

GUTTER PRESS NEWS

STATUS PLEDGED AT LAST

Despite rumours that King Michael and Sir Loren de Hal had fallen out over a petty disagreement and would not talk to each other again both were recently seen embracing in the strange White Retreat ritual of 'pledging status'.

This brings to an end numerous attempts by both parties to carry out this exchange which Loren de Hal was heard to state 'was of little importance' and 'kept slipping my mind, far more pressing things to do'.

A spokesdarkness for Wolfhold said 'we don't do it that way, quite perverse, no blood involved, can't imagine it works without the violence'.

UNPRECEDENTED EVENT

In what is considered the first occurrence in history Lord Mian Gravestealer has thanked members of the Alliance for their activities of earlier this year.

A representative of the group said 'I hope that he doesn't take us into his personal guard because of this, very life limiting and no good for career prospects.'

STRAY MONSTER TOP SIGHTED

Recent attempts at rounding up these creatures of the wild has proven useful but has not yielded the numbers expected. A close adviser was heard to say 'us turds have spent ages with kit and we are sure we can persuade more of them to return to the Barn'

FOR SALE

Buy and sell your unwanted empowered and ensorcelled items via an advert in QUAD

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EDITORIAL

Thanks go to all the contributors for this time's QUAD, obviously a response to last QUAD's request. Keep it up. This was intended to be a short issue for the HQ but ended up a decent size despite the speed it was put together. I could still do with gossip, etc, as the humour has gone out of QUAD totally.

Best Regards

Paul

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Lost lrp kit

The club is missing a number of monster shirts, hoods, bags, potions, weapons, refs etc - could everyone have a look in their personal kit and see if they can find anything of ours. I was going to offer gest rewards but then we would probably have no kit at all.

1998 Adventure Prices

Heroquest usually run the following length adventures with the relevant prices -

Adventure length	Price to Members	Price to Non Members
8 hour	20 25	
24 hour	40 50	
theme	40 50	
36 hour	60 75	
72 hour	120 150	

Other adventures are priced individually, such as Heroquests etc
Membership for 1998 is 25 pounds and expires on 31-12-1998

Note the above price is only applicable when payment is received at least 8 days in advance.

There is a 25% surcharge for any payments received within 7 days of the event.

The charge for cancellation is 50 % if cancelling within 7 days of the event

Youth Hostels - there is a £5 a night charge where youth hostels are used, from October - March. From April to September this charge may be increased as hostels cost more to rent during these months.

Monsterring

The following credits are available (cumulative) for Monsterring

8 hour	4 pounds
36 hour	10 pounds
72 hour	20 pounds

Themes - you can monster the Saturday daytime of a theme and play in the evenings for half the normal price and your character will get half the points for the theme (15)

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

QUAD
C/O Paul Evans
Rose Cottage
6 Charfield Road
Kingswood
Wotton - under - Edge
Gloucestershire
GL12 8RL

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

QUAD should be published for each of the Theme Weekends in 1998 and the deadline for material to be included is therefore 7 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.

CONTRIBUTIONS

QUICKSILVER

Seeking the Ice Elves.

**36 Hour, March 6th -
8th.**

Accompanying Quicksilver on this quest were a number of other adventurers, Merlin, Brother John, Myrkul, Crystal, Tornado, Erf, Sargon, Sky and Giles.

My friend Quicksilver has for many years been seeking for other Ice elves. Some 500 years ago when they were at war with the Drow he was entombed in ice by his father the King of the Ice elves in order to save him. Since that time he laid in ice for several hundreds of years, thawing out some ten years ago (or so). I got to know Quicksilver soon after we came to Orin Rakatha, and when he finally died for the final time, giving his life in a mission to stop Erelan Black I was greatly saddened. A few years ago I heard rumours that he was returning in the body of another elf, I did not think that this was the case, but when I finally met him I was astonished and overjoyed to find that I was wrong, and that my friend was alive again. When he told me that he was going on a mission to try and find his people I of course accepted gladly.

We met with a Halmadonian guide, one who knew something of the lower planes of the Abyss, for this man had travelled far and told us that he had heard rumours of the ice elves on one of the planes. As we had been on some of these planes before we reviewed as a group what we knew about them. But as it happens we were on a totally different plane to one we had been one before, so our pooled knowledge was of little value. Travelling to the plane was accomplished by means of a gate invocation. Arriving there we could all feel that we were alien presence's on the plane, that the plane itself sought to reject us. In particular myself and Sky who are more dedicated to the cause of Law than the others were assailed to a greater.

The guide knew of an enclave where law had a bastion and we began to walk there. Soon after though we encountered some Law Guardians, automatons. These creatures were dedicated to destroying creatures of Chaos, and amongst our number they detected some that were of Chaos, or were tainted by Chaos. The creatures detected Sargon and Erf as they wore items that were tainted, chess pieces, and Quicksilver.

We battled our way through these to the domicile myself and Sky going on ahead, we tried to persuade those in the building to call off their creatures for we did not want to destroy all their defences. Eventually we all made it to the building. We could not enter, as the place was warded, but giving the Law Lords of the place something of great value to each of us allowed them to attune the wardings so that we could enter.

Entering we met the Law Lords, who were all Drow. It seems that these were some offshoot of the Drow who had cleaved to Law and not to Chaos as all other Drow seem to. They told us that this plane did indeed contain some ice elves, and that all ice elves were attuned to Chaos. Quicksilver confirmed some of this tale, telling us of the Elven Soothsayers who had corrupted many his race, by tainting them in some way or other – and it looks as though it was with Chaos that this happened. The Ice elves on this plane were the servants of one of the two powers who fought on this plane. We persuaded the Law Lords to aid us by offering to try and remove the Ice elves from this plane, and they agreed to point us the way in the morning.

Resting the night we awoke feeling much refreshed, following the directions given to us we set out, some of our party, the weaker members being strengthened by the Law Lords use of Law invocations.

We encountered some chaos beasts/elementals and these we destroyed, taking the time to cast our powerful spells and invocations. Travelling down a hill we were assailed by a cold wind, one that seemed to penetrate into the heart, weakening the fortitude of some of our number, bringing a sense of hopelessness and despair. After a while this passed, and those affected returned to normal. We walked to the bottom of the hill and there met with Kryakin, battle lords of the Windborn (elemental knights of air is how I would describe them). These took council with Giles and Tornado, air elves, although they called them traitors at first. It seems that the air elves and the Windborn are related in some way. They bore a

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message from their master, Sandaster that he wished to see them and speak with them. They said that they would look forward to the meeting and the Windborn vanished into the air.

Moving on we found the bridge we had to pass, but there was some powerful undead spirit there guarding it a Rank 9 Soul Devourer. Long and hard was this battle, but finally we destroyed the spirit, having to cast a cosmic good invocation on it to remove its protections, then destroy its form with power weapons. However in the battle the creature assailed our Halmadonian guide and stole his soul. Slaying it did not return him to health. From then on he accompanied us as a soulless being.

On the other side of the bridge we walked on for a while until we met a trader. She had been on this plane quite a lot and had dealt with both sides in the war, we concluded various deals with her, and discovered that there was a fragment of one of the chaos lords called Maelstrom that had an ice elf with him. We resolved to go to this Maelstrom fragment and “liberate” the Ice elf. Along the way we fought with various chaos beasts of one sort or another, but our skills were easily the match for these challenges. However in one of these the Halmadonian turned on us, his soulless body being taken over by some being or other. We were forced to slay him, after we did so his body decayed to nothing, the effect of the plane.

Finally we confronted this Maelstrom fragment, the ice elf and a number of others. A long and arduous battle was fought, in with all except the wizards were brought down by having Mana drained out of us. The Maelstrom fragment was able to focus the repelling effect of the plane, and as he could only be harmed by magic that was how he used it against us. However our mighty sorcerers, Sargon, Tornado, Giles and Quicksilver were a match for him and destroyed this Maelstrom fragment.

The ice elf having been disabled was brought round and persuaded to take us to his other comrades, all the remaining Ice Elves on the plane. We were greeted with a feast, both food and wine in plentiful quantities. In these pleasant surrounding the initial coldness between our two groups thawed, breaking the ice between us so to speak. Much of the night passed in pleasant carousing, however several important events happened.

We discovered that the ice elves were celebrating their last night of life, for tomorrow they were being sent out to fight Chaos Golems by their master Maelstrom. They were sure to die, for as creatures of magic they were unable to harm the Chaos Golems – creatures that needed power to harm them. We swore to take on this task for them and fight the Chaos Golems in their place. This was the lesser event.

Soon after this they brought out something that they had possessed for five hundred years, ever since they had fled from the battle against the Drow, the Crown of the Ice Elves. There they crowned Quicksilver their king and swore to accept him as their sovereign and accompany him back to the Valley Alliance Towers. The night passed away as did several others, myself included.

