

GUTTER PRESS NEWS**DYMWAN LOSE IT**

Due to the valiant action of Group Thorn, led by Sir Jif, the Dymwan have been overwhelmed by their own undead forces. Dymwan have fled in the face of this wave of destruction as the undead "worms turned" on their "creators". A spokesghoul said "it's about time we ghouls, and other undead minions, got the respect that we deserve. Too long have we been the downtrodden slaves of the Dymwan oppressors. Life is wasted on the living, so we have decided to take it away from everyone."

A high ranking Dymwan was heard to say "Aaaargh, let me in!" There are unconfirmed reports that this was at the front door of Wolfhold.

Group Thorn, who took part in the ritual to restrict certain undead related invocations, are now the subjects of a legal suit being pursued by lawyers representing Kalan Mar Fen and Temuchin Blood-drinker. "This High Priest Silver Polish, et al, have reneged on Clause 72 sub-paragraph (i) of the ritual, by gratuitously slaying our clients."

A Humacti legal representative replied "they were a lich and a vampyre, just more abominations to be eradicated".

The trial is due to start once the Plane of the Sleepless Dead has reinstated certain officials.

WANTED
JUDGE OF THE SLEEPLESS
AND OTHER MINOR OFFICIALS
GOOD RATES OF PAY

TROLLS SIGHTED AGAIN

A Valley group on a walk in Orin Rakathan woodland have reported a surprise encounter with that rare and beautiful creature, Troglodytes trollus quinus, more commonly known as the Greater Troll. It captivated the group with its agile movement and sylph-like form. The Dwarven leader of this ramble, Hammer Fist, was heard to say "what a lovely song it has, 'quin, quin, yes, hit me, I want to be a Bugbear, quin!', it reminds me of home."

Leather workers from all over Orin Rakatha have flocked to the area to try and catch a glimpse of this elusive creature.

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QUAD

AVAILABLE FOR SALE OR TRADE:

2 doses of Meditate (rank 0)
1 dose of Powermeld (rank 0)

See Virana for details,

or contact virana@ogre.demon.co.uk (01761
233207)

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get you splatt splatt.

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FOR SALE

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- reasonable offers considered -
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c/o the Ironguard
(Steve on 0181 670 9956)

Dear Uncle Ratty

Since Erf unfortunately died on a staircase he has
hurled abuse at me

concerned, of the mountains

Dear Ariel

Beeeeeep Beeeep

Dear Uncle Ratty

Since returning to the White Retreat I have been
forced to take extended gardening duty and
everyone runs away

forgetful, White Retreat

Dear de Hal

lay off the T.O.D 7's and repelling life.

Dear Uncle Ratty

I am new to this creature watching and need some
advice

confused tweeter, Temple of Earth

Dear Rowena

the angel is the one on the left

DO YOU HAVE A BROKEN MAGIC ITEM, SWORD OR SHIELD?

Looking for it to be repaired?

Then look no further, you can now get your
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LET THE BLOOD FLOW

AND BEWARE THE FULL MOON

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EDITORIAL

Well here we are at the end of another year which I think has been successful, most of the Quads out on time, more input from a greater number of players, and hopefully the end of the Dymwan war - don't know about you but I was getting bored with undead. Heres to the next meglomaniac....

*See you all sometime and wishing you all a great Christmas and a prosperous New Year.
Keep enjoying your roleplaying.*

Paul

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1999 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	50	60
36 hour	60	75
72 hour	120	150
5 Day	180	225

Other adventures are priced individually, such as Heroquests etc
Membership for 1998 is 30 pounds and expires on 31-12-1999

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 8 days of the event.

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

Youth Hostels - there is a £7.50 a night charge where youth hostels are used, from October - March. From April - September this charge will increase to £10.00 as hostels cost more to rent .

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)

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

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.

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Further Travels with the Dymwan

Amethyst, Zilvan, Jeremiah, Thorn, Grey Cloud, Reknown, Thulelantir, Jharkor, Lenor, Boshek, Virana. We had been travelling for some days, following a Dymwan group. Our routine patrol had turned into a somewhat longer term mission. We had been following the river Calix to Dragur forest, intending to return to the Towers at that point. However, as we reached the edge of the forest, we encountered a Drowic group, led by Veliketh Chillbringer, a White wizard of House Durgeloth. We joined them in an attack upon a Dymwan group, and though the fight was won, some of the Dymwan fled, using their undead to cover their retreat. The Drow were unable to continue pressing the Dymwan – something about needing to ‘warn a man who intended to go boating on a dangerous river’... - but we followed the group for several days, though they always seemed to be able to stay ahead of us, sending their undead against us to slow us down. Most of these attacks had occurred at night, and had been low-level undead – zombies, skeletons, ghouls...

On this evening, we thought we had finally caught up with them. Thorn and Grey Cloud had spotted the Dymwan’s camp ahead, in a group of caves. We decided to press the attack, as the hour was late, there was still light, and if we could catch the Dymwan without their undead, their defeat would be that much easier. Just as we moved towards their location, though, a large group of undead assailed us. The unexpected attack refracted the party – several were paralysed by a ghoul while others fought skeletons. Boshek and I dropped one of the warriors, but as I went to aid the fallen, the ghoul rose – unfortunately it paralysed me as I killed it, and I could only watch as Jeremiah was killed in a furious magic battle with the Dymwan mage.

Whilst resting, Thorn and Grey Cloud confirmed the Dymwans location. Quietly, we moved in, Reknown carrying Jeremiah’s body. As we closed, we could hear the Dymwan talking and laughing. We stormed in, determined to regain our spirits (which were low with the death of Jeremiah). The zombie guards were despatched, and a furious fight with necromancer and her acolytes ensued. As we gathered together our wounded and tended their hurts, Amber of the Rangers Guild arrived. It seemed that she had been supervising a Valley training mission with some raw recruits, but the increased Dymwan activity was proving too much for them, so she sought our protection for the group. Explaining about the death of our comrade earlier in the day - Amber immediately offered to resurrect Jeremiah, using an item she had. This done, and once we had meditated and healed all our wounds, Amber led us to where she had left her group.

