

Hail and well met, you who would read these words. Once more I leave word of my adventures to paper. For briefest of introduction for any who know me not, I am Van- Guardian of the Grave to my adopted people, the Shadow Elves; Reaver to the undead and "a living nightmare" to the inhabitants of the Land of the Eternal Sun. When last I set quill to paper, I wrote of my exploits in that land; but, now I speak of the exploits that came after. Adventures that occurred once I passed thru the shining portal in the Burrowers lair.

Once thru the portal, I found myself w/in sight of a fairly nice sized city and so I made it my destination. Upon reaching the nearest gate, I learned 2 interesting facts: #1. The name of the city- Blackmoor and #2. All visitors to the city were being required to undergo an extensive questioning at a nearby inn- The Comeback Inn. (Let me now clear up any doubt...yes, as it turns out, I was indeed w/in the legendary city of Blackmoor. The very same civilization that would cause the Great Rain of Fire and drive my adopted people underground.) A guardsman was kind enough, backed by 2 score of his buddies, to escort me to the Inn. I atleast earned a smile from him and his buddies by tossing them a handful of gold coins w/ the remarks "Drinks are on me and thanks for the brief tour of the city".

Upon entering I met the Inn's owner, Fredigar Cripps, who led me into a room w/ a small assortment of folks. Just before one human, oddly referred to as "The Fetch", could start asking me questions; a guardsman entered w/ news that a group of armed people had suddenly appeared in the basement. I remained in the room, under guard, as they went to deal w/ the newcomers. Not more than 20 - 30 minutes later, Fetch and crew returned w/ the newcomers and finally got down to business.

From the line of questioning I learned a few facts: #1. Someone of great importance had vanished from inside the Inn. (A fact they swore was impossible.) #2. The newcomers were a band of adventurers from the year 1000 AC. (Apparently AC means After Crowning of the 1st Emperor of a kingdom called Thyatis.) #3. Once all the math was done, the adventurers were from a time 800 years AFTER I last walked the mortal realms and had my adventure in the Land of the Eternal Sun. It also put them 5000 years in the future of this Blackmoor time and 4000 years in the future from the Great Rain of Fire.

Here I will take a slight moment to remark on the blatant stupidity of surfacers. Those idiot adventurers blurted out as much "history" after the end of Blackmoor as they could. I kept my mouth shut since they were babbling about surface events.

After roughly 4 or 5 hours of questioning, The Fetch offered us a "mission". Granted as veritable prisoners here we couldn't refuse. The mission was "simple": find out what happened to their important person and rescue said person. Simple, right? I immediately agreed; but, the

adventurers took longer to whine amongst themselves before agreeing.

We were all "asked" to leave our gear here, which we did (after some serious arm twisting on most of the adventurers) before being shown to rooms in the inn that we could use: free of charge. (On a side note, I had a brief and very private chat w/ The Fetch on the subject of pay. While his offer was generous, I requested my payment in books and other Blackmoorian lore. I simply pointed out that if those adventurers were telling the truth, then in the future such books and lore would be incredibly rare and extremely valuable. He agreed to my terms.)

Ah and now to those idiot adventurers. A male Hin from a place called The Five Shires, named Rubertal Filskan. A mated pair of Dwarves from Rockhome named Dragher and Mikrosiv Burdhex. I noticed neither gave a clan name. A female Human Thief from Minrothad, Oxyina Glowspout. A male Human Magic-User from Glantri, Reginald Rumblesteem the 5th, seemed at odds w/ the Dwarves and Hin. A male Cleric of Ixion from Darokin, Peglar. A brother and sister pair of Elves from Karameikos, Fricsteen and Ishtia, also no clan named. And finally a female Human Warrior from Thaytis, Meekia Vaidorsci. Seems as a collective whole they called themselves: The Blizzardlite Company. I, of course, introduced myself as Van.

Of the others w/in the Inn only 2 are worth mentioning, two Humans named: Scatman and Lola. Shortly after being released from questioning, Scatman approached the party about trying to find a way out. Seems his Lola was some kind of "entertainer" and had jobs set up in other cities that they just HAD to get to. Scatman left the party to think about it and Cripps teleported into the room to let us know that Fetch was suspicious of Scatman and Lola and wanted us to agree to help them. The 2 dwarves later went to Scatman and told him we'd all help out.

