Chronicle from November 8

Hello!
First and foremost, my apologies for not writing sooner. I have not had the necessary downtime to collect my thoughts. All of this happened on the 8th of Eleventhmoon, I believe it was.

To start things off, I had another vision. Someone with a torch in the dark heading down almost labyrinthine passages.

There is chaos in the city. Last week we apparently helped the Mage school defend against the guards taking control of the teleport hubs, and failed. This means that both sides are angry at us. The mages because we failed, and the city guard because we opposed them.

Our missions were:
* Help the mages retake the walls after the guards got in
* Help the guards retake the teleport circles
* Follow up on an invitation from "Joe Smith"
* Search the passages beneath the Cunning God temple
* Search the ruins near an old diamond mine

During our travels to the diamond mine, one of my party members initiated an oracle to the World that I partook in. The question was 'Who is "Joe Smith" really' we saw alleyways and winding dark passages, stalls, small unmarked packages changing hands under a table, an eye looking around, a web, a spider pulling many strings. A smile, behind the smile sharp teeth. A promise, a dangerous one.

May all your travels be safe and swift,
~Amysri