

QUAD

ISSUE 42

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QUAD THE MAGAZINE

First of all I would like to say a happy new year to everyone in Heroquest, players monsters and referees, old and new. As you can see I have become the new editor for quad in 2000. A great big thank you to Paul Evans for all his work and efforts in producing quad over the last few years.

The idea of quad is to keep everyone informed as to what is going on in the Heroquest world, both in and out of character. Details of forthcoming adventures, reports on adventures that have already happened, rules updates and clarifications, campaign information, letters and other contributions from all of you out there. If there is anything you would like to see included in quad just let me know and I will make sure it is put in.

I plan to produce quad every 5 or 6 adventures, what would be really helpful is if one player from each adventure would write a one page report to be included in the next quad magazine. It should include the characters names, where you went, what you did and whom you met. This way everyone in Heroquest will know what has been going on in the world and if necessary can seek out one of the characters from a particular mission and gain further knowledge.

I apologize for the amateur level of this quad, I will soon have my new computer and scanner and as each quad is produced so will the quality increase (I hope).

All contributions to quad are rewarded, 5 gests per article, please remember to try and keep your articles to 1 page maximum.

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 flavored 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 Melnebonain 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 Daedelus 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 Melnebonain blood.

For the outset I was equipped with a sword, shield and dagger, and some old leather armour lent me by Daedelus. 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 Daedelus, 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 Daedelus and us first timers, there was Shy the healer, Toggle, a sprite, Mortimer Black, the Seer, ThuleLanter, a fine elven woodsman, 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 rune sword, 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. Michael, 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, Daedelus 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 would go out), some elemental trinkets and many scrolls. It proved in the end to be a research center. 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, realized 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 an artillery captain (bolts et al) who later proved to be the real emperor, but with no memory, named Sethan. We also realized 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 Daedelus and a scout were paralyzed 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 party members taken by chaos spirits, and

in the rear the monk felled many with mighty blows, including the mighty ThuleLanteer, 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 Gelen, 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 realized 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 Orian Rathka). We were offered a last chance to fight the Empires troops, and the party split on this. Myself with Gelen, Daedelus, ThuleLanteer, 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.

The Inquisitor

Happy and Accurate reporting from the depths of house Tumdurgul

6 new towers rise and fall.

Through danger turmoil and many many drinks our intrepid reporter has discovered vital news essential to Valley safety. At a recent soiree to celebrate the winter festival it was discovered that the Goblin King is in fact A MYSTIC. Under his careful and expert tuition coalitions of Valley members were instructed to raise their own towers upon Orin Rakatha. The group headed by the drow created towers that soared to the heavens and a spokesshadow was heard to say *“our towers were great but them elven faggots kept pushing their own towers over, not as disciplined as the drow you see!”*. The only difficulty for the drow enterprise came when a mentally challenged half orc attempted to use a sprite as a mortar trowel. Speculations as to the strength of the towers remains although none are expected to last another drink let alone the Time of Reckoning.

Priests Square Off.

Tensions are mounting between two recently hailed Heros of the Valley. Both highly dedicated priests of their own particular sects were overheard discussing the merits of their own sphere, a discussion which degenerated into a shouting match. Later the unnamed priest of the Dark Brethren was heard to say *“ugh, oi cud take da tubby do-gooder wiv one ‘and behind my back, if I ar dai use a ‘uge big axe and all me best invocations wern’t two ‘anded”*. Neither hero was available to comment on the rumours that honourable combat would solve the argument although mutters have been heard from both camps to the effect of *“Ha, evil cretin I have a good spirit”* and *“yeah, so, ‘ave yoo seen wot my dagger does??”*. Valley officials expect a peaceful resolution, so all bets are off.

Letters.

Dear Uncle Shady,

I was recently horrified to discover that on a recent valley mission my brother was cruelly slain not once but 5 times! I am distraught as I now owe him 50 gests for perming first, what can I do to give him his money?

Suicidal Sprite

Dear Spite or Smite whichever one is left alive,

Do not panic, as your brother found out the reapers are very helpful in this situation should you want to deliver the money personally. If you merely want to pass the money on to your brother I have an excellent invocation called "banish Gest" which I would be happy to perform on your behalf.

Dear Uncle Shady,

I am a mighty Priest of the Michealiners but my superiority has been challenged by an untutored oik of the evil sphere what can I do?

Worried Priest,

Dear Zilvan,

I wouldn't worry, simply turn this into a popularity contest (at the right time of course). Wait until the end of a huge nasty fight and then ask if people prefer your good power or his evil you might not get respect but you will get friends, of a sort

If you have any worries about life in Orin Rakatha write to Uncle Shady care of Quad. 1 gest per letter received..

The Eleven Day (or The pre -Twenty Day)

We finally made it! The Eleven Day was a resounding success, and we can but thank all concerned who helped make it the epic tale that it was. Special thanks to (these are in no particular order so don't feel bad if you're at the bottom)...