Four days after agreeing to help, Scatman finally said it's time. When we made our move, most people were in bed sleeping. The few still active were guards; but, some were found asleep and others clearly affected by hold spells. In Cripps office we found him and Lola sipping wine and admiring a collection of gemstones w/ his office safe wide open. Cripps started to surrender when Lola stuck a knife in his back and he hit the floor, dead. Once everyone was outfitted w/ their own belongings, we moved on. Half the group moved to steal horses and mules while the rest of us disabled the remaining guards leading to the basement. At that point we were joined by a member of the Inn's staff that apparently worked for Scatman and had the means to control the gate the party came thru days before.

I will not list a long account of what occurred beyond the gate, only to say we entered another version of the Inn and were immediately attacked. Scatman and Co. chose that moment to try and betray us; but, they, and the attackers, were dealt w/. I refused to let either of the 3 die and kept them bound and gagged, safely tucked away for later. From there it was a simple slaughter-fest, though we lost both Elves and all four Humans. The Dwarves, Hin and myself looted, pillaged and plundered the entire place and all the fallen. Eventually we found the room

w/ the apparent mastermind and his prisoner....no less than King Uther Andahar himself.

The idiot mastermind tried to use threats to Uther against us; but, I pointed out that our orders were to "find and recover"....noone said he had to be alive. I'll admit to using a spell to "kill" Uther at this point and w/ everyone shocked by my actions, I was able to capture the so-called mastermind alive. Once we had those two, the four of us took them back down to our other prisoners at the gate just in time for "reinforcements" to burst thru. We turned all our prisoners over to The Fetch and I proved Uther was still alive. I just used my spell to make it look as though I had killed him. Regrettably our slain companions were brought back to life and we all returned to Blackmoor.

Uther rewarded all of us as per our contract w/ The Fetch. I got paid 20 Blackmoorian tomes while everyone else got paid w/ 20 opals. After some discussion, the adventurers returned to their own time and I chose to stay in Blackmoor. I was certain my mission for the Immortals wasn't done yet and I wanted to get my hands on more Blackmoorian lore. (At this point I undertook a special mission for Uther: enter the gate in the basement and catalog as many versions of the Inn as I could. It seems I won't be alone in this task, Uther is sending a female human w/ me named Alwyn Morland, a rather talented bard and one of his trusted agents.)

Ah, the crafty devil that Uther. I knew Alwyn was sent to keep an eye on me; but, it seems that eye was more about trying to get information rather than him just not trusting me. We have cataloged no less than 17 different versions of the Inn, counting theirs as "base" or the primary Inn. One such Inn was buried in ice, so I knew it had to exist after the Great Rain of Fire. It seems Cripps appointed Alwyn as a temporary employee of the Inn so that we could enter and exit each Inn to investigate the surroundings. We did find the Inn that exists in 1000 AC, obviously. W/ each version cataloged, I was paid in more Blackmoorian tomes. After our latest version, I now own no less than 1,354 such tomes; many of which I have purchased on my own from moneys discovered during our investigations. Oh and I also learned that while Alwyn is very good bard, she's also an accomplished Magic-User that can't seem to keep her coins in her pocket.

Good things always come to an end. Seems a Baroness has gone missing and The Fetch has added me to a new group of adventurers to go find her. (The Blizzardlite Company apparently met their end in a freak blizzard.....no great loss.) This new group comprises a male human cleric, Asteir. A male Dwarf, Rotleeg. A female Hin, Tinder and two female human Fighters, Fetria and Fojia; twin sisters. The groups last Thief died trying to steal some wizards spellbook for a rival wizard in Glantri. I seem to be cursed w/ getting to deal w/ idiots from the surface!

The Fetch's contact managed to get us hired as new recruits to some "Frog Temple" and we had an easy enough time traveling there. We ended up at a Temple/City in some filthy swamp and were setup in quarters to await a meeting w/ the Temple's leader. What in the Nine Hells did I ever do to get cursed w/ such stupid surfacers!?!? While waiting for our interveiw, that idiot

Fojia got drunk and blabbed everything. The sheer numbers that came after the party was staggering; but, luckily, I escaped into the shadows and made my way to the "poorer" section. Folks here seem less inclined to like the Temple people than in the city proper.

