

PRICE
£1.50

QUAD

ISSUE 41
(1999/4)

GLOW IN THE DARK DROW NOW AVAILABLE

Reliable sources from the slightly depleted Shadowy Tower informed us that Drool, the lovable third wotsit of the oohjah, has been asked to leave because of the disturbing glow that seems to be emanating from his person.

These same sources have revealed that this phenomena started shortly after a ceremony, conducted by Lord ArockIs, current Windbag of The One Who Remains Nameless, and the VA's Chess Champion, involving a fire, some ghosts and a strange dust sprinkled in a line on the ground.

A Tower spokes Shadow said "We know Drool has his problems but this constant light is driving all the Shadows into hiding."

WOLFOLD DISCLAIMER

The Tower would like to point out that any dust supplied for the ceremony had nothing to do with the Seers internal control procedures. Asked about this Phraud had no comment!

**Strange Fruit.....
BIG MOLLY is still waiting
for you !!!!!**

ELFLOVER'S LAND RIGHTS

The transcript that follows is a conversation acquired by our new intrepid undercover reporter who is commonly known as Our Undercover Reporter.

Duke Elflover the chirpy Saldorian ambassador was visiting the VA Tower for a meeting with Sir Faulty Steel. Over a mug of ale, Elflover brought up his grand new plans for his people: " Faulty, mate, can we turn Saldor into a kingdom, in order to increase its force in the multiverse?" Faulty shook his head and replied, "One needs a king for a kingdom, Duke Elflover, and unfortunately you are most certainly not a king."

Not to be dissuaded, Elflover asked, "Would it be possible to transform it into an empire then?" "No", snorted the knight, "for an empire you need an emperor, and you are most certainly not an emperor." Elflover thought for a moment and then asked if it is possible to turn Saldoria into a principality. Sir Faulty replied, "For a principality, you need a prince, and you Duke Elflover are definitely not a prince."

Sir Faulty paused for a draught of his ale, then added "I don't mean to appear rude but having met both you and several other Saldorians, I think Saldor is perfectly suited as a country."

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EDITORIAL

It looks like the plea for inputs has worked this time as it was great to receive some write ups from some new names to Quad. Thanks to all of you. Now all we need are the budding artists (of the pencil / paint type) to send me something as well.

All the extra work I've done this year has had some dividends so I splashed out recently and bought a scanner - so even hand written adventures can be more easily incorporated into Quad. So send them in.

Enough prattling on from me, there are far better things to read further on in this issue. All the best for the coming year, I hope to go on more adventures now things have settled at work, so see you all soon.

Wishing you all a great holiday and a prosperous New Year

Paul

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1999 Adventure Prices

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

Adventure length	Payment 8 Days in Advance	Payment Not in Advance
8 hour	£20	£25
Theme	£40	£50
36 hour	£60	£75

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

Note the above price is only applicable to members, non-members pay an additional 20% on top of these prices.

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 as hostels, etc, cost more to rent. SFB to confirm at each adventure.

Monsterring

The following credits are available (cumulative) for Monsterring

8 hour	£4
36 hour	£10
72 hour	£20

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

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The policy of awarding articles of any substance with a five gess 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 1999 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 (*you can start to ignore this now*).

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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ALL HALLOWS EVE

An interesting time of year. The Plane of the Sleepless Dead draws ever closer to our own, until for a short time the two planes intersect, and the dead may walk amongst us. A large group of Valley Alliance members were sent out from the Towers to investigate the effect this would have upon Orin Rakatha after the war with the Dymwan, their subversion of the Mists and the sundering and restoration of the Necromantic powers.

A mixed group, we travelled South and East towards the Icahian Triangle: Hospitallers and Seers, Ice Elven Sorcerers and Drow High Priests, Barbarian warriors and cultured Bards. It was always going to be difficult acting as a single unit, and we soon formed smaller bands within the larger group.

