

ERELAN BLACK DESTROYED

A worthy group of adventurers and heroes of the Valley have destroyed the bane of many, Erelan Black.

Whilst on a covert mission to destroy one of the points of power controlling the Dark Wind, the group, led by Araikas, High Prince of the Eternal Flame and Patriarch of the House Ashkarevon, brought down this nemesis of the Humacti sect.

The deed was not without its losses as many of the group have lost strength of spirit, and Mordar, Priest of Humact, was permanently slain.

The group have been named heroes of the Valley.

DARK WIND SENT TO THE ICARTHIAN TRIANGLE

As a result of the actions of Araikas and the heroes that he led, the Dark Wind has been reportedly sent into the Icarthian Triangle, where it was drawn into the Void. Reports suggest that this has changed the world in some, as yet unconfirmed, way.

DYMWAN - FOUR TOWERS

After the Time of Reckoning it has been revealed that the Dymwan have gained four towers. It is not known who have lost towers but it is known that the Valley Alliance remain in control of their three.

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EDITORIAL

This edition of QUAD eventually comes to you despite holidays, work and the endeavours of the Greater Red Post Office Beast (also known as the Gnarl..... no I can't mention it, it's too horrible) to nibble, then eat, carefully sealed floppy disks. Thanks to my Dark Seer training I was able to commune with the nibbled disk and recover Shitty's Bits, or at least most of them.

Thanks go to those who have contributed to this issue, i.e.; Tarry, Tarry, Mike and Tarry some more, oh and then there was Tarry. Thanks anyway, and if you ever wonder why Draal does not have much of a guild debt then send in a write up and learn.

*Best Regards
and I really do look forward to hearing from you*

Paul

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CONTRIBUTIONS

AKA HOW TO GET SOMETHING PRINTED IN QUAD

The best and only way to get your submissions printed in QUAD is to send them to me in the first place. If the material is suitable then it will be used, so send me anything and everything that you can. **I want write-ups of quests, notices, adverts, letters and plenty of scandal.**

Please send all material to

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The policy of awarding articles of any substance with a five gester reward will continue, whether the article is published or not. I will endeavour to make these payments as speedy as possible. An SSAE guarantees a swift response and the return of any valued material where appropriate.

QUAD should be published for each of the Theme Weekends in 1997 and the deadline for material to be included is therefore 14 days before the start of the theme. Obviously material on floppy disk is preferred as I am not a good typist and the QUAD will be processed more quickly.

RIGHT TO REPLY

If there is anything that you would like to take issue with in this edition of QUAD then please write to the above address. I want any comments, criticisms, queries, questions and suggestions.

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The Free Towers Pact

April Theme 1997

In February, at a meeting of towers at the old Aldonar fortress, the Dymwann laid down the law. After the Dymwann left there was an agreement from those towers assembled that another meeting should be held in some fifty days time to assess results of investigations concerning the Dymwann actions. The Towers were to decide what, if any, concerted actions should be taken. This is an account of that meeting.

We had been sent to an isolated way station to guard it whilst the meeting was progressing and provide it with security. At the station a member of the Wizards Concillium informed us that the meeting was happening at another, safer, location, and that he was going to construct a portal. The various peoples invited to the meeting would arrive and use the portal to get to the real meeting site – only some of those at the meeting would be coming here, others would travel from similar sites elsewhere. This was being done to secure the meeting site from the Dymwann and ensure it remained safe.

During the course of the first evening various people turned up. Whilst they were waiting to pass through we had some discussions concerning the meeting and they asked our opinions of the Dymwann. Most people played things very close to their chests, not revealing very much. We were harassed at some length by the roving undead in the area (ghouls, ghosts, fetches etc), however we acted well together combining our strengths effectively throwing back these undead without much of a problem.

A few incidents of note occurred over the course of the night. Firstly Onyx the puppet (and baby eater), who was initially with us under the control of High Priest Melkeron, was handed over to the representatives of Halmadons Heights, and taken away to be cured, despite the kind and generous offer of help made by Phaid on behalf of the Wolfhold Seers. Secondly Reader claimed to be the same person who had attended the previous meeting – putting paid to the doppelganger theory. We were very suspicious of him and his actions at that time (and now), and he refused to provide any explanations for these. When he became offended I took it upon myself to apologise for his treatment on behalf of Wolfhold, however nobody from the White Retreat or the Valley towers chose to do this.

Thirdly Stealth Nighthawk, favoured of Lolth, of House Tumdurgal conducted a full and thorough investigation into the mysterious illness that had afflicted Lord Eremor Shaderiver. In the course of the questioning Sorcerer Sargon, provided him with all the answers that Stealth needed as he had been present at the incident of cursing. Emerging from the questioning, Sargon related the tale to us, a tale which implicated High Priest Lathrodec, Warrior Kalraan and several of the Chosen. Sargon then asked “Who is Eremor?” We were astonished that he did not know. After clarifying the situation for him, he understood why Stealth was asking these questions. It seems that the deaths of those involved are necessary to remove the curse – certain good High Priests expressed their satisfaction that High Priest Lathrodec was going to get his well deserved comeuppance.

In the morning various groups set off to perform certain tasks. I accompanied a group that was going to meet some Morgothians, Morgothians that had information about the DarkWind. We spent most of the day battling undead and Dymwann as we searched for the Morgothians.

On the way we encountered a group of Azard-An. These Azard-An had acquired a spear, but this was no ordinary spear it was one of the four weapons forged to fight with Hate against the enemy. The Azard-An did not wish to be afflicted with the curse from the spear, so were willing to sell it to us, we made a down payment there and they agreed to meet later to collect the rest of the money.

The Morgothian High Priest Kyrion Rage, escorted by our old “friend” the Morgothian Anti-Paladin (one of the leaders of the Cult of Hate) Ashgar Raze, had some considerable knowledge concerning the DarkWind. I will summarise the critical points that we learnt about the DarkWind during our discourse.

The DarkWind is a constructed thing and does nothing directly other than “deliver” whatever it is charged with. Currently that is an invocation of the Dymwann. It was constructed by the Morgothians with some aid from the Drow, but the only Morgothian who knew the rituals of creation and controlling had been lost and permanently

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slain some time ago. It is believed that he was “acquired” by the Dymwann and once made into undead had provided them with his specialised lore, giving the Dymwann power over the DarkWind.

There are seven points of power on Orin Rakatha that can be used to control the DarkWind, two of those are centrally located, the other five being scattered about the perimeter of Orin Rakatha. Mastery of two of these points of power and performing the relevant rituals there would allow one to control the DarkWind, although clearly if someone else were to attempt to control it at the same time the control would be contested and the DarkWind would roam freely. Some other rituals needed to be performed every 24 hours to retain control of the DarkWind once it had been set loose. The DarkWind is tied in some way to the mists of Orin Rakatha.

Returning to the way station we spoke to the others about the business that they had engaged in. They too had been successful, travelling through Dark Pass (a Dymwann stronghold area on the plane of the Sleepless Dead) and skirmishing with a Vampire, who had directed his servants not to attack Lord Ariakis.

We were informed by the Concillium wizard that the portal sites had all been under and that we must hold the portals for a while longer to ensure that everyone who was at the meeting was able to make their exit. We provided those at the meeting who came to visit us with a brief rundown and summary of the days events, including the new information on the DarkWind.

Apart from the relentless attacks of the Undead little else happened during the early night. The Azard-An came to collect their money, accompanied by a Dymwann necromancer (to provide them with protection from the undead) and Giles fought and won a duel with an undead Halmadonian Knight, freeing him from his undead state by defeating him in fair combat.