As we arrived in the camp, several magical beings appeared. Once we had dealt with these, Shard told me of an unusual occurrence that had happened shortly before we arrived... 2 beings had teleported into the camp – both had seemed to be human – a member of the Wizard’s Concilium (the emissary to the Dai-Fah-Dyne, Dreams of Shadows told me) was chasing ‘the beast who ran before her’, who gave his name as Greyus. They fought for a short time, the Wizard’s Concilium person appearing to be bruised, and then disappeared again. Also of interest were a number of Azard’An, who were seeking Dai-Fah-Dyne, and a report of Minotaurs in the area – one silver and one gold – from the Labyrinth of Xenos.

The trainees were Shard, Dreams of Shadows, Wyndy, Magpie, Elijah Steel, Torrik, and Enyanna. Phaid was with them, having been looking for our group. I introduced Phaid to Amethyst, as he had some matters to discuss with her, regarding a vision he had received. Amber arranged for some protective wards around the camp, and I retired for the evening.

In the morning, Amber returned, and suggested that the trainees ‘distract’ the minotaurs in the area, as the remainder of their training mission. Our group would continue to investigate the Dymwan presence. We left the camp and returned to the path leading to the caves we had previously visited, intending to do one last search in daylight before investigating other likely Dymwan camps, however, as we rounded a corner in the path, we encountered undead – a Rank7 SwordWraith, and three skeletons. The SwordWraith used dark power against us – Zilvan was PowerDrained – and we were forced to rest while Zilvan meditated. Thulelantir and Grey Cloud encountered 3 Shadowsfall as we prepared a suitable site – one was of a group who visited the camp the previous evening. They wanted to know if we had discovered anything new of the Dymwan in the area. Grey Cloud told them of the undead we had just met, and that we would be resting in the area for a while before moving on. The Shadowsfall were camped with their colleagues a short distance away, and they said that they would return to their camp and speak with their comrades.

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Having rested, we decided that we would take a route to the caves that would encompass the Shadowsfall camp, and that might provide us a further opportunity to speak with them. We saw no sign of their camp however, and passed through the area they had said they would be in. Continuing up towards the ridge, we walked for some time before the scouts returned saying that they thought they had seen some dark figures ahead. We held position while they made further investigations, and then sent back a report that they could see one dark figure on a downward-sloping pathway, where they had previously thought they could see four. We moved down to their position, and as we rounded the corner, there were indeed 4 figures – three Dymwan, one R5 Spirit of Wounding. The Dymwan were dealt with quite quickly, although the Spirit was more difficult. Again, we failed to check the dead Dymwan, and they rose again as undead, paralysing several. Thorn once again required an elixir, after the Spirit cast a Cause Grievous Wounds upon him.

The path down the ridge was dark under the shade of the tree canopy, and rose steeply on both sides – an ideal place for an ambush – but we passed untroubled and out to a clearer, wider path on the edge of the woodland. Here there were other dangers. A lone ghoul was in the woods, seeming to be grubbing about at the base of several trees, and throwing pine cones at any who approached. Nothing could be found there when it was lured away, and eventually it seemed that it grew frustrated, as it cast White magics against those closest to it – Jharkor suffering from an Ice Javelin to the head – and paralysing others. It was at this point that Zilvan was forced to retire back to the camp – he had used up all his power, and would need to rest if he was to be able to aid the party. He returned alone as we continued on. As we did so, more Dymwan arrived – one of them challenging and taunting us as she strode ahead. Lenor shattered her weapon, and she fell back quickly. Dealing with them, we searched the bodies and found this document:

All the arrangements have been made to meet with our Kalid contact to receive our supplies. The location is as previously arranged. Do not let me down.

The return trip was largely uneventful, although we did encounter a small group of Dymwan. Most unusually, though, we found a dead Dymwan under a tree. She had obviously been involved in fight, as she had weapon wounds all over her body. Speaking with her body, she had been killed by a Halmaddonian and a Hospittaller. She had been carrying a Khalid top in her belt – it seems she had been given the top by the Dymwan, and told to be seen to wear it. She had been killed before she could accomplish this, as she believed that we were the Dymwan group she had just left, and no-one had seen her wear the top since. This made us sceptical of the validity of the document we had previously discovered.

As we neared the camp, we met up with the trainees, who had encountered a Dai-Fah-Dyne, and were escorting him to the camp. The man was a Prince of his peoples, and was apparently involved in some sort of hunt. We encountered another of the strange magical creatures that had been at our camp the previous evening, we returned to camp leaving the trainees to deal with it.

When the trainees returned, the Dai-Fah-Dyne who was with them, a Prince Haseem, explained about a hunt he was on, and was anxious to bring to an end. The necessary order of the attack was organised, and we left to pursue the creature Greyus. The Prince was in competition with his brother, but his brother's hunt was elsewhere. We were able to quickly locate the position of the golem, and Prince Haseem joined the fray, attacking with his ensorcelled sword, while the necessary magics were cast by members of the group.

The evening continued in a light tone, with several Valley groups arriving at the camp for rest, including Phaid, Thoran, Castratia, and Puddle.

Virana, Seer of Wolfhold

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A MESSAGE FROM THE FREE TOWERS PACT

Following a recent mission by group Thorn from the Valley Alliance Towers the following invocations do not currently work on Orin Rakatha, dismiss, control and raise undead. This has led to wide scale slaughter of the Dymwan, mostly by their own undead, the Free Towers Pact has moved en masse to block the rest of the Dymwan returning to their Towers.

No one is sure what exactly happened or what this entails, but it looks like the Dymwan are beaten. More information to follow.

Death of a Sorcerer

I had been returning from a mission when, without warning, the mists appeared to close in, and I suddenly found myself elsewhere and alone in the night. I was able to find others of the Valley who had arrived in a similar manner – the Rangers Cunny and Lingus, Grey Gauntlet Marko, Draal and Lathrodec of House Tumdurgal, and, interestingly, the Brown Sorcerer, Sargon. This was perplexing, as I had it on good authority that Sargon had recently died permanently in the course of preventing the incursion of some demons upon Orin Rakatha. Each of us, save Sargon, had an unlevelled spell upon us, and as the course of events unfolded, it appeared that it was this that held us to the Plane of Earth, which was where we were.