We closed on the region we had been assigned and in short order began to investigate the area. Particularly wary due to the nature of the region and time of year we were still lucky to have some warning of a large group of what are colloquially known as hordelings, attracted to our presence. While we were able to make some preparation for the inevitable attack, the opposition was too strong and we made the decision to make for safety. Perhaps of greater concern was the strange mist that began to creep down from the hills to the South. We could not go as one large, easily tracked, group so we arranged to meet at an old waystation known to us from before the war and split into our smaller groups.

As the night progressed the mists deepened, and my group was delayed by taking on two small bands of hordelings. Our concern that we would soon join them gradually swelled, until we came upon the waystation we had sought. Not knowing what had become of it during the war, we were cautious, but the Mists demanded prompt action. We knocked on the door, and were greeted by an undead butler, who in the situation we decided to take at face value. In fact we had made good time being the first of our number to arrive. Soon what was left of our larger company, a score or so in total, assembled.

How do I describe the house and the events of that night and the following morning? Simply put the place had been set up as a nexus for the dissemination of messages to certain groups or Towers, and then taken over by an undead Lord (the butler's Master) looking for a place to call his own after the free willed undead became unable to hold status. The resulting mixture of visitors and undead was very dangerous and unpredictable, and I count myself fortunate to be able to write this report.

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That the Master allowed the trade in or dissemination of messages to continue I would imagine was intended to keep his presence hidden. He had, however, cut off a lot of the building with defensive wards, specifically at this point it was difficult to access the top floor, which later was found to be his resting place. We were restricted then to the lower floors. I should note that it seems the visitors to this place had all decided to keep its new nature to themselves, probably to keep their reasons for visiting secret.

We fought undead of many descriptions appearing from nowhere, while attempting to find out the secret of the house and deal other visitors to the house. Finally we met the Master of the house, who had descended from the upper floor to see what had been destroying his servants. An interesting entity, the Unranked Spectral Keeper told us of his wish for a quiet unlife living in the house, but that much of his attention had been focused on resisting a combination of Necromantic rituals aimed at controlling him. He also pointed out that certain of us had been infected with this Necromantic power and had become 'Rank 6 Hosts', open to possession by undead spirits at a moments notice. Unsettling to say the least.

An agreement was made, we would help him by interrupting the ritual, and he would attempt to release us from our taint. The Necromancers, of course, had stolen items that he required to perform this purification for their own ritual. He guaranteed our safety, at least from his undead, and we were able to sleep without further interruption until the morning.

The visitors seeking messages (throughout the night and morning) included groups from the Drow Houses of Morfaeglin and House Drannoth, the Morgothian Tower, Shadowsfall and in a strange way ourselves. The messages were held in boxes, which could only be opened by the ranking member of the correct group identified by a sigil. One box was for the Valley Alliance, another box bore an unknown mark, that of a crescent Moon. The others were a red Wolf, a Burning Eye ??????. The messages we were able to retrieve spoke of some agreement, a meeting of 'principles' three days from the full Moon, but had no specific details of what it was a meeting about. Whoever the Moon represented, they arrived during the next day and left with their message.

In the morning we realised that the Shadowsfall's message gave them a new contract for assassination. They left in a hurry seeking the Sorcerer Quicksilver, who had left us during the night, and were gone before we could do anything to stop them. Perhaps we will wish we had taken action then and there. We were forced to deal with a number of freshly changed hordelings. One of their number

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appeared to be a senior member of the Church of All Time. I fear we will have further dealings with them in the future, none good. Their colours are an hourglass on a Green field. In addition we met one who has been cursed with immortality by the Church, Sir Valmir de Sissudura, who seeks a way to die finally.

At the height of the sun, what little there was that day, we split into two groups, each seeking a specific Necromantic ritual. I will only tell of my group's success, apart from saying that the other group also succeeded. Given directions to follow by the Master of the house, we came upon a strange group. First we met and dealt with four more hordelings and a wandering ghoul. We then came across two of the Church of All Time and their guardsmen. May I say at this moment how important it is to pay heed to your pathfinder's advice. We attempted to speak civilly with them, but they were condescending and ill mannered. Their guards only held off by want of their Terror of one of our number. Our scout warned of an approaching group of Shadowsfall. But we did not truly listen to his warnings and ended up battling the Church at the very moment the three Shadowsfall assassins were best able to take advantage of the situation.