The groups of undead grew ever more powerful and numerous as time went on. We were trapped in the way station surrounded by a horde. These undead took a lot to kill, and their blows affected all, no matter what armour or protections were used. The pressure of the attacks continued to mount and as the Vampire joined, the battle grew fierce. Time and again the attacks came and we grew short of magic and power, but held our ground, determined to buy the time we needed. The Concillium wizard appeared, told us that we were going to be evacuated, and then performed the ritual to activate the portal, whilst we withstood the hardest attack yet. We barely managed to keep him safe and unharmed until he activated it. Mordar, I will note, held back the undead with his well timed Repels forcing the horde out of the door buying the time and space we needed.

With the portal open and the attack pressing even harder we withdrew in good order with Nerak being the last out, holding the foe back. At the meeting site we were met by Galnin (a member of the fellowship of twelve and Hero), who was the only remaining person of note at the site, he gave us a briefing of the matters that had taken place and the decisions reached.

Of those assembled most had pledged themselves to an alliance, to be called the Free Towers Pact, whereby for the duration of the emergency with the Dymwann we put aside our mutual differences and combine our strengths to oppose the Dymwann. Reader remained neutral and did not join the alliance quickly pointing out that they did not join the Dymwann either. Azard-An did not join the alliance, claiming this was a Kalid trick to lure them where they could be annihilated – they retained the option to join later if the alliance proved to be true. The Wizards Concillium remained “officially” neutral, however they were willing to provide aid to the Free Towers Pact, in areas of communication and transportation. Those who have joined together to oppose the Dymwann are Annach Morannanil, Wolfhold, White Retreat, Valley Alliance, Kalid, Halmadons Heights, Bethellim, Dai-Fah-Dyne, Morgothians

Information had come to light that the Dymwann had been animating or summoning many powerful undead, these undead had been swearing their status to the Dymwann, and that the Dymwann now had enough Status to bid for five towers. The DarkWind was a powerful weapon perhaps the most deadly weapon the Dymwann had, this tool was raising up entire armies of undead, or embodying undead into those whose spirits were weakened. The first action of the Free Towers Pact would be to strike against the Point of Power, with the allies each sending forces against the differing points of power. I resolved to be one of those who would strike a blow against the Dymwann.

Draal, Priest of Lolth, Wolfhold Press

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RULES UPDATES AND EXPLANATIONS

NEW ARMOUR RULES PLAYTEST

For the past few years we have been noticing a problem with high armour classes and high monster damage, along with most players reluctance to wear armour. It is time therefore that these problems were confronted and hopefully overcome.

The following rules changes are being suggested to improve the enjoyment of the game for players, monsters and referees alike. Please keep an open mind and try and help with the playtesting. We would like an opinion from everybody so once you have had a chance to see the new rules in action please write to us and let us know what you think.

As with all new rules you may respend points if you feel that they have adversely affected your character.

COMBINATION

The combining of two suits of armour has been abolished. You may now only wear one suit of armour

The armour class for the different suits of armour is as follows:

- A.C.1 - Thin Leather or Thin Furs
- A.C.2 - Thick Leather or Thick Furs
- A.C.3 - Thin Studded Leather
- A.C.4 - Thick Studded Leather
- A.C.5 - Light Chainmail or Light Plate Mail
- A.C.6 - Heavy Chainmail or Heavy Platemail

Please note that armour class 3 and better counts as metal armour for the purpose of casting spells.

MAGICAL SKINS

Fireskin, Darkskin and Stormskin will now give you 1 point of physical and 1 point of magical AC per level. Stoneform will give you 2 points per level of physical AC versus Edged only. Static Field will give you 2 points per level of magical AC only. Plate self and Plate other will now give 4 points of physical AC and 6 points of magical AC

Remember that these new rules will also apply to monsters and are being implemented to make the game more balanced and enjoyable.

SPELLS

The following spell effects need some clarification as many players have been unsure as to their exact workings

Bind, Entangle - it takes 5 seconds to pull out of a bind or entangle with strength, per location. If you have double strength you need only role play pulling out but you must still role play.

Weld, Ensnare - it takes 5 seconds to pull out per location if you have double strength.

Flash - Flash lasts for 3 seconds and halves your dexterity. If you are flashed whilst casting you may continue casting but cannot target range effects until the 3 seconds have expired. If you wish to get off a touch effect whilst flashed you should attempt it with both eyes closed or not attempt it at all.

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The Chosen Trip to Thranduil

36 Hour 2nd - 4th May 1997

We assembled on a mission to travel to Thranduil, where the Chosen sought for a specific item, a Seal, one of several that they had been searching for. Having previously contacted High Priest Gurthang, a native of Thranduil, the Chosen arranged with him that they would transport him to Thranduil in return for his expert guidance and assistance in the accomplishment of their mission.

We arrived in Thranduil, in south east Gondor, an area that was currently the focus of action in the war between the Morgothians and the Gondorians. An area where both sides had their elite troops at this moment in time – being a groups containing mostly evil Priests, it was pretty clear where our loyalties lay in this conflict. With ourselves, and with those who would be the victors.

Throughout the first night we engaged in minor skirmishes with the Gondorians. Gurthang's proudly displayed Eye of Morgoth on his shield and tabard put us into opposition with them almost straight away. We also engaged and fought several ghosts of Numenorians that seemed to animate as some sort of response to our presence in this area. One unusual site was well, found on the first night, a well that was guarded by a forest spirit of some sort, a spirit that had just awoken. Finally, we made our way to a Morgothian encampment, where Gurthang, by right of his status, took command and we rested there for the remainder of the night.

In the morning before we set off to search for the Seal an unusual Orc came to visit the camp, having heard of Gurthang's presence here. This Orc was really a Human, who had been changed into an Orc by means of some curse. A little background is now necessary. Gurthang, as a Half-Orc was not readily accepted by the Morgothians on Thranduil (tainted blood and all that sort of stuff) but he has a sponsor who has aided in the past. However this sponsor also has an enemy, and that enemy wants the shield that Gurthang carries, called "Witness", I believe, a Morgothian artefact, as it would enhance his power and status considerably.

The Orc told us that the Enemy had cursed Gurthang's Sponsor, and in order to remove the curse Gurthang must defeat the Enemy. The Seal we sought was owned by the Enemy, who tapped its power to make him stronger than he would be otherwise. Removing the Seal from the Enemies possession would count as defeat and the curse would be lifted. The Orc also told us that the Enemy was seeking us, and travelling around with his band who were so numerous that they would defeat us. The plan was that Gurthang's Sponsors men would lure the Gondorians and The Enemy (and his men) to fight each other, while we looted his camp and took the seal. We would hide in the area of the Well until the Enemy's men passed by. The Well was a "good" place and no evil person could go there - they would fall asleep if they did. The presence of myself and Nerak (both of us Drow) preserved us from this effect, by use of our magics.

The plan seemed viable so we agreed to it and set off, moving off to the Well to rest whilst the Emeny and his forces passed. We fought several groups of Gondorians throughout the course of the day, often strengthened by the Numenorian's Ghosts whilst making our way to the Enemies base. Once at the base we assaulted it, and defeated the defenders. A search of the base soon revealed the treasure store (quickly looted) which contained the Seal, however the seal was protected by a ward.