Come the morning, we recovered from our night of carousing – slowly. As we were doing so, a strange creature came to fight us, it reflected the damage we were doing back to itself. But it was quite tough, however after several comedy incidents we did, in the end, slay the creature. After that we prepared for the Chaos Golems, the Ice Elves came and told us that they had had the signal and it was time for us to go.

We went to where they directed us and there we fought the Chaos Golems and another of these reflectors. The battle we managed without a great deal of difficulty, for whilst these were powerful creatures we also were might – far mightier than they. After doing this we returned to the domicile of the Ice Elves, and with them travelled back to Orin Rakatha.

Merlin

Merlin, Delta, Tornado, Sister Mary, Giles, Sky, Melkeron, Brother John, Shamal, Sargon, Quicksilver, Jihad.

A few months ago a group of adventurers had encountered a Lich, we were setting out to investigate this occurrence, Liches being quite powerful undead we wished to make sure that nothing untoward was going on.

A day away from the area where the group's report indicated that the Lich may be found, as night approached, we were met by a Pathfinder. He alerted us to the fact that there were a number of Drow in the area and various other creatures roaming the woods. These creatures appeared to be minor Hepaths of some sort, they presented little difficulty to us. Moving to the waystation where we intended to spend the night we found that it was guarded by Shades, and in fact occupied by Sir Termigan – 2nd in command of the Iron Guard. We exchanged harsh words with him, and a brief scuffle broke out, but nothing too serious. Termigan claimed to be acting on his own business refusing to discuss it with us.

After a short while a Drow priestess arrived, accompanied by more shades – ostensibly to perform some sort of deal with Sir Termigan. Whilst there her shades attacked us, Dark Engulfing those who were carrying the lights Delta, Giles and Sky – this somewhat predictably began a fight. Our numbers depleted early this was a hard fight and in the course of it I was slain, however the priestess was also slain and the shades dispatched. Termigan took the body of the priestess and a Doppelganger, one of his retinue, was substituted. It was his intention that the Doppelganger should infiltrate the Drow to discover what was going on. Rumour had come to him that the Drow had a plan afoot against Wolfhold.

After revealing this Sir Termigan left. Somewhat later that night a Drow strike force arrived, seeking to slay those at the waystation – seeking Termigan we believe, not us. This force was dispatched, although the fight was long and arduous. The rest of the night passed uneventfully.

Come the morning we were attacked by what can be best described as a group of Chaos Elementals, we beat these off without a great deal of difficulty. A while later a group of Saldorians arrived and asked us to take a message to people in our towers who came from their world. The message was that there would be a meeting in 2 months time and all Saldorians were being asked to attend, we agreed to pass on this message.

Later, a short while before we were due to set out, a Duergar scout arrived at the Waystation. He told us that various things were going on, and as members of the Free Towers Pact was letting us know – acting under orders from his superior (whom he refused to name).

Apparently Sarn Starstealer had “acquired” an ancient power and was intending to attack Wolfhold, unleashing that ancient power on Wolfhold. This ancient power was a Hepath of great strength and it was believed that it would be capable of destroying the Tower. From our earlier experiences a couple of years before we believed that this was the Hepath from the old plain of Murandir. In turn we revealed some of our information to the Duergar, that the Drow Priestess had been substituted by a Doppelganger, and was attempting to find out what was going on amongst the Drow. The Duergar left to carry word to his master of this, after briefly describing where Sarn's camp was.

After some discussion we decided that we had to stop Sarn and his plans, it was not acceptable that we should let one of our Towers fall. We abandoned our previous mission investigating the Lich to direct our attention to this far more important matter. We set off, travelling to Sarn's camp.

After walking for some time we were set upon by Beleg Aratar (guards of the first three drow houses). These were powerful foes, each of them fully the equivalent of our heroes, with a Shade Prince in attendance. Once more several of our number were Dark Engulfed or Vanished the others being pressed

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hard, perhaps harder than we had ever been pressed before. A long, long battle raged on, back and forth as the flow and ebb changed between the two sides, finally being swung as our warriors returned from Vanish/Engulfment. In the course of this battle Brother John was slain by the many blows that fell upon his body in his feeble-minded state. In the end though we came to an agreement with the Beleg Aratar and suspended hostilities to discuss what was going on.

It seemed that we had been enmeshed in the middle of Drow Politics. Some of the information that we had been given by the Duergar was true and some false, a mixture of the two to deal with us. The Duergar was one of Sarn's minions. The basics were correct, Sarn, had an Ancient Power and was going to destroy Wolfhold. However his alliance with the Power had caused great concern amongst the other Drow Houses, especially the first two, who feared that he would soon be seeking to be first house. Thus the first two were working against him. We had been directed into their forces so that we all fight each other.

We agreed to combine our forces with the Drow against Sarn and to return to the Waystation where we would be contacted later once they had discovered Sarn's whereabouts. Ideally we would seek for the High Priest of the 3rd house and slay him. The ritual of Chetzuk, which had been used to gain the Ancient Power some two years ago had three distinct parts, summon, bind and control, all who had attempted had failed. Sarn's innovation was that he got one person, The High Priest, to perform one part, Sarn performing the other two. It was believed that it would be easiest to deal with the priest rather than Sarn himself.

As dusk fell we were surprised by an undead creature that appeared amongst us, a rank 9 "Eye of the Spider". This creature touched us, seeking knowledge about us, it was unaffected by our weapons, spells and invocations until Giles dispelled it using a Dispel 9.

Tornado, Giles and Sky then revealed that we were being protected in this place by Lord Sandaster's Kryakin who were turning aside most of the Drowic forces that were seeking us. We were told that only the most powerful foes would be able to enter and challenge us, later that proved to be the case when a Lolth AntiPaladin and retinue assailed us. This AntiPaladin was accompanied by another Eye, using its knowledge he fought skilfully, but fell to our blades in the end.

Setting a guard we passed the night. Come the morning Tornado was taken from us, to meet Lord Sandaster, whisked away by Kryakin so Giles and Sky told us. There seemed to be little that we could do to rescue Tornado at this time, but Giles and Sky assured us that he was safe, at this time. A short while later we were contacted by the Beleg Aratar, who had discovered the approximate location of the High Priest. They also told us of the attack upon the forces of Sir Termigan that night, that he had had his forces decimated by the attacks of Sarn's Drow in the night and the Ancient Power. These forces were now approaching us in great numbers.

We set out almost immediately, seeking the High Priest. Along the way we fought with several groups of Drow, being weakened by them, but not too unduly pressed, however each of these attacks slowed us down, allowing the forces approaching to get closer. We were also subject to several chaos effects, radiating out from Giles, originating from the Hepath ring he bore. As we travelled a feeling of doom and despair began to grow upon us. We drew near to the Tor where the High Priest was.

The Ancient Power being but some fifteen minutes behind us. It was then that the trap was sprung upon us, a wave of despair and hopelessness took us, rendering us lost, whilst the forces drew near. We managed to summon our courage and fight off this wave and launched our attack, at that moment as the high priest cast terror on Sky, he was asked mentally if he wished us to be taken to safety. With the unnatural fear of the terror invocation on him sky said "yes" and we were teleported away from the Tor, far away across the face of Orin Rakatha.

Recovering our senses Quicksilver began to recognise the area – we were a day away from the original Dymwann tower, a place Quicksilver had been to before. He advised that we should make for a waystation he knew nearby whilst we took stock of our situation. Meanwhile both Sky and Giles had been in

QUICKSILVER

communication with Lord Sandaster, for it was he who had taken us, seeking to save the Air Elves, his people, from the trap laid for them. Those others of us had been saved by him because we were comrades and friends of Sky and Giles. Melkeron was not with us – this caused us great concern.

Following Quicksilver's directions we passed into a forest, where we were attacked by a group of powerful undead – again Quicksilver had advised us of these, as he had met these guardians of the grove before. Ultimately we defeated these undead, but were so weakened that we had to rest before continuing. Arriving at the waystation Quicksilver knew of we met with the Windborn and Miphon Hurst/Lord Sandaster. The following summarises several hours of conversation.

Lord Sandaster claimed to be the ancient king of the Windborn (which included Air Elves, Kryakin, and many other magical beings). Many thousands of years ago he had fought and lost a war against the Earthborn (humans) and had been imprisoned in the void by a spell cast by three kings. He had been freed recently by Miphon Hurst (the chief Dymwann researcher, head of the Cadre), and had taken Miphon's body.

He did not care about Dymwann or anybody other than his own people. He was seeking to free those others of his people still trapped in the void. He was also greatly concerned about those of his people who were here as well, who had not been imprisoned – Tornado, Giles and Sky. He asked both Giles and Sky to acknowledge him as king and eventually both did. He told us that Tornado had sworn already and had been sent back, but had been attacked. He had sent Melkeron on to heal Tornado.

While at the waystation he had to leave several times to deal with other matters, one of those times we were espied by an undead, that successfully fled into the night, bearing word of our presence. Sandaster then left us, as he was not willing to jeopardise his position with the Dymwann.

