[Game 68]

(Written in an exceptionally old, clear and flowered script, but having to be translated from ancient Oranti)

An accounting as relayed to this one.

The guild came received an encoded message from the Operator. The walls were quickly covered by the scrawls of adventurers, who then broke the cypher. It indicated a missing member of the Quintessence Forge could be located in a desert cave and gave coordinates so that we could retrieve it. The guild quickly made their way to the area indicated, only to find the cave surrounded by undead. Dispatching these aberrations, the guild found some trapped artificers with various parts of a smoking and smoldering construct in their hands. Deeper in the cave, it was clear that something was amiss in the ethereal realm, likely a result of the discharge from the core of this broken entity.

Upon returning home, a discussion ensued about the speech the King of Quartz made in the previous gather and its meaning, suggesting that he intended to not send them to a different place, but instead to a different time.

Not long after, the Fae entity showed itself and after some displays, bore a hole through space and time and sent the adventurers through. In this tunnel were strange beings that had large mouths and that seemed to devour the tunnel and edges, and large clockwork dragonflies that flew in and out of the time stream. Lost souls, fallen out of time either assaulted those in the tunnel or plead for assistance. It was these this one pitied the most upon hearing about as their fate was even worse than this ones.

Upon exiting, the guild found themselves in Samazar, but not as it is now. This was the Samazar of before. Djinn and the occasional Celestial could be seen soaring in the air, along with large and exceedingly long airships without any observed means of propulsion yet moving both with and against the winds at will.

The guild quickly set to task but were pulled in to an ancient game of cloud slapping due to the connection of the spirit that is bound in the body of Master Maggie. The guild learned quickly about this ancient art and won heartily, impressing the assembled crowds.

Unfortunate as it was, the guild are short of memory but many are well read, and it turned out that the date they were sent to was the marked assault of the Lord of Flames himself. Efreet punished the city with bolts of arcane fire that exploded and caused massive damage to the city and its peoples. There was nothing to do but run and seek shelter in the one building that seemed to stand the assault better than any others - the current standing location of the adventurers guild.

After some time and quick planning, the guild split itself into three teams. The first entered the undercity to retrieve and make a plea to the chronographer. However, upon reaching him, it was clear the city was in motion to be phased from its place in the sky, and the only one who could get the information to release its core was a command given from the Operator. The second team worked diligently to make such pleas, but it proved deadly and dangerous. This one witnessed the return of Master Tahima’s body who, upon arriving home, turned to little more than ashes in the arms of those who carried her. The third group went after the item that the King of Quartz sought - a bag bathed in the energies of the engines of fate themselves. Upon acquiring it, they paid their debt to this self professed king, and he was true to his word to open passage for everyone to return, but it was fraught with danger, as if time seemed as if it was collapsing around them.

Upon return, they learned that time itself had layered and in this new time, the other courts of Fey never existed in the way they are known, or used to be known. All feytouched showed the marks of Quartz and none had heard of these other courts, looking at guild members as if they had lost their minds.

The next day, the guild braved the ethereal realm and was able to bring back the body of the chronographer. The artificers went quickly to work and the forge member was once more restored, but clearly taxed at now trying to keep the city stable in the broken time stream. Thankfully, Master Tahima’s transformation allows her to regrow in the desert forest and she returned to the guild seemingly whole - however - this one laments her curse - she is too young to realize the burden she now carries and how she will watch all those she loves around her wither and die.

It was discovered that a theft of sorts had taken place at the guild, with the tablet from the Gods and the dragon blade both taken and replaced with other exceedingly rare and valuable items. There was no sign of tampering according to the official Jin Shi records, which makes the theft even more curious, as the guild maintains a zone of simplicity.

While that was occurring, a team from the guild also went through the room of five doors. After some relaxation with two skilled masters of the relaxation arts, ‘Wind’ and ‘Lion’, we made our way using a magical compass that Master Cyl had acquired to Sun Kun, the person who led the project to turn Master Calder into an agent for the Nocturnal Empire. After questioning and evidence collection, Master Calder was agreed to be freed if we allowed them to be let go. This one insisted it be Master Calder’s decision, as his autonomy is an ultimate right that shall not be infringed if this one ever has a say in the matter. This one intends to follow up relentlessly until they are finally brought to justice, as well as to ensure Master Calder can come to terms with actions that were done by his hand but were not his own. This one understands that more than likely anyone else.

So says this humble servant,

-Audun