

*Over the intervening season you have suffered greatly under the curse of the Seal that your Coven has been bound to. Its role-play effect has been ceaseless:*

*"Your thoughts are discordant and you are given to intense feelings of hate, rage, fear, and despair."*

*Even the taxing effort of maintaining spiritual strength has taken its toll - sapping concentration and strength you might wish to apply elsewhere.*

*As the Winter Solstice has approached you have become aware of a subtle change in the nature of the weight pressing against your skein and, gathering others of your coven and inspecting the magical aura of the seal you become aware of the following:*

*"You are dimly aware of a location, far far away - beneath the black, glassy earth - as your mind reaches for the sensation you dimly perceive:*

*The second night of the Winter Solstice, at the ninth hour of evening - a pathway for six spirits to the Ashen Tomb beneath Screed."*