Some time later we were attacked by a group of powerful undead. An Unranked Ghost, unranked Minor Spirit of Death, R7 Skeletal Warrior, R9 Mummy. A major fight took place in which Delta was slain by the Spirit of Death – a being that took three resurrections to be laid to rest. After this fight was over Sandaster returned, he raised the defences of the grove to protect us for the rest of the night. At the request of Giles and Sky, Lord Sandaster agreed to search for and teleport us near the High Priest in the morning.

Come the morning the defences of the grove faded, as expected and we were informed that a major group of Dymwann was on its way here to destroy us. Lord Sandaster advised that we should prepare to leave as soon as possible, for we had little time, and a few minutes later teleported us all.

We appeared in a room where there was a statuette of a spider, covering it, for we feared it was being used to spy on us, we left. Discovering where the High priest was we descended upon him and his retinue in our full fury. A battle then raged between us and them in which he and his entire retinue were finally slain. We then travelled back to the towers.

We had broken the binding on the Ancient Power, frustrated Sarn's plans, saving Wolfhold from destruction, preserving our alliance.

Merlin

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SHITTY'S BIT

Welcome to Quad 36. This is sort of a mini quad (*That's what you think. Ed*) as we wanted to get one out before this years Heroquest. Quad 37 should be out on the December theme as normal.

Just a reminder that if you have not received any of your quads for this year (32-35) let me know and I will send them to you immediately.

Bookings, in case any of you have forgotten there is a 50% cancellation fee for any adventure unless at least 8 days notice is given. Please do not ask for this to be waived as I am sure that everyone has a really good reason for having to cancel. Note that if I had not received your payment in advance I will still expect to receive the money by your next adventure.

Thanks to everyone who returned missing kit, we are still looking for a number of robes hoods and tops (particularly black kit) also potion and treasure phys reps would be most welcome.

Mark Roberts (SFB)

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

**Heroquest
14 Grove Crescent
Barnwood
Gloucester
GL4 3JJ**

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 MILLENNIUM PROJECT

The 11 day adventure, due to start on January 6th 2000, is now confirmed. I am now taking names of players who would like to participate. The cost of the adventure will be £500, payable in 5 BI-monthly payments of £100 each, starting in January 1999. Please note these are non returnable deposits.

Just to remind players that this is a mid level adventure and your character will not be allowed to have spent more than 399 points before the start of the adventure. Obviously we will not turn you away just because your character will have 465 points at the start, it just means you cannot spend the last 66 until after the adventure. Each player will gain 240 points for the adventure, we will be time in for approximately 240 hours.

Barry and Alex, the heroes who are taking charge of this project, are looking for referees to volunteer to write and/or run sections of this epic quest, and are also looking for monsters who will monster all or part of the adventure.

This will not be a Heroquest, and at times the going will be somewhat relaxed, however we are looking at the greatest live role playing experience that this club has ever run.

We will not be handing out monster credits for this event, however monsters will be rewarded in other ways. (see Alex for more details!)

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To Destroy the Points of Power.

36 hour, January 2nd - 4th

At the meeting at All Hallows Eve last year High Priest Mian Gravestealer had requested that a group gather to undertake a mission against the Dymwann. Mian had obtained information from 'spies' suggesting that the Dymwann would be attempting to pull the Darkwind out of the Ikarthian Triangle by conducting a rite at all seven Points of Power. Early in the new year, Free Towers Pact forces from numerous Towers were to assemble at an arranged trading-post in order to strike at the Dymwann on the night they were planning to perform this rite.

The group who undertook this mission were Squire Jeff, Gus, Orcus, Puddle, Myrkal, Sargon, Talon, Boltak, Quicksilver, Roland, Rowena, Fern Redberry, Skeeka and Sister Mary. They travelled for several days through the undead ridden lands of Orin Rakatha until they drew near to the rendezvous point, where they encountered a group of humans with an aversion to non-humans. With so many non-humans in the party it was inevitable that combat would break out, but after a difficult struggle, the party triumphed.

Nearing the trading post, the party passed by the camp of the Khalid strike force. On arriving at the trading post, Master Braith, Portal Master of the Wizards Concillium and Zede of the Shadowsfall were already present. The party made themselves at home, resting after many days of travel and discovered that Master Braith would be assisting where necessary with 'transport' and that the Shadowsfall were providing security for the meeting.

During the next hour the leaders of the strike forces arrived to co-ordinate and plan the attacks on the Points of Power the next day, including Ashgar Raze of Morgoth; Sorcha of the Khalid; Orquinn Paingiver, 4th High Priest of House Arduval from Annach Moranani and Mian Gravestealer of Wolfhold. Also present were Gralarin, High Priest of Law from Halmadon's Heights and Golrim Rockmountain of the Bethellim.

Over the course of that evening much information was shared as individual differences were put aside in the need to unite against the Dymwann.

The Halmadonian Gralarin had prepared several scrolls of Control Fleshweaver, but these required that the name of the Fleshweaver be inscribed on the scroll before they could be used. He also had information on different types of Fleshweaver. Most discern as ranked undead in the usual way. Some, however, discern as Walk undead. For example, a Rank 4 Walk Fleshweaver. This apparently, is a Fleshweaver who had done four mistwalks before being turned into an undead. Walk Fleshweavers are not dismissable.

Mian's sources had identified the locations of three camps responsible for the garrison and supply of the seven Points of Power.

Paingiver declared that the Drow had broken the siege against Annach Moranani. He also provided information on the Dymwann Death Squad - a strike force comprising a small number of Dymwann necromancer/wizards, a mummy (cosmic), a wraith (ritual) and a front line of skeletal knights (cosmic). Skeletal Knights are much like skeletal warriors, but are able to use magic and can berserk without provocation.

Ashgar Raze provided little information.

Golrim Rockmountain indicated that the Bethellim were unlikely to be able to provide any particular assistance to the Free Towers Pact because of the siege on their Tower by the Dymwann. Further, they could do with any help that anyone could spare. Nevertheless, once all present had agreed not to slay the Fleshweavers, the names of the missing Mistweavers were provided. Golrim conveyed the message from Mistweaver Ushrak that Fleshweavers must be returned to their original form in order to set to right the balance in Orin Rakatha. If the Fleshweavers remain then creatures killed in Orin Rakatha will reincarnate as undead rather than as hordelings. If Fleshweavers are killed and creatures in Orin Rakatha

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do not reincarnate, the mists will wash across the land with much greater frequency. It is the presence of hordelings that keeps the mists at bay.

Sorcha told those assembled about their investigations into the Points of Power. Each Point of Power is attuned both to a sphere and to an element, and can be melded with. The Point of Power in the Khalid area is attuned to air and evil. They had tried to destroy the Point of Power but this had proved unsuccessful. To operate a Point of Power requires a wizard and a priest (of the relevant element/sphere) and a representation of Orin Rakatha.

The meeting decided that the three controlling camps should be attacked on the following day in order to obtain information about which Fleshweavers would be at which Point of Power, without which, the Control Fleshweaver scrolls would be useless. The meeting would reconvene the following evening to pool information with the intention of striking the Points of Power on the following night to disrupt the ritual. The Drow agreed to attack the camps overnight in order to weaken the defenders. The three strikes would be by the Morgothians, the Khalid and the Alliance group - the most military and warlike groups.

In the morning the Party were portalled to the area of the northern camp by Master Braith. After some time searching the outlying patrols of the camp were encountered - skeletal warriors, wraiths, and shades. These were dealt with effectively but the camp must have been alerted as the next defenders were a Death Squad. For over an hour the battle raged until eventually the Party were driven off. Even weakened from the battle against the Drow that night - the co-ordination and strength of the Death Squad were too great. Fern scouted out the exact location of the camp whilst the combat raged, but as it was occupied he was unable to gain access.

The surviving members of the Death Squad returned to the camp to report, but were soon followed by the Party who attacked once more. Again the group was driven off, this time with losses. Talon was captured and, embodied by a ghoul, was sent out to slay his comrades (along with a skeleton guard). They located the party as they meditated and mnemoniced, but were defeated and Talon healed.

Prepared once more, the party returned to attack the Dymwann camp again and again, being driven off repeatedly by newly created undead - yet they were undaunted. The Dymwann High Priest had called upon his reserves in the area who arrived in threes and fours from all directions. Finally, from amongst those reserves stepped Stealth Nighthawk, who had infiltrated the Dymwann. Using two Harms, one in each hand, Stealth broke the Dymwann front line allowing the Party to reach the High Priest. In the ensuing melee, the skull staff he wielded was broken and he and the remaining defenders were killed. The camp was thoroughly ransacked and all the booty was gathered, including scrolls, potions, books and other information. Gus even found an empowered bottle, wrapped in two scrolls, with the word 'Ugrantoth' written on it, buried a little way from the camp. After a brief chat, Stealth left to avoid compromising his position.

Having ransacked the camp the group returned back to the trading post through the Portal. There they translated the scrolls and letters and prepared for the meeting. From the information recovered, the identity of the Fleshweavers present at two of the Points of Power was clear - and two other were identified with less certainty. In addition, it seemed that the Fleashweavers were bound to the points in some way, and that not every Fleshweaver could be bound to each point.

