

### A BARD'S-EYE VIEW

It was learned that the crystal we found using Sebastian Coe's map could seal the stone which was spawning undead. An expedition set out to see if we could figure out exactly how this was done. Sebastian led the party up the to the strange rock. On the road, we were ambushed by a group of undead. We were caught unorganized and half of the party, led by Rhea, the Biata, and myself, tried to lure them into the light of a near-by pavilion. Unfortunately, the dark-elf known as Dinin and Coe stood their ground and the undead couldn't follow. Dinin, Coe and Angus Ebonheart fought hard and slew the creatures and we regrouped in the pavilion.

When we got to the pavilion, terrible shrieking cries could be heard up the hill in the darkness. It was believed to be gargoyles. A few of our company went up to explore. After several tense minutes, they told us we should go for it. We took up formation with the fighters on the outside and the healers on the inside. We advanced as far as the stone when dark forms could be seen in the shadows. Dinin, Asriel, Chalene, Lady Morgan, the lovely Ambrosia and myself attempted to seal the stone while the rest of the party engaged the dark forms. Dinin placed the crystal on the sone and it briefly glowed. Then Ambrosia offered to touch the stone to see if it was indeed sealed. When nothing happened to her, we knew our job was done. By now, the dark figures had us nearly surrounded. Asriel and I protected the three women and Dinin ran off into the darkness to battle the figures. Asriel and I though it would be best to get the Lady Morgan to the relative safety of the lighted pavilion. Our defensive withdrawal soon became an full-fledged retreat when Rhea ran past us. Soon, the rest of the party was with us as we fled down to the pavilion.

Once at the pavilion, we decided to return to town. There was no evidence of pursuit from whatever we were fighting. We made a short stop to locate Chalene's dropped spell book. We returned to the tavern once we had found the book. The undead plagued us no more that night.

Fenswick Goldtongue