- Shitfer *for goading us into the project in the first place and chivvying us along.*
- Rik *for the tweaking of ideas and for a delve in his magic wardrobe to obtain a huge variety of comedy headgear*
- Miles *for devising some interesting ways of killing time...*
- Pete *for giving us a chance to put our feet up with a goblet of wine and to watch some very good sport*
- Rob Buckley *for keeping up the true spirit of murder*
- Wiggy *for the total destruction of a crucial plot monster and yes the party did smell an awful lot like flowers!*
- Jenny *for not being a modern woman and sewing at every opportunity, not always for pleasure.*
- Vicki *for not knowing what she was getting herself into and having to learn how to make pie sarnies en-croute*
- Simon *for not being late and being an exceptional troll.*
- Bruce *for playing with his one good eye for two days and the song "Fat Bottomed Girls"!*
- Andy Goodman *for not being afraid of ridicule and he was the dandy highwayman...Beastcloak!!!*
- Paul Matthews *for his nest-building skills and bringing his air guitar to entertain us all with...we found your plectrum by the way*
- Big Neil Hoyes *for taking his feet away in the end and his continuing pleasure in being typecast.*

Ian Greaves *for bringing his universal wisdom and close hand
fighting techniques...we are your students seifu.*

Conrad *for his truly unique views on life and women.*

MBT *for throwing the police off our trail and
dedication despite trauma.*

Rhys *for poncing about in the last encounter, but you
did look soooo very sexy as the Dalehoven Love
Warrior.*

Extra Special Thanks to;

Idris Shah and the Suffi Trust	TSR – Products of our imagination
Ringo Lam	Sammo Hung
Fong Sai-Yuk	David Lynch
Insane Clown Posse	Sun Tzu
Bamber Gasgoin	All at Blizzard Entertainment
Akira Kurosawa	John Carpenter
Adam Ant	Tsui Hak
Confucius	Nostrodamus
William Shakespeare	George Lucas
JRR Tolkein	David Wyngrove
Sea World	The Chucky Ninja

Last but not least...The Party, without whom it would not have
been possible. Thank you for providing us with
fresh plot as we were going (ah baby-monitors).
Who was the mystery pie eater...we will find
you!

**If we have forgotten anyone we are sorry, but you know what
we're like...cheers anyway.**

Alex & Barry

...The Millennium Project...to be continued...

The world at war

11 day 06.01.2000-17.01.2000

Most of you will have noticed the strange going ons with regards to the wizards and sorcerers of Orin Rakatha over the last year. It seems that the Grand Conjunction of the spheres has been happening for some time and has recently reached its Zenith. Well I wont tell you everything that took place on our quest, as most of it will not be believed, however here is a brief outline of events as I see it.

Over the course of last year many primary magic casters felt a drawing towards their particular element in the same way that priests are drawn to their spheres, this was leading to a major war between their followers, particularly Air and Fire vs. Water and Earth. Our own green school of magic had sent most of its Sorcerers and some of its wizards on a secret mission and our task was to find them and report where they were and what they were up to.

There were 4 groups but we were the ones who found the green school. They did a major identify on Orin Rakatha as a whole and found that a small demi plane situated over Orin Rakatha was changing the effect that the grand conjunction was having on Orin Rakatha.

We eventually set about events that have now caused the demi plane to begin moving away. Whilst on the demi plane we believe we affected 9 creatures responsible for most of the recent warring on Orin Rakatha, allowing them to be defeated.

Our group consisted of Mgellan our leader, Kel, Gilreyhan, Sven, Zilvan, Ezekial, Quentin Aaardnob, and myself Jharkor.

If you wish to hear a full report of our mission, contact Zilvan (Tarry Higgins) or Mgellan (Mike Finnister).

CAMPAIGN NEWS

Rebellion

In the palace of the four winds tower an internal struggle has taken place and 2 of the leaders of that tower have been slain, namely Lord Sandaster and Li Shu-Zha. Many members of the tower have been reported to be returning to the towers they lived in previously. We know that the information Sir Gilrain Hardwicke gave to the Grand Knights of Halmadons Height was instrumental in their slaying of these beings.

A Spark in the Darkness

The recent hostilities between the Morgothian Tower and Halmadons Height have resulted in the destruction of the embodiment of Morgoth, however it seems that the Halmadonians victory was not without loss - the Sword of Law was also lost in the fighting.

A Fishy Tale

The recent coming of the Shark Cult's leader, Sab[^]re, was brought swiftly to an end when he was cut down by the leader of the Rangers Guild, Sir Faldor Steel.

You Never Kill the Messenger

We have learned from Gilliard Greyarm that Hsin Shu-zha, the Elemental King of Metal, has met with a treacherous end. The being was attempting to dispel the fighting between Morgoth and the Grand Knights of Halmadons Height. He was struck down by Morgoth's fell mace of power.

The Power of the Mind

The Primal Lord of Chaos, Chai Shu-lun, has been slain by a sizeable strike force from Annach Morannanil. The force, comprised mainly of Beleg Aratar soldiers led by Lorgan Mindhowl.

He Hated This One

Wei Shu-lun, the Elemental Prince of Light, has been destroyed by his own followers. A force of sorcerers from the White College of magic of the Wizards Concillum led by Dean Rhadjan Ranga-fal were drawn to the presence of this being. The Dean has a feverous hatred of elementals of all kind and led his fellows in a blinding assault.

It Came from the Deep End

We know now that the Harbringer of the Triad, Wu Shu-zha Elemental King of Earth has been destroyed by the Thissessin. A group of powerful shamen, including one known as Sarssippiuss, emerged from the rivers and destroyed the Harbringer's body.



CHUCKIE NINJA