

When we reached the ridge that we had been aiming for it became apparent that it was not the ridge but the edge of some flat land about 120 yards from the main ridge. On this first ridge there was a line of stakes with animal skulls stuck on them. Igrid cast detect magic on them just in case there was some sort of magical warding that would alert somebody. There was no magic. The final ascent to the ridge was very steep and we had to lead the horses and ponies one at a time to the ridge. From this point we assessed our options. The plan had been to follow the contour round Green Top Mountain. This route looks very dangerous as it is steep, there is no trail and the ground under foot looks treacherous. To go straight down the ridge looked suicidal as it appeared to be a cliff edge. The only route forwards was to turn west and descend by traversing the ridge heading into the Mirror Valley. We had been warned about this valley as being very bad. Nobody who went there came back again. At least there is a trail heading in this direction and it is suitable for us to ride down. The tops of the mountain ridges are capped in ice. The ice is so smooth that it forms a mirror like surface reflecting images back and forward across the valley. We assumed that this was how the valley got its name. After travelling about 3 miles down the path we are still about 500 feet above the valley floor. It takes about another 15 minutes to get to the valley floor. And then the problems started. I headed off in the direction of Green Top mountain but Igrid said that we were going the wrong way. Gotrik, Morkoth and I were convinced that we were going the correct way. But Igrid insisted it was the opposite direction so Igrid cast detect magic on us. We all showed traces of an enchantment except Igrid. Morkoth then checked as well and he saw traces of enchantments on all but Igrid who showed up with traces of divination which was to be expected having just cast detect magic. While not convinced that the direction that Igrid is indicating was the correct direction I accept that there is some form of enchantment on me and that it may be what causes people not to come back from the valley. So I agreed to follow Igrid as did Morkoth but Gotrik was adamant that he was going the other way, the way we had been going. An argument ensued during which Morkoth appeared to be casting something. Gotrik calmed down and agreed to follow us so I suspect whatever the magic was it was aimed at Gotrik to persuade him to follow us. As dusk settles we tie the horses leading line so that we are all in line to save us from going astray in the dark. Igrid is leading as he is not enchanted and he can see in the dark. We continue slowly. I reckon we were only just making two miles per hour. We continued on until nearly midnight having passed between two mountains. We make camp and Igrid takes the first watch and asked me to take the second. He is not sure that Gotrik will not head off again so it is better if he sleeps. As the sky starts to get lighter I make breakfast from the provisions that we have. When it is light enough I look at the map and look round to get my bearings. We are indeed out of the Mirror Valley and to the south of it so Igrid had been correct, we had been enchanted. I showed the map to all the others point out the mountains and our position. There was no hint of disagreement so it seemed that the enchantment has lost its power over us. After breakfast we clear the camp site and head towards the western flank of the caldera where we were supposed to meet the goblins. As we head towards the caldera I saw what looked like a river bed ahead of us. It is winter and the water level is low only about a foot deep and 5 feet wide but it is evident that in the spring melt the stream becomes wider and deeper. This stream heads towards the drop which we suspect is a large waterfall to the west of the caldera. Forging the river was easy and we continued to climb the flank of the caldera still working our way round to the western side. After about three hours we crossed a track that led down from the top of the caldera crossing the stream and heading off in the direction of Bellamy. As we continued round the the west we spotted an encampment down by the stream at the foot of the caldera. There are tents but not camouflaged like that last tents that we came across. Continuing on we spotted birds circling above a patch of ground above us occasionally dropping to the ground and then taking off again. We decide to head up and investigate. What we found was a dead body of a goblin. Probably about 14 years old. There was an arrow wound to the shoulder and a deep sword slash across the back that was probably the killing blow. The best estimate that Morkoth and Igrid could come up with was that this juvenile had been dead for about an day and a half. We were not sure of the Goblin death rituals so we just covered the body with stones to keep the crows off. Looking at the ground I saw foot prints coming down from the crater top at a run judging by the

stride length. There was the scuffle here then the tracks headed off down the slope in the general direction of the encampment but not exactly that direction. We headed on towards the rendezvous site keeping an eye on the camp where there were signs of activity. About a dozen figures can be seen probably human but it was not possible to tell from that distance. We continued on round the caldera climbing slightly to put more distance between ourselves and the camp. We came across a trail heading down the slope towards a couple of caves. Igrid decided to have a quick look and ran down to the caves. We followed on slowly behind. The activity was growing in the camp it looked as if they were about to strike out. Igrid spotted a total of 5 caves with trails between all of them as he got closer. The first cave had an entrance about 40 feet wide and 15 feet high. He estimated that it went back about 80 feet. The other caves were further on beyond a landslip. Igrid scrambled to the first one for a look. This was smaller about 10 feet wide and 5 feet high. The next was about 5 feet wide and tall enough to stand. Igrid then turned back to join us. We spotted him from the entrance of the large cave. He was indicating that we should set off up the slope so we did. He caught us up in just a couple of minutes. As we had started to leave the cave I spotted small footprints that I thought had been goblin tracks. I discussed this with Igrid and we decided that we would head back and investigate. An there the fun began. The tracks went into the cave and followed the left wall disappearing at a hole in the floor so we climbed down using a glowing stone that Morkoth had produced for us. The trail continued down a tunnel eventually coming to a cross junction where we turned left into a small cavern. The tracks stopped on the far side of the chamber. We looked up and spotted a ledge so we climbed up and found the tracks again. WE followed the tracks on bearing left at a Y junction through a cavern an on to a T junction. We turned left and on into a circular cavern with three other exits. The tracks went straight across so we followed. This led on to a T junction where we turned right and on 40 yards to a cross roads where we turned right and down a flight of stairs. About 4-500 yards further on we came out into a cavern. There was an exit to the right but the tracks followed the left wall and down another passage curving to the left and on to a flight of stairs going up where we came to a dead end. We backtracked until we picked up the tracks again and found them about 100 yards back at a bolder. This appeared to block a passage. We managed to push the bolder to the right and revealed another passage with a glow at the end. We decided to investigate but we were also aware of time pressures with the group from the camp coming up the mountain. At the end of this passage we see rock buildings and towers illuminated with a dull purple glow. We could also hear singing. We could have tried to attract some attention but we decided that we did not have time and we did nor speak Goblin. We could only say the name Wroth and hope that they took us to be friendly. So we left. We did try to put the rock back but it was wedged and we had to leave it. We joined up with Morkoth and Gotrik and reported what we had found as we headed to the ridge. Best estimate on the group from the cap was that they were 25-30 minutes behind us.