It would be difficult to explain all that occurred during our time there, but a few things of particular interest should be noted:

There may be Hate Cultists among the Halmaddonians

The elves living on the Plane of Unshed Tears keep Drow as slaves by the use of a collar that breaks the will of the Drow. No Drow can touch the collar.

The Celestial Bureaucracy has a Tower on Orin Rakatha. They mainly study Psionics, and consider themselves above all others.

There are five elemental Kings, and two elemental Princes, corresponding to Air, Fire, Earth, Water, Metal, and Light and Dark. The names of the Kings are:

Air: Shui Shu-Zha (shway shoo-zar) (Evil)

Water: Feng Shu-Zha (fung shoo-zar) (Good)

Fire: Li Shu-Zha (lee shoo-zar) (Evil)

Metal: Tsin Shu-Zha (sin shoo-zar) (Neutral)

Earth: Wu Shu-Zha (woo shoo-zar) (Good)

The coming of the 'Airborn' is preceded by intense cold, and these Djinn can be affected by water and wood only.

As for Sargon himself, his mortal body is truly dead, though I doubt we have seen the last of this great Sorcerer.

Virana, Priestess of the Seers, Wolfhold Press.

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SHITTY'S BIT

Welcome to Quad 37.

If you are reading this in December 1998 then we have got 6 Quads out in one year.

!#??.!! Amazing.

All this is thanks to Paul Evans and the contributors, keep it up and we may get 6 in 1999 as well.

As we come to the end of the year I look back at what has been a very successful adventuring time for all.

Very few complaints and lots of phone calls thanking the refs and monsters for great times.

Lets make sure 1999 is even better.

As always we have had people cancelling at the last moment, although this has been less this year, and I will have to continue my policy for charging 50% on cancellations with less than 8 days notice. On longer adventures there will be non returnable deposits to cover the cost of hostels and kit which will have been paid for in advance. (longer adventures being 72 hours or more).

A special thanks to all the Heroquest referees, monsters and players for the fun and frolics in 1998, look forward to seeing you all next year .

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.

QUAD - BACK ISSUES

We still have copies of quad 18 -36 inclusive. These are available at £1.00 each, bartering is accepted (I need potion and treasure phys reps as always, !).

Any members from 1998 who do not have any quads 32 - 36, send me an A4 sae and I will send the relevant issues.

T-SHIRTS

We also have some long sleeve and short sleeve Heroquest shirts for sale in various colours, price £10.00 and £7.50 respectively. Also available in white for only £2.50.

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Time Of Reckoning Theme

7th - 9th August

Merlin, Sister Mary, Althea, Jihad, Quicksilver, Shard, Ariel, Daz, Cunny, Lingus, Lenor, Renown, Caedere, Tarot, Boshak, Virana, Flame, Samurai, Orkas, Tornado, Earth, Quick.

The Time of Reckoning had been called, and we were camped near the Central Isle, forming part of the ring of protection for those seeking the outcome of the dissemination of the Towers. As we waited, an envoy arrived from the Dai-Fah-Dyne. His name was Achmed, and he had a message for Sir Loren de Hal. Sir de Hal was not present, so the message was taken, and a promise made to pass on this message on his arrival:

*How much for the life of an elf that lies broken battered and torn?
How much for the life of an elf who destroys what he believes in?
How much for the life of an elf who bears the scars of his treachery?
If you wish to see Gathilian Nomas again, follow my guide on the morrow.*

A Lone Herald

The evening wore on, punctuated by Dymwan attacks, and visits by Valley nobles passing through to the Central Isle. When King Michael, Galnin, Sir Clavados and their entourage arrived, I could not approach them, as there appeared to be a weakening of the evil sphere in their presence – this accelerated to a power drain if one approached too closely.

While these Lords were within the camp, an attack was made on the forward scouts – Earth and Quick had been watching the perimeters, and an assassin had leaped upon Earth. I felt the surge in the Power as he was Harmed, but the assassin fled, and Quick was able to Elixir him. Knowing that such powerful assassins were close by ensured that the guards were doubly vigilant. The additional patrols seemed to keep the enemy at bay, as Sir Loren de Hal and his entourage made it safely to the camp. Speaking with Quick, he informed me that Sir de Hal smelled of an 'old taint'. Sir de Hal and his companions stayed apart from the others in the camp, although Quicksilver did relay the message we were given for him.

Overnight, a dream came to me from the Seers – something would occur at a nearby Khalid encampment at some time, and it should be watched – the watchers would be protected if they stayed above the heads of the Khalid, and quiet. It would be dark when this occurred. The Seers needed information regarding these discussions. A small, quiet, fast group would be required for protection of the watchers. The encampment had a possible split-level location. Knowing that we would have some time before completing this, I set it aside, speaking of it to only a select few, and then not in detail.

As we breakfasted, another envoy arrived to say that our group would now split up – I would be part of the group assisting Ariel in returning the bracelet he received from a Saldorian earlier this year.

As we began our journey, a messenger arrived to say that the Tower heads were taking longer than expected to return from the Central Isle – they had been expected back with the outcome some time ago. This was curious, but there was little we could do, so we pressed on with our detail.

Dealing with some magical creatures blocking the path, we continued along our route, discovering four humans, who said that they were not towered, and not of a tribe. Their leader would not give his name (he said it was sacred) and would not let us pass. Seeing no other option, we were forced to fight with them. The leader cast from the sphere of nature, but once he was terrored out of the way, the warriors were easily dealt with – we were then able to deal with the druid, who told me (after his death) that his name was Sammath. His group had been guarding the grove (which was of the sphere of nature) from all intruders. These were defined as being any who were not of their group, which was known as the Living Path. They do not originate on this plane, but he did not know his home plane by any other name than 'home'. There were several of their groups in the area, along with some other Towerless people.

