

Grimwald's chronicles entry 138

When the evil slime strikes me and drains my lifeforce Moradin fulfills his part of our pact and temporarily replaces some of the lifeforce and watches over me in battle. But to fulfill my part of the pact I need to fight evil so I rush towards the green light. I am appalled by my lack of leadership when I find that the others are following me although I said "I have something to do and will be right back", but their sense of duty to aid their comrade fills me with joy. Although I said I have to do something Cuura stands in my way and we end up bashing through the door to the green room together.

The green room is filled with flying objects and Moradin's sight shows me they are evil and therefore must be destroyed so I get to work on upholding my end of the pact. The items try to smother, choke, blind and bash us. After a while I get the sense there must be a greater intelligence guiding these objects and my *detect magic* reveals the crystal hanging 25 feet higher to be the source. Upon hearing this Efyra bolts into the room out of nowhere and leaps from one flying object to another and smashes the crystal using the stone dragon fighting style. Reed told me of monks who master their Ki and can walk on the leaves of trees or on water. My experience with the monk's belt has shown me such power comes at a price, to be one enough with your environment you cannot let armor be a barrier between you. Yet here is a woman clad in mithril chain who does it. I don't know how she does it but it lacks the serenity of a monk's movements and it cannot be merely skill because Nethander who is more dextrous than any of us fails to achieve the same results. Even though I am wrapped in a cape trying to smother me I pray to be uplifted and manage to bash into the crystal widening the crack enough for our expert archer to finish the job.

Nethander rushes at me with his rapier while I am bound helplessly and cuts me free instead of finishing me off. Pfooh it is a good thing we have Reed back with us to keep his evil side in check! Without the crystal the remaining objects become easy to destroy.

With my pact fulfilled we can spend some time dressing our wounds and collecting items. Fortunately my knowledge gleaned from the *Book of the Dead* is enough to help me release Nethander's lifeforce trapped in the pike. Perhaps it was not Reed's presence which made Nethander hold back, but mere self-interest. Yes he is a smart one, that must be it. If only I would have been granted the time to study the *Book of the Planes* I might have been able to aid Cuura better against possession! My comrades have so little respect for the value and need of knowledge. Well except for Norbert.

Kendalan informs us we should not touch some scrolls because they are dangerous. His attempts to bypass the danger he foresaw are flawed and he falls to the ground. Why didn't he inform us before hand what exactly was the nature of the danger! Neither I nor Efyra can sense a breath or heartbeat. I want to call for the carrier of the *revivification rune* before remembering that it is Kendalan himself who carries it. Then we notice a slight sheen around the body and surmise it must be a stasis field. I hope we are right because the window of opportunity for revivification has passed. I locate the *eternal wand of dispel magic* which on it's second and final try manages to break the spell. We try to make sense of the architectural plan of the tower, but it defies logic. There should be passages but neither the logic of Norbert, the cunning of Nethander nor the wall-bashing of Efyra manage to find them so we are dealing with some philosophy of architecture too alien to us to predict. Rather than going back we decide to push forward. Norbert is rightly nervous about such a decision opening us up to a hammer and anvil maneuver, but he is overruled by Cuura.

The next room we find in a great armory. Much of it has been wrecked, but there are so many interesting things lying around and given some time I am sure I could reconstruct them. I set to work, but Cuura orders me to move on. I feel it is folly going forward not understanding the capabilities of our enemies and delay as much as possible studying the remains, but Cuura grants me too little time to make any decent headway.

The armory opens up into a great hall full of siege towers. Before Cuura can order me otherwise I slip into one to study it's design and workings. Just when I am starting to make sense of them the tower I am in starts moving. Well as long as no-one touched the top left lever which turns on combat mode we should be alright. But it turns out Nethander continues his dastardly plots to rid himself of Reed. This time he 'accidentally' activated a dozen siege engines and then got 'accidentally' trapped in his siege tower which proceeded to pound the one I am in (yes that was surely another 'accident') into pulp. Fortunately I manage to control my own tower well enough to defeat his tower and liberate him, if he ever was trapped... Anyway when he and his tower were no longer distracting me I found that Reed was pinned down, surrounded and helplessly awaiting the onrushing engines of destruction. Just in time my prayers to Dumathoin hid her from their terrible attacks. So this time the little runt tried to kill us both in one go, but he was foiled yet again.

There is something intrinsically unfair about luck getting things without working for them properly. I wish he would attempt a more sound way to achieve his goals. Will his "luck" and guile eventually get the better of us or will the light prevail over evil and chaos? This contest is far from over, but somehow Reed and I need to seize back the initiative. It will be a difficult contest to match my knowledge and Reed's light against his "luck". Or is he merely an instrument of the greater doom which was foretold by Moon's Mirror?

It is a shame the siege towers were all ruined by Kendalan getting them to fight each other. They could have been a great boon to the defense of the settlers on the Green Fields. They are quite safe to pilot. Quite safe to pilot... Perhaps I could make something similar for Rock so he would be safe above ground and could follow me into more places. It would need to be made of stone or metal of course. Not with wheels, that would be too limiting. Legs, but more than two to ensure stability. Perhaps pincers like that colossal crab, and spikes to protect against boarders. Hmmm...