Once the meeting had reconvened all information was shared. The Morgothian attack had proved fruitless as the camp they went to assail was in fact a small keep and they had not brought siege engines with them, although some information was recovered from Dymwann patrols intercepted. The Khalid attack had gathered some information, but not as much as they had hoped.

The information recovered allowed the spheres and elements of five of the Points of Power to be known with some certainty, together with the names of four of the Fleshweavers attached to those Points of Power. The discussions moved on until the bottle and the word Ugrantoth was mentioned. At that point Ashgar Raze recognised that the word Ugrantoth was a name, the name of the Morgothian High Priest

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who had been originally involved in the construction of the Points of Power and who had been captured by the Dymwann months earlier.

After some brief preparations the spirit of Ugrantoth was summoned by Lord Mian. In return for Ashgar Raze's word that the spirit would be returned to Tharanduil, Ugrantoth agreed to answer a few questions. Most notable of the information provided was the means to destroy the Points of Power and he described the necessary ritual in some detail. It involved the casting of spells and invocations of various ranks in the relevant element and sphere for each Point of Power, together with reciting of certain mantras (the scrolls attached to the bottle) and the placement of material components etc. The ritual was somewhat complicated - no wonder that neither the Khalid nor the Halmadonians had been able to discover it by trial and error.

With this information, the strike groups each selected a Point of Power attuned to a sphere and element that they could cast to an appropriate rank and level, in order that an attempt could be made to destroy each of the points, although this was clearly a secondary objective to disrupting the rituals to retrieve the Darkwind.

The Alliance party chose the Point of Power attuned to the good sphere and green magic; the Morgothians selected the one attuned to hate and white; Mian selected neutral and darkness; while the Khalid chose evil and air. The leaders of the strike teams then left to co-ordinate with their teams and with the intention to arrive at their Point of Power 30 minutes before midnight.

After much preparation the Alliance party passed through the portal constructed by Master Braith. Moving swiftly towards the Point of Power, both Sargon and Quicksilver having visited before, unranked undead flesh creations were encountered. Next, a group of Dymwann defenders, warriors supported by a priest and wizard, approached to prevent high level casting and invoking. The battle raged on for a while before the Fleshweaver appeared. It seemed to take little interest in the battle unless instructed by one of the Dymwann. However, as soon as it was identified as Ratharill it was controlled and turned against the Dymwann, again to little obvious effect. Once the Dymwann were destroyed and the Fleshweaver was told to vanish itself.

The party then began the ritual to destroy the Point of Power, and had almost completed it when the Fleshweaver returned from the vanish. The combatants in the party held it off for a few minutes while the rest completed the ritual. The instant that the Point of Power was destroyed, Ratharill disappeared and two different Fleshweavers turned up and attacked the party. The portal device was triggered and a fighting retreat began under the onslaught of both of the Fleshweavers.

Master Braith on reception of the signal activated the portal, but nobody came through. After a few minutes when still nobody came through, Gralarin and a couple of Shadowsfall went through to investigate, and lend a hand if required. The party were being sorely pressed by both Fleshweavers, and several had fallen. The bodies of the fallen Squire Jeff and Fern Redberry were carried through the portal as the remainder of the group sought to delay the advancing undead. As the Fleshweavers bore down on the portal Master Braith asked "is this everyone? Are you sure?" After being reassured several times he collapsed the portal just as the Fleshweavers came into spell range. Then it was discovered that Boltak had been left behind! The dead were resurrected and plans made to recover the body of Boltak in the morning.

In the morning as preparations were underway to return to the Point of Power, the Fleshweaver Ratharill arrived, casually striding in through the unguarded door. For a few moments, terror and chaos raged around the room until Ratharill said "Good Morning". It transpired that the destruction last night of the Point of Power to which he had been bound had freed him from Dymwann control, and he was now able to act of his own volition. So he had come with an offer. He spoke of a master Point of Power on a demi-plane that lay between Orin Rakatha and the Plane of Shadows, the original source of the Darkwind. He wanted this master Point of Power destroyed otherwise the Dymwann would be able to use it to control him again. In addition, the destruction of the master Point of Power would destroy all the subsidiary ones,

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and close the link to the Plane of Shadows, destroying the Darkwind forever. In return for this he would return the body of Boltak.

The group agreed, and were given one hour to prepare. At this time Ratharill returned with Boltak, still alive, and sent the group through to the demi-plane. The master Point of Power comprised a small building floating in a sea of darkness. Inside the party were confronted by three beings, one of law, one of chaos and one of steel. These were the two spheres and one element missing from the seven Points of Power in Orin Rakatha. The creature of law asked their purpose, speaking only to Myrkal, a Drow mage. He told the creature that they sought to destroy this Point of Power, whereupon, he was given a riddle to solve. He was told that if he answered correctly the destruction would be complete, otherwise they would be driven from this place by the defenders - gesturing at the other beings that accompanied him.

Unfortunately the Party were unable to solve the riddle and a battle ensued. Not only did the party have to defeat the embodiments of chaos and steel, but also similar creatures of all other elements and spheres, who attacked in waves. These were powerful creatures who attacked without respite. As one of the creatures fell, its element or sphere could no longer be cast or contacted - and at the same time - the building became slightly less stable. When finally, all the creatures had been defeated, the building and the master Point of Power dissolved completely, returning the battered but victorious party to Orin Rakatha, satisfied that they had forever destroyed the menace of the Darkwind.

The short names of missing Mistweavers, as provided by Ushrak:

Denthor	Ratharill	Lanthrithian	Grothill
Carash-Angal	Ashfiboy	Morthalla	Ashalantra
Goblekdrul	Shorilith	Zentul	Durlfurbol

On behalf of the Alliance, I wish to thank all those who participated in this historic and important event. Further, I would like to make clear that the Alliance has made an undertaking to avoid killing Fleshweavers.

The report of this mission was deliberately delayed to avoid compromising various field operatives, from all Towers, at work gathering information both for the Alliance and for the Free Towers Pact. Sadly, however, as these underground activities were recently made most public, it had been necessary to withdraw many such agents from enemy territory. Eight individuals are still unaccounted for - none of them from Wolfhold!

Lord Mian Gravestealer

Who is your Greatest Enemy ?

72 hour, August 20th - 23rd

Amethyst, Grey-Cloud, Thorn, Dreams-Of-Shadows, Bo-Chek, Virana, Renown, Althea, Sven, Annatherion, Jharkor, Khazanth.

We had been dispatched by the Valley Towers for a routine Patrol, to seek out and destroy the lesser undead of the Dymwan. What started out as an uneventful trek soon became far from normal.

DAY 1 For two weeks my group led by Amethyst of the Grey Gauntlet wandered along many paths encountering no more than a handful of skeletons and zombies. On the fourteenth day, as evening approached we encountered a group of the Dymwan with many undead servants. Attempts to talk to them proved useless; they attacked us and we defeated them.

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At this point three of our scouting group came running back shouting that everything had changed. Confused, we moved ahead to find ourselves in a clearing with a lone figure in red lounging carelessly against a tree.

Annatherion, a priest of Humact, confirmed that we were no longer on Orin Rakatha. The stranger spoke of many things but mainly asked us 'Who is your greatest enemy?' Answers of 'the Dymwan' and 'undead' were met with sneers. He told us to consider a much wider picture. Our failure to provide a suitable answer angered him, and with a wave of his hand we found ourselves back in Orin Rakatha. Unfortunately, many of the party had put their weapons down and these had been left behind. We met a Priest with his followers who demanded two sacrifices; we refused and were attacked by the priest, his followers and the wolf-beast that he unleashed. The fight was hard; many of us were poorly armed due to the suddenness of the travel. With bodies lying strewn about, the scene changed again and ! we were back in the clearing with the man in red. Amethyst angered by the dangerous situation he had placed us in demanded that we were returned home. Following a discussion Starfall was chosen as our destination. Once again great magics were used and with the wave of his hand we found ourselves in a ready-made camp.

A Thissessin was waiting for us, along with his two Dymwan guards. He said that his elders had told him we were coming and that this was the Place of the Shrine, a neutral area where anyone could come and pray. Any attacks on another would be dealt with severely. He left saying that a guide would be sent in the morning to take us to the shrine. The rest of the evening went quickly with visits from a group of Saldorians and Shadowsfall who were also here to see the shrine.

DAY 2 A wet morning dawned and we were led along a treacherous path to the Shrine, nothing more than a rocky curve in a river attended by two Thissessin. Amethyst spoke to them at length and then sat down to meditate. I spoke to one attendant who told me that the area we stood in was the first place a Mystic was ever seen on Orin Rakatha, and that all those who contemplated here were blessed with luck and sometimes granted visions. Amethyst received a vision this day of all the Tower leaders bar one gathered at the time of reckoning with a high pitched voice laughing maniacally in the background.