Moving into a clear area within the wood, we encountered two unranked blood spirits guarding a warded hut. Blood & gore was visible inside. As Caedere approached he received a response from the bone amulet he wore around his neck – the spirit of Running Wolf spoke to him, saying that this was a blood ritual that he must disrupt – something to do with his tribe's ancient enemies. He would come to us. The blood spirits at this point moved forward from their guarding positions and made to attack us, but they moved quite slowly, and we were able to evade them as long as we were careful not to be caught between them. Running Wolf arrived some minutes later – we were unable to affect the blood spirits, but they continued to attack us, draining our blood. Running Wolf told us that he must cast a ritual to disrupt the ritual, which would take some time. We would have to keep the blood spirits occupied while he and Caedere contacted the sphere of nature. During this time, Lenor tried dispelling the magical wards around the hut, but a power ward was also in effect – she took the full effects of a TOD7, and Ariel (who tried to enter the hut via a different ward) tripped a

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Sus-an. We continued to evade the blood spirits until Running Wolf disrupted all the wards – the blood spirits disappeared, as did Running Wolf.

Searching the hut, which was distasteful, an amulet was found at the centre – I communed with it, as it was powered: it was a difficult task, as its nature was chaotic – it was part of a set, randomly switching between all spheres and levels of invocation, but always part of a set of items, although the number of the set also changed randomly.

As we rested, three Wizards Concilium arrived – they were just passing through the area, they told us. They had met some Khalid (of the Crimson Feast) and their barbarians who told them that Lord Blackwolf had been assassinated. The spokesman of the Wizards Concilium then said that he recognised some of our group, and asked if we had been in certain areas – he mentioned the Eight Hills, the Dark Arcana, and others. He had been watching these areas, and seen us there – he also described others who had been with us at those times who were not with our current group. He told us that the Living Path people were subjects of a druid in the area, and that we should not be here, as we may be disrupting events in the location. He was unable to give us more information than this, and it seemed that the magical constructs we had destroyed earlier in the day had been placed there to guard the area from intruders by his colleague, who was irritated that he would now have to replace them. They gave us directions to leave the area which would still take us towards the last known location of the man we sought.

Taking this path, we encountered more of the Living Path, protecting the area. They wouldn't allow us to pass, and we were forced to defeat them – the last of them was trapped and offered surrender, but chose instead to die.

Further into the woods we met a number of Barbarians – they were holding a girl in brown prisoner. The barbarians would not allow us further, and we took heavy damage – the warrior broke Ariel's arm, Samurai's leg, and Daz's back, doing the blows of seven men with each stroke. The priest then cast an invocation that stopped the bleeding on all in range, and told us to leave. We had no white healing to cure the broken bones, so a Remove Pain potion was used on Ariel, who then set his own arm, then Samurai's leg. Merlin had given as a Heal potion that morning, and this was used on Daz. Having dealt with our other immediate injuries, we left, encountering a small Dai-Fah-Dyne patrol on our way – they knew of our man, but not his current location.

As we continued through the woods, we were able to recognise certain landmarks, and soon found an alternative route to our destination. Before we reached it, though, we encountered our man – Dymwan had attacked him and had his colleagues – he had been in a group of five, but there were no others left. We could see the Dymwan below us on the hillside, and they raised the dead, sending them forth – we were forced to kill them all.

Once we had returned the bracelet, he told us that the Druid in the area comes here midsummer and midwinter each year, and has done for the past 3-4 years. He now has a female prisoner. (It seemed this was the barbarian we had met, and Caedere said that when he was speaking with him, the druid had said she was 'insignificant') Our man had also met the Wizards Concilium we encountered at the ritual site – they had told him to stay away from the grove. A couple of months ago, all the hordelings in the area were herded up by an unknown party and had disappeared – it now seems likely that they had been used as part of the blood ritual.

Satisfied that we had completed our task of returning the bracelet, we returned to camp. As we arrived, a scout ran in – he had grave news for us: we must consolidate our position at this camp, as all the towers had been lost! Group Thorn returned from their days journey soon afterward, and we told them of the scout's report. With no further information, or any way of obtaining any further details, we set extra guards on watch.

Group Thorn had returned with Arnid, a scout they had expected in the camp the previous day: he had apparently blacked out two days ago, and all he remembered was a group of undead in furs, and later two in white, one holding a blackened skull aloft. Sister Mary had also been the recipient of a curse – by healing a cursed man. It seemed that four people were involved in events some time ago: a Dai-Fah-Dyne, a Reader, and two Azard-An. There were several alliances and betrayals, a man died and he cursed his absent bodyguards. There was one remaining family of these bodyguards, and the curse was on him and any who aided him. The curse made people think that they were one of the original group of four, and that they wanted to kill the cursed one.

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Merlin told us the story of the Undying one from Chequered lands, as it seems that they met the two brothers from the tale during their journey. Adroc and Sorbin were the brothers, and on their plane was a great disaster - the Harvest Man – who destroyed the land in embodied form (plagues and the like). Adroc and Sorbin sought to find the Horn of Fate to defeat the Harvest Man. Adroc blew it, but there was a price, and this was the life of his brother, or himself. Adroc chose to save his brother, and he is now 'memento mortis' (a dead memory?), Sorbin is now known as the Undying One, and they travel together, the memory of Adroc living within Sorbin. The resting place of the Horn of Fate was the Cave of Echoes, but it is now known to be gone. Adroc and Sorbin had come to Orin Rakatha on 'personal business' – there was some talk of an offer to make Adroc more than he is....???

