

## ***The Journals of the Wizard Frost, a Wolfen***

**23rd day of Icemelt, Year of the Scarab** – It was today that I arrived in the city of Arcadia and was approached by an individual named Gahad. He offered us a simple task. Retrieve an item from the city of Brandywine in the neighboring Middle Kingdom. He would not tell us what the item is, only that we would know it when we saw it. To our advantage, Gahad gave us the location of the item. Against my better judgment, I accepted the task. It pays well and I will need to cover my expenses somehow.

I was not the only one to be hired either. Two others, both humans, will accompany me to Brandywine. Whether to keep an eye on me or as extra help, I know not. We depart at first light.

**25th day of Icemelt, Year of the Scarab** – Arrived in Brandywine just after mid-day of the second day with the aid of a group of goblin merchants. The shorter of the two humans, a rather unscrupulous merchant, is a slow one. He was able to bribe the merchants with an offer of some sense-dulling drugs. This one may be trouble. For now, we have found an inn and have bartered for rooms. It seems the humans here dislike me. I believe we were overcharged, particularly given the condition of accommodations. After learning as much as possible about the area, we decided on a plan of action. It will be implemented after the festival begins.

**1st day of Greenview, Year of the Scarab** – It was a difficult task, but it is done. After escaping the city, we stopped for the remainder of the night in an area away from the road. The palace was more heavily guarded than I had thought, given that the nobles were at the gladiatorial games. I believe I'm going to speak with Gahad about his lack of straightforwardness, however. The bastard had us steeling a rather large throne.

**2nd day of Greenview, Year of the Scarab** – We were attacked by a small pack of wolves last night, one of which was of supernatural origins. I believe Chantico may be operating in the region and they seem quite interested in the throne. During our travel and after pitching camp, I was able to gather information about the throne. I went in to the city to determine what else I could learn.

The throne had a carving written in runes and a second written in the Western tongue, both of which I copied and brought with me to the local scholar's guild. There I learned the first was a cryptic phrase referring to one's weapons of war and where they are stored. The second, written in Western, was a single word: "Averlus".

It seems Averlus is a local legend, a dragon of some type that enjoyed playing pranks. What his name is doing on an ancient throne, I'll likely never know. There are rumors that the beast is still alive, but not many believe them. Tomorrow night we meet with Gahad. Perhaps he can tell us more.

It also seems I was also followed when returning from Arcadia. A group of ratlings attacked Sonin, Dagmaer, and myself. They appear to be mere thieves, but I believe they may have some other motivation, especially given the interest in this throne.

**4th day of Greenview, Year of the Scarab** – Gahad is a deceitful pig. He led us to believe he was a councilman and he is nothing. Upon attempting to return the throne to Gahad, we were ambushed by a wizard and his cronies. The wizard, who we learned is named Blaine, escaped and his thugs were killed. They seemed to be targeting Gahad. The city guard believed we were responsible and they are rather unhappy about what our deeds may have done to the peace between their two provinces. We're to take the throne with us and protect it. The province has banished us for now.

I believe there is more to be learned, both about my two companions and the throne. Our first lead is to Averlus, rumored to have lived in the Scarlet Mountains. We go south.

I have learned a few things about my companions. The woman, Dagmaer, has some kind of ability. Her hands glow when I open to myself to detect magic and she is able to heal mortal wounds. I do not

believe she is human. At least not entirely. The other, the merchant Sonin, is apparently a man with talents of the mind. He is able to communicate with others and tell if they are lying. A most useful ability. Perhaps these two would make fine additions to the Guardians' ranks. For now I will wait and see.

**8th day of Greenview, Year of the Scarab** – It seems that our small group is able to attract the attention of almost anyone. Upon reaching the base of the mountains one day and a half past, we stopped for supplies in a small town where we stayed the night. It was there that I learned the throne is far different. I had been suspecting for some time as the throne has been moving itself and even Sonin's detections of the throne show that it has been used by supernatural forces. But we are still no closer to learning what it does. I have learned that there are several spirits living within the throne. I do not say trapped because they claim that they belong there and that I, when I opened my mind to them, was the intruder. My head still aches from the experience. Sonin tried as well, but was able to get little more than I.

We began our ascent into the mountain pass as we decided our next destination was Colfax, the regional capitol. Upon nearing the summit, we were attacked by a pair of elementals, one ice and one fire. Were it not for my leg-shattering blow, Dagmaer's quick thinking, and the appearance of Averlus, my journals would not continue.

Averlus, while stories abound about his mischievous nature, is quite sociable. After helping us, he even gave us some of his horde. I believe he may be dying. His legends are thousands of years old, after all. Nevertheless, I thanked him for his generosity and have gained additional weapons in my fight against Chantico. Two new spells, a Ring of Multiple Image, and a number of gold pieces have been added to my collection, as has a new Voulge. We have not yet identified some of the potions, but we will in time.

**10th day of Greenview, Year of the Scarab** – Once again, our deeds are haunting us. During our travel toward the Kighfalon Plains, our next lead, I attempted to learn these two new spells. The first was not a problem. The second, however, left me in a bit of pain and drew the attention of a group of Tuskers. I and Dagmaer nearly died. A ranger aided us and a use of my latest spell allowed me to control the Tuskers and send them away. Dagmaer was in far worse condition. Unconscious, but healing slowly thanks to the ranger Faran, she woke at dusk. Faran led her aside and Dagmaer is not being forthcoming with what transpired. She is hiding something. Perhaps she is not suited to become a Guardian. Guardians don't keep secrets from each other.