A muddy trek got us back to camp, meeting naught but a few helpful Thissessin guides. A few hours after mid-day a Dymwan appeared and declared that we should be ready for a meeting with Al-see Sibon head of the fifth Dymwan tower. He arrived accompanied by a female spectral assassin and proceeded to exchange information with us. He told us that the reason for the withdrawal of nearly all the powerful undead was not due to fear. He said "There will be one huge strike, all on the same day, destroying you all in one long night, you cannot hope to win unless something is done now". With that his assassin commanded Thorn one of our scouts to give her the scroll tube that in his beguiled state he had unknowingly stolen from the Thissessin Shrine. Al-see Sibon then left warning us that the Thissessin were out looking for our blood.

We ran looking for a new place to shelter, the Thissessin once our allies were seeking to kill us all. Words and apologies were ignored in their vengeful attacks for the sacrilege of the shrine. Cutting a desperate path through them we came upon Amber, Artegels aide in the Rangers Guild who hearing of our dilemma directed us to a cave in which to hide whilst the pathfinders located us a new camp hidden from prying eyes.

The cave was empty, so we hid in darkness and silence. The Thissessin must have had trackers out because they still came, and though talks were initiated in the end we had silence them permanently.

At this point it was thought that there must have been a big sign over the cave entrance, as two women, travellers from another plane who professed to have great control of fire magic's, approached us. They would not speak to any males, but in the end agreed to think about our proposal for magical transportation, saying that they would find us once they had considered things.

Amber returned, and gave our scouts directions to a camp they had set up for us, she also warned us that though it was in a hidden valley some Dymwan undead had wandered into the area. The undead destroyed we at last had chance to rest though Amber had a suspicion that the Thissessin had hired the Shadowsfall to kill us all, Free towers pact or not.

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The night was a long one with everyone alert for assassins. Eventually they came, and with no thought to the Free Towers Pact they attacked. Many elixirs were used that night and only a brief respite from the Shadowsfall stopped the whole group from dying. In the morning we knew we would have to move again.

DAY 3 One of Amber's rangers informed us that a druid had been contacted and had agreed to Tree-shift us to the Valley Alliance Tower. All we had to do was travel out of the Dymwan lands and into the borders of the Saldorians lands to get to a predestined meeting place. (A note at this point confirms the existence of the Dymwan tower and the Saldorian tower near Starfall Lake).

A few magical creatures of the Saldorians were encountered, and as we walked up a steep hill on a well travelled road we encountered our first human Saldorians. The non-human members of our group waited down hill whilst we negotiated passage. It seemed that the Saldorians had a few hundred people upon the hill performing military manoeuvres, and there was no way it would be possible to travel over it. Being a reasonable man the Saldorian agreed that if we went back to the border he would send a scout to show us a different path through. The scout arrived and took us to a Saldorian camp where a meeting was arranged to discuss safe travel.

Amethyst being a dwarf had to step down as spokesperson and Virana, priest of the Seers went forward with Sven a barbarian warrior to guard her. Simply put the negotiations involved all of the non-human with us being put to the sword and Virana refused. At this point a Saldorian warrior killed Virana, and the man in charge of the negotiations spoke a word and exiled Sven to a place of magic and darkness. This fight was a hard one, probably the hardest yet I have faced; more elixirs were used as well as all of the acolytes power. The fight ended with none of our warriors or mages standing. One powerless White Path acolyte, a troll and a scout were all that could move. The Saldorians were searched and a scroll was found which was used to revive Dreams so he could deal with the wounded. Amber found us in this state and agreed to bring the druid to us. After meditation and healing we travelled to a nearby grove where the tree-shift was done.

Our new camp was owned by the Free Towers Pact and was only 6 days north of the White retreat. A number of people were already using the camp but soon moved on. We expected a quiet night though Amber returned to tell us of undead patrols. A Dymwan patrol attacked that evening, though all I can remember is the word "Death" as a dark priest grabbed me. I was resurrected and the next thing I was aware of was a wounded and hungry man entering our camp looking for shelter. He told a story of being a Kallid clerk and that he had fled upon discovering a great secret that threatened our towers. He would not speak of this secret until he gained the safety of a tower. Then a Shadowsfall group arrived, and even though it was not confirmed that a Kalid was with them Amethyst decided to avoid a fight and hand him over.

That night we slept well protected by the powers of Isaac, a priest of Humact.

DAY 4 The rained poured down, and though the weather bad Amethyst decided that we had better make haste to the White Retreat. After fighting our way through a few Dymwan patrols the rest of the journey became routine.

Renown, Ranger of the Valley Alliance.

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Potion Price List - Alliance Tower (Prices are in Gest)

Miscellaneous Potions	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Strength (15 mins max.)	10									
Double Strength*(15 mins max.)					20	30		40		
damage on expiry of *					40	20		0		
Dexterity	4	8	12	16	20	28	36	44	52	60
Elixir of Life	6	12	18	24	30	40	50	60	70	80

Beneficial Potions	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Cure Disease	5				10			20		
Remove Pain	5									
Stop Bleeding			5							
Cure 10 Locational	5									
Cure 10 Total Life	5									

Harmful Potions	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Blade Venom	8	16	24	32	40					
Character Life damage inflicted	6	12	20	30	48					
Monster Hits inflicted	3	5	10	15	25					

Alchemical Blanks	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Home Magical Blanks	7.5	10	12.5	15	20	25	30			
Away Magical Blanks	7.5	10	12.5	15	25	30	35			
Neutral Power Blanks	7.5	10	12.5	15	20	25	30			
Good / Evil Power Blanks	7.5	10	12.5	15	25	30	35			

Cost of Buying Ink	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Ink for single-use scrolls	5	10	15	20	25	30	35			
Ink for reusable scrolls	5	7.5	10	12.5	15	17.5	20	22.5	25	27.5

Potion Price List - White Retreat (Prices are in Gest)

Beneficial Potions	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Cure Disease	4				8			16		
Remove Pain	4									
Stop Bleeding			4							
Cure 10 Locational	4									
Cure 10 Total Life	4									
Venom Antidote	2	4	6	8	10	12	14	16	18	20
Damage Negated	5	10	15	20	25	30	40	50	60	70

Miscellaneous Potions	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Strength (15 mins max.)	15									
Double Strength*(15 mins max.)					30	40				
damage on expiry of *					40	20				
Dexterity	5	10	15	20	25	35	45			
Elixir of Life	6	12	18	24	30	40	50	60	70	80

Alchemical Blanks	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Home Magical Blanks	7.5	10	12.5	15	20	25	30			
Away Magical Blanks	7.5	10	12.5	15	25	30	35			
Good Power Blanks	7.5	10	12.5	15	20	25	30			
Neutral Power Blanks	7.5	10	12.5	15	25	30	35			

Cost of Buying Ink	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Ink for single-use scrolls	5	10	15	20	25	30	35			
Ink for reusable scrolls	5	7.5	10	12.5	15	17.5	20	22.5	25	27.5

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Potion Price List - Wolfhold (Prices are in Gest)

Harmful Potions	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Insinuating Venom										
Blade Venom	6	12	18	24	30	40	50			
Character Life damage inflicted	6	12	20	30	48	70	100			
Monster Hits inflicted	3	5	10	15	25	35	50			
Sleep			10	20	30	40	50			
Slow							50			
Ingestive Venom										
Sleep					20					
Slow						30				
Paralysis							40			

Miscellaneous Potions	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Strength (15 mins max.)	15									
Double Strength*(15 mins max.)					30		40			
damage on expiry of *					40		20			
Dexterity	5	10	15	20	25	35	45			
Elixir of Life	6	12	18	24	30	40	50	60	70	80

Beneficial Potions	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Cure Disease	6			12			24			
Cure 10 Locational		6								
Cure 10 Total Life		6								

Alchemical Blanks	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Home Magical Blanks	7.5	10	12.5	15	20	25	30			
Away Magical Blanks	7.5	10	12.5	15	25	30	35			
Evil Power Blanks	7.5	10	12.5	15	20	25	30			
Neutral Power Blanks	7.5	10	12.5	15	25	30	35			

Cost of Buying Ink	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Ink for single-use scrolls	5	10	15	20	25	30	35			
Ink for reusable scrolls	5	7.5	10	12.5	15	17.5	20	22.5	25	27.5

SEND REQUESTS TO SFB. POTIONS ARE ONLY AVAILABLE IF A CHARACTER IS GOING ON A FORTHCOMING ADVENTURE

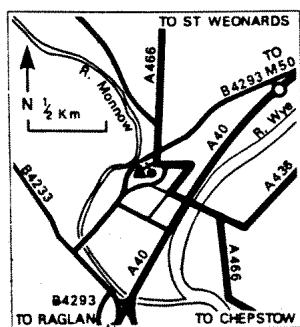
PLEASE REMEMBER TO ENCLOSE AN SAE WITH YOUR REQUESTS

MORMOUTH

HOW TO GET THERE

Near the town centre adjacent to where the River Monnow runs along Priory Street.

