



GRIMSKULL WYNTANA HIEST

JUNE 2, 2026



SESSION 2 — TO GRIMSKULL



GRIMSKULL WYNTANA HIEST

June 2, 2026

CHRONICLED BY

MacCampaignia

© 2026 MacCampaignia. All rights reserved.



Created with Campaignia · campaignia.com.

This chronicle was assembled from recorded tabletop role-playing sessions. Narrative text and illustrations were produced with the assistance of AI tools. All characters and original content remain the property of their respective players and creators.

THE COMPANY

CAMPAIGNIA.COM

Save Wyntana from GrimSkull Castle

CHRONICLED BY MACCAMPAGNIA | JUNE 2, 2026



EMANON

Asmir Sorcerer



WYNTANNA

Fire Ganassi Monk



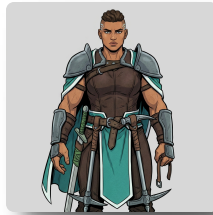
DREL UNDERTOW

Water Ganassi Cleric



GUBUK

Half-Orc Barbarian / Warlock



ORI

Goliath / Hunter Ranger,

CONTENTS

SESSION 1 — TO GRIMSKULL

CAMPAIGNIA.COM

JUN 2, 2026

SESSION 1 — TO GRIMSKULL · TUESDAY, JUNE 2, 2026

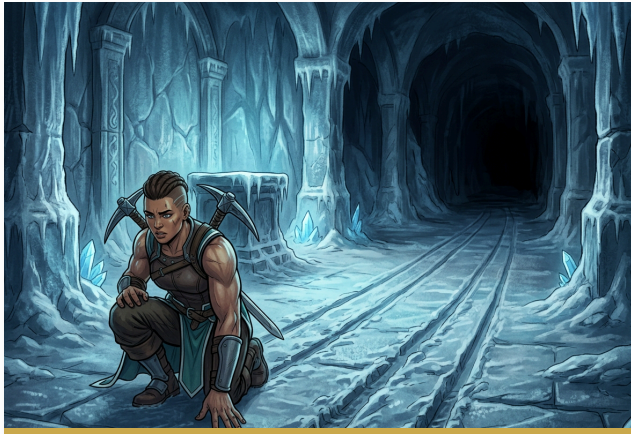
Grimskull Island does not welcome the living. The party has returned to its frost-bitten heights on a desperate mission — to recover Wyntanna, their companion encased in enchanted ice and left behind in the bowels of the frozen fortress. Every step upward is a reminder of how badly this place nearly broke them the last time.



THE ROC FEEDS

No one speaks as the great doors groan shut behind them. The cold bites deeper here than memory warned — a living, malicious chill that seeps through armor and flesh alike. They move through familiar hallways in grim silence, past icy stone walls and the colossal sealed doors where a frost giant once sat frozen on its throne, and Gubuk leads them down into the dark belly of the fortress, each footfall deliberate, each breath a pale ghost in the frozen air.

Ori traces the drag marks with her fingers, jaw tight. Someone — something — took Wyntanna. A memory surfaces like a blade: white humanoid shapes moving across the frozen wastes, carrying burdens. The Frozen Garden of Death. They had dismissed it as a distant horror then. Now it is their



WYNTANNA IS GONE

The Coldlight Walkers do not let them go easy. Frozen death rays lance through the dim chamber, and the air screams with cold blue light. Emanon dissolves into invisibility and slips past the carnage like a ghost. Ori tears into one of the undead horrors with her war picks, and when it dies, blinding radiance erupts from its wounds like a dying star — beautiful and awful all at once.

only lead. There is nothing left to do but get out — fast and quiet — before the cold things lurking in this chamber decide they are the next items worth collecting.

CAMPAIGNIA.COM



RAGE ON THE STAIRS



SAILORS OF THE DEAD

them and the Garden.

With the last of the undead crumbling to frost and ruin, the survivors drag themselves back up the stairs and out into the grey open air of Grimskull Island — battered, burned by cold, and breathing harder than any of them would like to admit. Gubuk wrenches the massive door shut behind them. Somewhere high above, the shape of the Roc wheels against the pale sky like a dark omen. Twelve hours of frozen hell stand between



CROSSING THE FROZEN WASTES

By the time the last grey light bleeds from the horizon, the cold has deepened into something almost supernatural. Gubuk's massive frame moves slower now, shoulders heavy, the weight of the long march etched into every stride — exhaustion settling into his bones like frost into stone. But there, at the edge of the treeline ahead, the shapes begin to appear — rows upon rows of them, still and silent and shining faintly under a sky exploding with stars.



THE GARDEN OF FROZEN SOULS

The party stands at the threshold of the Garden, no one moving, no one speaking — taking in the sheer scale of what stretches before them. Hundreds of frozen forms, maybe thousands, each one a life interrupted mid-breath, mid-scream, mid-flight. Wyntanna is in there somewhere. And between them

and her stands a Garden full of horrors they cannot yet count — and one very hungry Ice Troll that apparently considers this place its personal larder.

The session ends not with a battle cry but with a held breath. Somewhere in that glittering, terrible garden, Wyntanna waits — frozen, still, unaware that her companions have crossed mountains and tundra and undead horrors to find her. They only need to get past the Ice Troll. And whatever else the Garden of Frozen Souls has been keeping warm.