Castratia at my urging animated a zombie and sent it into the ward to activate it, that the power of the Ward be unleashed upon the Zombie and not us. The Zombie was slain by the ward and a Hepath of Transmutation appeared, the guardian of the Seal. This Hepath was able to transmute one thing into another, generally something similar or the entire opposite, Gurthang was transmuted into a full Orc for instance, and commanded by the Hepath – during this time he slew Davion and Tarquin (Tarquin was saved by the use of an elixir). Harmful invocations were transmuted into Healing ones upon him, and Ariakis was transmuted into his Axe, a weapon which I grabbed and fled with to keep it from his hands. Ultimately the Hepath was slain, we recovered the Seal and left making our way back to the camp, again skirmishing with Gondorians on the way back.

Setting a guard, the night passed uneventfully, the heavy rain ensuring that most things kept to cover.

In the morning the Cursed Orc returned, this time as a Human. We had succeeded in striking a blow at the Enemy and so the curse was lifted. However he bore a message to Gurthang requiring some payment for the help that they had rendered us, as they had lost several fine warriors decoying the Enemy yesterday. We were required to travel back to the Well, which was a "good" source of power and taint it – so that the Morgothians

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could pass through this area freely. We agreed to this and moved to the Well, skirmishing with Gondorian forces once more. At the Well we found the forces there roused against us, there were several of these Numenorian Ghosts and the forest spirit, we battled here long and hard, and I was slain by the ghosts, after being felled by a Thunderclap spell. The rest of these events I now know only by repute as related to me by the others of our group.

Whilst our combatants drew off the Ghosts Chorley snuck in behind them and using a vial of the essence of evil tainted the well, this weakened the creatures such that they were soon destroyed. Moving back to the camp, where we would await Mu'l who would facilitate our transport back to Orin Rakatha, the party was confronted by the Enemy and a few of his men. A long battle then ensued, during which the disease his blade bore lay many low, however in the end the Enemy was defeated and our forces emerged victorious. After returning to the camp we were contacted by Mu'l and returned to Orin Rakatha, save Gurthang who remained behind on Thranduil.

Draal, Priest of Lolth, Wolfhold Press

A Long Walk

8 Hour - 11th May 1997

I, Crion Airos, Ice Elf of Sindaril, have only recently arrived upon this plane known to you all as Orin Rakartha. I was introduced to the three towers by an Elf with the title of Seeker.

I quickly decided that the extra dimensional tower known as The White Retreat was for me and after only a week I was asked to accompany several of my Elven cousins on a journey to a place called the Icarthian Triangle. We were to find a person or creature which had requested a delegation from the Valley to talk with.

Upon entering the area we were guided by an Elven Pathfinder to a place where a red wizard, Harkonnen, had been lost. Apparently he had been sent to aid us in our patrol but was ambushed en route with the Pathfinder. Suddenly, in ran Harkonnen, closely followed by a group of Hordelings and despite hesitation on our behalf we killed the Hordelings. Harkonnen said that there were loads of Hordelings and Undead in this area and he had killed hundreds just to get back here.

Hordelings plagued us all day, they wanted us to go back to the Towers and tell those nasty people at Wolfhold to let their Mist Weaver Scrope free. If they did not then the "Shook" would attack.

After a brief fight with humans from the Dymwan Tower and their creations we travelled through the caves of insanity where we were beset upon by another Dymwan human controlling a creature recognised as a rank six shade. It took some killing that one. Soon a strong Elven Warder and his mistress, a Dryad, appeared and began to tell us a tale of a place called Homeworld. These are the salient facts.

Jade	a female dryad from Homeworld. Her bodyguard is an Elven being titled Warder.
Homeworld	a plane which has three major races which are all suffering because their trees are dying.
Elves	possibly only fifty of these left on the plane.
Svartalpha	apparently similar to the goblinoid creatures of Orin Rakatha.
Trolls	twisted cousins of the Elves. Possibly similar to Drow.
Trees	are dying or dead due to the corruption emanating from the Elven Glade.

Jade has asked that the group return to Homeworld with her and her Warder within seven days to act as impartial ambassadors to sort out the Troll problem, that is the constant raiding of the Elves. The decision was to go with Jade, to accept her offer of training in response to our diplomacy.

*Walk the Good Walk
Crion Airos*

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SHITTY'S BIT

Hopefully this is the second quad in a row to come out on time, which has to be down to Paul Evans and everyone who has sent in articles on time. Lets keep it up.

I would like at this time to remind people that the name of the club is - *Heroquest, the live role players club*. I am very unhappy with the current amount of poor role playing during fights. Outside of fights the costumes and make up, the in character discussions, players backgrounds etc are ever increasing in quality. However when you are taking damage please act accordingly, this also applies to spell effects, paralysis, sleep, death, meditating, casting etc. Remember 90 % of an adventure is acting not fighting ! That is what Heroquest is all about and why I started it in the first place. This applies to everyone, not just players. Note that I will be expecting referees to uphold the high standards of role playing so if they are not happy with the vocals for a spell or invocation they will disallow it. That is why they are there. This is particularly true in the case of evil power. The strength of evil power is that it kills, the drawback is that everyone knows what you are doing and will try to stop you.

Referees are there to control the game and are above the rules when reffing. Just like when playing tabletop games they do whatever is necessary to keep up the enjoyment for players and monsters alike. The referee on the day has the final word. He may wish to ask peoples opinion on things but he does not need to be told what to do. Please remember, all any ref wants is for the players and monsters to come up at the end of any event and say what a great time they had.

Anyway due to ever increasing demand we are concentrating on low level adventures for a while, so get your low level characters out or start that one you have been meaning to for some while. There will soon be plenty of low level adventures to take part in including the August theme which is going to be a non status theme deliberately aimed at basic - low level characters.

That's enough from me for now, see you all out there.

Mark Roberts (SFB)

Heroquest is run primarily by Mark Roberts and any questions bookings letters etc should be sent to

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Please remember to include a stamped addressed envelope with all letters, this will ensure a prompt reply. I can also be reached on the **phone 01452 546871**. Office hours are :

Monday		5 p.m. - 7 p.m.
Tuesday	12 p.m. - 2 p.m.	5 p.m. - 7 p.m.
Wednesday	12 p.m. - 2 p.m.	5 p.m. - 7 p.m.
Thursday	12 p.m. - 2 p.m.	5 p.m. - 7 p.m.

THE SCROPE FAN CLUB - SFC

Following the loss of mistweavers on Orin Rakatha a large number of hordelings are looking for new leaders and have found our own resident Mistweaver Scrope.

The idea is that a number of starting characters will play hordeling \ mist type characters who will live in the Fallow hills between our 3 towers but will receive training from our towers. They will therefore have passes but will not actually be tower members. I will be taking interested names on or before the August theme.

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Players in a Game

36 Hour 16th-18th May

We were chosen, or volunteered in some instances, to go to one of the Points of Power that controlled the DarkWind in order to destroy the control and thus wrest this tool from the hands of the Dymwann. However fearing that we would have to travel on the Plane of the Sleepless Dead we sought to contact Kleinwort Ironfist, who has an amulet that gives protection, in order that we borrow the amulet.

One problem that we had was that the Kalid had unleashed the Crimson Feast (their were creatures) against the Dymwann in the area that we had to travel through to get to the village, so we knew that we would have to fight these creatures. Brains had arranged to borrow a silver sword from his guild and this proved to be a wise decision indeed. We had several encounters with the were creatures of the feast until arriving at the agreed campsite where we met the representatives of Kleinwort. Once there we rested, until someone turned up, who called himself the white bishop – a piece of the game. Those who were also pieces of the game felt their pieces grow cold just before he arrived.