I spent the better part of three weeks hiding in various locations and learning everything I could about the Temple and its routines. When I was finally ready, I snuck inside using various magical items, skills and a lot of luck. It took me another five days of skulking in the shadows and "borrowing" various items from the Temple folks; but, I finally was able to find the Baroness and some of her soliders. Once free, and well armed, we made our break for the outside. Along the way we managed to free those adventurers and some other Blackmoorian people; but, were surrounded as we reached the edge of the swamp.

As we all prepared to go down fighting, a massive explosion ripped thru the Temple and The Fetch's "back-up" team arrived to help us get out in the confusion. (Never did learn what caused that explosion; but, due to it, we got away free and clear.) After we got back to civilization, we rested up a little and then made our way back to Blackmoor for payment. The Fetch and I had a nice long chat later about the intelligence of people he had been saddling me w/. He found it amusing. I also chose to unload some rather strange devices I had taken from w/in the Temple and increased my Blackmoorian library by another 43 tomes. After that little "adventure" my Blackmoorian library now numbers 1,477 tomes, all safely stored in a special cabinet I designed.

After that last group returned to their own time, The Fetch brought an interesting offer to me: to assist in the study of the items I "borrowed" from the Temple. Finally, a chance to work w/ "intelligent" surfacers!

It's been months since we started studying the items and I'll give them credit....the folks I'm working w/ are actually intelligent. Not only have we managed to understand the items; but, we've also started figuring out how to make our own versions of them that blend our magic w/ that of the originals. A pity my time w/ those surfacers was cut short.

Once more I was summoned to The Fetch who was meeting w/ a new group of adventurers from the future. Seems he had another problem for adventurers to tend to. Tales of a flying silver egg, a City of Gods that fell into a Valley of the Ancients....too bloody grandiose for my concerns. All I needed to know was where to go and who to kill. However his mention of dragons that helped wipe out the last group sent to the city sparked my interest.....time to gather more draconic bloodstones.

And onto the new cannon fodder: three male HIN (Earl, Bob and Luke...seriously, that's the names they gave.), a female HIN (Alyas), two male Dwarves (Dunk and Fetter, I didn't even bother asking why.), two human Thieves (male- Blade, female- Shadow), two female Clerics of Vanya (Anya and Tanya), one male human Magic-User (Axshush) and no less than four bloody surface Elves. (Viastra, Benriat, Corliaon and Red: Viastra and Red were female and obviously

thought they lead that cluster fluck of a group.) I had long since taken to disguising myself as a surface elf so noone in the group was suspicious of me.

After discussions were finished, Fetch gave each of us a ring w/ 2 teleport spells in them. One to take us to our initial destination and one to bring us back. He also sent a Brother Richard w/ us to assist in studying the "egg" when we get there. Seems the mission is straight forward: let Richard study the egg while we push on the City of the Gods and either open talks w/ them, or steal as much of their "magical items" as we can each carry.

Upon arriving at our destination, our group was met by well armed guards, a Baron who will actually be going w/ us and Richard's brother. After some chatting, we all inspected the egg and were shown a basic understanding of how they operate, given half a chance I'll steal one of the buggers from that city. After a small pin was activated, that made an annoying noise, we were attacked by flying metal men that abducted the mage studying the egg, Bosero. We battled 5 of them after he was abducted and did little to no damage to them. They in turn injured several guards and destroyed the egg. After some discussion, it was decided we'd leave in the next morning for the City of the Gods.

Due to random problems ( read this as monsters thinking we were easy meals) it took us almost a full month to reach the Valley of the Ancients where we got ambushed by people referred to as "Sand Folk". They "invited" us to meet w/ their leader and we obviously agreed. After a few hours, we reached their camp where their leader greeted us and, surprisingly, the Baron seemed to make the right response. After an interesting meal and some conversation in which Earl blurted out that we're planning to steal magic from the city, we were all shown to one tent and allowed to rest.

While we lounged around for the rest of the evening, one of the Sand Folk tried rather blantly to get one of us to strike him...I obliged and found myself facing him in a 20 foot by 8 foot deep pit. Seems the rules were simple: no missile weapons or spells and only the winner walks out alive. Much to his, and everyone else's, surprised; I removed all my gear and weapons. I told him that if he's coward enough to pick on a lady smaller than him, I only need my bare hands to kill him. The fool showed his cowardice by bringing a sword and wearing some armor. There were whispers when I removed my shirt and they saw all the scars I still bore. I took two wounds total, one to my left thigh and one to my right lower abdomen. It gave me the opening I sought and he died when I punched my right fist thru his armor and out the back, holding his still beating heart in my hand. As he died I spoke that it shames me to etch a cowards name into the Dead Book. Then I retired to our tent for a light sleep.