The powers of the Church seem to be in self fulfilling prophesy. One of our number had their magic stripped from them, others had similarly strange things occur. The Shadowsfall were very skilful, and took good advantage of the situation to harry us. We were split up again and again, fighting on two or three fronts simultaneously. Perhaps the most dangerous situation we had been in so far, mostly of our own creation!

The battle turned when the lead Churchman was killed by three quick darkbolts while his guards tried to protect him, and they fled with the body. The lead Shadowsfall was then felled by multiple power drains and his two minions put to the sword. The cost was high, though all of us survived.

Injured and limping we moved on, to be faced by a Drow, accompanied by a number of undead (two skeletons, a ghouls, two ghastrs, a skeletal warrior and a mirror wraith or some such that was able to inflict on us whatever was inflicted on it). They barred our way, obviously guards for the Necromantic ritual. We withdrew, marshalled our powers, and struck. Again we won through, but barely and at the cost of one of our number.

Recovering from the paralysis and wounds took some time, but within minutes our fallen comrade became animate once more, with a powerful spirit seeking some unknown goal that fell in with our own.

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Finally we found our way to the ritual site, guarded by a Spectral Anomaly. I would be please to receive any information regarding what this was. However the ritual site seemed otherwise deserted. Perhaps the anomaly was somehow empowering the ritual while the Necromancers were finishing the other part of the ritual. It certainly guarded the ritual and was well beyond our powers to destroy. We were able to distract its attention long enough for our scout to run through the ritual site, taking the items we had be sent to gather. At this point discretion became the order of the day and we retreated in no small hurry. That whole night we were worried that the Anomaly would follow us and we would be forced to face it anyway. Again we were lucky it seems.

Upon returning to the house we found our fellows similarly successful. We had earlier purchased an alchemical potion from one of the visitors that allowed us to bring our fallen back from the dead, and we rested a while. The Master of the house joined us soon after our arrival, and performed the promised ritual successfully, freeing us from our taints. However at some point it had occurred to him that this All Hallows Eve would be the time for him to return to the plane of the Sleepless Dead, to take up his position once more, as he put it, and that we were obvious candidates for bolstering his undead forces as Spectral Knights. His power was not enough to overtly kill us all, recover from protecting himself and return to the plane of the Sleepless Dead so instead he set his house upon us and retired to prepare for his home coming.

The house had been warped by his influence during the day, and had become a nightmare of traps, poisons and undead.. Whatever powers he used to do this they seemed to be "binary" in nature, either needing two components to solve or producing an extreme in results. Each major trap either restored your power or mana, or put you into a cataleptic or suspended animation state. Each ward appeared to require swapping certain 'keys' or in the case of that which trapped us within the house completing two mosaics with pieces found around the house, one black and one white.

Of course we succeeded, eventually, but not before confronting poisonous spiders, undead spirits, particularly ones summoned in the likeness of any who looked into a mirror opening onto the Plane of the Sleepless Dead, Skeletal Warriors and more. The restoration of our powers helped enormously, though there were members of our party with little power or mana of their own but a compulsion to solve puzzles and had to be convinced to allow others to take the challenges, not always successfully.

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Finally as the house began to move towards the Masters true home, we completed the final puzzle. And none too soon as the Master let his final creatures loose. The Butler in particular was extraordinarily potent in his blows, and soul suckers fed on those unlucky enough to be caught, producing more anguish in them than I have seen in any other. We won through though, through heroics, power, magic and hiding in toilets. Finally, moments before the Master fled to the netherworld, building and all, we escaped its clutches to be greeted by the first light of dawn.

Daedalus Ebonheart, Green Wizard.

SHITTY'S BIT

The Millennium Project

The 11-day adventure is now confirmed, starting on Thursday 6th of January and finishing on Sunday 16th January 2000. We will be stopping over out of character on the Sunday night and going home on the Monday.

