

## Grimwald's chronicles part 78

Now that our armours are well on their way to completion it becomes time to quest for the Frystaline to forge Felina's sword and the Rod of Dwarven Power. Oddly enough Frystaline is not valued very highly on our world despite it's inherent power. Mages and clerics alike argue that the blessings of the the powers of good can easily be bestowed using lesser prayers and magic. Do they not realise that these blessings are mere reflections, while this is a thing of the source itself? That we mortals cannot unlock it's power to do more than a blessing hardly detracts from it's value.

Cuura upon hearing that there will be no fighting, insulting or boasting decides she would rather hang out with some Uthgard barbarians serving with the flaming fist. Spending her time singing bawdy songs with some bards they call skalds. Jay unfortunately has to remain behind to keep the annealing of the metal proceeding at the proper speed.

This time the vibration of the tuning forks does not create yawning chasms of chaos, but rather a rich blend of harmonies rising together as in a choir. I feel transported both in body and soul to a realm of greater perfection. The perfection is indeed greater, but not complete since I find myself standing waist deep in water. Upon the shore a warm hued ball of light awaits us. It must be lantern archon. Then it winks out and a hound faced archon appears in it's place. A tome archon, one of the higher tiers of archons is bestowed on us as our guide.

We walk through a beautifully ordered realm, where the landscape is in perfect harmony. The bird songs form a wonderful chorus instead of the usual chaos. He guides us past many tests and explains the deep paradox which this realm has to face continually. To strive forever for good and order, but never to reach perfection, since this in itself would be stagnant and therefore imperfect. I strain to see any sign of the domains of my Lords for a while. Then I realize that this honor is bestowed only for a life well lived and that it is not yet my time. For a moment I almost curse my curious nature which led me to inappropriate desires and then realize that this struggle is in itself the very perfection striven for in this realm.

Then we are facing a cavern and bidden to proceed on our quest. We are challenged first in our resolve since the tunnel seems endless. When I deem we have sufficiently strengthened our resolve, for we cannot succeed without a proper foundation, we engage in other ways to strive for perfection. By helping the beauty almost faded to reemerge we find ourselves at the crossroads.

We are actually at the very site where every soul's fate is determined. Nethander learns that his wits and trickery won't save his soul. It was good to bring him, I hope he profits from this lesson. I get the feeling that what we seek is more pure and innocent than all the paths laid out before us. Thinking it may be akin to life itself I sacrifice some of mine, but this is not the key, although we feel it is close. Felina inspires us with her maternal softness and gentility towards our own innocence and we rise from the place of judgement to the place of opportunity. A place I lost so long ago... We are surrounded by the powers of the living, not yet chained to the outer planes by their actions, but both spinning and stuck in webs of fate. I notice some of my companions become stunned by the intricate web of life and fate. Fortunately I hardened my resolve before coming here and having had contact with the ancestral halls in the Silent Keeper's realm, the multitude cannot confound me.

The goodness sleeping in the living is revealed to me and I gather some to allow it to be borne into our world as a light in the darkness.