Our sleep was disrupted that night by an ambush from the Froggies whose Temple I had recently helped deal w/. During the battle most of the party helped the Sand Folk leader, Da-Nel. I starting slinging fireballs and a few other spells in the direction of sniper attacks. Turns out it was a two-pronged attack. Snipers from one direction and silent assassins, after Da-Nel, from

another. The party kept Da-Nel from harm and we made sure no "Froggie" survived. The following morning the entire party was adopted into their tribe. While some party members felt a little ill afterwards, the adoption went off smoothly. Later he invited us to help raid the city, of course we said yes. The more our numbers, the better our chances.

The Sand Folk are impressive. They led us to w/in feet of a doorway and Da-Nel punched some buttons he once saw a city person use, that got it to open. From there it was a slaughter fest.....against us! Attacks came from out of nowhere and then the metal men started showing up. Not sure how far we actual got into the city; but, it cost us two-thirds of Da-Nel's people and most of the party. Anya, Dunk, Earl, Shadow and myself survived. The Baron and both Richard and his brother also survived. During one nasty battle, I took cover in a chamber similar to a storage room. Last I saw of the others, they were loaded w/ some items and hauling ass back the way we had come.

I took the opportunity to search the chamber and was quite pleased. Several egg-ships were in there along w/ a ton of other items. I loaded as much as I could into an egg-ship and triggered a door to the outside by accident. By this time people were trying to get into the room, so I hopped into the egg, followed the motions we had been shown and let me tell you: that was a ride you wouldn't believe. Yeah, ok, I almost crashed a half-dozen times and made myself sick w/ all the spinning and lurching and stopping; but, dammit that was half the fun.

By the time I returned to Blackmoor, I had made a few discoveries. #1. Due to my prior experience w/ items taken from the Frog Temple, I could actually read and understand some of the language these people used. #2. The "City of the Gods" was actually a sky-ship named FSS Beagle that crashed. #3. The egg-ship I stole wasn't empty, seems a young female had been napping in it when I started loading things in and she got trapped inside. Turns out her name was Neishattiaraiov, Neish for short, and she was some kind plant specialist.

When we arrived in Blackmoor, she was more than happy to help in any way she could. Seems their leader was going a bit insane. I turned over everything I had stolen and walked away w/ another 250 Blackmoorian tomes, bringing my total to 1,727. I was also promised I could have access to everything we brought back, as long as I gave them copies of any information I learned. W/ Neish's help, I quickly mastered her peoples language: speaking, reading and even writing it. In exchange for her help, Neish ,in turn, was taught all about the plants on our world. Yep, supposedly, they were from a distant world and not native to ours. (Along w/ all the new books, that little fiasco added 13 different draconic bloodstones to my collection. I now own 4 White, 7 Black, 3 Green, 2 Blue and 5 Red Draconic Bloodstones.)

I threw myself into helping w/ the items stolen from the Beagle. (As a late note, like the others before them, the remaining adventurers returned to their own time.) During the course of our studies, myself and some eleven others have become the foremost experts on the "Gods" technology/magic. We have also become the leading experts in merging that tech/magic w/ our

own. Among the many things created were two of my very own. Modeled off a "Gods" device, the first brooch translates any language (written or spoken) into the wearers native tongue AND translates the wearers spoken words into the native tongue of anyone w/in hearing range. The second is a ring that, w/ a single word, triggers an audio (sound) and visual link between anyone wearing a matching ring. Of the brooches I've made thirteen, one I kept and the rest I gave to The Fetch. As for the ring, I made a batch of thirteen also. Kept one and The Fetch has the rest. (As an touch of arrogance, and caution, I've made the brooches and rings instantly return to The Fetch or myself, should anything happen to the bearer. If Fetch is dead, they come to me.)