There are 2 places left for players, if you are interested and would like more information contact me ASAP:

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If anyone is interested in coming to monster some or all of the event I also need to know ASAP because we will be short of beds on some of the nights. The event is being run entirely in Devon and we are staying in hostel or better class accommodation throughout.

This is looking to be one of, if not the most, impressive adventure we have ever run, so don't miss out come along and take part.

Mark Roberts (SFB)

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Scroll Writing

A lesson for those new to the practice.

The ability to write Scrolls can be a most desirable skill. On more than one occasion, a pre-written Scroll has saved the lives of my adventuring companions and myself, either through debilitating an enemy, or providing much-needed healing. The practices of Scroll writing, it seems, are not well known, so I put pen to paper here to share what knowledge I have.

Scrolls can be written for either Spells or Invocations, and there are two types of Scroll:

- Single-Use
- Permanent

Permanent Scrolls must be written using standard scroll inks on a permanent piece of appropriately graded Scroll Paper. This is paper that has been appropriately crafted and treated to be either ensorcelled (for spell scrolls) or empowered (for invocation scrolls). There are three grades of permanent Scroll Paper:

- Grade0 - for spells or invocations of Battle level or Lay rank (0-4)
- Grade1 - for spells or invocations of Wizardry level or Ritual rank (5-7)
- Grade2 - for spells or invocations of Sorcery level or Cosmic rank (8-10)

A higher grade of Scroll Paper can have lower levels/ranks of spell/invocation written upon it, however - i.e. a Total Heal (R6 invocation) could be written on a Grade2 piece of empowered Scroll Paper. (Note: you cannot write spells on empowered Scroll Paper, or invocations on ensorcelled Scroll Paper)

Once used, the spell/invocation written on the Scroll Paper vanishes, and the Scroll Paper can be re-used, again using the standard scroll inks. It is not unusual for an adventuring party to obtain a pre-written permanent Scroll to take with them, and also take further supplies of scroll inks in order to re-use that Scroll Paper (with the same or different spells/invocations) during the mission, if the mission is a long one.

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Single-Use Scrolls are ordinary pieces of paper that have a spell or invocation written upon them using special, single-use scroll inks. These scroll inks are more expensive than standard scroll inks. Once used, the spell/invocation written vanishes, and the paper becomes normal paper once again. Standard scroll inks cannot be used to write on normal paper.

Writing Scrolls

In order to write a Scroll, you must have the appropriate skills. These are: Read/Write Runes (Magic/Power as appropriate); and Write Scroll of the appropriate type (Magic/Power) and to the appropriate level/rank - 0, 1 or 2. (You must of course learn the lower levels of Scroll writing before proceeding to the higher ones).

It takes a minimum of 5 minutes per level/rank including zero to write a Scroll, and a maximum of 15 minutes per level/rank. This can vary according to your skill in Scroll writing, and your experience with the spell/invocation being written. A rank 7 Curse would take between 40 minutes and 2 hours to write.

It is not necessary to write the Scroll continuously - you can begin writing, then take a break and continue it later. There is no known limit on the number of breaks you take from writing the Scroll.

Remember that you can only write those spells/invocations that you already know! Once written, the appropriate amount of mana/power is stored within the Scroll until it is used, and the appropriate amount of life lost, although the writer will be able to regain these immediately by the usual methods.

Prices for Scroll Inks and Scroll Paper

As I have mentioned, there are two types of scroll inks that can be obtained for the writing of Scrolls. These are single-use and standard (or re-usable) scroll inks. The current prices for these inks (in gold) are:

Level/rank	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Single-Use	200	250	300	350	N/A	N/A	N/A
Standard (re-usable)	125	150	175	200	225	250	275

Note that a re-usable Scroll is in fact cheaper than an alchemical potion of the same level, although a single-use Scroll is more expensive...