What is the game? Well you may ask. It's a little difficult to explain, but there are two players and some of the members of our towers are pieces in the game and wear tokens of this chess pieces – we are the black side, there is a white side the two sides are in opposition.

I engaged the Bishop in discussion distracting him whilst Ariakis (who is a piece of the game) cast a Touch of Death. The Bishop told us that he had been sent here by his player to inform us that outside influences were affecting the game. We then slew the Bishop, fearing that this was a move in the game. After considering what he had told us Gus resurrected him (well, we all make mistakes, but better a dead potential enemy than a live one). As Gus was casting the invocation the Referee (of the Game) appeared, and as we had not looted the body and were resurrecting it we were awarded a free move.

Understandably the Bishop was somewhat irritated at having been killed – he told us that this was not a part of the game and that he was not doing a move, when we remarked that it would have been wiser had he said this before he seemed somewhat unreceptive to our suggestions. We spoke at some length and when there was another attack by the Crimson Feast he left. This time the Feast were lead by a human, obviously someone of import, we managed to negotiate with him in the middle of the battle and he drew his creatures back, after further discussions he agreed to hold out of the area we would be travelling through for a couple of days.

The rest of the night passed uneventfully. In the morning we were attacked by a group of Astral Warriors that we finally drove off – we speculated that these were sendings from the White Knight (who was known to be a Githyanki). The game pieces grew cold - the Bishop appeared once more, and this time spoke some more about the game, he made it very clear this time as he approached our camp that this was not a move (shows he can learn after all). We spoke at some length, and he gave us a scroll that teleported the one who opened it (Ariakis) away to have a tattoo of a jester implanted on his arm, a Jester figure appeared in place of Ariakis, one we could not slay, until it vanished being replaced by Ariakis. Not knowing what to make of this we set off travelling towards the village.

At the top of a hill there was a figure in grey – the Referee. He offered to allow us to play our free move, and would be willing to offer some advice, but first wanted to know what we thought we should do. Ariakis suggested that we might go home, and the Referee accepted that suggestion, saying what a good move it was. We had been teleported (or more properly planar shifted) to Ariakis' home plane, the Plane of the Eternal Flame. Understandably some people were upset with this, however we had no choice but to accept.

We travelled on through the plane, and met some forest creatures that at first we took for the Feast, but we dispatched these, although not totally without trouble. Then we met some inhabitants of the realm, who greeted the arrival of High Prince Ariakis with joy, they advised us of the local conditions after some prompting. That Ariakis' father was dead and that Ariakis was now the rightful king, but while he had been away the Grand Vizier had taken charge, and now ruled.

Following their advice about the local condition and the movements of the Grand Vizier we moved to investigate a set of caves. These caves were guarded by Fire Elementals and undead, these we dispatched, and we searched the caves. Within them we found the Royal regalia of House Ashkarevon, protected by a forbidding that we could not penetrate The power of Evil was strong in this area, and those who clung to the evil sphere were strengthened, whilst those who clung to the good sphere were weakened.

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After a while Nerak (Black Knight in the Game) moved in accordance with the dictates of the Game and banished Mordar, whose presence was anathema to this place – saving Mordar from the damage that was being inflicted upon him by the evil. Many in the group were disturbed at this, but it was a move in the game, and nothing could be done about it. We met one who had previously been a retainer of House Ashkarevon, now serving the Grand Vizier, in return for more power he offered to turn his coat and help us, we accepted his offer and he provided us with the information about the ritual necessary to bring down the forbidding that we could not penetrate.

We moved to capture a sacrifice that we needed, as well as the items of regalia, principally the Dagger of the Eternal Flame. Forming a cohesive unit we easily defeated the foes who opposed us and captured what we needed. Moving back to the caves we had an inter-party dispute, as some were unwilling to allow us to perform the sacrifice, and would not let us into the cave.

Grabbing the girl we split and half made our way round the back and ran down to the spot where the forbidding was, only to run straight into the Grand Viziers elite guard. Running back up out of the cave with the guard in hot pursuit we summoned our comrades who came to support us. A battle took place in which Nerak was slain by priest amongst the guard, finally the guard fled. Immediately following the battle some of us pressed on into the cave, whilst the others were recovering, to perform the sacrifice. An act at which we were successful, also recovering the regalia. Speaking to our turncoat once more he agreed to summon the remaining members of the council to our camp later that night.

Leaving the cave we made our way back to a camp we had espied earlier in the day, but on the way were attacked by a group of Astral Warriors. These were finally dispatched, but left us very weak and drained of resources. After recovering for a while, we arrived back at camp, there preparing for the meeting later that evening.

A few hours later after dusk the Grand Vizier arrived with his entourage. We engaged them in conversation long enough for myself and Ariakis to invoke and for Scrope to Dark Engulf one, then a fight kicked off in which we totally dominated due to our cohesiveness and actions, both Ariakis and myself dropping foe by the powers of evil we wielded. After defeating these we set a watch for the rest of the night.

An hour or so later the Referee appeared and awarded Ariakis the King Piece, as he had acquired the regalia, promoting him from Pawn. A pawn which I then acquired. This it seems finished the move, but somewhat unusually the referee did not return us to Orin Rakatha.

Setting a watch the rest of the night passed uneventfully. In the morning we tried several times to return using several mechanisms but nothing worked, leaving us in a difficult position, when we were attacked by the Grand Vizier once more this time accompanied by fire creatures and undead. We fought him a long battle which ultimately we won – I note in passing my disruption of his invocation by leaping on him with a Sus Ann, Cause Mortal combination.

After this a Githyanki Knight appeared, this was the young lord of who I have written of before when I accompanied a group travelling to the Oracle. This knight sought to recover his honour by engaging in single combat with one who had born his blade. Brains took up the challenge and (I believe) deliberately lost in order to restore the Gith's honour. Full of himself at winning the Gith transported us back from this demi-plane to Orin Rakatha, near to the Village.

There we met with Kleinwort's representatives (rather than Kleinwort himself as he was engage in battling undead at the time) and they passed over the amulet to us as had been arranged. We then took our leave of them and moved on a couple more days to the agreed meeting point with the Concillium, ready for our strike on the Dymwann

Draal, Priest of Lolth, Wolfhold Press

QUAD XXVJJ

Heroquest VII

Following on from the events of the recent meeting of the formation of the Free Towers Pact to oppose the Dymwann various groups were chosen from the Pact to go and assault the Points of Power, where the DarkWind was being controlled, in order to wrest control of the DarkWind from the Dymwann. This is the tale of one such group, the group that I accompanied. Our specific mission was to travel to a point of power and there destroy it, the hope being that if all the points were destroyed the DarkWind would be controlled no more.

We were composed of various peoples assembled from the three Valley Alliance Towers (Wolfhold, Valley and White Retreat). The full tale of those who assembled to go on this vital mission is as follows

Draal LolthsPawn – Drow Priest of Lolth, of House Tumdurgal of Wolfhold.

Nerak Soulblade – Drow Warrior of House Tumdurgal of Wolfhold.

Araikas – Human Priest of Ushaz of the Ambassadors of Wolfhold, High Prince of the Eternal Flame, Patriarch of House Ashkarevon (Leader of the group).

Scrope – Mistweaver of Wolfhold, Black Sorcerer.

Felix the Bold, Elven Blue Sorcerer of the White Retreat.

Giles, Elven Hero of the Valley, of The Valley Tower (co-leader with Ariakis).