☎ 162 ☎ 508130 ☎ 13

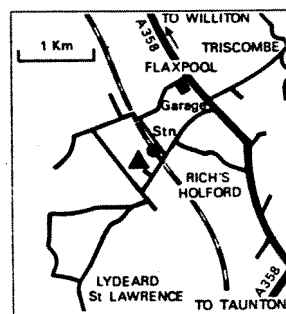


CROWCOMBE HEATHFIELD

HOW TO GET THERE

A385 from Taunton 10m. Turn left at Triscombe Cross signposted Crowcombe Station. Hostel 3/4m on right after railway bridge.

☎ 181 ☎ 138339 ☎ 4



A group of us were assembled in order to carry out a mission: Zilvan Taranthson, Taro, Virana, Cadera, Jerimiaha, Daz, Ariel, Lenore, Gilrayne, Sven, Draxos, Erf, Bochek

Recently the Saldorians had established a tower on Orin Rakatha, this tower is a three year experiment by the Saldorians in interaction with non-humans. Perhaps to see if there may be a better way rather than the unceasing war advocated in times past. Many Saldorians had over the last few years fled to Orin Rakatha from a war on their plane and had taken up residence within diverse towers, as suited their natures. Those Saldorians were being invited to return to the Tower of Saldor. One of those was Kiefer Shaurshid, who was within the White Retreat. With the approval of the Fellowship he had returned to the tower, leading a goodly number of others back, because of this he has been appointed to the position of Repatriation Officer of the Saldorian Tower. We were to meet with him and to attempt to persuade members of the Free Thought Society (a persecuted, secret group of Saldorians who are friendly to non-humans) to return to the Saldorian Tower under his aegis, in order that they may influence the experiment for the better.

In preparation for this mission we sought aid from our various guilds or from friends. I was given an experimental amulet made by Shorak, a Hospitaller High Priest. This amulet granted me the knowledge of many specific Hospitaller invocations that I would not normally be able to cast. Virana was also granted a vision, in the form of a poem that may prove of significance.

*When moon dances over fallen star
He cherishes the bones of true human beings
Stone that dreams called Elias from afar
And hid him from the Dymwan seeings*

We set off travelling to a nominated waystation, and there we met with Kiefer. We discussed with him at some length the Saldorians, who and what they were – I have summarised this in another document. As to the specifics of this mission he advised us that it was best that we should meet with Elias Tarakasha – whom he understood was a member of the Free Thought Society and would be able to guide us to others. Not knowing of the current location of Elias he advised that we should seek him in his last location. I had met Elias some time back in the area around Starfall Lake, where he had been organising the Towerless, and we agreed that we should travel there and begin our search in the area.

We walked for a week or so, arriving in the area around Starfall Lake in early evening. Our initial search was eventually successful and we found some of the Free Peoples of Starfall. They told us that Elias had left them several months ago, intending to travel to the Valley Alliance Tower and that he had not been seen since. His replacement, organising the Free Peoples of Starfall was someone called only “captain”, and we intended to meet with him to see if he knew any more about Elias’ travel plans – for Elias had certainly not arrived at our Towers.

As dusk fell, we encountered a Barbarian, one of the members of a tribe that was in the area – the Showanabbey. She told us about the surrounding area and indicated where we might meet one of her tribes Shaman. We resolved to travel there. On the way we encountered a group of Dymwann acolytes and powerful undead. As we neared the place where the Shaman was we met a group of Halmadonians, on Free Towers Pact business. They had been attacked by a group of Dymwann, their leader an Elven Knight of the order of Silvarnus had lost his enchanted blade in the fight. We agreed to be on the watch for these Dymwann, and should we gain the blade return it.

Arriving at the place where the Shaman was, Gilrayne spoke with him, he persuaded the barbarians to let us shelter with them for the night – peoples from the Valley Tower were known here from actions in times past and we were welcomed as friends from afar. Taking council with the Shaman we told him the rhyme and he left to ask the spirits of his ancestors for aid. Some while later one of the barbarians came and told us of a group of Dymwann that were roaming the area, causing the usual havoc of such evil folk. Their

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description matched closely the description we had been given by the Halmadonians earlier, and so we went to fight them. Travelling swiftly through the night, we encountered them within a mile or so of where we had been and set to the battle. They were a fearsome foe, the leader being armed with a weapon that had a spirit of blight embodied within it, any who he struck were afflicted with a blight invocation. But in the end we triumphed and they fell before us, being slain by Sven's mighty two handed blade. Returning to the Shaman's encampment we met the Halmadonians who had heard that the Dymwann was here. We returned the Elven knights blade to him. Taking our leave of them – for they were going to try find the Dymwann camp and ensure that it was cleansed we returned to the Showanabbey.

There the Shaman returned and told us that he had spoken with his ancestors – he would send us a guide in the morning who would escort us to the Stone that Dreams, a holy site of theirs, that lay beyond the elf haunted woods. His ancestors had shown him that there lay our quest. We then exchanged gifts to bind friendship between the alliance towers and the Showanabbey, us giving them the bone weapon of the Dymwann as a battle trophy and they giving us an amulet as instructed by their ancestors.

We slept that night, awakening in the morning. I was a little confused in the morning, seeming to think that I would be travelling between our towers, after a few moments I recovered myself and felt no other ill effects. Our guide arrived and we set off into the elf haunted woods. In there the bodies of our elven comrades were taken over by the ancient elven spirits of the woods, and we were enmeshed in a battle that the elven spirits and human spirits fought with each other. Using the powers of Shorak's amulet I managed to cast the spirits of the elves out of the bodies and we fled through the woods to the far side.

After resting we were to travel on where members of another tribe the Bearwalkers came at us. The Bearwalkers and the Showanabbey are opposed to each other and they sought to slay our guide – we fought back and defeated them, but in the battle Cadera was nearly slain, having his throat slit. I then healed him, once more using the power of the Amulet, it granted me knowledge of Resurrection. However, this casting which was greater than my normal ability, left me weakened and I was somewhat taken over believing myself to be Shorak. After a while I recovered from this and was strong enough to press on.

Far off in the distance we saw the Stone of Dreams, and figures upon and around it. As we neared it still some half-hour's journey away we met a spirit. This spirit was one of the ancestors awakened from the Stone of Dreams by those who were tainting it. The spirit pleaded with us to aid them and stop those at the Stone. From the descriptions, it sounded as though first Dymwann had been at the stone, and now Kalid.

Arriving at the stone, it was indeed Khalid who were there, our discussions broke down and a fight broke out. In truth I must admit that I was the one who struck the first blow, my eagerness for battle against evil leading me into hasty, imprudent action. The Khalid were mighty foes though but we finally triumphed over them but not without loss. Daz was slain in the fight as he fought three alone atop the Stone of Dreaming.

I then set about resurrecting Daz, whilst Virana cast her invocations to determine the truth of the Stone. I cast a cosmic resurrection on Daz, once more drawing on the knowledge of the Amulet. After I did that I was severely weakened and confused for such a casting was far beyond me. My mind and that of Shorak became as one and my thoughts became as his. For a long while I was in this state, but I began to recover slowly and become more myself. Virana's probing revealed that there were a number of people imprisoned within the stone, and that they were protected by spells – we guessed that these might be Elias Tarakasha and close associates, so we dispelled these spells. Our suspicion was correct as figures appeared and I recognised Elias Tarakasha amongst them.

We spoke with them at great length, discussing the situation, why we had sought him, what Kiefer's intentions seemed to be and what he hoped would be accomplished by having members of the Free Thought Society return to the Tower of Saldor. We persuaded him to our point of view finally. He would investigate what we had said and then he would return. The Free Thought Society is divided up into small numbers, and each member knows only a few others, that way they preserve themselves so that should one

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be revealed not all would fall. He intended to contact some members of the Free Thought Society and we were given a name of a member of the Free Thought Society, who I shall call A and his approximate location.

We then left Elias Tarakasha, both going our separate ways in order to accomplish our tasks. We travelled for three days, moving to the edge of the Maeglor Swamps. In that area we met some Towerless, these Towerless were quite angry with the Alliance folk, for one of our adventuring groups in the area had slain many of their kin recently. Erf was one of those who had been in this area and after we made our leave from the Towerless told us some more of what had happened. He had gone to clear an area where Sir Loren De Hal was going to meet and escort King Michael back, and in the course of that had fought the Sons of Entropy who were leading groups of Towerless, these were the people who had been killed. Sir Loren had been waylaid, not arriving for the meeting and the group Erf was with had escorted King Michael back.

Down into a forested area we continued our search for A. It was growing dark, when we encountered a group of Dymwann, a powerful Acolyte along with a Rank 5 Zombie Troll and a Rank 4 Zombie. These we fought, the Acolyte fled whilst his undead held us back. Ariel set off in pursuit of the Acolyte, chasing him into a building where several others waited, he was overmatched. Meanwhile the rest of us destroyed the two powerful undead. Preparing our assault on the building we found that it was now emptied, the Dymwann having fled, but leaving behind one who was badly wounded, unconscious with a broken leg. Unfortunately, in the confusion he was slain out of hand by Erf.

