

Ey up my lads right well I've been told I get paid for writing up what happens in't field so here goes.

Our group was made up of' following if you want to have' chat about what went on these are probably t' ones t' talk to.

Slurry - Aspirant Knight Martial & PARTY LEADER  
Slag Brother of Slurry. . . 'ard as reheated pig iron. Ranger I think.  
Anthrax - Professional fight avoider. . . . Dark Brethren High Priest  
Sutnak - Evil Priest. Sadly taken ill during the course of the mission. Assumed worn out by Anthrax's attention in the bushes.  
Kylar - Reaper Priest. Bearer of the unholy gumshield. Assumed Sutnaks duties.  
Aranil - Black School Wizard. Toilet Elf. . . Kylars Fag Hag.  
Irwin - "Chief". Warrior of the Iron Guard. Loot obsessed nut job.  
Kelvin - Wizard of the White School. Humacti Wannbe. Adopted Greyspire Accountant.  
All round notetaker and smart cookie (advise you talk to him first)  
Garrett - Really sneaky scout. We didn't see him for days.  
Quick - Raging magic-beating barbarian bloke. Nice berries.  
Anabeer - Seer of Steel of Stone. Frequent ground investigator.  
Ivak Greyspire - Underhalls Warrior. Wouldn't eat pinkskins. . it's not polite.  
Gomeric Greyspire - Blessed Acolyte of the Proper King (he of the under halls)  
Drokel Greyspire - Priest

Basically we were asked to go and meet some Shadowfall at the Footsteps of the Mystics waystation (or something like that, I have slept and drank a few times since then) where we'd get some more orders.

We were informed when we arrived that we were one of three groups invited. We were there to represent the White Retreat while the other towers invited were the Shrouded Eye and the Catacombs of Asharai. All three had one thing in common. Come the Time of Reckoning they were fooked. The Shadowfall offered a stay of execution of the tower that succeeded in the mission they were going to hand out which would run until the next time of reckoning rather than the normal twenty four hours that fallen towers got.

So figuring we'd best not lose a tower or we might get into some shit (although we mocked Kelvin mightily as the only White Retreater) we figured we might as well crack on.

We were told that we had to go into the "Place of Myth and Legends" (also known for reference purposes only as The Sativa) and do a number of things;

- Fix the broken stories
- Identify the broken stories (might want to do this first)
- Locate the source of the Mist Lords Power (apparently he was involved somewhere)

It wasn't at all clear at this point if we all had the same orders or whether different factions of the

Shadowsall were playing us of eachother so frankly we were not in the mood for visitors.

On cue the Shrouded Eye turned up doing some pandering and trying to get the upper hand. Slurry offered them a polite “fook off” while the rest of us invoked, but they buggered off beore we could sort them out.

We had a few beers and then the Catacombs of Asharai showed up for a chat as well but despite offering us a truce and stuff we told ‘em to bugger off. Which they did while we invoked and ended up getting away so once again we wasted our invokes.

Not much else happened so we got drunk went to bed early to get a good nights rest.

We were woken up with a mighty fine breakfast that was devoured by all and we had a visit from Ursus of the Shadowsfall with our way in to the “Place of Myths and Legends”. We were given a short story to perform with each of us taking an appropriate part. Apprently by performing the story in the waystation we’d end up on the “Place of Myths and Legends” and be able to have a poke about however some of the stuff we’d meet there might think we were something else entirely (as they would be having their own stories and we’d just kind of slot into them).

The story was about the three rulers of a tower having a birthday party for Milo (one of the three rulers). Orianna (another ruler) was there with her son (Edmund, a snivelly little bastard played to perfection by Kelvin) and her husband Marcus, her lover Octavius and another bloke Magnus.

Milo - Once there were a people, a happy people, gathered in celebrations  
Octavius - Rightly are we gathered to celebrate Milo’s birth  
Edmund - Isn’t he like an old fart – stale and unwelcome, Ha  
Magnus - Now your mouth has caught you trouble Edmund  
Orianna - Rightly the punishment, if any were due, is mine to do  
Edmund - Anyway you are not even my real father are you now  
Marcus - Keep your mouth closed if you have nothing nice to say. You will spoil the celebrations  
Orianna - As well the truth is told now, let us discuss who will run this Tower when the old one shuffles off  
Milo - That’s not really a topic for today, let us all calm down, leave this Orianna  
Magnus - How is this for loyalty, cuckolded and by Octavian, for that at my hand you will fall  
As commanded, I bring a message to those gathered here, one and all

So we did the story and were apparently transported off Orin Rakatha.