I was awoken late one night and taken to see Fetch. Seems another problem came up and he wants my help dealing w/ it. As usual, he has a new group of "future" adventurers present to under take this mission. A group of people called Afridhi have been creating an Artifact at the behest of their Immortal, Zugzul. From what the adventurers say, another Immortal visited each of them w/ a forewarning of this Artifact. If the words are to be believed I now know why I was sent back in time. This Artifact threatens recorded history even as the Immortals know it. Our task is to find the Artifact and destroy it. Zugzul seems to have placed a prophecy that only one as yet unborn can destroy the Artifact he calls: The Well of Souls.

We left the following morning before even the sun had awakened. W/ the help of a man named Gregor and a smuggler, we reached a town called Robinsport in the Duchy of Ten a couple of weeks later. Bad weather and "possible" pirate ships accounted for the long voyage. During the trip I learned that the smuggler's son is actually his daughter; but, I've kept it to myself. Two reasons stay my tongue: #1. It's none of my business and #2. None of these adventurers should ever be left alone w/ any female, regardless of race or appearance.

Ah yes, the adventurers: 4 male Human Fighters, 2 male Dwarves, 3 male Hin, 1 male Human Cleric, 1 male Elf and 2 male Human Thieves. From their talk, all are wanted criminals in their own time and would easily sell out the party, or their own grandmothers for a price. When we first left port, their group DID have a male Human Magic-User; but, after I caught him trying to steal spellbooks from me and the other Elf, I taught him and everyone else what I do to people trying to steal from me. It took him a day and a half to die and took the sailors half a day to clean up the mess. Regardless to say, what I did to him - noone could tell what sex, much less what race he had been.

After landing in Robinsport, "something" roused the suspicion of the Afridhi at the port and they attempted to seize the ship. Though a good run was made at escaping, the ship was sunk and few survived. Of the party: myself, one fighter - Jed, the Cleric - Netrix and all three Hin - Sandy, Hilp and Bandi. Of the ships crew only Gerry, the smuggler's daughter survived. I killed Jed and Bandi after they tried to rape Gerry and promised the rest that if they tried it again, they would envy the fate of the mage from before. After that, Gerry stuck to my side like a shadow. W/ only the five of us, we discussed our options and the remaining Hin, Sandy and

Hilp, insisted we complete the mission. They may have been pirates where they came from; but, if they took a man's money for a job, they did the job. Netrix said we should scout for help since we were so few. I had a bad feeling when he said it; but, the others agreed.

At this point we split into three groups: Netrix by himself, Sandy and Hilp, Gerry and myself. We agreed on a meeting point just outside of town and went our separate ways. After we had gotten a few blocks away, Gerry gave me a small booklet she had seen Netrix drop by accident. Finding an out of the way spot, I examined it only to learn it was a small prayer booklet to the Immortal: Zugzul! From small writings in the columns, I learned that Netrix was a pure-blood descendant of the Afridhi and had received a vision from Zugzul to join that party. Gerry and I quickly found the Hin and broke the news to them just as Netrix arrived w/ a small horde of Afridhi. Lesson #1: if you have something to do, do it. Don't stand around talking. Netrix made that mistake and I dropped a fireball on top of him. The four of us cut and ran in the confusion.

Just outside of town we encountered a man named Stout Robin, apparently one of the people Fetch sent a message to. W/ his help we got away from the area and proved to make good time. We observed heavy patrols along the way; but, none seemed to be searching off the road. This Robin seems to know ALOT about the area as well as what fugitives are hiding where. Apparently he's part of a resistance to the Afrishi occupation of the Duchy. He lead us to a rebel leader and members of a "Brotherhood of the Greenwood". Both groups aided us; but, none would accompany us. Robin took his leave of us w/in sight of our destination: Tor Kurram. While scouting out the mountain, Gerry encountered a creature called a Sollux. His name was Kridor and he said he was hunting Efreet that he knew to be in the mountain.

Needless to say, he made himself part of our group and showed us a secret way in: a small chimney that lead deep into the mountain/volcano. Not knowing just how many enemies we faced, our little group chose stealth over force. Kridor warned about the chimney stating that it's 160 feet down and a few feet to the side of a platinum urn. He also stated that if we're not careful, we'll drop another 200 feet more into lava. Using a couple of Rings of Fire Resistance, potions of Fire Resistance and my spells of Resist Fire; we climbed down w/ the aid of a couple of Ropes of Climbing that the Hin had. As we reached the bottom of the chimney, we witnessed a prisoner being sacrificed to a 5 foot tall, 3 foot diameter urn that Kridor had mention. As the sacrifice occurred, the five of us reached the chambers floor and immediately launched our surprise attack.

