

Dear Gaia, Mavors, Aru, Dagleir, and Ronkel,

I had hoped, based on the spectacular failure of our last so-called adventure, that my muttonhead ward would have reconsidered his fundamental approach of selecting the stupidest possible course of action and pursuing it blindly. Sadly, ye gods would appear to be more than simply amused by my predicament, and have seen fit to gift me with the following:

- When selecting the next logical course of action, Jonicus identified a city occupied by a hostile army, and nominated that as our destination
- I was only narrowly able to talk him out of opening the triumphal arch between Walpole and Clio (thereby allowing the entire Gwhi host to stroll through the gateway into the heart of our capital)
- Given one last chance to reconsider our course (at the last inn before Walpole where everybody was fleeing before the rampaging host), he naturally concluded that with the army on the march, the sacked city must be the safer place to be
- While sneaking around and attempting to avoid the hostile Gwhi (note: horse creatures), he attempted to befriend a... wait for it... horse. When the Gwhi subsequently discussed the matter with the horse, they got a good enough description to cast Locate on our entire group
- When the Gwhi attempted to prevent him from reaching the only remaining un-poisoned Nymphaeum in the city, he... wait for it... charged. A wall. And then threw his body between the charging Gwhi and the much-better-armored party. Naturally.
- The whole putative purpose of this adventure was to free the spirit of the Nym Thorn, who was killed at the same time and in the same manner as the first citizen. Despite reassurance from the *HIERARCH OF RONKEL* that the deaths were unrelated, he persisted in interrogating the poor spirit, whose only secret was that she was apparently named for her unknown father (“somebody important”).
- Jonicus persisted in encouraging the party Bard to engage in unwarranted (and frankly, disgusting) speculation on conspiracies and illegitimate children of the First Citizen, various Senators, and anybody else they could think of.
- When some facts of legitimate interest cropped up, namely that hooded and invisible creatures were raising dead Gwhi in the ruins (strikingly similar to the ones who attempted to steal Thorn’s body in the first place), he chose to turn the other cheek and depart.

I try not to ask for much. I pray every day, only for such trifles as wisdom. But I’m perilously close for asking for, say, a new assignment.

Yours in Agony,

“Steve”