

# THE DIARY OF THANGRIM

## The Adventure Begins

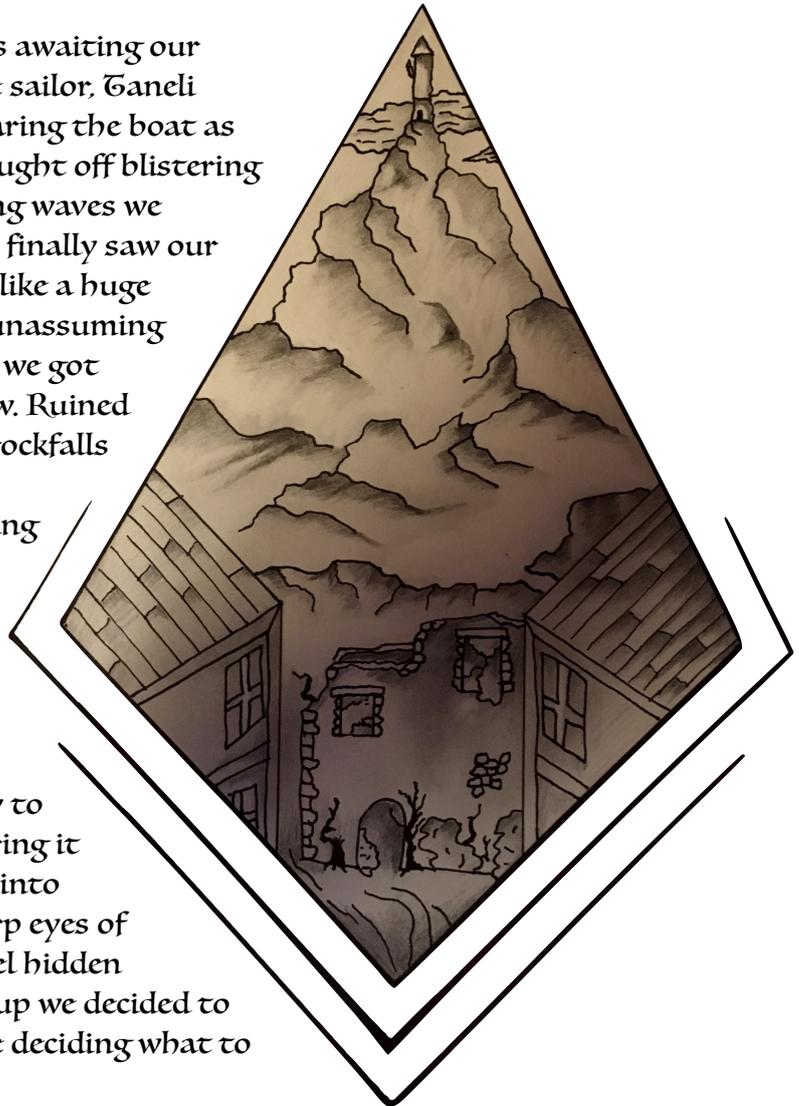
The sunrise saw us sat on the docks awaiting our newly hired boat and its guard. The sailor, Taneli arrived promptly and started preparing the boat as the rest of us stowed our kit and fought off blistering hangovers. Fighting off the chopping waves we progressed across Hardbay until we finally saw our destination. Rising out of the mist like a huge gravestone the Dotted Spire was unassuming to look at from this distance yet as we got closer, smaller details began to show. Ruined buildings high on the slopes, huge rockfalls had sheared away parts of the cliff exposing tunnels inside like a bleeding stomach wound and sitting at its base like a blanket fallen from a grandmothers knee, the village of Greystone.

Alighting at the far side of the breakwater we slowly made our way to the first solid looking ruin, discovering it to be a Temple of Conn. Now fallen into disrepair we searched until the sharp eyes of our scout Goldie discovered a tunnel hidden behind a rockfall. Sealing this back up we decided to explore the rest of the village before deciding what to do first.

A nearby harbour still seemed to contain a large predator but even though we baited it with the carcass's of several birds, it wouldn't surface to allow us to identify it. Making our way into the Temple of Serat just above the harbour we discovered yet more danger. A ritual well was sunk into the tidal caves below and contained some kind of creeping plant.

Another building was eventually discovered to be a forge with a small basement below it. A stuck door of thick wood and iron led further into the mound itself. Now as we hastily make these notes we attempt to pry it open.

Nothing seems to be edible here, we may need more supplies.



# DAY 127: THE GRASPING CLAWS OF DEATH

This morning I awoke in the Orc's Head with Einar banging on the door with a cold breakfast of dried meats and strange bitter fruit. Following our gruff yet endearing innkeeper down to the tap room I sat for a while re-evaluating the events of the previous day. Had we been too hasty allowing Goldie to scout off alone? What would have happened if we didn't hear him fall after the trap was set off? Understandably I am concerned for everyone's safety and willing to allow them to survive using their own capabilities but are our capabilities lacking in the adventure we have set before us.

Dulling this over I set off around the city to alleviate this sudden feeling. Languard was not as I expected. There is a beauty here, hidden but there if you look hard enough. The cobbled streets of the High Quarter with the tightly packed buildings were almost like the tunnels of home. A strange fear I once had at having no roof over my head while I wandered was gone as I wandered the streets looking at the culture of the city. The mud packed streets of the lower wards still carry their own beauty and the region has a lovely earthy smell that reminds me of the Highgate Grottoes at home.

Finding a small shop dealing exclusively with red metals I sat and watched a craftsman at work for some time before moving over to appreciate his work. After a long conversation with him I ran back to the Inn and gathered up Goldie's boots and took them to him. The craftsman, a half blind old man called Ingran looked at the boots and nodded. An hour later he produced a pair of simple copper plate insoles for me that would hopefully stop any further spikes. I then headed to a local cobbler and had the boots repaired and returned to the foot of our wounded companions' bed.

What started as a day of introspective thinking has turned into a day of problem solving. As I dictate this now and practice with my trusty sword in the courtyard of the Orcs Head I am a lot more positive towards our next excursion into the ruins across the bay. What we lack in experience we make up for in determination.

Ps: Buy more sacks...

Dictation from Thangrim Shieldwarden. (TID).