With four days of travel and evening drawing in we decided to rest in a building and restock our supplies. Later that evening a group of Azard-An entered – this was not as we had supposed a Dymwann base, but it was an Azard-An base. After a few initial tense moments we fell into easy camaraderie with them, the fact that we had recently killed a group of Khalid and Dymwann drawing us close together. Amongst their number was the man we were looking for, A. He seemed quite an affable fellow, although a little suspicious of us, but we managed to persuade him and impress him with our capabilities. Both Cadera and Ariel matched him drink for drink as the wines and spirits flowed freely, seeing as we were such good fellows he agreed to return to the Tower of Saldor and gave us the name of his contact O and his location – down by the Rainbow Lake. The Azard-An left us the shelter for the night, as they had another prepared for them in the area and wished to continue hunting the Dymwann in the area. It seems that there was some sort of portal in the area, to a plane called Maeglor, and the Dymwann were busy trying to use it.

In the morning I awoke in a confused state, dreams of being attacked by hordes of nasty undead, a skeletal warrior, getting hit with power and berserking on me. Then I awoke, drenched in sweat. I fear for the worst, something had befallen Shorak, for the Amulet I wear is a connection. This episode does not bode well.

While preparing to leave we are attacked by a group of Dymwann, we manage to defeat them after a long, drawn out battle. We travel for some three weeks towards the Rainbow Lake. Upon arrival we begin asking people around if they know of O. He is known, but it seems that he is quite a dodgy bloke, several people have some suspicious things to say about him. We spent a couple of days travelling around the shore.

We met a group of Saldorians who were scouting out the area for the route that they should take to get to the lake come the next Time of Reckoning. We did not fight, but went our separate ways, although the situation was tense with so many non-humans in our party. We fought with several groups of Lizardmen as we walked along the beach, eventually encountering a Lizardman Shaman. I was unconscious for this, as I had overcast, but the Shaman was persuaded to point us to O. We left and went where we had been directed. Upon a cliff top we fought with O's defenders, more Lizardmen, including a very powerful warrior. The combat was long and hard, and we were triumphant in the end. We had to use up several elixirs and we had a number of broken bones as well, but fortunately nobody died. I was one of those elixired, and when I recovered I found that had a craving for blood and flesh, although in my weakened condition I could do little about it. After a while I recovered myself, but I could feel some unclean

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presence about me. I will admit to feeling a certain degree of fear, not only for what had happened to Shorak, but also for what was happening to me through our link. Still now we could meet with O.

We discussed the situation with O, and he explained why he had set his guards against us. Having seen us talking with the Lizardman Shaman, with whom he had a rivalry he had thought we were coming to slay him. We explained about the Tower of Saldor but were unable to persuade him to return immediately. He said that he would watch the situation and if those others who returned were treated well he too would return. He did however give us a tracking device that would lead us onto the next contact M which Ariel carried. We then took our leave of him.

We travelled on North West for some three days, during this time we had a few encounters with undead and one or two with hordelings, then as we continued to follow the intensity of the encounters with the undead suddenly and dramatically increased. Several wave of undead came at us, powerful ghouls, zombies and skeletons. Half of the party were paralysed and badly wounded by the time we had defeated these. Healing up we then pressed on much more cautiously.

Erf scouting ahead, discovered a building protected with a spirit of some sort. Moving up and discerning it revealed it to be a Rank 5 Spirit of Evil. Striking it with powered weapons was no good, but a Bless and a Protection from Evil dismissed it. We moved in, past what were the perimeter guards of this necromancer domicile, for surely such was M, the tracking amulet indicated that he was still inside. The building was clearly warded, only Erf and Taro could penetrate. Entering they fought with a powerful guardian spirit/elemental, withdrawing time and time again to be healed up and recast spells. Meanwhile from around the building came a Rank 6 Spirit of Evil, I sought to dispel this one as I had the last, but this time I was unsuccessful as the spirit struck first and I was drained of my power, knocked unconscious.

Finally Erf and Taro slew the inner guardians and from the inside destroyed the ward so all could enter, we found M. on the inside, dead, wearing Dymwann colours. However some in the party recognised him from previous encounters. While we were in the room another undead emerged from a sealed area, and began to guard us, a Skeletal Warrior! The Spirit of Evil and the Skeletal Warrior began to patrol, keeping us trapped in the room, whilst we planned our escape and questioned the body of Malvinious.

He told us that he was indeed from Saldor, would indeed return to the Tower of Saldor and tell us what his contact was if we would resurrect him, he would say no more than that. At about this time Lord Mian Gravestealer entered the building, wanting to know who was messing around in his bodybank. There were initially a few tense moments, but these were got past, and we mostly explained what we were doing there. Lord Mian agreed to aid us, but in return elicited an agreement that we will aid him in doing a mission in the future – he indicated that this mission would probably have something to do with converting Fleshweavers back into Mistweavers. Lord Mian used his fell arts upon the body to compel it to answer our questions, and we gained the name and probable location of M.'s contact, W.

We rested that night in the Necromancers bodybank and then set off on our three-day trek to W. Arriving near the area we met a group of Hordelings that claimed goblins were being stolen or taken away – this would inevitably escalate to us being accused and then degenerate into a fight. One goblin that we did find indicated that lots of their mates had been vanishing around a building, the indication was that this was the building where we would find W. On our way to the building we encountered a group of Saldorians, and managed to avoid a fight, but only just, they were in the area, searching for something or someone – although they did not state it explicitly we guessed that they were looking for W.

We arrived at a building and found it warded. Dispelling the first ward released a group of goblins protecting an ogre. We could not seemingly affect the goblins, whatever we did to them had no effect. We got through to the ogre slew it and then we could affect the goblins. Reaching the house we found more wards, and when we released those more creatures were released and battled us. Much magics were evident at this time and place. Clearly the owner of this mansion would be a member of the Wizards Concillium. Getting into the house we were met by a Hephath, who tasked us with riddles and other challenges. Throughout this time we fought with what appeared and attacked us, mostly Hordelings of some.

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The first challenge was to leave the room, we found a secret way through the cupboard and four were able to gain entry before a force wall prevented any others from doing so. There was a room that had in it beams of force that paralysed or harmed one that touched it, our scouts ventured within and managed to obtain the key which allowed us to open the door and continue within the house. This completed our task. As a reward we were allowed to eat and drink, before more riddles were placed before us, riddles that we correctly divined the answer to. While eating and drinking Virana confirmed that there were things that she wouldn't do, "not even for a big clock" were her words.

After we reassumed the riddling I was taken and had to identify a creature in total darkness by touch, the creature was a Minotaur, Sven similarly had to identify a creature, an Ogre Mage, again a success. We had surmounted the second task. We then had to master a room upstairs, this involved divining which room it was and then the correct people, we had to send mages, each of the appropriate element, to take out their corresponding foe. The mage was immune to the relevant element and had to grasp it, but that element could strike back. For those of us not involved we were listening to the fight as it went on upstairs, the Half troll Bocheck providing a running commentary of what was happening to him that had us in stitches.

After that we answered one final riddle, the Hephath vanished saying "your tasks are now complete, as are mine." There we met the mistress of the house, and it was indeed W. whom we were looking for. After speaking to her at some length we did persuade her to return to the Tower of Saldor. However there was a problem, she was being hunted by a group of Saldorians – we think the group we had met that morning, and now we had taken her defences down she was unprotected. We agreed to defend her against them. Setting guards we waited through the night.

During the night, whilst I slept, something happened to Taro. A group of Drow had approached him, and had confronted him about some dreams, nightmares he had been having. He had been turned away from the path of light and lured down into the path of darkness, he had committed himself to the path of his race, swearing his soul to evil as a paladin of evil, betraying the Crusaders. He gloated about it, and about the fact that he still had the armour loaned to him from the crusaders and a pass into the crusaders.

Come the morning we were ready to defend the house against the Saldorians. It was indeed the group we had met the previous day – our meddling had put the lady at risk. We fought several running battles against them, feigned attacks and similar, scouts sneaking up from one side or another. One time we were drawn too far off and a Wizard managed to get into the house. He made it into one of the warded rooms, into which we could not enter. We had to wait for him to emerge, but in the time he had he was able to teleport the others into the house and they all burst out upon us.

The battle against these powerful foes was full upon us, quarter was neither offered nor asked. Whilst their numbers were lesser than ours they were powerful foes indeed, being the equivalent of Wizards and Priests and Champions against us as Mages, Acolytes and Warriors. Long and hard the battle raged as one side then the other would be pressing hard. I myself overcast blessing off a mass curse and missed the last few minutes of the fight, but in the end we were triumphant and they were all slain. Our victory was not without cost, for Ariel had been slain in the course of the battle.

We resurrected him and greeted W. as she emerged from the sealed, warded area she had taken refuge in. She told us that she was the last member of this chain of the Free Thought Society, and that she knew of no more other than M. who had directed us to her. As M. was now dead we told her of O. that she might re-establish contact with other members of the Free Thought Society.

