

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

### Chapter 117: Part 5a: Knights on Five (Greengrass 1371)

Could I write a report for the queen of Evermeet? A question similar to 'do you know the truth?' I will write down the events as I experienced them, but I am a Tu Lung maiden of a mere merchant house, trained in a form of the Art, follower of Guan Yin the Compassionate, and musician of the eternal flame. Likely my point of view is different than yours, your majesty, but to even think I could see the world as you do would be a horrifying flaw. Thus I will write it in the common tongue of the Heartlands, and base my observations on what I understand is the 'norm' in a city like Neverwinter.

Her highness, the princess Iliana, was giving us some advice and support to stop a major Fiend taking over the High Moor. We had just woken for our preparations when a shade warned us that your realm was under attack and that 'all gates were closed'. I have some skill in reading the stars, and I managed to get some readings that turned out to be correct. They pointed out five key attacks, and gave an indication of who would be most capable in helping your kingdom to withstand these assaults. As custom forbade us entry, her highness decided to swear us to her house; a measure perhaps lacking in subtlety, but nevertheless most sincerely made.

Even one as knowledgeable as you is dependent on others for information, so I humbly apologize that I would presume to name those that I might know better than most. Cuura, from the Ride north of the Moonsea, is our battle leader and follower of Sune Firehair. Subtlety is not her hallmark, yet she often sees clearly when the wise are lost. On horseback she's like a dragon defending her young. Felina, from a different plane, is our social lead and touched by Sharess. Subtlety is her hallmark, subtlety and the skill to wrong-foot any opponent. Enemies become allies, and solid plans suddenly start to unravel. Grimwald, from the Hidden in the Spine of the World, is our base and crafter, and cleric of Dumathoin and Moradin. He will do anything for the cause of good. The first blow is never his, the last blow always. Kendalan, ambassador from the High Forest, is our reach and druid of Mielikki. He seldom reacts rashly, but his bow and lightning make him the most offensive of our group. When the Pit Fiend attacked us, he was the priority target. Nethander, from Calimport, is our blade bravo and devotee of Lady Luck. His body is touched by darkness, but his spirit is willing to help any, without thoughts of himself. He is our scout and devil's advocate. Zhae, from the Heartlands, is a follower of the sublime way. No master in massed battles, yet in the crucial one on one he shines like the brightest star. Mastery of his art is his life.

Curiously her highness had a so-called 'spelljammer' sloop as emergency transport. Although slower than gates or teleportation, it out-flew even a dragon. As I understood flying such a vehicle would drain the pilot, but she had a rather smart way of outwitting that by imbuing her familiar, a pseudo dragon, Efyra. We arrived at your island at about three strikes after midnight with the storm only slightly hindering Efyra. We split up – as you have been informed – and Cuura, Eos the darkness hunter, and myself traveled toward your capitol. There at the south bridge we met Omero. I have to complement him on his forbearance and understanding. He recognized our colors, and after some quite polite inquiries – considering the circumstances – decided to take us in.

Keryth Blackhelm received us. Of course you are totally familiar with his style, but he showed us an unruffled calm, and a mind that plotted this battle, yet also prepared for any that might follow. Most amazingly he did not try to control what he could not. Instead he allowed us the freedom to do what needed to be done. We were granted the use of some of your horses and left for the front.

May the stars light your way, Chi Si Sen