It was by now becoming dark, and after I had invoked into my sphere, I had a clearer idea of the vision I had received overnight. After speaking with Tarot, we gathered a group quietly and left – Earth recognised my description of the location, and we were able to reach the location before anyone else arrived. Sister Mary, Caedere, Tarot, Jihad, Tornado, and Shard waited part way up the hill, as Quick took me as close as possible to the split level caves, Earth staying between the two groups. Some minutes later, a Khalid legion arrived. They set up camp, checking it was clear first, saying that they would prepare for 'the others' to return. They gathered wood for a fire, and sent out scouts. They talked of having a 'prosperous day' – that there had been some confusion over WC rumours, and that they needed more supplies. Captain Sangal was mentioned – they needed to 'keep him sweet till tomorrow'. They also spoke of the Time of Reckoning, saying 'How many towers do you think we'll get?', with answers of 'Many' and 'We can only hope'.

Just then, a goblin arrived – she said that they were trespassing, she was here first, it was her place, and told them to go away. The Khalid were surprised, as they had searched the camp, and had guards out – they tried to see her off, first offering her drink, but she wanted chocolate, and they had none. They tried to get rid of her, threatening her with weapons, then magic surrounded her and: Mass freeze, mass slow, mass weakness, mass weakness, mass weld, mass shocking grasp 4, mass cause mortal, mass psi bolt.... All seven of the Khalid were now on floor moaning. The 'Goblin' then individually calls 'Evil sphere I embrace thee' and either cast Dark Bolt7, FireBolt7, CauseMortal7, or PsiBolt7 upon each Khalid to finish them off. She then checked them all for 'spanglies' and was surprised and disappointed that none were found. Turning she spotted us on the ledge above her, and called out. Not wishing to suffer the same fate as the Khalid, we hastened back to where Earth waited for us, and then on to the rest of the group. They had been forced to move further away, as the Khalid legion had passed within 15 feet of their position, but they had seen the extent of the magic in the air, and heard the dying cries of the Khalid, and were as anxious as Quick and I to return to camp without being followed by the creature.

Drawing closer to camp, sounds of fighting could be heard, but when we reached them, the Dymwan who had attacked the camp had been dealt with. We exchanged information with others, speculating that the Khalid had had a hand in the Time Of Reckoning outcome, and that the 'goblin' could be a mist-weaver or flesh-weaver.

As the evening wore on, a scout arrived – he had come from the central camp, which was still completely empty. He told us that we must deal with the undead he had 'smelled' in area if we were staying, so we gathered those of our number who had the relevant skills and sent them out. While they were gone, a large group of undead walked past camp – including a ghast, a Scribe of the Sleepless, several clerks, and others. They ignored us completely and walked past. The original group, now coming back to camp, spotted them but did not engage! Quicksilver later said that one of the undead had said that it was not his 'time to be judged'.

Others arrived throughout the evening – Sir Loren de Hal and Raucus (who confirmed that in fact, no towers had been lost – it seemed that all towers had remained as they had been). Phaid also arrived, with two bodyguards, Barely and Arfer Brain – he spoke with myself and Shard, then took Shard aside. Returning he told me that Shard had decided to leave the Seers Sect, as he felt unsuited for the vocation. Shard was later seen in the company of Quicksilver, discussing his future. Speaking with Phaid of the events at the Khalid camp, Arfer Brain recognised the description of the 'goblin' and confirmed that she was a flesh-weaver – he did not know her name, only her penchant for chocolate.

Virana, Seer of Wolfhold

QUAD XXXVJ

SISTER MARY'S HOT HOSPITTLER TIPS

What to do when you've no power, have already meditated and your friends get into a fight

- ♥ Don't RUN AWAY!
- ♥ Inform other healers in the group of your situation but don't let the enemy hear.
- ♥ If you're not naturally strong enough to heft a burly warrior over your shoulder then get a kindly mage to cast a strength on you.
- ♥ Make yourself responsible for every member of your group, keep your eyes on all of them if one goes down you should know about it.
- ♥ Carry off fallen comrades away from danger and diagnose the problem (see diagnosis tips) and deal with anything you can.
- ♥ If the fight is taking place in the dark then make yourself responsible to give the warriors enough light to see by. Some of our more light of foot warriors can actually avoid most of the damage coming at them if they can see it.
- ♥ Be one of the team. Be there to shout encouragement, stand firm to assure your fellows that the battle is in their favour (mind you don't get clobbered though).

What to do when you've just found a fallen comrade and they're in a place of relative safety

- ♥ Discern their total life (cure or elixir if necessary)
- ♥ If still unconscious check, carefully, for broken skull or spine (fix break if necessary)
- ♥ If still unconscious discern whether they have power in them (power gift if necessary)
- ♥ If still unconscious check for disease, poison or paralysis (cure disease, neutralize poison or remove their paralysis if necessary)
- ♥ If still unconscious discern whether they have any unexpected magical or powered effects running on them (get mage to dispel or wait 15 mins if necessary)
- ♥ If still unconscious find out whether they cast magic or power and whether anyone heard them cast anything before they fell, they could have overcast, this is indiscernible (wait 15 mins)
- ♥ If still unconscious wait 15 minutes.
- ♥ If still unconscious then put them to bed and confiscate all their remaining alcohol.

Heroquest IX

A public big thank you to all the monsters and refs behind this years spectacular Heroquest. Especially Miles, Steve, Pete, Lez and Rick. It was a very professionally run event which was convincing, exciting, scary, fun, challenging and satisfying.
Waahheyy! I'll be on a high for the rest of the year.

Deb Soft, strong and very, very short

QUAD XXXVJ

To Find A Grey Magic Node

24 hour 6th / 7th September

Our small group consisted of myself Colchis, Kell, Smut, Shard, Dreams of Shadows, Anyana, Althea, Magpie and Wyndy were called together by the Grey Sorcerer/Green Wizard Maelstrom Arrowhope, to travel into the Brocklands to investigate the possibility of there being a Node of Grey Magic there. Maelstrom sent one of his men, Hike Rangeworthy, to be our guide. Our passage to the Brocklands was long and for the most part uneventful, but our encounters became more pronounced as we entered the area we were seeking.

We first encountered two Ogre Magi who had been injured in an earlier fight, and as payment for some curing we were informed that we were entering the lands of the Broken Bone Ogras, who would not be too pleased of our presence there. We were also told of steel elementals who were very tough. We moved on and soon met what seemed to be a fire elemental, that we easily destroyed. Whilst defeating this elemental we noticed a figure further down the path, but by the time we were able to move on it had gone.