Quicksilver (II), Elven White Wizard of the White Retreat.

Sargon, Human Brown Sorcerer of the Valley Tower.

Melkeron, Human High Priest of the White Path of the White Retreat.

Brains, Half-Orc High Priest of the Grey Gauntlet of the Valley Tower.

Mordar, Human Priest of Humakt of the Valley Tower.

Tarquin (Hack) Human Michelin Warrior of the White Retreat.

Barf, Half Orc Warrior of the Rangers of the Valley Tower.

The point of Power we would assault was far away in Orin Rakatha, and in order to get there the Wizards Concillium were going to teleport us. On our way to meet with the Concillium members we diverted to go through the Valdemar village area in order to acquire a talisman.

At this remote site we were met by Master Brath (pronounced Braith) who was a sorcerer skilled in portal construction and use, along with two of his “apprentices” (wizards of several years standing in their own right). A Portal was being used to transport us as the mists and DarkWind were affecting the long distance teleport spells, causing them to operate erratically. Under his expert direction the portal was opened and we were transported through.

We appeared in another secluded glade where three members of Halmadons Heights were ready to receive us. Sir Daendragon (a paladin) son of Sir Mandragon (now deceased), Perrin and Cannon Thaeus. We spoke with them to determine the local conditions and surroundings.

We were in far North East Orin Rakatha, near to the surrounding mists themselves, in a place where the mists felt clean to Scrope. There were natives in the area, who did not speak the common tongue, and the Halmadonians had generally avoided them, but did not feel that they were innately hostile or evil. The point of Power lay some distance from us down the valley, and from the reports was probably in a structure of some sort. The Halmadonians intended to hold this point, for us to return here, and we arranged a message drop with them should we need to leave messages.

Resolving to travel the valley in the direction of the Point of Power, we encountered a group of the natives, using the Speak with Animate spells those green wizards amongst us were able to communicate with them. It transpired that the Dymwann had been in this area for some long time, two years or so and that they had in essence captured many of the natives and enslaved them. The natives were unable to defeat most of the undead that required magic or power to affect them and were terrified of the undead. We sought to persuade the natives to form some sort of alliance with us or at least elicit some information from them, but while we were speaking to them a Ghast attacked, they fled in terror, we slew the Ghast and left the body near the woodpile the natives had been collecting to show our ability to deal with these things.

We moved on and then found a group of Dymwann (or more correctly our scouts encountered theirs) – both groups then prepared themselves and attacked, we were successful in this battle and slew the Dymwann and looted their bodies. One point to note is that these ones rose up after their deaths, approximately a minute after,

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they had some sort of an invocation on them that caused this to happen. Checking dead Dymwann for invocations will prove useful.

As we battled one of the natives came up to us, he had been watching us slay the Dymwann and was very impressed with our battle prowess. He offered to guide us to a place where later their resistance leader, one Gabral, would meet with us, we accepted this offer. We waited there for some time until Gabral came to the “Big Rock” and we accompanied him along a path that the Dymwann did not know about. He offered to guide us to a place that Dymwann did not go because they were afraid, someone in the group named this a safe house.

On the way on the path we encountered a group of Hoardlings (all trolls) and had the usual fight with such. Later on we encountered a further group of Giant Mist Hoardlings who had with them a Mist Shaman, this was a much harder fight, but in the end we triumphed. After resting and recovering from these we set off following the guide again to go to the safe place. We travelled throughout the night until we came to the house and there took our rest. The guide left us before we went into the house, and told us he was going to go talk to their wise man about us and see if he could offer us some help. Shortly after the owner of the house, one Gyan Masoon, came and spoke with us about using his house and implied strongly that we would be in his debt for doing so, after a little while he left, promising to return at some point. Setting guards we had several hours of sleep.

In the morning we were resolved to travel further up the valley and discover the point of power. However before we were ready to leave Felix discovered a box that had been hidden in the building – one that was coated in a contact poison. He did not notice the poison until after he had picked it up, then it began to burn his hands and arms. The only way to save his life from the poison was to chop his arms off, and Nerak leapt forwards to do the task. With just a few blows Felix was rendered armless.

Soon after Perrin came to us accompanied by a Druid, one Tarren Wildfriend. The Druid came from Hunter Greenshields, and bore information from him about the DarkWind and his researches into it. Some of this information we were already aware of, such as requiring two of the points of power to control the DarkWind.

If we destroy the points of power the DarkWind will still exist, but will be simply uncontrolled, this means that it would still be aiding the Dymwann, just not as powerfully as before. Hunter’s researches indicated that the Dark Wind obeyed the laws of Orin Rakatha. Based on this if we could send the wind into the Ikartharian Triangle it should be trapped there, and not be able to leave the triangle due to the wards that define the boundaries of the triangle. In particular if we could force the DarkWind into the void it should be unmade. What we needed to do was to take control of two of the points and use the rituals there to control the DarkWind sending it into the triangle.

He suggested that we abort our idea of seeking out, assaulting and destroying our Point of Power today in order to travel to another group to persuade them to this plan. As we had had many dealings with Hunter he felt that we would listen to him but that others towers would not, and that it was better that we present the plan to others. After a long debate we finally agreed, after all, if everything went wrong then we could always attack and destroy the points once we had them controlled.

We swiftly moved to the tele-portal where we were portaled from our current location to another one. At this new place we were met by some Shadowsfall who were uncommunicative, we convinced them that we were on Free Towers Alliance business, but they were not willing to reveal any information about the group who were in the area. However, they had captured someone who had come through the portal only a few hours earlier, Phaid, Seer of Wolfhold, as we were from the alliance they gave him over to us to deal with.

Phaid told us of two visions, that he had been guided to us, for he felt that he must pass on the messages. In the first of these visions we confronted a terrible spirit, and we fought it, but we could not slay it and ultimately we were all felled. In the second of these visions we sought out a wise man, who armed us, then later when we confronted this terrible spirit we were successful and it was slain and we lived. We persuaded the Shadowsfall that Phaid could be trusted and should be returned back through the Portal and took our leave of them.

Walking for a distance in the blazing sunlight we came upon a wraith generator by a waterfall – proof of the Dymwann’s growing power and continuing taint of Orin Rakatha’s fair land. We moved on and soon after a fetch began to spy upon us, we were unable to capture the fetch as he was too fast, later an undead spirit of knowledge began to spy on us, we were unable to kill this as we lacked the tools.

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After moving on, Felix cast a teleport, and took several others with him next to the fetch who fled, which we pursued and slew. Further on we were confronted with a Yellow and Blue elemental. It was a hard combat against these but in the end they were unmade and their beings destroyed. Quicksilver was strongly affected by the Spear of Hate that he bore and attacked the yellow elemental relentlessly. Recovering from these we straight cast heals, finishing only a few moments before a force of Dymwann from a nearby copse assaulted us. This force took us unprepared, they were full invoked and we were not. Their assault led by undead that could paralyse and freeze us with fear split the party asunder as several fled rather. In this battle Nerak was slain as he was caused mortal on three occasions after being paralysed by the evil tall flaxen haired priest, as was Brains on who the same priest used a Cause Fatal Disease. I myself survived only just, being diseased and taunted on the ground by the same priest. I resolved that he would die by my hand that night. Our bodies were looted and the Dymwann staggering under the weight of the captured treasure made their triumphant withdrawal to the copse where they intended to meditate and mnemonic.

