

Yuletide Story Time or “How did the ***** Boss get in here?”

By Gravesong

For the real story talk to one of these chaps who had the pleasure of my company for a few days. Cause frankly we're a bit shallow on the details (it was Yule and we were in a library what was we supposed to do but drink?). Still as we was invited to the wrong party (seriously it was quicker to count those who weren't sorcerers) I am sure someone was taking lots of notes.

- Jareth – Sentinel
- Fraank – Black Sorcerer
- The Count – Yellow Bloke
- Michael – Michelener bloke (we're assuming not _the_ Michael!)
- Ksandra Firebug – Firey bint
- Gizmo – Makes useful things
- Malice – Druid

Now there was a load of stuff going on with candy houses and storytellers connected to the Vale of Memories (used to be da Sativa but I fink it got rebranded, it's still a daft place) which I fink is how the library keeps all the really important stuff square cause I always thought dat too much knowledge in one place was dangerous, dats why I hang around with da adventurers so much, keeps fings safe.

We rocked on through a bunch of tales of and stuff in usual storyteller fashion but we realised dat dere was some external force messing with stuff so we had to keep following da story to find out what was going on and to protect da child of the storyteller wot we found in the tale (the bit I am not clear on was whether he was real or just part of the story or if he became real because he was part of the story and there was definitely some timetravel involved).

What we found out was dat Ushrak da Mistweaver used to be six different people who was best mates with da Mystics, mainly da Father. One of them called Shiona listened to stories of all da people and told them to her brothers and sisters and she became the first Storyteller? Over time as Orange Rakatha got bigger there was too many stories to listen to so the others had to get invoved too. When the kittyclasm happened they had a chat and decided they needed a new plan. The six of them worked with the Master of Time and created the creamy gooey centre layer of the Orange Rakatha cake which is the Sativa (or Vale of Memories) and at the same time there was some timeywimey wibbly wobblness and the six were both merged into one and scattered through time (cause that makes sense right). The six-who-are-also-one could therefore learn lots of good stuff and spread it around and took it in turns to be the storyteller swapping every hundred years. Then realised after a bit that sometimes during the handover they forgot some stuff (probably the boring stories about not running wiv scissors or eating porridge) so they decided to start writing them down (genius, wonder how many millenia it took up to come up wiv dat!). After a while they had jammed so many stories into the books that they started leaking so the storyteller at the time took his books somewhere quiet and tried to train them to be less lively. Here he became the Author.

It was really important that we finished his story because dat meant he was wiv us for the culmination of da mish (traditional yuletide PUNCHUP!) where da true villains of da piece were revealed. . DUM DUM DUM

IT WAS THE SHADOWSFALL! (I bet you thought it was going to be Kalid right?)

But not just any Shadowsfall. It was Talon Stormherald himself and a bunch of his goons (by goons I mean docking hard probably Judges on their day off types). Turns out he was meddling with the Storyteller/Author and the Vale of Memories for his own purposes as part of his dastardly plots. He did some villain monologuing but generally seemed pissed off at us for messing up the mystics somehow (did we?) and now being unable to do a Time of Reckoning properly (to be fair he has a point on that one) and asked us how we were going to do the next one if the oracles couldn't talk to the mystics. . . I guess he has something going on in that area too then.

So as you might expect things went physical fairly quickly. Luckily as it turned out Me and Jareth had both copped it earlier in the mish and for some reason the Hordling Hoods we ended up wearing seemed to give us a measure of protection against some special blows Mr Stormherald tried to unleash upon us (probably something to do with borrowing your status and beating you repeatedly over the head with a sackful of it) but even without that it he was a pretty tasty fighter. My advice is don't go after him unless you've got a couple of sturdy sentinels to stick in front of him because he's going to tear chunks out of anyone else wiv all sorts of tricks of warrior wizard and priestly variety. Not sure how you get a Hordling Hood (mine disappeared after we left) so can't help with the special attacks so the sturdiest possible trainee might be your best bet!

Anyway even with me and Jareth holding off Mr Stormherald the rest of the group were having a bad time of it (I mentioned they are a bunch of robe wearing spellcasters right and the Shadowsfall generally have pokey knives and a bad attitude?) but luckily Ushrak/Storyteller/Bob the Pathinder-whatever-he-was at that point was quite handy to have around and occasionally seemed to speed things up or slow them down giving us a hand. He also, at one point, told Mr Stormherald that he could no longer call upon some of this powers which stopped him doing a chunk of his tricks where he was making people stand still or he could sprint really really fast. I'm not really sure how it all ended. I'd taken a small nap at some point and then got vanished but I think he must have teleported off (or shifted stories or something else in the "evil villain gets away" idiom).

Fink that's about it for today. Hope everyone has (had? I bet I don't finish this before da new year) a great Yule. See's you soon,

Gravey

Addendum.

Now children gather around the fire, grab a blanket and hot cup of cocoa 'cause Uncle Gravey has a Christmas tale.

'Twas the night before yuletide, And all through the library
creatures were stirring, So they chose to send Gravey
Sorcerers were gathered and one warrior mate
And they'd all starting drinking, so they set off quite late

Where they all entered a room full of Clutter
with books that set sorcerers hearts all a flutter
The heart of the library a memory filled vale
And a child of a storyteller part of the tale

Our heroes dreamed deeply, you may think they're dead
But they are staying in a house of gingerbread
Through stories and tales they battled and fought
Until lessons of history they had all been taught

But as the end neared, a dastardly turn
The villain revealed, a new lesson to learn
Mr Stormherald, told us of our error
But we kicked his head in and he ran off in terror*

*poetic licence. He never actually seemed that bothered by us so make sure you have a Mystic Mate/Mistweaver/Storyteller/TimeyWimey bloke wiv you next time.