Unfortunately we soon got ourselves trapped within a power ward and saw a Golden Minotaur watching us. In order to pass through the wards we had to solve several puzzles, four in total, two of which were easy and the final two difficult. After several attempts the answers appeared and we could pass the wards. The delay had meant the minotaur had walked off. A little way down the path we met two Broken Bone Ogras who attacked us and caused a little problem.

Moving on we crossed into a valley and across a river following a path. Along this path we met what appeared to be Maelstrom, but was a being of magic. It fired arrows at us that always inflicted large damage if they hit and sometimes held magical effects such as vanishing animate and inanimate objects. This being was defeated by dispelling the magic aura on some small clay pots that it carried and smashing them and then the creature.

We then encountered two Thissessin who informed us that their master wished to speak to us, but would do so in a few minutes time. We were instantly suspicious but as we were members of the Free Towers Pact didn't press an attack. While we were waiting a Shadowsfall appeared and informed us that someone was casting down the path. It was at this point that Dreams informed me that a few weeks ago the Thissessin had declared war on the Valley Alliance because of a defilement of one of their temples.

This news was told too late as their Master finished casting and released a Chain Lightning spell upon some of us. Wyndy, Althea and Magpie were floored, all killed. Magpie was elixired by Smut, but the others were beyond help. The two Thissessin were cut down, but their Master escaped. Our dead were resurrected and the party meditated and mnemomicked. More Broken Bone Ogras arrived and after some debate kicked us severely, splitting the party. The Ogras told us to leave their land and that they were fairly sure that no node of grey magic existed in the area.

We began to make our way back, and almost precisely where we fought the fire elemental, Hike left us to prepare a hostel that he knew of. We then met a female Reader named Silk who informed us that a Necromancer was pretty close. If we assisted her to pass and be on her business she would reward us with potions. The Dymwan attacked along with a shade and a ghoul. The party were split by freeze with fear and paralysis, which Silk countered with potions. The Dymwan called the shade back to him but the ghoul had been cut down by Kell. I faced the Dymwan three times and three times he cast fear on me. The fourth time he attempted to kill me with fatal disease but was inept and I deflected the lunge. As the rest of the party joined the attack I dropped sword and shield and let the mighty elements harnessed by the Yellow Guild flow through me, time and again burning his body with shocking grasps. He died screaming. Then it all went wrong.

QUAD XXXVJ

It later transpired that Silk had given us a catalepsy venom that was on the rim of the potion bottles and we collectively suffered from a dream-like state of blurred and fuzzy sights and sounds. We all awoke in a room around a table that was laid for a meal. A man there, who called himself Samson the innkeep, informed us that our friends had brought us there some two days earlier. They had told him that we were injured and that we needed rest. We were near the river Rundig some 150 miles from where we had been. For the next half hour we recalled memories of our collective dream. We thought that we had been used for an experiment by four people. One dressed in blue, one in cream robes and one non-human, the fourth was unidentified. Some personal possessions were missing, but were later found.

Samson then served a meal telling us that our friends had paid for the board and lodging. At this point hike, sister mary, kadere and a seeker arrived. They informed us that we had been missing for four days although to us it seemed as if it were the same night. After we had eaten, a search of the building uncovered three unlevelled magic boxes that were secured. Each had markings on them. It was whilst we searched for keys to unlock them that we noticed each of us had been marked on either the left or right forearm by a magical tattoo which said "be bound to do my bidding. By my ancient law obey."

There were also four distinct symbols, three of which corresponded to the boxes, the last was thought to be the initials of wayland wickham, the high enchanter from the labyrinth of xenos. Kell identified the tattoo to be part of a larger ritual to control something. The boxes he identified thus: the wooden box - "Earth is my commodity, I buy and sell it for great journeys", the black box "I am the fourth wolf that makes the earth burn" and the metal box "Tempest abroad. I await in the place of crowning." Only when the ceremony was complete would the boxes open.

The following morning we decided to return to the Towers, but were attacked by the same Shadowfall and Thissestin Master from the day, or four days, earlier, along with Silk and the Drow. The Shadowfall seemed to be acting against his will and the Thissestin Master could not cast his spells. The ensuing fight culminated in their deaths along with the death of Magpie at the hands of the Drow. All of our attackers had the same magical tattoo. Obviously something was not right.

Not far from the hostel we encountered two steel elementals, who could only be damaged with pure steel weapons doing the damage of two men or less. Anything greater that was not protected, shattered on impact with them. After a lengthy fight the elementals were destroyed and immediately we were all compelled to gain possession of a bag from a man called Jaffa ben-Assim, taking it to the top of a hill and leaving it there. We saw a Dai-fah-Dyne group approaching and Kell considered it wiser to tell of the compulsion, rather than fighting. After a detailed and lengthy debate and trade, we gained ownership of the bag, which was warded and contained some earth. We discovered that it was the wooden box that was compelling us.

After agreeing to owe Jaffa a major debt, we deposited the bag and left. This is a serious problem that will not go away in a hurry and crosses many Towers and peoples. All that have been afflicted by the magical tattoos may still be susceptible to further compulsions.

I suggest that from now on we should investigate this problem and be prepared for people we meet behaving in seemingly contradictory manners that may be detrimental to our aims.

Be vigilant and gain any information that you may.

Colchis, Wizard of the Yellow Guild

QUAD XXXVJ

Group Thorn's Final Quest

Following our latest mission, it is my pleasure to inform the members of the White Retreat, and the other Free Towers of Orin Rakatha, that we have been somewhat successful in our efforts. It would, I fear, prove to be a monumental task to recount all the details of our endeavours; nonetheless, the information included herein is, I hope, worthwhile of note:

I The Return of Lost Friends

Firstly, it is with a glad heart that I welcome Gelithinal Nomass and Sir Loren de Hal back to the White Retreat. Both have, sadly, endured great suffering at the hands of the Lich Kalan Mar-Fen, who we were, eventually, able to vanquish. At present, Gelithinal is acting Guildleader of the Humacti Sect, as Sir Loren will take slightly longer to recover fully from his horrific experience; I offer both of them my best wishes, and I pray that time shall help to heal their mental scars. My congratulations, also, to Silverheart, whose presence as a new High Priest will, I am sure, aid in the rebuilding process.

