

*Attached below is the first part of a report from Athenaeum researcher Portent Hazar on his ill-fated expedition to Brocard's Folly in early 822. - Archivist Brongrae*

We set out with 12 researchers from Port Elry to Brocard's Folly upon two ships laden with experimental devices capable of normalizing the extreme currents surrounding the mysterious landform. A side effect of the normalization process is an increase in speed and consequent loss of control as the crew of the Raincatcher learned in a most visceral way. We were able to land the Sea Sprinter in a less dramatic way and began an immediate search and rescue operation, we were able to rescue our men, but the materiel suffered greatly. Many pieces of testing equipment were lost before we even had a chance to take in our surroundings. The beach at Brocard's Folly still bore the scars of his ill-fated trip, remains of his crew and equipment lay strewn around the beach, an ominous sight to be sure and one we hope to rectify on a return trip. Up from the beach we found a small clearing and set about making our camp there, wards were placed upon our dwellings providing us a fall-back point and some measure of security while we slept while our researchers set up what equipment remained and began to take stock.

The first thing one with even the barest hint of training will note about Brocard's Folly is that the air is thick with magic, it seems to permeate every inch of the landmass and everything that dwells there. We began collecting samples of the local flora in haste, including a number of trees borne fruits that we determined were fit for mortal consumption. They outwardly resemble an apple, not quite as mealy as the more common red apple in the Empire with a far lighter exterior tone. There appears to be no innate benefit to the magical infusion within the fruits, we collected a sampling to send back to the Academy for more determined minds to examine.

The local fauna is another matter entirely. We searched high and low for the strange reptilian creatures with multiple claws and mouths that Brocard described in his ramblings but found no trace of such a creature. The closest we've come is a small bipedal lizard creature that is entirely too skittish to be of any threat to us. We collected one and have brought it back to Port Elry for further study.

The same could not be said for a variety of primate that began stalking the edge of our camp. Standing about the height of a small child they have bifurcated prehensile tails capable of holding sticks as weapons, lifting food from one unlucky researcher's hands, and breaking sensitive equipment. We have taken to calling them "Shriekers" based on the loud noises they emit when they feel threatened. A directed form of this shriek is capable of damaging equipment and people, triggering Weapon Shield spells and bypassing physical defenses such as armor.

We ran afoul of a band of these distasteful creatures that had taken up residence in a ruin not far from our base camp. A skirmish with the creatures proved that our expedition was not sufficiently equipped to deal with them in any real numbers. We pulled back and returned to camp directly. A choice that would come to haunt us.