Kridor went after 4 Efreet in the chamber, leaving 3 humans ( two men and a women) for us to deal w/. To understand my actions, I'll explain the layout of the chamber. Half the area was an open pit above the lava flow, while the remaining half was an open area w/ 4 pillars holding up the ceiling. A pinnacle of rock jutted out over the lava pit and at its base was a low dias w/ the urn on top of it. Taking the urn to be the Well of Souls I launched my spells; not at it but at the ground connecting the pinnacle to the rest of the chamber. After so many centuries



underground, the Shadow Elves have learned many spells based on earth. Both Hin and Gerry worked hard to keep our enemies from attacking me as I unloaded every spell in my head. After both Hin had fallen and Gerry was barely holding to one knee, Kridor came to our aid. All 4 Efreet lay slain, though Kridor looked more dead than alive. As I unleashed my last spell, the Well released some kind of monsters. Even as they attacked us, we all heard a thunderous crack and saw the pinnacle, w/ the Well, plunge into the lava below. That's when the damn volcano decided to erupt w/ us inside.

Ah yes, if we all died then how am I writing this down you ask? Simple, I awoke to find myself alone just a days walk from Blackmoor City w/ the voice of Nyx ringing in my head: "Not yet, my Shadow Elf. You may not die 'til the price is paid." Upon making my way to the Comeback Inn, I had a good meal and a long sleep before finally making my report to The Fetch and Uther. On a side note, my Blackmoorian library now numbers 2,300 tomes even. The Fetch remarked that my library is now almost the equal to the University in the city. But, as Uther said: "It's still young; but, my hope is to see it become the greatest on the face of the planet." and now my final passage in this tale: I will remain in Blackmoor for a time longer. Building my library and learning everything I can before using the Inn to hopefully explore more of this worlds past until I finally return to my own time.

What a wonderful laugh I've just had. For all my deeds in Blackmoors service, Uther has named me a Blackmoorian noble. I rejected the offer of lands and only asked to also be named an employee of the Comeback Inn. Some surfacers ain't half bad after all.

I add now new additions to my life in Blackmoor. At the time of this addition, I have just celebrated my 150th year of life. In the passing years I've crafted a couple of special items, at Uther's request. Having received foreknowledge from "future" adventurers, Uther decided to try and save all Blackmoorian lore. To this endeavor he asked the advice of many a trusted spellcaster, myself included. Many an idea was given and after days of debate, it was decided that we should each work on bringing our ideas into reality. My own idea was two-fold and I had already begin research into it.

First was the means of addressing that massive number of tomes that would hold the lore. Even w/ my spell, Guardian's Scribe, it would take more than 1,000 years to copy every scrap of lore that would come to be. To rectify this, I turned my thoughts to a species well known for it long memory: Dragons. Due to their incredible long lifespans, Dragons amass millenia of lore; so I deemed it wise to model my creation on them. Over the course of my advenutres I had come into possession of numerous draconic bloodstones (the solidified last drop of a Dragon's blood).

It was to these I turned. I sacrificed a few in my research; but, finally had my answer. By returning my remaining bloodstones to liquid, and mixing them together, I was able to then divide that mixture in two. While still liquid, I mixed this w/ liquid Mithril that I bought from Dwarven allies of Uther's. This I then forged into 2 orbs and immediately began enchanting. I

will not detail my process; but, as to the end result: each orb was placed in a different location (one w/in Blackmoor's existing library and the other w/in my tomb. The effect was immediate, Shadows began to appear (1 for every tome in the library) and they immediately began scribing every tome that the library held. Upon completion of their work, each Shadow (and the copy they had made) vanished into the libraries orb, only to reappear from the orb in my tomb w/ their book. Each book was then placed on the shelves in a special library I had built.

After some experimenting, we discovered that the Shadows will appear and copy any tome, or document, brought w/in the boundaries of the Blackmoor library. It was at this point that I presenting Uther w/ a special ring. Having used some of his own blood, I created two rings linked to the orbs and, by default, the library in my tomb. W/ this ring, Uther can grant permission for someone to access my tomb's library. Yes, the second ring was made from my blood and kept on my person at all times.

