

STRANGLIGHT ADVENTURE  
'The Hunted' Campaign  
Interlude

For the warband party. Supplemental Background Notes

*Below are the abridged accounts of the events of the past three weeks as recorded by party member Yetu Softstone. I recovered these notes from an obscure path in the northern section of the Gnarl.*

*-Tinga Redmane*

- We came into the Circle holy grounds under the cover of darkness, the twin moons of Caen the only real source of light. We met with a Council of Elders from various high-profile tribes located in numerous regions of the Gnarl Forest. Elders from the main races were all present, including Trollkin, Pygs, Tharn, Farrow, Gatormen, Bogrin, Trogs, Swamp Gobbers, Ogrun, and even Nyss. The person leading the group was none other than Theron Oaksworn, a prominent Blackclad from the Circle Orboros who as I understand it is responsible for the protection and well-being of the forest.
- Ten candidates from different tribes were in attendance, but only five of us were chosen for the mission of reconnaissance and investigation into the disappearance of two groups that were sent out before us. The first group, numbering over 400 of the most experienced warriors, scouts, and shamans in the Gnarl, never returned from their encounter with the dark invaders that nobody could name or even identify with certainty. Speculation had the invading scourge being no less than a dozen possible forces from all over Caen. The second group dispatched consisted primarily of scouts, most either Human or Tharn. It has been four weeks since their departure; again with absolutely no reports coming.
- The Council chose the five of us from the ten candidates for reasons that were never explained. There is myself, Yetu Softstone; a Gatorman bokor named Sobek; a Tharn brigand named Graag; a Gobber tinkerer named Digsy; and a Human Wolf of Orboros named Lilith. They told us to start our investigation by heading north, but left the entire expedition in our hands. They ~~requested~~ demanded that we not tell a soul our plans or where we were headed; not even them. I have to wonder if the Council fears treachery from somewhere within their own ranks. We leave at sunrise.
- We've spent the first three days heading north from the central Gnarl, finding nothing of importance. Arguments are breaking out every few hours, primarily related to how we should proceed. Sobek suggests we stay close to any rivers in order to mask our travels, while Graag insists on staying in the densest parts of the forest for maximum stealth. We ended up taking a vote, and chose to stay in the deep woods when possible. The traveling is slow and laborious. I have growing concerns about Sobek's health. Lilith seems beside herself with worry. We have decided to have no Captain in name. We voted unanimously to have the situation dictate the group leader as it arises.

- One week out now, and our first real stop has lead us to an old soothsayer that Tingy suggested may be of some help. She was some sort of spiritual guide the Swampers would send emissaries to in times of need or counsel. When we arrived, her hut was abandoned and all but torn to pieces. Other than a nice provision of medical supplies, we found nothing of use there. Dead end.
- Twelve days out now and we just finished a bloody battle with a vicious desperate Farrow warband. They looked haggard and tired and were obviously mal-nourished and dehydrated the likes of which I have never seen. With his dying breath, the one warrior spoke of a great dam and the drying up of a riverway that his people depended on for water. Sobek was able to use his strange powers to get a lead from one of the dead. "Morrg". The name means nothing to any of us, but we wonder if it is in any way related to what is now being called 'the great silence'. Theories only at this point.
- Sixteen days out and another dead end. I lead us to an old shaman friend that I was hoping could shed light on what was going on. In my estimation, he was on the verge of madness, saying things that made no sense. In sixteen days, we have found no clues, no signs of battle, no true enemies. Apart from the Farrow, we have had no contact with anyone. It is more than a bit unnerving.
- Eighteen days out and both Tingy and Lilith are beginning to get a bit spooked. Graag and Lilith both have stopped our progress on numerous occasions, swearing they hear strange noises – only to wave it off and dismiss it as their minds playing tricks on them. Mother Dhunia and her sacred earth tell me nothing. I'm starting to question many things myself.
- Day nineteen, and another encounter with a rogue Farrow war party. We tried to parley, looking for anyone to talk to and get information from. They attacked us savagely and without pause. Graag and Lilith in particular proved their fighting prowess during the engagement, fighting with a cunning and savagery to be admired. Graag suffered the brunt of the assault, but seems to be recovering rather well. My rifle jammed up again during the fight! Neither Tingy or I can determine the cause. I am quickly learning the reason for Sobek's girth. I have never seen anyone consume food the way this gator does. On that note, our liquid supply is running low and we have not seen drinkable water in days. If anyone should be able to find water it is me; yet my search has been fruitless as of late.
- Day twenty and now I am hearing strange noises. Is it in my mind? We investigate only to find nothing time and time again. The group is beginning to get restless, tired, and most of all concerned. Something is certainly not right, and our home suffers for it. I cannot put my finger on what it is.

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*The journal ends here. I have taken it upon myself to search for this group. I am leaving this account in a secret cove with the appropriate indicator. As an aside, I too have encountered no sign of life outside of normal Gnarl's wildlife for over a week now. I am due back to camp tomorrow, but will not return if I can find this war party and propose my assistance in some way. I have enough supplies to last several weeks, and will offer them to the group if I can locate them. Perhaps we should send other Bloodtrackers out to investigate this anomaly. Seclusion may be our enemy here.*

*-Tinga Redmane  
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