Zilvan Tarantson, Cadet of the Order of King Michael.

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Briefing on the state of the War

The war with the Dymwann is still in full force. The reports we had at the Time of Reckoning concerning victories over the Dymwan were mostly minor, we now know that they withdrew most of their forces in readiness for something - as yet we know not what. However we have had a number of reports from recent valley missions -

Mossflower Wood Part 2

The assassins guild have confirmed that the Morgothians have slain a member of the Dymwan chancellery, unfortunately it seems that Sir Jal-Aralak has pushed on to Froghorn wood where he encountered a large number of high ranking undead, many of which were free willed. We are awaiting a full report on what occurred.

Halmadons Height

A report from the White Retreat -

Seeking to capitalise on the recent successes against the Dymwan the Halmadonians sent forth a larger force into the Crown of Haval. This is a copy of the report from Menagarion Tendariel of Pax Sylvani. We initially met with success and all the forces encountered fell back or were slain.

However this was not the case as we ventured further into the woods. A large pavilion had been erected in a clearing and as soon as we came close the sky darkened as flight after flight of arrows arched into our forces. Seeking cover we retreated into the tree line only to realise we had been flanked by a force of skeletal warriors and ghastrs. As we turned to face this new threat the undead and necromancers before the pavilion charged forward as one with a great war cry uttered by a hundred Dymwan throats hungry for our blood.

Realising too late that we would be trapped I led a sortie through the skeletal warriors. Only 1 in 10 of my companions joined me in breaking through the undead, turning back we saw the Dymwan at their foul work and our companions rising jerkily to take their places amongst the undead. Seeing all was lost we were forced to flee for our lives and shamed I gave the order to retreat.

The horror was not over though. As we neared our lines we saw a large force of men in blue and gold. Letting out a ragged cheer my men put on a last burst of speed to gain the safety in front whilst the skeletal warriors and ghastrs nipped at our heels. As we got closer we saw that the blue and gold was ragged and bloody and we faced an even larger force of zombies in front. At the sight some of my men fell to their knees in despair and I desperately cast about for a means of escape. The cry - every man for himself, was taken up by the men and we ran off in all directions hoping against hope that some of us would get away. As the sun sank out of sight my only company was the screams of my men and the stench of bodies long gone to rot.

I thanked my ancestors every time my woodland skills helped me to avoid group after group of necromancers and undead. I reached Dwimfourth as the sun rose, exhausted and bloody, my eyes wide with fear and horror. It will be a long time before I can once more venture into woods at night.

The Halmadonians lost a significant portion of their forces in the Crown of Haval and are now hemmed in at the pass of Jade with a large force occupying both banks of the river from the crown of Haval to the Greenheart.

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Neutral Power

On our last mission we were forced to take cover as a force of undead and Dymwan numbering over 100 passed by. After much discussion our pathfinder followed them to their camp. We waited till the Dymwan were encamped and controlled some of the outlying undead replacing them (with a bit of disguise) with our own party. Our neutral priest then controlled a ghast and got it to paralyse 2 of their human guards, we replaced these and overheard that the group were rendezvousing with other similar forces to lure the Bethelim army into a trap.

We managed to cover our presence very well and retreated, the information was quickly passed onto the Shadowfall who were in a position to contact the Bethelim through a nearby Wizards Concillium group.

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Extracts from a report by seeker no 15 assigned to the Gilden hills.

...the Wraiths were still there when I returned later. One had a sword, another wore a ring and a third had a bone necklace. I again gained entry to the ruin by climbing through the trees. This time the campfires were absent and the Chancellor had gone.

There were a couple of sleeping Dymwan whose throats I opened without alerting the Wraiths. Digging through the ashes I was able to retrieve fragments of some reports the Chancellor had been reading. Without stopping to read them I stuffed them in my pouch and began the long dangerous climb out of the ruins...

when I had enough light to read by I searched through the reports. The largest fragment read:

.....Blood-Drinker. He has the Skull Rod and after visiting a Druid in Dragur has managed to fix it. I followed him to Maeglor as you asked....

....a shame for such a unique item to....

.....heading to Starfall Lake to meet with Xulhakuar, I shall follow and continue to report until I receive orders to the contrary.

Otion Wraithchild

As I finished reading I heard a noise and gathering up my things I crawled further into the cave...

***Sergeant Quicksilver OKM
Purple Mage, Cabal Intelligence Specialist***

QUAD XXXV

Time Of Reckoning Theme

7th - 9th August

At the recent Time of Reckoning, the Valley Alliance camps reported seeing several groups of high ranking undead travelling around Rainbow Lake. One such group comprised of an Unranked Wight Chieftain, named Rockwolf, and a horde of undead barbarians, which was destroyed by a valley group on patrol, lead by the sorcerers Quicksilver and Tornado.

Due to their success in dealing with Rockwolf, the same camp of Valley adventurers were asked to deal with another undead group who were travelling by a little too close for comfort to the Valley Guildleaders camp.

The Valley adventurers failed to intercept the undead who passed right by one of the camps. The undead fortunately, seemed to have other business and when encountered on the path, the adventurers let them pass. The group was discerned and had within its company a Rank 8 Scribe of the Sleepless as well as a Rank 6 Clerk and a Rank 5 Usher of the Sleepless and some other minor undead.

Sir Loren de Hal, who was meditating at the camp, was seen to be dismayed when he came around, that such a group had been allowed to get so close and then escape, fearing what their task was on such a night. It was unknown to what level the Dymwan were involved.

Team Hawk, comprised mostly of Humactis and seekers were dispatched to track this group of undead, but lost track of them after crossing the River Starborn. Here Team Hawk spotted an army of zombies and skeletons being herded by their Dymwan masters south from the hills towards the Azad-An tower. Team Hawk fled to take shelter in the woods to the west and therein found again the undead they sought. A combat ensued in which the undead were dispatched with surprising ease. Team Hawk then returned to the White Retreat to make their report.

Several points of interest were reported. Firstly, the group of undead were smaller in number than were seen previously. Secondly, the Rank 8 Scribe of the Sleepless seemed weak and unable to communicate as it had before, only defending itself when actually attacked and when it lay its hands on its attackers as if to cause them harm, there was no detrimental effect.

The scribe had upon its person much of value as well as many scrolls in bags and scroll tubes. Some of these scrolls had spells and invocations on them, but most were notes written in a kind of shorthand, taken from some sort of court. No sense has yet been made of these notes, but two names appear several times. One name is a scribe named Piranir, and the other is a judge named Maboth. One other scroll of interest was recovered from the scribe, which read as follows:

Piranir, Scribe to Maboth

There are few times in history truly worthy of note that occur on Orin Rakatha. This coming year though will see such a one. All upon your world and all like minded souls will rejoice when the final plan has come to fruition. At the end of much planning and sacrifice by all around, come the end of the tenth month, the blight against such as that flows from the Good Sphere will be removed, never to reappear. No more will those spirits that are reborn be subject to the whims of mortals. There is much to be seen and much to be chronicled here on Orin Rakatha and as such your presence will be greatly needed. Within the month, in an area known as Hammons Wood the first stage after the creation of the Rod of Banishment will take place. We can talk more then.

Kalan Mar-Fen

On behalf of the Seekers Guild

QUAD XXXV

FORTHCOMING ADVENTURES

Below is a list of adventures already confirmed for the rest of 1998 / 1999. Feel free to book any other weekend for an adventure and if you cannot raise a full party we will fill it for you.

OCTOBER

1st - 4th High level, 36 - 72 hour. Although this is not an HQIX adventure there is room for 4 - 5 of this years HQ party who may want the practice (or grab some points).
24th - 30th Heroquest IX. Devon. If the monsters could confirm who wishes to come and for how many days it would be greatly appreciated by the referees.

NOVEMBER

6th - 8th Halloween Theme. TBC
19th - 22nd Sargon 72 hour, Dimmingsdale

DECEMBER

4th - 6th Xmas theme weekend. This year we are running the Xmas Theme slightly earlier than normal to allow more people to attend.
18th - 20th Low level 8 hour. Street. We will run the 8 hour on the Saturday so we can have an out of character party on the Saturday. Friday night would be a sociable get together to sort any end of year character problems, talk about next years adventures, etc.

JANUARY 1999

36 hour

FEBRUARY

Celebration Theme

MARCH

36 hour

APRIL

Theme

MAY

14th - 16th 36 hour

JUNE

11th - 13th Theme

JULY

9th - 11th 36 hour

AUGUST

6th - 12th Heroquest X
20th - 22nd Theme

JANUARY 2000

The Millennium Project - an 11 day adventure.

AMETHYST ADVENTURES

The next adventures for the Amethyst group are planned as follows -

November 6 - 8 theme or November 29 8 hour

December 13 8 hour

Jon would like to know in advance who can make the dates above, if you could please let me know ASAP it would be appreciated. Anyone wishing to monster next years Heroquest might like to come on one or more of these adventures so you can begin to play established monster parts.