Ah, and now onto the second half of my idea: the library itself. While it is true that it "appeared" to be part of my tomb, in truth it was hidden away in a painting w/in my tomb. While I am not an artist, I was able to share a visual memory w/ Blackmoor's most famous Artist, at the time. The memory I shared was from my early years in the City of Stars. Specifically, I shared a memory of the City's Great Library. After the painting was finished, I enchanted it to act as a repository for all of Blackmoors lore; w/ only the 2 rings granting entrance. As surprising as this may seem, sadly the artist passed away 3 weeks after finishing the painting. Even I mourned her passing.

Now for a mention on my tomb: it is not a place for the dead to be interred. It's usual appearance is that of a small stone structure, what surfacers call a "dollhouse". In this form, it measures 3' high by 4' wide and currently houses 21 rooms:

1 Alchemical Library, 1 Alchemical Laboratory, 1 Wizard/Shaman Library, 1 Wizard/Shaman Laboratory, 1 Historical/Non-magical Library (accessed thru another magical painting and different than the Blackmoorian Library), 1 Classroom (holds upto 10 students), 1 Treasure Vault for Cursed Items, 1 Treasure Vault for Non-Cursed Items, 1 Foyer/Entry Hall, 1 Sitting Room (holds upto 20 people), 1 Dining Room (seating is special), 1 Kitchen (although I dislike my own cooking), 1 Master Bedroom w/ private bath, 1 Bunkroom (for upto 10 people- students), 1 Shrine to Rafiel, 1 Large Bathroom and 1 Crafting room for each of the following: Armorer, Blacksmithing, Bowyer/Fletcher, Carpentry, Glassmaking/Pottery and Weaponsmithing. As I get stronger and more experienced, I have to keep upgrading the "dollhouse" or else when I summon it, it'll upgrade itself at a massive cost.

When I first crafted the "dollhouse" I included several special items that I had found during my adventures. All were magical and greatly beneficial. The dining room table is a perfect example: while its base form only measures 1" by 1", w/ the right command words, it will grow in size and create food and drink for a number of people based on the tables dimensions. At it's

longest: 5' by 60' and seats 26 people.

Now I'll speak of other matters. Due to the babbling of prior "future" adventurers, Uther( and several of his trusted allies) traveled thru the gate in the basement of the Comeback Inn to see for themselves what the future holds, and how Blackmoor affected it. These trips were a driving force in Uther's decision to safeguard Blackmoorian lore. (Of note: W/ approval from Cripps, and help from other Mages, special amulets were created that would teleport the wearer to just outside the Comeback Inn from any location on Mystara. This was done in case Uther's party found itself hard pressed and needed to flee. (I kept an amulet for myself, of course.)

Here I must side-step to a matter of great interest and importance. During our experimentation w/ crafting the Amulets, several of us were teleported to a location I came to recognize. While the inhabitants call it: Thunder Rift, I recognize it as the Vale that originally held Duke Hector Barrik's castle! After much debate, Uther decided to build a Blackmoorian settlement there and charged us spellcasters w/ recreating the CBI on a site of w/ similiar magical effects. Rather than actually giving it the appearance of the Inn, we chose to model it after a typical Blackmoorian Keep; but, added a water wheel to generate power for certain "features". This Keep we then managed to link back to the CBI's basement via the Amulets that brought us to the Thunder Rift vale. The Keep is located high atop the cliffs on the western edge of the Rift. (From speaking w/ the locals, it seems as though the Goblin Wars that Barrik's people lived thru ended some 200-300 years ago. If figured from the "future calendar" that the adventurers mentioned, that would put current time as roughly 400-500 AC.)

After the Keep was finally finished, Uther had to cancel plans for a full settlement and settled, instead, on the Keep being an outpost. By doing so he can secretly slip Blackmoorian immigrants into the Rift in small numbers w/out alerting the locals. During these times I did some private exploration and reconnaissance until I located that ancient passage that first brought me to Barrik's Rift. Almost a full year passed before I laid eyes once more on the City of Stars. During my search for the City of Stars, I chanced upon another "old friend": the Elven Vampiric Nyxian Cleric, Niersk. Seems she has been keeping an eye on her descendants, those elves who became Shadow Elves, for over 3,000 years. (Born 100 years before Blackmoor's end in the Great Rain of Fire.) I took no small amount of pleasure in telling her I had been living in ancient Blackmoor for almost 5 decades.

