

*Property of
Dimbel Ningle*

Journal entry #1:

I am so happy, as is my ever-obnoxious cohort the mighty Pickleplop Tallbane. No more boring scripture study or scroll deciphering for this gnome. Oh no, I've finally been requested for some fieldwork. Finally, after all these years the church has seen fit to make me, the enigmatic and of course divinely powerful Dimbel Ningle a field operative in the never-ending fight against evil. I had spent the last three weeks as emissary for the almighty Ahrlin in the city of Lyon. However, I was recently approached by a Mr. Gregory St. Clair about his desperate need for a master priest like myself. According to Mr. St. Clair, a Mr. Jarvis Pettiford has asked his assistance of the holy sort in dealing with a situation in the southern nation of Anasazi. This "situation" requires the attention of a group of potent adventurers that he has already assembled. They in turn desperately require the aid, healing capabilities, and divine knowledge and inspiration of a potent priest. I of course being the most learned of all priests in my homeland of Coventry fit the equation perfectly. And with the blessings of the church eagerly accepted this proposal to travel to new lands and encounter new and unusual beings. All of which I'm sure could use a little spiritual cleansing by yours truly. Oh joy!! More to come later oh trusted journal.

Journal entry #2:

Today I arrived in Freeport to meet with Mr. Pettiford and the band of heroes I was to be assisting. They were: Sir Osmond Williams - a mighty paladin of Arthom, Arutha Yarblek - a mighty practitioner of the arcane arts, Rosin Merlikom - a master of the bardic ways, Korikash & Quin Gilruthanis - a pair of adventuring brothers, and Mrs. Evalyn Browning - swordmaiden whos husband Syr is apparently at the root of the Anasazi uprising. From what I've gathered, Syr was once a defender of justice but was overtaken by an ancient relic upon taking over the reigns of power in his

home country of Anasazi. After a much thought out decision, Evalyn escaped here to Freeport to ask Mr. Pettiford for his help. She seems to love her husband and wants to sever his tie with the gem that controls his every action, but knows that she cannot stand by and watch Syr lead an army to attack the northern countries. This sounds to me like the perfect situation for me to show my divine might and the power of the great Ahrlin in battle. I cannot wait to get on the hunt. Oh Pickleplop, what adventures we are going to have!

Journal entry #3:

We have been traveling for some time now through a dense wood known as the land of Buru. Had I known that some of my traveling companions were of the roguish variety, my quick decision may not have been made in such haste. Though I am not one to judge a book by its cover and since they seem honest enough, I am willing to look past their thieving ways to accomplish the greater goal. But I digress; fore just yesterday we encountered a collection of monsters I can only identify as. . . Oozes. But with the might of this group, especially my divine power, they were dispatched with much haste and our travels continued. I am still in amazement however at the chosen battle tactics of Sir Osmond. Though I commend him on his diversionary abilities, I find it hard to recall in any of my readings the strategy he seems comfortable with! Apparently the plan is for him to charge the beasts and be devoured, giving Arutha and I the distraction we needed to decimate the Oozes with fire. I must query him later on his methods.

Journal entry #4:

It has been several days travel since I spoke to you last dear journal, but this day was of significance. For after many moons of journey, we met the Zeb tribe today. Quite the primitive race. Definitely lacking in any sort of social graces at all! Would you believe the gall in making myself and my companions wait an HOUR to meet their leader? Not very hospitable if you

ask me. Then they insulted me by doubting my power and the power of the almighty Ahrlin! Hopefully we are far from here before my patience wears thin and I may be obliged to give them a display of my divine might. The Zeb were very happy to hear that we are going to eliminate their enemy the Junta to get to their leader who possesses the necklace half of the Bohara Moheat. That is the relic that controls the dark one of Anasazi. When combined back into one, the necklace and the jewel become the Bohara Moheat. Strange that I have not come across such a powerful artifact in any of my studies.

Journal entry #5:

The new development is a shocker dear journal! After sever day of travel in which the might of Ahrlin prevailed over a Roc (with a little help from the wizard Arutha) we came upon the Junta and proposed a deal to obtain the necklace half of the Bohara Moheat. But being the primitive, war – like people they are they would have no part of it. So we were forced to rain down on them in a most destructive fashion, killing their leader and his high disciples in the name of the great and just Ahrlin. I then destroyed the monk's shrine to his ruler Wynn Qui who rules the great city to the south. Now we must travel to this great city to seek audience with this Wynn Qui and to ask his compliance in giving us the necklace. I wonder if he will be as stubborn as his disciples?

Journal entry #6:

Well dear journal we have had our meeting with Wynn Qui and he is willing to give us the necklace we seek under some very strange conditions. #1: We must journey to a cave to defeat a green dragon that has been terrorizing the commoners in the lands a few days travel outside the cities gates for some time now. I wonder why, if this Wynn Qui is so powerful he cannot destroy this evil beast himself? And #2: After reuniting the necklace and the jewel to complete the Bohara Moheat, we must return it to him because that is where the relic belongs as told in the ancient scrolls of this civilization. Not a problem for this group as I see it but we shall see.

It's a few days later and we have completed one half of our obligation to Wynn Qui. The great evil dragon is no more! My partner in magic Arutha put on a masterful display of wizardry the likes of which I have never seen in my many days on this earth! Although the group as a whole would be dead if not for the almighty Dimbel Ningle and his gracious hands of healing. But that is another story altogether the size of which I have neither the time nor the ink to pen down on your precious pages dear journal. Now we must travel back to Wynn Qui to retrieve the necklace and continue on our quest to free poor Syr from his burden of melancholy under the control of the powerful jewel of the Bohara Moheat. Til next time, I grant you the eternal slumber of the written page dear journal.