Scroll Paper itself is very hard to come by and, of course, is very expensive. The current prices (in gold) are:

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Grade	Buy	Sell
0	600-800	300-400
1	2000-2500	1000-1250
2	3000-5000	1500-2500

These prices for buying or selling Scroll Paper are from/to your Sect/Guild, and will vary according to your status and level of goodwill with them. When selling, you may sometimes be able to achieve better rates by selling on the open market.

Obtaining Scroll Writing services

If you are assigned to a mission and wish to have the added security of a pre-written Scroll, you could obtain the necessary inks and write your own (providing the scroll you require is within your repertoire of spells/invocations, and you are a Wizard/Priest with the ability to write Scrolls). If not, you could seek out one with the necessary skills and abilities that you desire, and request their services.

It is normal practice to provide the writer with the necessary inks (and Scroll Paper, if appropriate). If you do not have the funds, or if you are unable to obtain scroll inks, an agreement can sometimes be reached with the writer and they will supply the necessary scroll inks for barter or trade. If you are lucky, or know the writer well, you may not be charged for the actual writing of the Scroll - remember that it will take the writer some time and effort to write the Scroll.

Using Scrolls

In order to use a pre-written Scroll, you must be able to read the runes in which it will be written - if in doubt, ask the writer which rune set they will be using, as a Scroll you cannot read will be useless to you! Note that you do not have to be a caster yourself - as long as you can read the runes, you can use the Scroll.

When using a Scroll, simply read the runes as written, and the spell/invocation will be cast - you have 30 seconds to target the spell/invocation with the final line of vocals, unlike the usual 5 seconds if it were being cast normally.

Virana, Priestess of the Seers

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ROELAND ON THE PLANE OF SETHANIAN

It was as though all the magic had been drained out of the world. I had always known that she had never loved me or the others, but now I realise that it was all a sham, that I had been fascinated, not by the most beautiful, most gracious, most good woman in the world as it had seemed, but by a cold blooded manipulator of men's minds, who fed on their souls. Call it what you will, but to me this was true evil, and it was like a bloody wound in my mind.

It all started when I was delivering some goats cheese I had made which was delicately flavoured with wood ash. I was, so I think, the best cheese maker of my age group in all the valley alliance towers. I love cheese with a passion and am very close to me bees, which rarely sting me even when I take the fragrant honey which is their life, so that there can be a little sweetness in the lives of all. However, I have Melnebonian blood on my mother side (I think she is a cousin to Mortimer Black's mother) and it is this that my father blames for my growing restlessness and desire to go on patrol, and gain status. My cheese delivery was to Daedalus Ebonheart an elven mage, and from him I wondered if I might learn about patrols.

As luck would have it his voice was still strong and he was in a talkative mood, so I learned much. In fact once I had shown a strong interest in the subject of the shadowy Mnemesyne, which I believed him to be a member, if not in fact leader of, he invited me to join him on his next patrol. I offered to be his bodyguard, but he explained that I would be able to go along on my own behalf, but he would still keep an eye over me; which indeed he did.

My preparation was intense, more than for swarming season even, and by the time of the patrol my mind and body were honed as much as my blade. My father was concerned, but I told him that I must be a man. He complained about Melnebonian blood.

For the outset I was equipped with a sword, shield and dagger, and some old leather armour lent me by Daedalus. I was excited to meet the party, 15 others, more than I expected, and was pleased to learn that I was not the only novice.

I expected the party to be led by Daedalus, and perhaps it was, but as his voice was impaired, and Shy, the healer, could do nothing for him, some degree of chaos was to occur. Aside from Daedalus and us first timers, there was Shy the healer, Toggel, a sprite, Mortimer Black, the Seer, ThuleLanter, a fine elven woodsman,

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Blaze, a fire mage, Meckle, the master scout, Kael, an elven warrior, Angelus, a stout adept, Torric and Tegan the druidic scouts, Galen, Spyder and an elf/orcish boy, a friend of Toggle.

My first sight of action, though not really blood, came as we passed along a trail in darkness, and detected undead. Mortimer hared off through the bracken after a ghoul, and I had not the speed in the broken ground to keep up. Mortimer rained down mighty blows with his black runesword, but I was able to join in before the creature was dispatched. So I, Roeland had become a warrior!

