

*Attached below is the second part of a report from Athenaeum researcher Portent Hazar on his ill-fated expedition to Brocard's Folly in early 822. We have still yet to receive the list of samples he mentions or his damages report. - Archivist Brongrae*

We did not realize our mistake immediately upon our arrival back to the camp though the signs were all around us. It started with things left outside disappearing, strange noises in the night, and the ever present feeling of being watched. They were testing us and our reactions to them, planning their strike against us. The doom of our expedition was something smaller though, a creature we had utterly dismissed as nothing more than a curiosity.

During our time on Brocard's Folly we had noticed several small brightly colored birds, about the size of a common woodpecker happily tapping their beaks against the bark of trees near our basecamp. Whenever they had their fill of what we assumed at the time were insects their plumage would take on a strange glow and they'd flitter off to wherever they made their nests. We thought nothing of it when the little birds started tapping their beaks against our warded tents, the poor things were just investigating something new in our estimation and would move on when they didn't find food.

One of our party, Chantal of Crested Falls was fascinated by the tiny birds and set her focus to understanding them and their lifecycle. It was she who discovered their true diet after noting that the holes their beaks made in the trees were entirely too shallow to find any form of insect, there was no evidence that they had consumed anything at all. Her hypothesis was proven correct when she tested our wards and found that they had failed. It's a simple thing to forget when a ward isn't working properly, especially when your attention is elsewhere. Our assembled party was admittedly more excited about this discovery than we should have been and could have continued our excited discourse after re-warding our tents, a fact we faced as the call of the Shriekers drew in around us.

It is said that animals can smell fear, and maybe that's why they decided to take their vengeance on us, the idea that they could sense the lack of magic on our buildings is an unsettling one. Whatever the reason for the attack it was swift and brutal, without a safe fall back spot we were forced into a combat that our casters were not totally prepared for. I called for a general retreat to our remaining boat, we grabbed what we could carry and made a fighting retreat. As we sailed away we saw the creatures destroying our camp and making off with things that we could not take with us.

A full reckoning of our samples will be sent along once we are able to take stock of them and report on our observations. Truthfully we lost more than we had gained out there, and any further expeditions to Brocard's Folly will require a more hardened escort with more diverse talents.