

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

Chapter 116: Part 4a: Twisted Animals (Greengrass 1371)

Pain is a warning that body and mind cannot fully cope with the situation at hand. So it is with pain in my heart that I have to tell you we have been blind. Blind and full of folly, making the same mistakes over and over again. As you know this mistake is foremost mine, and I am ashamed to admit that age may bring wisdom, but true insight is only found by surprise. And surprise us they did. I *knew* that much of the towers foundations were laid on our pact with Faery, the Land, and the Animals. I *knew*, yet I had forgotten. In the same vein I *knew* that Evermeet was our heart, yet I had forgotten a heart needs arms and legs. I listened to the wood elf music, but I did not hear it talk to nature, I saw unicorns grazing in the open meadows, yet saw that as a relaxation between studies, not a subject worth studying. We had build our defenses against a frontal assault, a fleet of corsairs, a flight of dragons... Saying this I must warn you. I have the feeling we are at the end of an era. Our actions in times gone by have always influenced the future, but now I fear that several might be tied closely together, and that part of their resolution will come in the near future. Your son, in all his usual exuberance, might be right in his path in life after all.

I awoke after midnight, when a sudden gale blew open my window. Such a small thing, and I thing I never expected to happen. I felt a sudden dread, a disconnect not unlike the Times of Trouble. I heard cries of alarm as our wards were warped, and I spent half an hour in stabilizing the Tower of the Moon. They *knew* me well, a single message from the Tower of the Sun that they had some troubles but were restoring things enough that I concentrated on my students alone. We lacked spells, as all of us had joined the 'preparations', and our extra dimensional storage had been closed to us. Then the Chaos Beasts and several Nishruu entered, followed by an Arcana Ooze. I organized the defense, but the ooze healed quicker than our limited Art allowed us to damage it. Your Sending came, but we were both unable to send the other assistance.

Leaving my staff behind was never a thing I could do. You remarked on it often enough. Yet this time I was glad I did so: the twist in our wards blocked any control I might have had, but I could still feel intruders entering my domain. The fact that I had felt none till then only proved our enemies had prepared well. I felt three entering. The feeling of daemon blood chilled me for a moment, but then came this most unexpected feeling: pact magic, a sworn oath in ancient style, even older than the three Kingdoms or the Court. Two I felt, one kin, one... either an elder house was not longer afraid to show its true colors or... then I recognized the token of two of our wardens, the first I had felt. An outer ranger and an inner blade singer. They came together and then turned towards the towers. I decided that this was worth spending some of my limited power and made a seeing circle. The two wore the colors of house N'Letur! How did she manage to get people here, and how could two non mages help us? I asked Lyalti to keep track of them, while I concentrated on slowing the assault.

Lyalti reported that the wardens were Innian Starleaf, and Sarpilon, and that a priest of Solonor Thelandira – who often wandered the forest – was also present. They moved towards us, encountering the first corrupted stone. I *knew* that their assistance would be in vain: the creatures let loose in the tower would drain and kill us before they would find the proper paths, but then the most unexpected thing happened. The wood elf did not kill her attacker, but, with blatant disregard for her safety, pummeled the corrupted Bear into submission. Suddenly there was a change of things and I again had some power.

As you so often remarked, I am a stickler to details, and it was clear that to me that the part I had access to was close to one seventeenth, seventeen totem stone placed around the tower. I had to decide how to continue, but I could no longer doubt the wisdom of Lady N'Letur's choice. Magic, I had no doubt, would not have been effective against these creatures and only be disabling their bodies, but not their spirits, could the rot be reversed. A Chaos Beast and a Nishruu attacked them, but they cooperated well against the first and the second learned that wood elves were not dependent on the Art. Oh how much have I still to learn!

Realizing that I could assist a bit I opened a path to another totem that lead almost directly towards the towers. My might spent, I was repayed when the wood elf freed a unicorn with blood and might. I later was informed she was a follower of Shevaras, but she had her hatred on a tight leech.

Seeing that each totem freed restored my power I was tempted to steer them towards the others. Yet... from the Tower of the Sun I had not heard anything. Suddenly I knew it had been breached. Killing us would be a deep hurt, but if the secrets of that place were stolen... Some choices were no true choices. I opened a path towards the towers and prayed they would enter the Sun Tower. No blade or magic could stop that filthy Arcane Ooze at it absorbed spell after bound spell.

Your former teacher, Tanyl Evanara