Soon we were helping a Red cloaked Magician sporting the cross of St.Michel, who wished to close a gate opened by the Dymwan to other worlds. The Dymwan held the gate and a battle ensued while we tried to take it. After what seemed at the time to be a stiff fight, with ghouls dealing paralysis, and undead hard to harm with ordinary weapons, our numbers and power were victorious over the necromantic hoards. The gate was ours! Roeland was happy.

The mage wished to close the gate, and asked us if we would be prepared to go through in order to hold it while he performed a ritual to close it. He said we would eventually find a way back. He said in this different world we should not think of Good and Evil, but rather of the essential forces of the universe. To strengthen a few of us who were new to different worlds, he cast a major magic, giving us magic fire skins of very long duration. I went through the gate with a worried step, to a world no less dark and rainy, but quite different from our beloved Orin Rakatha. Suddenly those left to guard the entrance until the last moment, Daedalus among them, stumbled through, speaking of stunning magic from the magician. We had been betrayed it seemed!

There seemed to be no way but on! Up a hill we came to a charming looking building, sheltering under cliffs, but by the light of torches we could see a large party blocking our way. Negotiations showed them to be Empire troops (the Empire which forced us from the valley it was later to prove), with Dymwan allies. They wanted to take us in to custody, so I got to take part in my first big long fight. I stayed in the front line, dealt out many cunning blows, and got power bolted for my pains. The angelic Shy healed me. The Empire priests proved to be followers of law, and had nasty invocations, similar to Mighty Blows. Victory was, of course, ours in the end.

Entering the building proved challenging, but eventually we were in. Lots of strange things inside, including a magic chess set, with some relationship to actual events (showing the balance between the pro- and anti- empire forces), a room full of treasures that only a few of us could enter (unfortunately only some treasures

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would go out), some elemental trinkets and many scrolls. It proved in the end to be a research centre. Out back was a Dragon! I dread to think what I will see on my second patrol. The dragon was rather frightening and awe inspiring as you would expect.

We worked on an elemental puzzle to free the dragon from its mystical prison, realised we had to free a set of elementals, one of each sort. We killed each in heroic pitched battles. Eventually this freed the dragon, in return for a question, not before the nasty brute had blasted my mind for suggesting that this was a rather low price. Then it flew off.

Later that night some troops in splendid tabards arrived, and we learned that they were fighting the Empire, but had lost their memories due to a great magic of the Empire called the *Genesis* effect. It is a vast magic wiping the memories of all upon a plane, leading to the easy invasion of the Empire forces.

The troops had an emperor (false) and a artillery captain (bolts et al) who later proved to be the real emperor, but with no memory, named Sethan. We also realised that the Empire had taken Dymwan mercenaries as allies due to the weakness of the locals in using power. Eventually I fell in to bed exhausted.

Morning was early and hard. the theme for the day was to complete a request from the false emperor to disrupt a Dymwan ritual by a big lake. In a day of battles, very trying to the healing talents of Shy (aided by Mortimer), the Empire forces tried to keep us away, aided by their undead allies, including spirits of disease and wounds.

An important discovery was a possessed elf, whom we freed through slaying his master. From this elf we learned many of the keys to the complex situation we were in, and in return he gave us shelter in the deep wood to rest and meditate.

After this we had a major battle heading towards the lake, with a large party lead by shield smashing ogres. my shield went, but luckily I was able to mend it. Near the end of the battle we suffered from a Shadow Wraith attack, and all of the party bar Daedalus and a scout were paralysed with fear. Luckily these two managed to kill it and we were all saved.

Approaching the lake we saw warriors far off to the front, and a monk that circled around behind us. A long period of combat ensued, in which Mortimer, Toggle, and Blaze were possessed by spirits of Chaos and fought against us. At the front there was hard battle against warriors and wizards of law, the middle was riven by the

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party members taken by chaos spirits, and in the rear the monk felled many with mighty blows, including the mighty ThuleLanter, and then pushed his dying breath in to a powerful curse causing disease to all around. Toggle was freed from the Chaos spirit, but artfully pretended otherwise, so when her friend was entangled by Brand and I went to help and was welded to the floor as well, she went to Blaze as a friend. he gave her strength at her request and soon found himself in a head lock.

