



GRIMSKULL WYNTANA HIEST

MAY 27, 2026



SESSION 1 — GET TO GRIMSKULL



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May 27, 2026

CHRONICLED BY

MacCampaignia

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Save Wyntana from GrimSkull Castle

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EMANON

Asmir Sorcerer



WYNTANNA

Fire Ganassi Monk



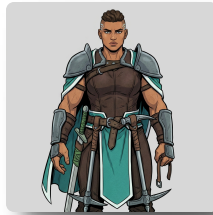
DREL UNDERTOW

Water Ganassi Cleric



GUBUK

Half-Orc Barbarian / Warlock



ORI

Goliath / Hunter Ranger,

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The floating city of Ythrin drifts silent above the clouds, its ancient stones still smoldering from the battle that nearly broke its would-be liberators. Avarice fled before the final blow could be struck, but her minions did not — and neither did the ogres she left behind to finish the job. Now, at last, the screaming has stopped.



THE LAST OF AVARICE'S MINIONS FALL

The small handheld mirror fogs at the edges as Oya's presence stirs on the other side — patient, mercantile, and utterly unbothered by the carnage surrounding the party.

Five hundred gold pieces slide through the mirror's surface like stones dropping into still water, and a single diamond drops into Drel's waiting hand — cold, brilliant, and worth every coin. He turns it over once in his fingers and tucks it away without a word, though the smirk on his blue-green face says plenty.



GOLD THROUGH THE MIRROR



EMANON DRAWS THE CIRCLE

Before the party can leave Ythrin, Emanon insists on one final act — a gift to the city, and a lifeline for their return. He speaks of a [CAMPAIGNIA.COM](https://www.campaignia.com) teleportation circle, drawn in the old tongue, a permanent door that can be opened from anywhere in the world.

The glowing script settles into the stone floor of the library like embers cooling into gold —

permanent, waiting, patient as starlight. Emanon rises from his knees and says nothing; the work speaks for itself, and those who can read celestial script would understand it as a promise of return.

The sound reaches them before the sight does — a chorus of shrieks cutting across Ythrin's western edge like a war horn, rhythmic and enormous. The griffons have arrived.

The Goliath riders who brought the beasts are tall even by the standards of their kind, stone-faced and deliberate as they survey the battered party before them. Whatever they expected to find waiting on this floating city, this ragged band of survivors is apparently close enough.



GRIFFONS LAND ON YTHRIN'S WESTERN EDGE

There is a formal weight to the exchange — a handoff of living weapons, each griffon regarding its new rider with amber eyes that withhold judgment, for now.

Gubuk's griffon holds still as the half-orc's massive hand settles onto its neck, one black eye and one white eye regarding the creature with the same unreadable calm it offers in return.



EACH WARRIOR RECEIVES A GRIFFON

Wyntanna's mount shifts and huffs at her warmth; Ori's simply stares down at her like it's surprised anyone so short came so far.

There is no ceremony to it. No speech, no hesitation — just the wind pulling at their cloaks and the long, open nothing below Ythrin's rim.

One by one they urge the griffons forward and the city's edge disappears beneath them, replaced by sky in every direction — above, below, and all around. The world is very large from up here, and Grimskull is very far.



THE PARTY LEAPS FROM YTHRIN'S EDGE



SIX HOURS ACROSS THE SKY

the murk, Grimskull waits.

The griffons crest a wall of cloud and stop — not from exhaustion, but from something older and harder to name.

Grimskull does not announce itself. It simply appears — a frozen mass of black stone and ancient ice hanging in the sky like a fist raised against the heavens, indifferent to the small



GRIMSKULL RISES FROM THE FROZEN SKY

winged creatures circling its edge. The party stares up at it, and for a moment no one moves.



GUBUK AND DREL NEARLY FALL

The steps carved into Grimskull's base are slick with centuries of ice, barely wide enough for a boot, jutting out over a drop with no visible bottom.

Gubuk's griffon pulls up short and the half-orc launches from the saddle — too hard, too fast — and his enormous frame crashes onto the icy stone, fingers scrabbling at the edge before he

hauls himself up with a grunt felt more than heard. Drel is next, and his landing is somehow worse; for one lurching, stomach-dropping moment he is simply gone from view, only his salt-worn fingers saving him from the void before he heaves himself onto solid ground and says something colorful about the architecture.

Five battered, windburned, half-frozen figures stand at last on the ancient steps of Grimskull, the griffons wheeling away into the gray sky behind them. The floating island groans beneath their boots — old stone, old ice, old secrets. Whatever Wyntanna needs, it is somewhere inside.

