

We arrived in place called Roscoff, outside the walls of a mighty castle. Our scouts discovered a way in and a local for us to talk to who encouraged us to come into the castle. Being as it was raining quite hard as well as being cold and windy we were happy to get in out of the rain. Roscoff as we discovered was a fairy world, the inhabitants were split, each person had two distinct sides a day and a night side (called DayFolk and NightFolk), and they changed quite dramatically between the two. The DayFolk were happy, friendly and cheery, the nightfolk were anything but. The DayFolk were ruled by a person they called Grandfather. Grandfather had all the keys to the many rooms in the house, most of which he kept locked because they went to strange places.

After eating, drinking and socialising with the DayFolk we had established very little. We had no clues as to where the next seer was or how to find him. Our scouts discovered an interesting underground passage, a passage to which the DayFolk had alluded. We decided it would be best to investigate this passage sooner rather than later.

Down the passage we fought several waves of creatures, powerful combatants, but we made our way through them until we emerged from the passage into an open area. There we fought long and hard against the same Hepath we had met on the last world, and a band of knights. This was a particularly long and gruelling battle in the pouring rain, late at night. At one point we thought we had the upper hand until the knights began to reform rising up again to challenge us once more. Low on power and magic we reformed the line, ready to face them once more. This time with little or no resources left to draw upon our line would not hold for long. A breakthrough was made; someone put down their weapons and was permitted to pass through their battle line unharmed. The battle line faded away.

Far at the back, we found the seer, sitting, sheltered from the rain next to the StrayLight, imprisoned by the NightFolk. Also imprisoned were some of the men from Special Unit 9. The seer told us much of what we needed to know, however he did not have the picture that we needed to use to pass on. The NightFolk had taken it and we would have to get it back from them. However it should be possible to use the DayFolk portals to get to the next plane. The seer he described what it was we needed to do in order to accomplish that. He also described how the NightFolk became our opponents so to speak by mirroring us, as we were dressed for war, so to they were formed in our image.

Come the next morning after talking with Grandfather we decided to use the DayFolk portals (the rooms to which he had many keys) in order to pass on to the final world in this sequence,

the one where King Michael was. We arrived in a long dark tunnel, on a world where magic and power were impeded; everything we cast was two levels or ranks lower. How very annoying indeed.

Moving down the tunnel we were challenged by a group of men in frilly frock coats, who called us Belial and sought to drive us back. We sought to reason with them, but were unable to do so. These men used swords and skill (not armour) to dodge our blows. Armed with rapiers and one-handed elemental wands that went off with a BANG. These wands fired magic missile that lodged in one, and when they did so the presence of this magic missile prevented you from casting anything at all until they were removed, a process that was painful indeed. The leader of these men, the weapons master proved to be greatly skilled indeed, he struck blows with the strength of nine men, and such was his skill that he hit only un-armoured spots when his blows landed.

After cutting down most of their number we came to a truce with the few survivors. Ultimately we persuaded them that we were not Belial, and that we had but used their gate, we spoke of our quest and they confirmed that their new king was also called Michael (although pronounced slightly differently), a runner went off to summon the king's advisors.

After a while the King's advisors came to us, there were two of them. One of them was none other than Tar-Cathellion, the seer. The other was a native of this land, Stephen Falk. In our discussions it became apparent that their king was none other than our king. Stephen Falk had drawn him to this place, much as we had drawn King Michael forwards in time to us. These folk, who were fighting their government had sought for a might leader to rally round, a figurehead who would inspire and lead the people. Stephen Falk, using a device called a Telescope along with some magics from a Belial had espied King Michael from afar and had plucked him from us bringing him to this time and place

In the end we were denied permission to meet with the king, we withdrew for a while to discuss this - we were not to be denied. As dusk approached the call came that the King was here. Moving forwards we did indeed see that at the top of the slope was none other than King Michael, with the seer by his side. We went to him and knelt before him in the growing gloom. King Michael spoke only a few words to us before dusk arrived, and as it did so the magics of the DayFolk faded and we were drawn back to Roscoff.

Back on Roscoff we now discovered that there was to be a masked ball that evening. We were

advised that we should be unarmed and un-armoured, as the NightFolk would mirror us, that way the ball would be peaceful. So putting on our finest dress we went to the ball. The king of the NightFolk, the selfsame Hepath, told us that we should strive hard to win the ball if we wanted our reward. Many games and challenges were had throughout the course of the evening along with food drink and dancing. Most notable amongst the attendees as unexpected guests was Senator Amadeus and a pair of his elite troops from Special Unit 9. During the course of the evening they attempted to assassinate several of us, but were unsuccessful, although we used up many elixirs.

At the end of the ball the scores were tallied, three amongst those present had achieved the most and those three were instructed to present a speech on who would be the best king for the NightFolk. The Hepath revealed that this was the prize for which we were competing, as he no longer wished to rule. Senator Amadeus, Lathrodec and Paullandiss made speeches, from those three the Hepath chose Lathrodec as the best. Senator Amadeus took his leave. As new King of the NightFolk, Lathrodec gave orders for the prisoners (i.e. the seer) to be released and the picture to be brought to us, and thus our task was accomplished. We retired for the night, intending to travel on using the StrayLight cage in the morning - this would be a "permanent" transfer and so the fading of the DayFolk/NightFolk magics would not draw us back.