

**The Non Chosen:** Draal, Nerack, Ariakis, Lathrodec, Kalran, Twilight, Castratia.

**The Chosen:** Mu'ul, Ishmalin, Rakshavin, Rakshal, Mwagi, Glen, Kaden.

We were after the penultimate seal of the prison of the Great Lord of the Dark, the only one that was not on Homeworld or in our possession. The plan was for us all to meet outside of the towers with the Chosen, about a days travel south. We set off in our groups from our towers, but initially we couldn't find each other. In the darkness we found a Halmadonian, who after I identified myself as Draal LolthsPawn from Wolfhold approached and gave us a note. He said that the note contained everything that we needed to know and he left, we permitted him to go. The note spoke of a camp of Halmadonians who were awaiting our arrival. They had one of our number Meerak and the item that Meerak had sought. If we wished to see him or the item then we were to come to their camp in peace and discuss the matter with them. If we came to fight, or came invoked then we would never see Meerak or the item.

We wandered around some more, looking for the others, but on failing to find them decided to approach the camp of the Halmadonians. On the way there we met others of our group, a fact which I found amusing indeed. Some of us advanced into camp to speak with the Halmadonians whilst the others remained outside invoking, preparing to attack if necessary. The loss of Meerak being of little import but that of the seal being considerably more.

At the Halmadonians camp we spoke at some length. They told us that they knew what we were about and we should not do it or else! Our distaste for each other was evident in the way we spoke to each other, there was little love lost on either side. One of the people along with the Halmadonians was not one of them, he was a Whitecloak (or so the Chosen identified him). Whitecloak is the nickname given to those who are members of the order called "The Children of the Light", an organisation from Homeworld. The Whitecloak disgusted at the fact that the Halmadonians would not slay us stormed off, saying that he would find some who were up to the task. In the end the Halmadonians also left the camp having made their point.

At this point Kalran out of our number was still missing so we set out in force looking for him. While out we encountered the Whitecloak along with a bunch of Shiernans - (Shiernans are a warrior people from one of the northern countries on Homeworld). These we fought and defeated, capturing the Whitecloak, simple warriors being no match for the massed evil priests that we were. We returned to the camp finding that Kalran was already there. At the camp we beguiled the Whitecloak and questioned him, about the seals, how Meerak was here and similar matters.

We determined that the seal was on the Tel'aran'rhiid - the World of Dreams, a plane

congruent to all other planes. While we were in camp, Nob, a WolfHold assassin, came and alerted us to the fact that someone from the council would be coming to talk to us in the morning about what we were engaged. We should be here to meet him. Next morning Number 8 (of the Council of Seers and not a member of WolfHold's Council as we had initially thought) came to talk to us. He told us that before they (WolfHold) could let us go off on our "grand adventure" (as he phrased it) that we must have an agreement signed as we would be out of the alliance. It looked to them as though we may cause a great deal of tension between the towers and threaten the pact, so we were to be formally cast out of the towers in order that no strife should disrupt the Free Towers Pact. It was down to us to come up with additional clauses for our agreements. The main clause required by the seers was that we would pay 6880 gold, which was the total guild debt of all the Chosen. He said that he would return on the morrow when we would sign the pact and make our agreement with him on behalf of the Seers.

The un-Chosen went aside for a discussion about this. One of the important things that we decided was that we agreed that we would not support any of the Chosen against each other. Only one of them would be Nae'Bliss - first amongst the servants of the Great Lord of the Dark, and we were concerned that this would be decided by combat. None of us wished for that position and we would remain apart from any such event, supporting the victor, whoever it may be.

In our discussions we decided that the following clauses were the important ones: a) Return to Orin Rakatha at a time and place of our choosing. b) First choice of items that were not "special" to the Great Lord of the Dark. c) A nonviolence supportive pact much as exists between alliance members. d) Chosen to pay us the 6880 - for us to pay to the seers.

With the aid of the chosen we dreamed our way onto the Tel'aron'rhiod, the World of Dreams. There to seek for Meerak who had the seal. We were guided by various persons, first a dreamer darkfriend who sent us to a place where he had repeatedly dreamed himself, where he had been slain several times. This place was guarded by two Myrdraal, we slew these two. And within the cave was a person who told us to go to another set of caves, perpetually trapped into a nightmare of some form.

We went to these other caves, invoking before we went into the caves. The caves were empty, and while there I spied another group of Halmadonians approaching. Aggressive as they were and fully invoked as we were, we slew them. Speaking with dead we realised that we should have kept one alive to send to the Halmaddon Knight who had the seal. We retreated back to our camp to take stock and decide what we would do. A guide came to us, another Darkfriend.

This guide lead us along the way, we fought with some Shiernans - slaying them trivially. The guide continued to lead us on and took us to a place where we met with someone who called himself Elan Morin Tredonai, and he named himself Nae'Bliss. Initially he spoke with the chosen, confirming that The Great Lord of the Dark was happy with them and had promoted them to full high priests/sorcerers as was appropriate. There was some discussions with Ishmaelin over just who should be Nae'Bliss, but Ishmaelin, submitted to Tredonai, for the time being. Then Nae'Bliss spoke to us, he named us Mercenary Lords in the service of The Great Lord of the Dark, that we were not to be regarded as Darkfriends that we were above them, and had the right to use the name Shai'Tan. We would be linked to Darkfriends on Homeworld in positions of power that we might gain knowledge of the world in order to see that The Great Lord of the Dark would be freed. We were also to be taught certain invocations and spells to aid us in freeing The Great Lord of the Dark along with the lore to manufacture Ter'angreal.

He spoke that he was angered that we had not obtained the penultimate seal, for it was required. He told us that he would go and get it, but that we must go and fight the Aes Sedai and Warders who had been pursuing him. By doing this he would be able to bring his full power to bear and recover the seal. We did so, travelling through the night. We met and defeated several groups of Shiernans then finally the Aes Sedai and the Warders.

We returned to camp, to rest. Those of us who did not have Ter'angreal one by one made our way to our tents where we fell asleep, to awaken in the real world. Meanwhile those who had Ter'angreal remained, not noticing our departure, they were then attacked by a group of Myrdraal. After a long fight the Myrdraal were defeated, but some were sorely wounded in the course of the fight.

Those who awoke found ourselves badly wounded and unarmed in the middle of a group of Halmadonians. Apparently our bodies had remained behind and had been set upon by a group of Hoardlings, who had stolen our gear and molested us. The Halmadonians had rescued us and were pursuing the hoardlings in order to recover our gear - after all we are all part of the free towers pact aren't we. They escorted us back to our camp and left us there. The others returned from Tel'aron'rhiod and we passed on the things that had happened to each of us separated as we had become.

In the morning the Halmadonians came and told us that their raiding party had taken out the Hoardlings and were returning our weapons and other gear to the towers for us to collect. Surprise indeed. Then came Number 8 and we were cast out of the tower and signed the

agreement.

Those who were not the chosen came back to the towers to collect their possessions, do a little last minute training and then we were kicked out. Alone, friendless on Orin Rakatha, with nowhere to turn, except to the Chosen, who would take us to Homeworld, where we would strive to free The Great Lord of the Dark.

**Draal Lolthspawn, Priest of Lolth**