

Story Object: Letter from Ir'Lumm

Dear members of the Diggers' Union

Pleas accept my sincere thanks for agreeing to my request for assistance. In the past, my modest library has helped Morgrave University and the Union appraise many religious artifacts and works of art. It pleases me to see the Diggers Union magnanimously sharing their resources with a humble ally.

I require a group of experienced adventurers who can hunt a beast haunting the moors and Harrowcrowns. While I have not seen this creature, its exploits are legendary, and I can hear its keening through the trees. While I have warned the Church, the local prelate has ignored my call for succor, and injuries prevent me from personally dealing with the Harrowcrowns Hound.

I have arranged lightning rail travel to Aruldusk. From there you'll take a House Orien coach to Lessyk. My lands are located west of that hamlet within sight of the Harrowcrowns. You'll also find traveling papers enclosed.

I recommend an unostentatious presence upon your arrival in Lessyk. The hamlet is home to a seminary of Pure Flame followers—literalists of the Silver Flame faith not known for their understanding or charity toward outsiders and nonbelievers. Within Lessyk, adepts and inquisitors enforce a more...I'll say, severe... variation of the faith of the Flame. While in Lessyk, subtlety is your ally.

Sincerely,

Lord Lenorfir'Lumm

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Story Object: Evidence of Sale

Iustin:

As per our agreement, I have entrusted your man with 500 gold for the ir'Lumm paintings. It is a pity that you disapprove of them. They are quite magnificent. Still, I am glad to see that you have no similar misgivings for lucre. These paintings will make excellent additions to my collection. Please visit next time you are in the City of Towers

Sincerely,

Your friend in Sharn

Story Object: ir'Lumm Legacy

Report to Bishop at Ignostino, Lessyk Seminary from Lord Captain Melner ir'Lumm on the Harrowcrown incident. Dated Rhaan 18, 866 YK.

Dear Holy at Ignostino;

I have heard most troubling news regarding the fate of Ursongo the werebeast. If it pleases your holiness, I would like to relate the facts of the incident during which we apprehended Ursongo, for perhaps you'll find cause for clemency and compassion in their telling.

About a month ago, I led a group of the Church's soldiers into the Harrowcrowns on the trail of Ursongo, whose profane curse of lycanthropy threatened the Hamlet of Lessyk. His tracks led us into a curious bog whose sagging carpet of moss and grass in what appeared to be a recently drained forest lake. From the lake the track led on to a sodden cavern that our chief tracker, Vingri, claimed was recently unearthed—or rather unwatered.

We entered the cave's mouth, which smelled of sulfur and decay. Not soon after, a thin green ray of energy shot forth from its depths, flaying the flesh from Vingri's bones. We responded immediately firing arrows down the shaft in vain hope of hitting the source of the ray, but were soon thwarted by vial entangling humors spit upon us by strange rune-covered hounds with serpentlike heads ending in a maw filled with needlelike teeth.

What followed the hounds was even worse. A floating eye flew up from the depths, laughing evilly and vexing us with malignant wit. I ordered Kursori, the famed silver pyromancer to ignite the fiend with holy fire, but his magic failed him. All our magic failed, and the creature laughed louder.

When Kursori was reduced to a pile of dust from that vicious ray coming from one of the creature's many lesser eyes, we thought all was lost. That is when Ursongo saved us. He and a bevy of animal companions came tearing down the cave. His allies tore into the fearsome hounds allowing what was left of our forces to flee. We quickly rallied ourselves outside the cave, but none fought as hard as Ursongo against the evil eye. Still, the eye tyrant claimed as many men and animals as its eyes allowed, and victory was not certain. Though it shamed me, I withdrew from combat at the cave's mouth. Following the werebear's instruction, I pushed boulders across the cave maw and Ursongo placed special wards on the stones—wards he claims to have learned from orc druids from the Shadow Marshes.

The threat was contained, Ursongo and several men collapsed from wounds and exhaustion.

Of course, this is how we captured Ursongo. It pains me to hear his life is threatened with execution when he fought so bravely and unselfishly that day. By my honor, his acts were pure and true. He is no monster. I know that the Church reserves a cure for lycanthropy. I urge His Holiness to consider Ursongo for candidacy.

Dear Lord Captain ir'Lumm;

Your action in the Harrowcrowns honors your lineage. You deserve the title "Hound" bestowed on your ancestors. Your compassion for Ursongo is questionable, though. The deed is done. Ursongo was consumed by holy flame. I recommend that you destroy all evidence of the sinner's involvement with your incident. It will read much better if the Silver Flame's authority required no assistance from cursed filth. I have sent this letter back to you, and we can forget you sent it.

I.



Story Object: Favor of Anthroparaio

For saving this Droaam-born medusa artist, you have gained her gratitude. In future meetings her attitude toward you always starts as helpful, and she has promised to paint a special portrait of you, which she has promised to complete by your next meeting, whenever that may be



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