

A most hearty greeting dear mentor. I trust my missive finds you ensconced in the spoils of much looting and scavenging, replete with a hearty repast of large roasted mammals and reptiles. My peregrinations have arrived me beneath the soil far to the south with an eclectic selection of compatriots. A delightfully fiery tree spirit implores us to defend her topiary against some lifeless walking corpses who move with much alacrity and are most unpleasant. In searching for the source of her shrubbery's displeasure we have allied ourselves with a large horned bovine creature with bestial prowess and the depressed look of a well aged scrotum. Finding ourselves in the camp of the bovine, a Mr. Fibbles if you must ask, we were greeted by a staff wielding skeletal creature of hidden purpose and well ensconced across a rivulet adjacent. Though proficient in slinging balls of fire at my request his purpose seemed aligned against the tree and dryad and he implored us to end the same.



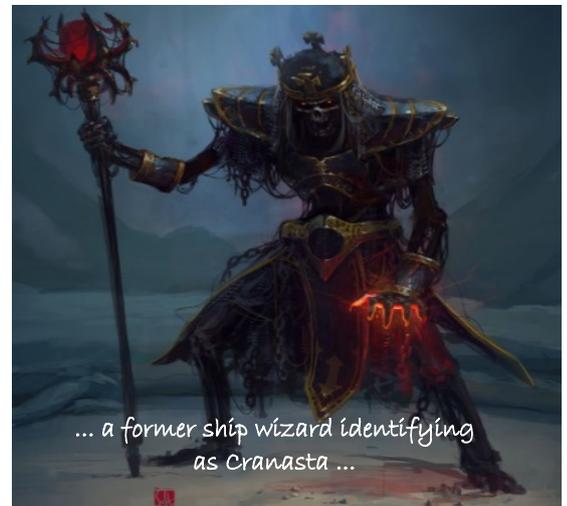
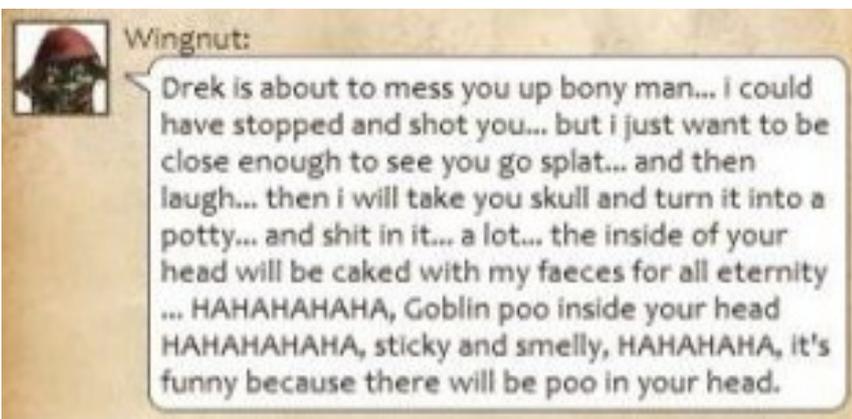
... A delightfully fiery tree spirit ...



... A large horned bovine creature ...

Seeing merit in his proposal we sallied forth to enquire of the tree lady as to her thought. As we travelled, a consensus was reached judging the man of bone to be of dubious virtuous probity and worthy of our axes and shot. The man of bone seemed to sense us coming, secreted away in his grotto, as such we threw caution to the wind and assaulted with abandon. The man of bone, a former ship wizard identifying as Cranasta, and having all the charm and beauty of a prolapsed anus, flung fire at us and set his minions at us, how they leapt and clawed at our scorched bodies. With resilience we struck them down and moved on to their puppet master who quickly retreated to his floor drawn pentagram and summoning soul magic' of escape. I thought to take to killing shot, but seeing my captain near at hand, paused to watch ...

I announced my intentions to this doomed foe even as the killing blow fell



... a former ship wizard identifying as Cranasta ...

Following through on my threat i then treated this foe in the traditional tongueyanker manner...

Wingnut:

removes the skull from the crumpled bones, places it carefully on the floor, takes down his pants and squats. The sounds from his nether regions are epic, like the tearing of cloth in a hurricane. the stream of shit from wingnuts arse seems eternal. after a while it abates and all that is left is the sound of wingnut cackling.



With the creatures defiled head in hand we curtailed back to the dryads haunt only to discover more vile creatures flitting about the tree, the fiery lady opposing them in vain. Foul boil bugs that exploded with noxious crimson gloop when struck

We drew them away from the tree and struck them down one by one. Their doom was most droll.



... Foul boil bugs ...

Casting the defiled skull into the tree bought the remnants of Granasta to an end as the tree devoured the well fertilised remains. The way again open to allow us to leave.