

## **GRIMWALD**

A rift appears in reality. Is this Loth's doing again disrupting the veil between our worlds? I grab my hammer and make ready to beat back this incursion.

Through the rift steps an elf casually sheathing his sword. His posture is relaxed, smooth, calm, but still I call upon Moradin to judge this elf, for I have learned some of the light skinned ones can be treacherous. But some of them can also be honourable.

Moradin judges him not to be an enemy. Instead I get rather the feeling that his smoothness is a requirement, like oil being slippery to remove friction. His clothing is spotless, clean and well-pressed, it is as if nothing in this world can touch him. Is it a celestial masquerading as an elf? He is not luminous, but does seem to have that quality. He acts as if he is guided by a higher principle, a great duty, yet strangely unburdened.

I look to the others to see what they make of this sudden appearance. In their faces I see recognition, they have seen him before. This must be the one Uziel calls the "Planes Walker". He chose the others to aid him on a divine quest during our time in Evermeet. She described him as a servant of the gods who arranges trials for mortals, but also tries to influence the outcome of some struggles. Not quite a champion, nor a priest, yet some kind of intermediary or messenger who selects worthy champions.

He chose the others but not me and also now my reverential greeting to this divine emissary seems to go unnoticed. Instead he glances off into the distance with a smile on his lips before turning towards our social leader. He beams a welcoming warmth to Felina taking her hand in his. I see her normal caution and reserve melt away. His melodic voice trails out sounds which must be the celestial language. I can almost feel their meaning. Acceptance, quests, beauty, purity, light, fraternity. I see Felina look upon him with gratitude, relief and anticipation, but a small wavering uncertainty when she looks back to us. Her loyalty and duty to us is withholding her from her higher calling as a soul favored by the divine. She looks to the ground for strength and support.

I tell her it is alright. That by going she will be aiding the good cause at least as much as she would staying with us. I thank her for her wise guidance during our many encounters and awkwardly salute her as she steps into the light opening unto our world by a whisk of the Planes Walker's sword.

I feel alone, left behind and oddly vulnerable without her presence. Uncertain what lies ahead and clumsy in my efforts to do good. She goes to face her trials and I must face mine.

## **UZIEL**

I was just having a small peek in the Mirror to see if the smooth talking human feels confident enough yet to show her true self and purposes. She is already close, so close... She nearly attacked the halfling. She was within a milimetre of harming him. Soon now, very soon. I can see the rage flaming within her, consuming her thoughts and self control. Perhaps next time, or the time after that... She won't be able to stop herself. I know it will come. It will come. Too bad I have to wait and allow her to risk the lives of innocents in doing so, but I dare not go against the princess' express commands. So I will watch and wait and watch and wait and hope I will not be too late. I just hope I can be at hand to save them when the time comes, but her power has already become too great. One will surely die instantly if she is provoked or opposed. I hate having to hang around waiting like a spider in a web. No don't think about spiders and webs. Damn Iliana and her commands. I could be out in the forest playing with the faerie instead of being stuck inside behind some magic device. Bwaah.

Suddenly Planes Walker shows up again. Instinctively I try to melt into the background, why is the mirror room so bare damn it! I waste precious parts of a second melting away before I realise he is not stepping into the room this time, but into the party's location. What a relief. I come out of hiding again and he glances straight at me and tips his head and smiles. I crouch back, but know it is no use. He knows I am here. But why is he there? Perhaps he cannot enter the tower. Perhaps I can escape whatever trial he has set before me.

He approaches Felina and starts chatting with her in some sing-song tongue. Oh yeah, great timing taking her from them just before they have to assault an evil fortress! Felina looks from the spotlessly dressed Planes Walker to his manicured hands and then to her bedraggled mud, blood and gore stained travel weary companions. She then takes in the mud stains and torn hems of her clothes and callouses on her hands and feet as if saying farewell to them for the last time. Sighing deeply in relief and gratitude while Grimwald rumbles out something in dwarven. He is so self-obsessed he doesn't even notice he is using the wrong language. It is a small miracle he notices anything at all.

Then the Planes Walker cuts open reality and together they step into a world of light. Different emotions well up. I am glad he did not choose to take me this time, but I know he will come for me again and again and perhaps sometime I won't be able to come back anymore. How frustrating would that be! Yet for Felina it looked as if she was finally going somewhere she belonged. She was a strange one no doubt about it. She did what she disliked and hid what was beautiful and nice in her. I don't think I will ever truly understand her, but I wish her all the best and hope that wherever she is now these tendencies may be reversed.