

## Report to Queen Amlaruil Moonflower on House N'Letur's right of assistance

### Chapter 113: Part 2c: For the Island (Greengrass 1371)

**B**attered guardian Ambros Thrasnill might have been, but he just scoffed at my question why he had not attacked master Grimwald or consort Droyt as they were trespassing in a restricted area while the island was under attack. He stated that he could feel the kinship in the dwarf and that he recognized the clothing, and status, of the dark elf. The betrayal of one of his companions had not distracted him, a grey-guard was always suspicious, but to overreact was a sin. He let them enter the holy temple of Deep Sashelas and prime defense against any water attack, ready for betrayal, but open to those wanting to do good.

**L**ost was the center pearl, corrupted beyond repair by an abyss tainted Fflinn Eroth, who had strayed from his family almost five centuries ago. The dark elf did not kill him, but removed any capability of him further affecting the temple; while the dwarf and lieutenant Soveliss Kellnin offered all they had to the remaining spirit of the place. In the end the lieutenant quite properly offered his life, and the master rebuild the ward, so the pact was remade, the offer of life repayed by a holy mission. If I may be so bold to make a remark I predict that you will receive requests to rebuild the temple using only elven offers. A committee by all six elven races might be a possible response. Please forgive me if I have overstepped my bounds.

**O**nwards they went, towards the command room. Ambros leading, they arrived there, and discovered that all eight of the fortress' command had betrayed the elven people. The fleet captain, the fortress' custodian, and the weather master were wracked by guilt through Kellnin's rebuke. The dwarf made short work of the item master, while Iliana's consort feebleminded both councilor Ammisyll Veldann, and the master of the deep. The marines commander found that he had forgotten the quality of dwarven armor. The master of sight too forgot too that preparation is a key to any battle: he managed to hinder the dwarven master a bit, but his fate had been decided. The council guard ran in, just before the master of marines left via a keyed door. Guardian Ambros Thrasnill used his hard earned knowledge to stop the fight there and then, and according to the guards I spoke to, none of them dared question the voice of Soveliss Kellnin.

**O**ut of the depth of the mind of cursed Veldann the command word of the coral golems was found. That fact slowly turned the tide of battle, although the losses in the lesser ranks were staggering: fully one third of your army is no more. The guard decided to keep the master dwarf, and lady N'Letur's consort under protective custody, even though they both were more than willing to help any defensive action that could use one of their many skills.

**D**uring that time the search for the master of marines went one, but he was not found by any loyal to your majesty. A careful check on orders given and executed turned out fifteen other officers that seemed to have slipped toward the dark and thirty-seven which I suggest should never hold a ranking position. We had been dealt a grievous blow, and I feared this wasn't the last strike. Our walls had been breached from within, and I beg of you to remember the words of the last Coronal of Myth Drannor: "Only by accepting that we were never the first can we regain the what we have lost, nay, improve on that. But it will be together."

Elasha Evanara