In the end we found ourselves with a wounded party, and an enemy mage who claimed to be a friend of Sethan, who we had then decided was the true emperor and our friend (perhaps) (and not the Emperor of the lawful empire). And a chaos sword which was attracting people to it. Psyche it was called. Mortimer almost became its wielder, but in the end Blaze won out. So back to the building.

The evening was filled with many things and many fights, but was dominated by the arrival of Jezabella, she who broke my heart, a witch I would say, who ate souls, but at the time I would have died to have her. Incidents like the pretend emperor poisoning Galen, so Shy had to go to all lengths to save him seemed as naught compared to her beauty. And on the good side she did have a potion to nullify the Genesis effect (which she had been researching for use on Sethan) and so we were able to get Sethan's mind back with that (rather than less attractive options we had been considering). Jezabella was of course in love with Sethan and once they had gone off to have their enjoyment of one another, we all realised how doped we had been. After Sethan was back, all was fine really, except for a fight with some magical guardians doing hideous magical damage, as a result of which I fell down the rather dark shining cliff.

Once Sethan was fully back to his mind, he explained all to us, which was a bit complex and confusing, and I will leave Daedelus to explain it all. Suffice to say he was fighting the Empire, stopping them advancing beyond this demi-plane (towards Orin Rakatha). We were offered a last chance to fight the Empires troops, and the party split on this. Myself with Galen, Daedelus, ThuleLanter, Mortimer and a few more carried out a daring attack the next morning, killing an Empire priest and his entourage, recovering the necklace Sethan needed to return us home. I learned about the dangers of combat, being caught behind the enemy group, and had to run for my life, which was fast running out. In the end we had victory.

Roeland returned to the towers, a seasoned warrior of sorts. Back to the bees.

QUAD XLI

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

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Or e-mail on **Mark@orinrakatha.freemove.co.uk**

I can also be reached on the **Phone 01452 546871**
Mobile 0771 251 7938

As you can see I now have a mobile phone to go on adventures. If, for any reason you are going to be late or are not going to get to an adventure, please ring me so we do not delay the start of the adventure.

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.

TRADERS FAIR

Friday 8.30pm to Sunday 1pm
Weekend of 9th April 2000

Wroxton Scout Camp, Banbury, Oxford

please send them, with a s.a.e. to
The Nightmare Crew, c/o Angela Timms, 240 Hale End Road, Woodford Green, Essex IG8 9LZ.
Mobile 07880 734377, Pager: 07666 847022,
or e-mail us on angela_timms@Bromhead.co.uk

FORTHCOMING ADVENTURES

Below is a list of adventures already confirmed for 2000.
Feel free to book any other weekend for an adventure and if you
cannot raise a full party we will fill it for you.

January 2000

6 - 19 **The millennium project 11 day adventure !**
28 - 30 **LEPRACON**

February

4 - 6 **Celebration Theme - St Briavels**
18 - 20 **36 hour - Low Level - Shining Cliff**

March

3 - 5 **36 hour - Low Level - Quantock Hills**
17 - 19 **36 hour - Clun Mill**
31 - 2 April **36 hour - Dimmingsdale**

April

7 - 9 **TRADERS FAIR - see QUAD XL for details**
14 - 16 **Theme - Crowcombe**

Scroll writing services available

Going out on a potentially dangerous mission? Want that extra security of a pre-written scroll?
Always open to negotiation on provision of single-use or standard inks if funds are not available.

Loan of Scroll Paper available

For those Priests who can write their own scrolls but have no permanent Scroll Paper, or those
needing Scroll Paper for use within other spheres - loan of Grade 1 empowered Scrolls can be
negotiated, either blank for your use, or pre-written for first-time use.

Contact Virana, Priestess of the Seers: virana@wolfhold.com (01761-233207)