At my request, Niersk returned w/ me to the Rift for a meeting w/ Uther and others. Along the way we spoke of many things; but, it was during the meeting I arranged w/ Uther that she revealed the FULL detailed history of the Shadow Elves. To say they were shocked to be speaking w/ a Vampire in broad daylight would be an under-statement. However, the greatest shock for them was her detailed account of Shadow Elven history after the Great Rain of Fire. (Her kind of vampiric is referred to as a "Nosferatu" and have gained an immunity to the affects of sunlight.) A full month was spent w/ Niersk teaching all of us Shadow Elf history at which

point she returned to continue watching over our people. I chose to keep my existence a closely guarded secret from the Shadow Elves. Alas, Rafiel chose otherwise.

Some months after Niersk's visit, our group was visited by a small group from the City of Stars. While I say small, the group numbered some 75 and was sent to make contact w/ me. While they first tried to get me to return to the City, they finally had to accept the fact that Rafiel had other plans for me. Among their numbers were two I knew: the twins Rinisk and Rapuha. Seems they made their way back home after some 50-60 years, carrying w/ them my tome of our adventures. (It didn't amuse either of them.) Their group was lead by a young'ish shaman named: Porphyriel. Seems she was roughly 170-175 years younger than myself and the twins; but, was already showing great promise. I met w/ her group alone, electing not to involve the Blackmoorians; nor did I bother mentioning where they were from...or when. The only real achievement of this meeting was an equal exchange of spells, though I never gave them any of the spells I had created. (The leader of the non-shamans was a shadow elf named: Telemon and was roughly 185-190 years younger than myself.) I took my leave of them after a week and it proved the last time I would see a shadow elf for a very long time.

While in the Rift I tested a theory and proved it true. By relocating my tomb to the Rift, I was able to verify that both orbs continue to function as intended. Though there is between 4000-5000 years between them, books copied in Blackmoor still appear in my special library. When Blackmoor ends my final spell cast into the orbs will take effect, bringing the Blackmoorian Orb to rest beside its twin in my tomb.

By now you will of course have noted my reference to spells and items I've created, yet haven't spoken of when I had the time. I've elected to omit those parts. However, after much internal debate; I've decided to include one final reference to my creations. (Well, ok, two references actually.)

The first has to do w/ Uther and his champions. After each of their "historically recorded" deaths, I "arranged" a method to preserve them. In a time yet to come, a time for me long since past, Uther and his champions will be needed again. When that time arrives, they'll wake from their ancient slumber to walk the mortal realms once more. And that brings me to my second and final reference.

As per Uther desire to save Blackmoorian lore, I have chosen to live out my elven life w/in Blackmoor. Studying, researching an impossibility. It began w/ a simple study of my own blood. Since I'm not a "true" Shadow Elf, what am I? This answer I sought from the blood coursing thru my veins. The answer wasn't pretty, nor will I condemn it to words.

Blood calls to Blood and in my research I have learned that I'm not alone. My research "called" the others to me, including one who slept that we chose not to awaken. (This one, I've sealed w/in my tomb. He alone shall escape our chosen fate.) We remaining have spoken at length and

it appears, to a man, they've all been called from the exact instant before their recorded deaths. (Not all of us are Elves, much less Shadow Elves; but, all of us are spellcasters and that is what I needed.)

With all of us working together the research has gone much faster. Even as these words are condemned to paper, the Kingdom of Blackmoor draws her final breath. I no longer remember how long I've stood upon the mortal realms; but, now it comes to an end. Alone I would've failed; but, united we Blanks (as we've come to refer to ourselves) shall fulfill Uther's wish. Our ultimate masterpiece, our final creation.

By an ancient decree from Uther that I shall always be counted amongst Blackmoor's nobles, and a similar promise from Cripps that I shall always be an employee of the Inn, I swore to do the impossible. I have sealed my tomb where none shall reach it. Well, none save one Immortal who'se children shall stand in guardianship. Though they know not what, or who, they guard; their understanding is that the one w/in must never be allowed to awaken save by the hand of their Immortal. It brings a smile to my face wondering what the undead would say if they knew...

Now to the Great Sleep, w/out the dreams, w/out the nightmares.....Uther, once and always, I wonder how you'll like our final work. She awaits, sealed w/in my tomb. A painting like no other. We Blanks have given our lives for her creation. We have chosen to name her: Blackmoor Falls...No More