Over the space of the next two hours, as dusk fell, the party reformed and resurrected our dead members, meditated and mnemoniced. We prepared fully and assaulted the Dymwann in the building at the copse. Not only did we need to recapture our equipment, we also had to recover something far more important, our pride.

This was the place of power. Guarded by the Dymwann, the Fleshweaver and another blue elemental, but we did not back away, we pressed our attack. Mordar was teleported into the heart of the monsters by the elemental and there he was slain. Relentlessly we pressed our attack, and one by one the Dymwann fell, Sorcerer Scrope Dark Engulfed the Fleshweaver removing it from the combat, clearing the way for us to deal with everything else, which we did, although the two scouts and the flaxen haired priest fled into the night. The Fleshweaver returned and we attacked it, using the scroll of Humakti Sanction from Mordar's body we removed it's power defences and then I fell upon it with cause mortal after cause mortal, removing all it's power, everyone else also attacked at this point, with bolt after bolt of magic raining in on it. The Dymwann scouts and the priest returned as we assailed the Fleshweaver distracting us from our main objective. I assailed the flaxen haired priest my hands burning with fell power and as the Cause Mortal invocation burned through his body he fell, and I was revenged upon him.

We resumed our assault on the Fleshweaver and suddenly around us were the cries of the Kalid Legion of the Valdemar led by Sergeant Bellach. At first we were heartened seeing these are reinforcements to slay the Fleshweaver, but then to our dismay they attacked us. We cried out to stop them, citing that we were part of the Free Towers Pact, but they paid us no heed and pressed their attacks upon us. Weakened as we were from the fight on the Dymwann and the Fleshweaver we fell back, and ultimately fled. The Kalid then fought the Fleshweaver but were unable to defeat it, one of them claimed the point of power in the name of the Valdemar legion of the Kalid only to be slain seconds later by the Fleshweaver's unholy power.

After more Kalid reinforcements arrived they continued to fight the Fleshweaver unsuccessfully. The Kalid withdrew as one announced himself as Major Sanders calling upon us to surrender. We surrendered to the Kalid in order to avoid further bloodshed, maintain the Free Towers Pact and to combine our forces against the Fleshweaver in order to ensure that it was stopped. We combined forces to defeat the Fleshweaver, Scrope's Dark Bolt 6 proving particularly effective at this point.

We moved inside the base that the Kalid had captured earlier that day as prisoners and spoke to the Kalid at length about the situation. We explained about Hunter Greenshields plan at length to Major Sanders, as the Kalid had a Druid with them (Lanyar of their Earthwarp sect) they accepted our explanation as to these matters, and agreed to go along with the plan.

We slept until dawn at which point our weapons, focus' and talismen were returned to us. The Druid Tarren Wildfriend came to the place we were sleeping and then spoke at length with Lanyar, the Earthwarp sect druid about the necessity of the plan, and convinced him that this really was the way to go, Lanyar said that he would carry word to major Sanders of the plan. Tarren Wildfriend said that Hunter Greenshields had travelled throughout the night and would be awaiting us on the other side of the portal with important information about the DarkWind and other matters.

We walked back to the tele-portal, where we met the Shadowsfall guardians. The news that these guardians had was deeply troubling, for the attacks on all of the other points of power had failed and the forces had been repulsed by a stronger Dymwann presence than had been expected. Dymwann had become aware of the Portals by pursuing some of the groups who sought to use them to escape and the portals were becoming tainted with

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undead power. The integrity and security of the system was now compromised, they advised us to ensure that we were spiritually protected before using the portals and that after we had used them they were going to be disabled to prevent further tainting, or having them used against us.

We went through the portal, and once through on the other side there was nobody about. We searched the nearby area, and not finding anyone, or a message at the agreed drop-off point we invoked/cast and moved off. Soon after we met a group of towerless with a fearsome creature with it, attacking a druid and a small group, the elemental unleashed a melt animate on the druid. It revealed itself to us to be Azgaroth Fleshburner and accused us of being his enemies as we had the spear forged to fight him. We then fought a long combat against them, and in the end slew all of them including Azgaroth, or rather we unmade his physical form for a time. Azgaroth is a pit elemental and Quicksilver had a great hatred of him, caused by the spear he bore. The druid Azgaroth slew was it seems none other than Hunter Greenshields, however we were able to recover his diary from the remnants of the body.

After doing this we got off the path, as we knew this area was often patrolled by Dymwann in order to heal up and read the diary. Hiding we spotted a figure moving through the forest – after ascertaining he was a Halmadonian from his clothing we attracted his attention. He (Sargent Shaldir) spoke to us and passed on more information that they had acquired. The Halmadonians had been driven away from the portal by a mixed group that emerged from it, he described the group to us, but it rang no bells in anyone's mind, we assumed that it was the hate cultists or Azgaroth's followers. They were closing the portals down as the system was now compromised and the attacks on the Dymwann had failed all save one, that by the Kalid. We briefed him on the situation and our decision to try to send the DarkWind into the Ikartharian Triangle. He agreed to guide us back to the safe house via another route and to send Perrin to us (and ask Perrin to find Gabral) as we needed to know where the point of power was, and we needed to speak to the Wise One.

Resting at the safe house Gyan Masoon turned up and spoke to us in a very enigmatic manner, indicating that we were in his debt in some way for using his house, and this was the second time. He spoke of a test of will and then left, closing the door, and ensuring that it could not be opened by normal means. A few minutes afterwards three golems appeared in the building and set about us. There was a metal one that could magnetise things and took damage from non-metal weapons. There was a crystal one that took damage only from sharp and if bolted could refract the bolt back inside itself and strike another. The third was a bone golem that could break bones with a touch. Then Gyan showed himself and used much magic on us, draining our skins effectiveness, and bolting us time and time again. Defeating the golems, Gyan finally vanished. This it seems was some sort of test.

Soon after this Felix found another box within the building and without consulting anyone foolishly opened it. He was struck down by the fell magics that lay trapped within the box and lay as if dead. A few moments later a Hephath of Quandary appeared, it seemed that we must solve the Quandary to save Felix, however we were unable to do so, his spirits strength was weakened as if he had been slain and resurrected once more.

Finally we were contacted by Gabral and set off with him to go to meet with the Wise One. On the way we speculated about Gyan, and someone recognised the curious object he had been carrying as a pipe, this lead us to conclude that he was a Rakshasha, a fearsome evil spirit.

We travelled through the night and were assailed by a group who Gabral called the Shunned Ones – members of his tribe who had been afflicted with diseases, diseases spread by the evil spirits minions, the Plague Bearers. We sought to pass these without battle but it was not to be, we defeated them trivially, weakened by their diseases they were no match for our skill. However the blood from their wounds and flesh as it was carved off fell on several of us, inflicting the same disease upon us, a disease which was unfamiliar to disease master Melkeron. Still we pressed on fighting a group of giant rats, called Skaven, by Gabral, these simple forest beasts too were no match for us. After walking some distance further we arrived at the Wise One.

The Wise One spoke to us of the evil spirit, freed many years ago, and of the prophecy that there would come a band of heroes who would defeat him. This spirit was Gyan, and the Wise One wanted us to defeat him and drive him out of the tribes lands. He gave us a silver crossbow bolt and crossbow. One of the few things that could slay a Rakshasha, and we agreed to do this. Moving back to the hut we practised with the crossbow, planning to rest before we met the Rakshasha, we stumbled upon the two Plague Bearers and a group of Skaven. A fierce battle broke out but in the end we were triumphant, the beasts were destroyed.

