

Omero: Letter 2

We went to the mustering field to ascertain the loyalty of the commanders present. The whole capital was in turmoil and our strange band walking the streets added to the fear and confusion. So different from the evenings we went on leisurely strolls arm in arm and all reacted with smiles and warm feelings.

Fortunately there was no sign of treason among our forces. Some in our group were troubled by the lack of skill of one of the officers and insisted on investigating his family's estate. Once there the door guard refused us access even though we had cited the authority of the Warlord. This was indeed a bit troubling, the others took this as a sure sign of treason and persuaded me sneak into their estate. Fortunately both the half-drow and I have a way with animals and we managed to calm the guard dogs. I forced a door, but this immediately triggered an alarm bringing the house's weapon master. We hid and he left and we followed to see whom he might report to.

We climbed up the mansion and when our scout as well as the half-drow reported a very suspicious gathering of the house leader, house wizard as well as the court priest, champion of Corellan and a strange box as well as several guards I decided to enter the mansion as well. The door was warded, but our mage managed to protect me. We found ourselves in a mage's study. We could hear the guards approaching and I made ready to impress them with the importance of our mission on authority of the Warlord. The mage flew up towards the ceiling as her arms turned into tendrils of fire. As the door opened I commanded the weaponmaster and guards to stand down as I strode past them, but our mage decided to lash out at him with her fire. Fortunately she quickly realize the error of her ways in acting in such a crude and uncivilized manner and proceeded to set the situation right. Unfortunately I fear that this one flaw she will not unlearn under the lady Iliana's tutelage if the stories around court are anything to go by.

The house wizard decided to disappear and the weaponmaster and his guards fell in with our group. Our scout warned us that the court priest was ready to kill the first person through the door. I ordered the scout to interrupt his casting and after a painful moment of hesitation decided I should send the dogs first in keeping with the Warlord's orders to safeguard myself. Mars fell when the court priest commanded him to "DIE!" and Ares was cut to pieces by the Champion. I raced after them but my mind was overthrown and I wheeled around being driven by a powerful singular thought that my companions must be killed. As I raised my sword the vice grip on my mind suddenly disappeared and I was free to confront the false Champion. I clove her sword and the Weaponmaster and his guards took on the court priest.

Then a sphere of utter darkness rolled towards the Weaponmaster and swallowed him. The leader of the house stood looking defiantly at the spot where her former Weaponmaster had been. She must be stopped but how. I tried to remember what you told me of the art of crafting magic, but I could not see how she accomplished his destruction. Then our mage flashburned her into a cloud of ash. Out of the cloud a little black rod fell to the ground, before I could react the Champion dove onto it and together with the priest disappeared. Again our mage proved her usefulness as she incinerated the priest, making them both visible again. The Champion brandished the small black rod and the sphere shot to her location engulfing her. Nothing was left but the little black rod. Unphased by this result our half-drow stepped forward and picked it up and ordered the sphere into a corner of the room.

We send runners and the Royal Guard quickly took charge of the sphere so we could support our troops in the field for the night was still far from over.