper hand that we never even knew we needed, but it was certain that without this stuff we likely wouldn't be able to get further in.
After searching through the snow and doing favors for the outpost to get access to their libraries, we decided to go out in search of small ruins from Afinilimin and try to get rid of the Eldar Arcanists that escaped the avalanche and fled to them. We knew of three, all near Dragon's Reach. One, a temple to the four Olden Gods. Each with their own history and challenges to show your understanding of their creations. Next, ruins of a mage school in which the history of the learning of magic that began in the first era. The last, an amphitheater of the gods with a stage that felt like it rose us above into the heavens for their eyes to watch us. Each were glimpses into our world earlier than almost any alive had ever seen it before. But as we completed each, we found

that they were not only ruins from which we could learn our history from, but challenges that must be completed to find the ancient city of old. The temple gave four key heads, one from each God. The amphitheater gave the stem of the key. And the mage school gave the bow. This was not the end to our Quest, but we had finally found what we needed to take those final steps. Upon reaching where we knew Afinilimin once rested, and holding this completed key in our hands, instead of the city we thought we might see, there only stood a golden, gleaming archway. As we walked towards it, we beheld the energy behind which overtook us instantly; but we had to push forward. As the key touched that golden door, the world around us spun. Colors shifted, the sky cracked like we were inside a rainbow of crystalline. But as the world shifted, so did we, as in front of us now stood the ancient city.

Gods, demons, angels, and more lay in this city of ancient history. Yet those of Afinilimin proper were gone. A city empty if not for the extraplanar entities who now roam it and call it home. We learned of a disaster that broke this city, we found the reason for its death. Men and women burned in the streets as a fire swept the lives of all. Someone, or something, had backstabbed those who lived here once. What exactly it was, we are not quite sure, and if it lives on is unknown. But here I write, as a witness of the city at the center of the world.

~Samaya Everden