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We rested then moved back to the Rakshasha's house, the "safe place", a place that the Dimwann were afraid to go! Our plan was fully formed, the crossbow bolt was blessed by all of those who could cast the good sphere, I was to cast the dispel against any airwall spell, and Nerak to shoot the fell spirit. There we waited for Gyan to appear, hopefully he was unaware that we now knew what he was and how to deal with him. After a while Gyan appeared with his three Golems, however, it was only a projection of Gyan, and not his physical form as we found out when we shot him with the blessed crossbow bolt. A furious battle in the house ensued as we battled the projection and the Golems, thrice the projection was shot, and thrice it was seemingly. However, he had not expected us to have a silver crossbow bolt and before the projection expired he said that as we had taken his favour twice so he had tested us twice, but as we would have slain him thrice he owed us three blades of death. Both Felix and Mordar were slain in the combat. We have not as yet fathomed this riddle.

Once his projection failed we felt that he would not be returning, and that as all other creatures avoided the place that it would be safe for us to rest here. We searched the building and found another box that contained a ring, putting this ring on Felix we returned him to life – this was where Felix's life had been trapped by the Hephath. Melkeron resurrected Mordar, and setting guards we rested for a while. Gabral had agreed to find Perrin who knew of the location of the Point of Power and promised to return with him later that day.

We awoke and began preparing ourselves for the search and assault on the Point of Power. A figure dressed in a costume came up to us and announced himself as the Herald of the Claw, Erelan Black's claw. He wished to find out what we were doing in the area, and see if any arrangements to confront us needed to be made, we demurred and passed him no useful information, after a while he left. An hour or so later Sir Daendragon and Perrin came to us, to speak of their and our plans. Sir Daendragon had issued a challenge to EB that morning to meet him in honourable combat, to revenge the death of his father at the hands of EB several years ago. However he wished us to go, find the Claw and challenge them in order that they could not support EB in this combat, we agreed to do such a thing. Afterwards he gave us a scroll of Control Fleshweaver (Rank Nine) saying that many had died to produce and bring such a scroll here. He also provided us with the directions to go to find the Point of Power that we could be about our mission and deal with the Fleshweaver.

We set off, and after walking for some time found the Claw, we challenged them to combat. Upon the chosen field we assembled and fought long and hard. However in this we were overmatched, as the preparations of the Claw proved to be more effective than ours and our numbers dwindled. I note that in the course of the battle the two rulers confronted each other, Araikas our leader and the Ruler of the Claw, and from that only Araikas emerged alive and triumphant. Giles and Hack were slain in valiant but foolish attempts at heroism. Only four remained when Araikas took the decision to surrender (Nerak, Brains and Barf were the others), rather than have more pointless deaths inflicted upon us. We had succeeded in distracting the Claw from supporting EB and in weakening them if they could support him. What further need was there for us to continue? We had more important business to be about. In the course of the fight though Nimer Soth the Necromancer of the Claw (properly the Bone Dancer) fled the field of battle to carry word to his lord of our presence.

The two sides withdrew taking with them the kit they had captured, including Giles sword Albran, and when we sought it's return the remaining members of the claw fled taking it with them. They outpaced us, so we went in the other direction to jump the other members of the Claw, however they too were gone and we fought some flesh creations, that were trivially defeated. The battle against the Claw had weakened us so we took this opportunity to rest, resurrecting and healing those who needed it before pressing onwards.

As night began to fall we came upon a group of Dymwann, and behind those what seemed to be a place of power, with the Dymwann was a Fleshweaver and a White Elemental. We battled these, and slew all except for the Fleshweaver. Against that we withdrew rather than pressing our attacks, as we needed to use the scroll of control at midnight, so that both us and the Kalid would be co-ordinated.

Time passed and at midnight we returned, Ariakis used the scroll of control on the Fleshweaver, and commanded it to send the Dark Wind into the Ikartharian Triangle. "Where do you want me to send it?" the Fleshweaver said "Normally they bring a map and point it out on there!" A few moments of panic ensued as nobody had a map on them, until we sketched a map of Orin Rakatha and indicated on there where the Fleshweaver should direct the DarkWind. The Fleshweaver did as instructed, changing the course of the DarkWind, as the control faded the Fleshweaver once more attacked, but Sorcerer Scrope Dark Engulfed it and then we withdrew.

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Our mission a success we travelled back to the Rakshasha's house, but all was not well, on the way we encountered a group of Ghasts lead by Nimer Soth, these we dispatched easily, including Nimer Soth, however as he was felled his body faded away, leaving behind only the clothes he had been wearing. For one who was a member of the Claw and a feared necromancer, one of the Dymwann Chancellery, he was felled too easily.

Now on our guard we pressed on, only to confront a Warrior Vampire and a small group of Skeletal Warriors some few minutes later, a Warrior Vampire that sounded very much like Nimer Soth, for that was who it was indeed. Undaunted we pressed our attack upon the fell creature, however the group of undead were reinforced by none other then Erelan Black and more undead. We were thrown back by this new arrival, but continued our battles, we could not afford for Erelan Black to get to the Fleshweaver and possibly command it once more.

The battle raged on and on, most determined that this fell Knight should be stopped, but the power of the fearsome Death Knight told, as one by one our numbers were felled. Mordar our Humakti dropped a Humakti Sanction on Erelan Black from a scroll, only to be felled as Erelan leapt upon him his hands afire with Evil Power, and before any could intervene Erelan ripped Mordar's soul asunder with nothing but his hands. Ariakis too was slain after striking Erelan several times with the Evil Artefact through which he channelled Cause Mortal invocations, brought down by a fell disease inflicted by the Morgul Blade that Erelan carried. I too fell in this battle, but not before cursing Erelan Black and causing Mortal upon him. After I fell the battle raged on and on, Hack and Scrope drew Erelan off from the main body of the combat leading him astray, whilst those who remained finished off the other undead, including Nimer Soth as he sought to flee the dawn.

Erelan returned from his fruitless chase, animating some of the fallen undead, and attacked us again confident now of his final victory. Many now were felled, either dead (myself, Ariakis and Mordar), or laid low by the major disease that every blow of Erelan's blade brought (Quicksilver, Felix and Melkeron) or fled (Scrope and Hack). But those who remained did not flee from him, slight though our hope of victory was, they battled on. Barf was slain by Erelan falling before the two blades wielded by the undead lord.

Arriving with the light of dawn came help. Help we had not looked for, from a source we had never sought to see again, Sir Daendragon. Sir Daendragon cast a potion to Sargon and told him that it held several doses of Resurrection and that Sargon was to resurrect the fallen, only together could we hope to triumph. Sargon resurrected myself, Ariakis and Barf, and we rejoined the combat, though we had already been slain by Erelan Black we would not let him triumph. Hack and Scrope returned and too rejoined the battle. As a group we stood and fought. Erelan's power was still awesome, but we would not yield until at last he alone remained. Now there was no escape for him. The last Lord of the Aldonar met his defeat at our hands.

For a few moments there was a silence over the field of battle, we had slain Erelan Black at the last. Then above the body a spirit formed, the spirit of Erelan Black. How many times must we defeat him? He spoke, "As the last Lord of the Aldonar I had power beyond your imagining, now that you have done this, defeated me, I rise up once more and now I have more power than even I imagined. May the curse of the Lord of the Aldonar be upon you all." Then his spirit faded, this was his last act of defiance, a hollow curse that could not affect us.