We had a beer scouted the surrounding area and located a messenger for Milo suggesting that the group of Magnus’ men that we were looking to assault were just over the ridge. So off we sent to do some smiting. Turns out that Magnus’ men were actually the Shrouded eye fellas from the night before so kicking their heads in was a nice was to get things rolling that morning.

Rather than give a blow by blow account it's probably better just to summarise the main points.

Spent the day sorting out hordlings and shrouded eye blokes. Culminating in heading to a ruined castle to retrieve something that the Shrouded eye had found which might put them ahead in the contest. It turned out that what they had found was a story about the River people. We eventually reclaimed the scrolls after a pretty fooking scary fight against a Morgul Wraith and a pretty spritely High Priest on the top of a crumbling tower which took place in the presence of the All-Seeing (one of the Nine. . or a projection of him at least).

The story of the River People (a travelling people, an inquisitive people) seemed to explain a time where the River People became the caretakers/greeters on the Central Isle (displacing the Shadowsmeet) after a series of adventures along the way. This was one of the stories we suspected was being meddled with so we decided to pursue this the next day.

We started off by reciting the story of the River People and working our way through the trials they faced including challenges of Earth, Air, Fire and Water, sometimes as the foe and sometimes as the River People. Eventually we took the place of the River people and set foot upon the Central Island (not really, just in the story) and were faced by the ShadowsMeet who held sway there.

As it transpired the Mistlord was trying to use this story to keep people from the Central Isle by manipulating the end of the tale. We managed to intercept the storyteller with the broken story and while the rest of the group kept a stonking group of Shadawsfall story-figments busy Kelvin and I swapped out the true copy of the tale we had stolen from the Shrouded Eye blokes the night before. The Mistlord had, with no eye to the narrative, inserted some stuff about the Mists blanketing the island and preventing anyone from coming there presumably to stop the normal time of reckoning stuff.

We also had a run in with the Catacombs of Asharai who were having a meeting with the someone from the Wizards Concillium. They told us to go away but we didn't listen and ended up getting caught in a trap and had the living shit beaten out of us repeatedly. Note for the record that Slurry accepted single combat with "The Champion of All Elements" in order to save the group an even bigger beating. It transpires that the Aldonar family of all elements (which made up this group) were heading to the WC to join up with Erelan Black who is back (from somewhere?) and now cleansed. So they don't actually care about the Catacombs falling and we could have avoided all sorts of trouble by a bit of diplomacy. . but where is the fun in that (and as Irwin and Anthrax correctly stated, they had the most loot we'd seen in days).

At some point coming back to the Pub we also found a bunch of hordlings writing stories about the Mistlord. Turns out that they were trying to create new myths and legends about him to increase his power. This kind of makes sense as we had discussed what the Mistlord was with the Shadawsfall earlier and the current theory is that he is some kind of "Weapon of the Cataclysm" that sits around waiting for the Mystics to release him to smash the world to bits. . . apparently. Rumour is that some dodgy shadawsfall let him out a bit early hence all the crap that is going on at the moment. Oh and there have been earlier cataclysms too, something about Mists and something about Rains of Acid?

Eventually the Mistlord himself showed up in pursuit (more violently stalking) one of the StoryKeepers. The Storykeeper had come to start the process of capturing all the tales about the fallen tower (in this case the Shrouded Eye). The Mistlord stormed in and nicked all his paper intending to use them to write more stories about himself. The group pursued him but he ran off like a girl leaving some of the groups till standing with all limbs intact (those that weren't trying very hard), Things you need to know about the Mistlord

1. He is big. . probably as wide at the shoulder as he is tall
2. You can't Feeblemind him from behind
3. He seems to be able to call up trolls from the mists at will, at least in the place of myth and legend
4. His blows will crippled limbs in a single blow or pretty much kill you if he hits your body
5. He's quicker than he looks

There was a long conversation with the Storykeeper bloke late that night most of which went clean over my head. . talk to Kelvin is my advice. Oh and Stealth Nighthawk showed up too to talk some more about the Aldonar stuff. . again Kelvin is your man I was drinking outside on guard. We did get a plan for the morning though which was that we had to stop the Mistlord getting his hands on the Shadowsfall Archivists who could use the paper he nicked to write new tales about how hard the Mistlord is which would be reflected in his power growing.

So we had a good nights sleep, more bacon and set off to defend the library. We killed a bunch of Shadowsfalls archivists in the first instance but a dead archivist isn't writing anything so it was well within our mission objectives. Then we faced wave after wave of hordlings including another Mist Shaman (who seem to be quite popular these days). Eventually we won and the Shadowsfall returned us to Orin Rakatha where we learnt that the White Retreat survived and that the Catacombs and the Shrouded Tower had fallen (hurrah!).

Now where's me Gest's?

Drokai Greyspire  
Smith and Priest