I find myself recording the events of that occurred within the guild hall this past month with a bit of confusion, as well as a bit of awe. Much occurred and many things were learned, but many of the guild have also gone missing into a strange land - more on that later.

On the first day, I traveled with the guild against the forces of the empire. There was some observed tension created by my presence to some members of the guild, which I greatly regret, but I find that I - nor anyone else - can afford to be anyone but who they are. If I am to ever build bridges with my fellow guild-mates, I can only do so by being honest and earnest, and I hope they listen to my words and keep me to task through my actions.

We eventually came to battle an artificer who had created a large construct of which he piloted. Upon his defeat, he jettisoned away, and Masuda, ever brave, shot some sort of unique arrow and it pulled him toward the rapidly soaring scientist. We lost sight of them but were eventually able to track to Masuda’s location where he had separated from our foe. He mentioned the artificer was picked up by something soaring through the air very quickly, which is disconcerting if the empire has developed such advanced air systems - it would make them a far more dangerous foe and potentially even endanger Samazar itself. May the dragon protect us all.

On the second day, I was busy doing my duties as a bosun for the Radiant Grace, and was largely unaware of the goings on at the guild hall until I returned - perhaps one of the other chroniclers recorded those events for posterity.

When I did return, it felt as if the guild hall had become an embassy of sorts for powerful politicians and mysterious figures.

First, the counselor Orcus arrived to bring news of working on a device to stabilize the portal to Cyrillia and act as a door of sorts, only allowing those who had permission the ability to cross, and therefore blocking the minions of Sulith from entry. The guild agreed to aid in these endeavors and he said he would return later after preparations were made to be escorted to the portal.

Next, an Efreet known as the ‘Seeker of Peace’ came to the guild and informed us that decisions were being made and alliances formed between the Efreet and the Marid, in response to what was occurring in Samazar above and in the sunken city of Crythia below. He gave a warning that they would likely come seeking their own form of justice, but did not know when. He then spoke to his only family left, Nadir, and had the Chaplain Atharya deliver rites of Nivone to him to bind his Efreet form to the wheel, making him a mortal fellblooded.

Finally, the eternal librarian, a mysterious figure of whom I know not much about, arrived to inform us of some important information, but alas, my work kept me from hearing exactly what it was. I was later informed that a member of the Quintessence Forge - ‘the Conveyer’ was alleged to be located within the dark lands of Cyrillia. I was given word that Aditi took leave of the guild in order to aid in the causes of the Daihonsha - hopefully that grants us some inroads to being better informed as the Great Library holds many secrets that are left to be uncovered.

We then mounted our forces to escort Orcus to the portal and after fighting countless denizens of Sulith and the strange demonic shadows from Cyrillia, Sumati lit a holy lantern that weakened the undead and allowed Indra an opening to shatter bones and bring bodies to rest with a single thunderous clap. Meanwhile, another force of us pushed forward and met a multiheaded and limbed agent of Sulith herself. Shoya and Calder held strong while DEATHWOLF and others struck at the few exploitable weak points until the entity was dispelled.

Orcus, confident in his work, activated the device that has been constructed. I do not know the specifics as I was tending to some of the wounded elsewhere, but I received word that many of the guild were pulled, as if by an ethereal current, far into the shadowed land of Cyrillia as the device was turned on. Hopefully the guild members who were pulled in are savvy enough to find their way home and are able to find suitable allies on the other side.

Those of us that remain will likely either work to ensure our guild duties are still done, or they will join me in learning to pilot and operate the smaller, faster airships that have since been adopted by some members of the Daylight Alliance - although the loss of a large number of guild members concerns me greatly, as the war doesn’t stop. I know my calling is to strike at the empire and show the people there that there is another path for them should they choose to embrace it, and hopefully my knowledge of ships will transfer some to allow me to be proficient.

I pray that my guild mates stuck in Cyrillia be protected beneath his wings, and that he watches out for them.

Xurek, Claw of the Dragon