On a less happy note, we have not been able to resurrect High Priest Johann, who bravely sacrificed his very mortality in order to help save his friends. It is my understanding that it may be, however, possible to find a way to purify his body and remove all influence of the foul undead that he was infected with. I hope to be able to resolve this matter shortly.

II The Realignment of the Spheres

As some scholars may have noticed, the position of the Spheres in relation to Orin Rakatha has now been altered in a subtle fashion. The direct result of this 'Ritual of Conjunction', in which Group Thorn played a part, is far more noticeable. The following invocations are now unavailable upon this Plane:

Dismiss Undead

Control Undead

Raise Undead

Recent reports indicate that a large number of Dymwan necromancers have fallen afoul of their own undead, since they no longer have the ability to bind them to their will. The undead that were previously protecting the Dymwan Towers are now, effectively, besieging them. The Free Towers' Pact is, as I speak, sending forth strike forces to take advantage of the new situation; with ninety percent of the Dymwan's previous force lost to them, it seems likely that we can bring this costly War to an end.

The Rod of Banishment

Moreover, I feel that Group Thorn owes its thanks to two followers of the Good Sphere, who allowed their spirits to be taken from them, and bound into this Rod, in order to allow the Ritual of Conjunction to take place.

I am sure that we will not forget Ceribdes, the Angelic, who was cruelly used by Kalan Mar-Fen, or Sir Aramiah, Knight of Grace, who gave all of himself, and asked nothing in return.

Spiritus Intus Alit

Finally, I would like to take this chance to thank my friends, the fellow members of Group Thorn, for their faith and dedication to our purpose. Our spirit of co-operation, and mutual respect, won out over even the most fearsome of foes. I am proud of all of you, and am glad that we owe our lives to one another; the friendship that we share appears to shine ever brighter, as a powerful contrast to the darkness that plagues our world.

QUICKSILVER

I feel it is right to name all of this Group, specifically:

Sir Jeff, Knight of Grace, Leader of Group Thorn.
Silverheart, High Priest of the Humacti Sect.
Anatharion, Priest of the Humacti Sect.
Elor, Priest of the Humacti Sect.
Sister Mary, Priest of the Hospitaller Sect.
Tanada, Priest of the Grey Gauntlet Sect.
Elan, Priest of the Grey Gauntlet Sect.
Boltac, Crusader.
Mudge, Crusader.

Puddle, Sorcerer of the Green School.
Rowena, Sorcerer of the Temple of Earth Magic.
Flame, Wizard of the Green School.
Cadet Myrkel Shadebright, OKM, Wizard of the Grey School.
Ariel, Wizard of the Grey School.
Erf, Pathfinder.
Quick, Priest of the Nature Sphere.
Fern Redberry, Seeker.

Also worthy of note are the contributions made by these individuals:

Master Lore, the Illythid.
Whitesun, Shaman of the Shawanabe.
Walks in Dreams, Shaman of the Shawanabe.

Magna est veritas et provalebit,

Sergeant Quicksilver, OKM, Spokesman for Group Thorn.

Here is a list of useful HQ abilities that has been suggested by an illustrious Sergeant of the OKM

For the elven mage: 300/100 max. life extension.
For the barbarian: Buy spell slots from elven mage table.
For the scout: Super enhanced armour mastery.
For the evil characters: Immunity to all good invocations.
For the reapers: Immunity to all healing invocations/effects (& elixirs, if they perform well on HQ)
For the elven warrior: Become high priest (pay points).
For the monk: Forehead parry.

And here are some more character-specific ideas:

Sky: Immunity to 'dark engulfment'.
Giles: Resist damage from 'flaxen haired individuals', on his birthday.
Delta: Immunity to spells/invocations 'on a stick'
Draal: Permanent strength.
Bo-Shek, Felix, Quick and Ariel: Protection from Valley Law.
Quicksilver: Ability to be polite, once per day, and to make a friend once per year.
Squire Jeff: Removal of the 'resist paralysis' ability, to prolong his lifespan.
Flame: Power to suggest that we fight on the path, rather than in the bushes.
Correlathil: Ability to destroy all elixirs in the party, without even needing to fight.
Anatharion: Option to count his cards, so that he knows how many elixirs he has.
Mudge: Ability to use one fake elixir, per day.
Sister Mary: Immunity to 'random curse that gets you killed, just for being there'.
Myrkel: Change race.

And, finally, Sargon: Play new character. (*events have overtaken this particular comment. Ed.*)

QUAD XXXVJ

The War is over?

8 Hour, 8th November

A small group of us (Grey Cloud, Sven. Reknown, Daz Darkwash, Lenor and myself) were sent to investigate the effects of the recent actions of Group Thorn. (Broadly speaking, a ritual was performed, the expected effect of which was to remove the invocations to Create, Control and Dismiss undead from the spheres.) Reports from Valley members with access to these invocations suggests that is correct, however, confirmation that the Dymwan also have no access to these invocations was required.

Coming into the area, we encountered a group of mercenary woodsmen. When we identified ourselves as a Valley group, they seemed keen to initiate a discussion, and it became apparent that they had an agreement with Rednow Ffuts for the provision of Dymwan bodies. Their agreement was that for each Dymwan body they 'collected', they would be paid 300 gold in cash or trade, by any Valley group passing (who would later be reimbursed by Rednow Ffuts). The body they had for trade was that of a Dymwan priestess – after invoking, I was able to force information from her.

Her name was Swampy, and she was a low ranked Priestess of the Dymwan. She had been with a large Dymwan contingent lead by one named as Grandomy, who had left their Tower some 4 weeks previously, with orders to block the trade route to the Wizards Concilium. Some two weeks ago, the undead with them began to turn upon them. They were unable to control the undead, and the human Dymwan split, now being attacked by their own creations. She had lost sight of the rest of the group, and had been slain by the woodsmen we had met.