**19th Day of Greenview, Year of the Scarab** – I have much to write about this night. Dagmaer has been avenged. House Skryme has been crippled. Chantico's plot has been foiled. This morning I left the small village where three stood against an army. After Dagmaer's death, I watched and learned the intricacies of the mining camp, waiting until nightfall to hatch a scheme of my own. Sonin merely looted the temple while I stood vigilant atop the roof of Isis' Shrine, may Isis condemn his soul to the dungeons of Ma'ip.

Knowing I would not likely get another chance, I left my post just before dusk to scrounge up a meager morsel. As I gathered my food, I heard a strange thumping sound coming from near the back. Investigating, I found an emissary of House Ker, the provincial noble house. While this may not seem strange, the mere fact that the emissary was a kobold should most certainly surprise you. It took a bit of time, but I have seen how House Skryme treats the inhuman and I trusted him enough to allow him to stay.

I immediately gather my food and returned to my post to eat and wait. At nightfall I carefully timed my strike, unleashing a shadow bolt into the rocks just as a miner's pick struck the ground. This began the cave-in and I struck again, two more times, to ensure that the passageway they had uncovered was sufficiently buried again. To prevent the miners' escape, I place a simple carpet of adhesion on the area. In aiding House Skryme, they aided Chantico. Their sentence was death. Only their gods may judge them now. Though it seemed like a good idea at the time, Morden, the kobold emissary, aided me, tossing a satchel of warded hymnals into the midst of the already chaotic scene. When triggered, it compounded the troubles, but also gave away the fact that this was no mere cave-in.

The army mobilized and we realized that the town would need to be cleared. While Morden warded the area, I evacuated the townspeople, splitting them into two groups to better escape between the three smaller enemy encampments, sending priests with each one. A rendezvous was set five miles to the

north. Once both groups were safely beyond the range of the archers, I turned back toward the town, leaving Sonin with the refugees. It was then that I encountered more of Chantico's mad minions. They were dispatched quickly, though not without seriously wounding myself. Ignoring the pangs of pain, I continued toward the town.

I was stunned to see such barbarism, even from humans. The town and temple were aflame. I did my best, charging between the groups of archers and running through town, extinguishing as many of the fires as I could. Just as I reached the edge of town, I was struck down by an arrow and all went black.

When I awoke, I was crammed into a tiny cage in the back of a cart. I eventually worked my way free, much to the annoyance of the wizard Blaine and the Skryme noblewoman, Elaine. I was apparently able to touch a nerve with Blaine as I told him just how pathetic his plan was. But he needed me alive. One of these days, that kind of thing is going to get me killed. Later, Raxis, the ogre lieutenant of House Skryme, spoke with me at length as I ate the small meal he brought. Apparently, they didn't trust me to eat alone. Although the conversation did have its advantages, it seems Raxis is not as pleased with Lord Skryme as I had once believed. He later aided me in escaping on my oath that I would keep whatever was beneath the Temple of Isis out of Skryme's hands. From the encampment I went back to the scene of the mining, waiting until it was complete and only a small detachment of guards remained. Quickly subduing them, I walked slowly down the hallway to a door that reeked of magic, primarily defenses against intruders. Seeing a small post, I was reminded of the small Dwarfven statue my group received from Averlus. I sought Morden out quickly and met with him at the door.

Nothing could have prepared me for what was inside: a crypt of hundreds of dwarves, some the pallbearers of legendary rune weapons, seven in all. I wrapped most of them in cloth to prevent their discovery. One I kept for myself, a lesser weapon in the form of a staff. One is in possession of Morden, weapon called Flameheart and a claymore. A third is in possession of an 8000-year old dwarf, bent on destroying the humans inhabiting the Empire of Sin. This dwarf is like none I've ever encountered, nearly indestructible and covered in strange sigils. I was unable to convince him not to harm anyone (though I must admit I was more than willing to allow him to attack and destroy the Skryme camp). Realizing the Raxis was still in the camp, I began to attempt to locate him.

When I found him, was arguing with Blaine. After making myself known, Blaine was struck down and Raxis dragged him off toward the center of camp, with me close behind. He confronted Skryme with proof straight from Blaine's mouth. Elaine was obviously in on the plot to start the war with Tardet because she attempted to slowly back away. I stopped her and was forced to fight again. Again I went down, but was revived somehow, I believe by one of the rune weapons that were in my pack. Taking advantage of the element of surprise, I struck a blow from behind, dropping Elaine like a sack of rocks. Raxis and Aleran, Skryme's general, remained stuck to the ground due to my magic and Skryme was not faring well. Stunned by the apparent death of his daughter, I offered him a simple choice: surrender or die. He chose to die. Morden cleaved the bastard in half at the waist while my staff crushed his head like a melon.

Meanwhile, the freed Dwarf continued his rampage, finally flying off in the direction of the ley line; most likely to recoup his strength. For now, it was quiet. I met with Raxis one final time before he departed. Elaine and Aleran will both be going back to House Skryme once they are healed and I'm a bit richer. All funds for a good cause, I suppose, particularly since Morden forced me to relinquish the rune weapons, with the exception of my newfound staff, to House Ker. It was found on their land after all. I only hope they keep the legends away from the Middle Kingdoms.

With Sonin returning to Arcadia and Morden returning to House Ker, it leaves only me to put an end to the Dwarf's rampage. How I will accomplish this feat is beyond my capabilities for the moment. But I'll find a way. At least he'll be easy to track. Just follow the path of carnage.

**Written By:** Thoth  
thoth@editors-wastebasket.org  
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