We took the kit from the body, as trophies (and loot) and Sir Daendragon took the body of Erelan Black, we made our way back to the Rakshasha's cottage where we rested and then began our journey back to the Towers, having accomplished all we had set out to do, and more.

The first blow in the war against the Dymwann had been struck, we had destroyed the DarkWind, or at the very least we had imprisoned it. We had also slain (hopefully permanently this time!) Erelan Black, one of the most powerful undead in the land.

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TOWERS (4) DAI - FAH - DYNE

The DFD are a tower of traders whose culture has an Arabic flavour. The recognised greeting for DFD is : Asalam Alikim, and the response is : Wur Alikim Salam.

They have four rulers, who are in command respectively of the northern, southern, western and eastern parts of Orin Rakatha. They are constantly in a trade war with the Reader tower.

Although we have never actually warred with the DFD we have come to blows with their people on many occasions. The DFD trade with just about anyone and are known to uphold agreements on pain of death.

However be absolutely sure of the wording of any deal as if there is a loophole to be found you can be sure they will take full advantage.

TOWERS (5 and 6) WIZARDS CONCILLIUM

The Wizards Concillium are the main teachers of magic, of all colours and levels, on Orin Rakatha. They have been opposed to us in the past , but we believe that this is mostly because we came through with our own full teaching schools of magic. Their tower is split into 8 known colleges of magic. Any encounter with the Concillium will always include lots of magic but that is where the similarity ends. Every member of the Concillium has his or her own beliefs, agendas, allies and enemies.

FORTHCOMING ADVENTURES

July	18th - 20th	36 Hour	Mid Level	TBD
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An all towers mission sponsored and lead by the Chosen. Run exclusively by SFB this is one of the missions leading up to the Chosen Heroquest in October. The Chosen welcome all players on their missions. I am always looking for monsters particularly those who can also monster the Heroquest to give them a feel of the plot and Chosen campaign as a whole.

July	26th - 30th	5 Day	Mid Level	TBC
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A continuation of the plot written by Alex, for a party led by Arakais (Bruce) Anyone wishing to book onto this adventure should contact me now. Note good characters with any sort of prejudice would not be welcome. Again could monsters contact me soon to allot parts etc.

August	3rd	8 Hour	Basic - low level	
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Continuation of the low level Elven / Druidic adventure.

August	15th - 17th	Theme	Low level	
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Low level, basic theme weekend, any new players will be charged half price for this adventure, also anyone bringing a new player will get a £10 reduction in price.

QUAD XXXVII

HEROQUEST - TOM'S STORY

A long time ago on the Aldonar home world the people there were divided into 2 main factions, Necromancers and Elementalists. There existed a lot of rivalry between the two factions as each had ruling families or houses and only one could rule at any given time. It came to pass that a great experiment was carried out by the Necromancers which went wrong and their whole plane became part of the plane of the sleepless dead. Before they were overwhelmed by the undead, the Aldonar race came to Orin Rakatha and claimed 2 towers, the Necromancers became the Tombs of the Dymwan and the Elementalists the Aldonar tower (later the Valley tower and now the White Retreat).

The Halmadonians were not pleased with the large influx of basically evil people to the plane and soon after the Aldonar started to explore the Halmadonians crusaded against them. The Dymwan had kept within their tower and so had not been subject to the crusade, and when the next time of reckoning was due the Aldonar called upon their former kinsmen to help them hide away. So it was that when the main Halmadonian forces arrived the Aldonar were already gone, hidden away in what have since been known as the Aldonar Tombs.

Unfortunately the Dymwan had plans for their sleeping cousins, they would all rise again as undead servants for the Dymwan fulfilling the prophesy set back in their homeworld by Cardinaris, who it turns out was the instigator of the original experiment back on the home plane. He planned to embody powerful amounts of the plane of the sleepless dead into a staff, known as the staff of doom. To do this he turned the former rulers of the Elementalist royal houses into undead whilst they slept and had them each in turn put all of their power into the staff. He would have succeeded had not a group from our towers entered the Aldonar demi plane and fought against him eventually severing the link between the staff and the plane of the sleepless dead. For their great efforts they were hailed as Heroes.

During this time many of the Aldonar tombs were opened and cleared out, although even to this day there are some still sealed.

With the Aldonar tombs threat dealt with and the Kalid mostly fighting the Tower of the Sun we managed to gain enough status to go for a third tower. However dodgy dealings with the DFD led to their so called allies the Taranor losing their tower..... to be continued.....

Next issue - Erelan Black, the Taranor, the Ravannon, green sorcery, the Sardonyx affair and more !

LETTERS PAGE

Dear QUAD,

I am surprised to see from this and other issues of this fantastic magazine that so few people send in articles, letters and bits of gossip considering that they get paid Gest's for their inputs. Obviously Draal knows that he is on to a winner with this, but why have so few of the other players realised.

Could it be that you prefer stuff on floppy disk, possibly, but as you say, this is only a preference not a requirement.

Regards A Bemused Editor

P.S. Does Phaid get a gest for this? Thought not.

STEALTH NIGHTSTALKER IN STATUS POINT SCAM

It was reported today, by a close advisor of Stealth Nightstalker, that whilst undertaking an important investigation into the dubious activities of High Priest Laughing Dick Leader of the Church of Loth, Killron and The Chaswan, Stealth had status pledged to him in strange circumstances.

Nightstalker cajoled status from squirming members of the Chaswan Glam Group who were desperately trying to avoid the brown stuff that was being thrown around and pointing the finger of blame at any worshippers of eight legged hairy creatures in the vicinity.

Nightstalker was heard to say "I didn't realise it was so easy to gain status, I should have started this earlier in my career."

STRANGE CREATURE IN QUAD OFFICE

Unconfirmed sightings have been reported of a large, horned creature wandering the corridors of QUAD's offices saying "Gnarley, Gnarley"

HORDELINGS ABOUT TO SHOOK, RATTLE AND ROLL

Sorcerer of the Black School of Magic, part-time member of The Council of Ten and Mist Boy, Scrope, has become the centre of a threat of war made by the Hordeling races against Wolfhold.

The Hordelings claim that Scrope is being held captive by those nasty folks at Wolfhold and not being allowed to join his people as their rightful leader.

The problem has come about because the Dymwan have been stealing Mist Boys lately.

A spokeshordeling said "only Ooooshrackkkk and Scrope are left so we have decided to take the Shook to Wolfhold and demand Scrope's return, then we'll party."

A spokeshape in the shadows of Wolfhold responded "It's not true, Scrope can leave any time he likes, as long as he has paid his guild debt".

The Weather by Sargon

It's going to be misty but not as misty as it used to be because the Dark Wind has been sent to the Triangle and that has mucked up the mists.

ONYX RECOVERS

Despite the kind and generous offers of help from the Dark Seers, High Priest Melkeron decided to spurn Phaid's final offer and hand control of the puppet Onyx over to the Halmadonians.

The infamous white seer dudes have allegedly cured Onyx although he has not been seen since. Reports suggest that Onyx is being nurtured back to sanity by the ministrations of a well known ageing hippy.

A spokesfan of the Hollywood star said "even this unconfirmed report has got to be good news for followers of this long running family soap opera. I can't wait until the new season starts."

Dear Aunty Scragg,
On a recent adventure, whilst practising my invocations I discovered an irritating side effect to the one that goes Humact Sanction.

From A Departed Spirit

Dear Mordar,
Get a life and keep practicing.

A.S.

When it is not misty then it is probably dark and there will be lots and lots of undead around all thumping you because they don't know how to use weapons.