The rest of the Dymwan contingent was expected to still be in the area, although fractured, and the undead now roamed the area uncontrolled.

We encountered a small number of these low-level undead as we moved through the area, but another group was more interesting - three humans wearing no tower colours. We identified ourselves as a Valley Group and asked their business, whereupon they admitted to being Dymwan deserters, and were trying to leave the area as quickly as possible, (avoiding undead as they went) were heading in the direction of the Valley towers. They seemed quite sincere in their statements that they had no wish to return to the Dymwan, so we allowed them to leave. They also told us that Grandomy had survived the initial confusion of the undead turning on them, and had been seen in the close area recently.

We continued to encounter low-level undead in the area, some of which were dismiss-only, however, as we tried to outdistance one of these, it halted as we splashed through a swollen river.

Leaving the creature behind, Grey Cloud, who was scouting ahead, returned to tell us that there was a group of Dymwan ahead. Unsure if they too were deserters, we advanced to speak with them but they would brook no discussion and attacked, Sven taking the full force of a Darkbolt6. The fight was long and furious, but when their mage was killed by Grey Cloud, the battle began to swing in our favour, and eventually we prevailed.

As I finished meditating, it became apparent that we had a visitor. Sven confirmed that this was so, and that the man was an Azard-An named Freiderik the Blade. He was in the area on his masters business, and would pass on the news of our presence. He returned shortly afterwards, saying that he would lead us to his master for an audience, and that we would do well to show the proper respect. We had heard this phrase before, and indeed, when we saw his 'master', she was wearing the colours of Assys Sorbon, Dymwan Arch Chancellor.

Her name was Alisha, and she was a secretary of the fifth tower (the one headed by Assys Sorbon). She was here with her hired Azard-An guards to track down the human Dymwan and tell them that they were free to return to the fifth tower, as the War was now over. She also asked us to pass on a message from Assys Sorbon, congratulating the Valley on stopping the War in such an inventive manner. The Dymwan had lost all of their undead, and 25-30% of their living through the attacks by undead. She doubted that, if a Time of Reckoning was called now, the Dymwan would even be able to retain one Tower. When official confirmation was received, she said that Assys Sorbon would leave the Dymwan, and that he didn't seem to care whether the Dymwan lost all their Towers or not.

QUAD XXXVJ

We allowed her to go, and discussed the matter at length before proceeding. She had said that she had met up with Grandomy and his group of some half dozen Dymwan two hours previously, and that they were undecided as to whether they would return or not.

We decided that we would look out for the group as we made our way out of the woods – it was now close to dusk, and we had no desire to be in the area with so many undead around. In fact, we had not far to go before we encountered them. They were nervous, and reluctant to allow us past them – they made mention of having something 'set up' around their camp. Things were very tense for some minutes – but when Grey Cloud ventured too close to one of their scouts, the scout's nerve broke, and the fight was on. The Dymwan were much stronger and better co-ordinated than we were, and our warriors were soon overcome, the Dymwan Priest halting them in their tracks and draining their Power while they were being assaulted by the Dymwan warriors. With our protection gone, Lenor and I tried to distance ourselves from the Dymwan warriors, but the Priest was too quick, and Lenor was also stopped in her tracks. I was unaffected by this, and was able to escape, whereupon I found a quiet place and invoked. I returned to the group cautiously – the warriors had been stripped of weapons and left at the side of the path, but Lenor was nowhere to be seen. As the Dymwan warriors approached, I loosed Terror upon them, and they fled.

Luckily, our warriors began to recover - we distributed the remaining weapons (a few daggers and a hatchet) as best we could, and soon the Priest and one other came up the pathway. We came to an agreement that they would return Lenor unharmed, and all our weapons, and we would leave. The 'set-up' they had mentioned was a ritual which weakened the undead in the area so that they were unable to cross water – they told us this so that we could avoid the undead and leave the area as quickly as possible.

It was now fully dark, and we resolved to make our way out of the woods as quickly as we could. Lights would only attract the undead, so lit only by the moon and stars, we moved as quickly as we could. We could hear undead moving all around us, and managed to avoid all but a small number of them – in the condition we were in, had we met many more, I fear we would not have made it out alive.

As an interesting point, I attempted to use an amulet I have which would normally destroy a Ghoul, but this had no effect when I activated it. It is possible that the ritual performed by Group Thorn also extended to amulets of this nature.

Virana, Seer of Wolfhold

SHABBI TAT

*Now selling leather belt pouches, leather potion pouches
(complete with potion bottles), cloth drawstring pouches etc.
Basic costuming also undertaken - tunics, cloaks etc.*

Contact shabbitat@ogre.demon.co.uk (01761 233207)

QUAD XXXVJ

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.

December

19 Low level 8 hour
20 Low level 8 hour

Note - the 2 - 8 hours above are in place of the advertised weekend at Street.

January

8-10 Amethyst 36 hour Dimmingsdale
22-24 Mid - high level 36 hour Dimmingsdale. This is an all camps high level and will lead on to 2 high level adventures in the year (1 for non evils and 1 Wolfhold sponsored mission) also the adventure can be lengthened to a 72 hour if required .

February

12 - 14 Celebration theme - St Briavels Castle
28 Mid level 8 hour

March

Tbc Thranduil 36 hour (Amethyst)
Tbc Low level 8 hour

April

2-5 Pearl to Tears - special theme weekend , 72 hour Easter theme
Only £45.00
19 Mid level 8 hour

May

14 - 16 36 hour mid - high level - Kinver
26 - 30 Pre 11 day, 5 day adventure

June

11 - 13 Low level theme weekend - Kinver
25 - 27 Amethyst 36 hour

July

9 - 11 36 hour pre Heroquest - Dimmingsdale

August 1999

6 - 12 Heroquest X
20 - 22 Summer theme weekend

January 2000

The millenium project an 11 day adventure !