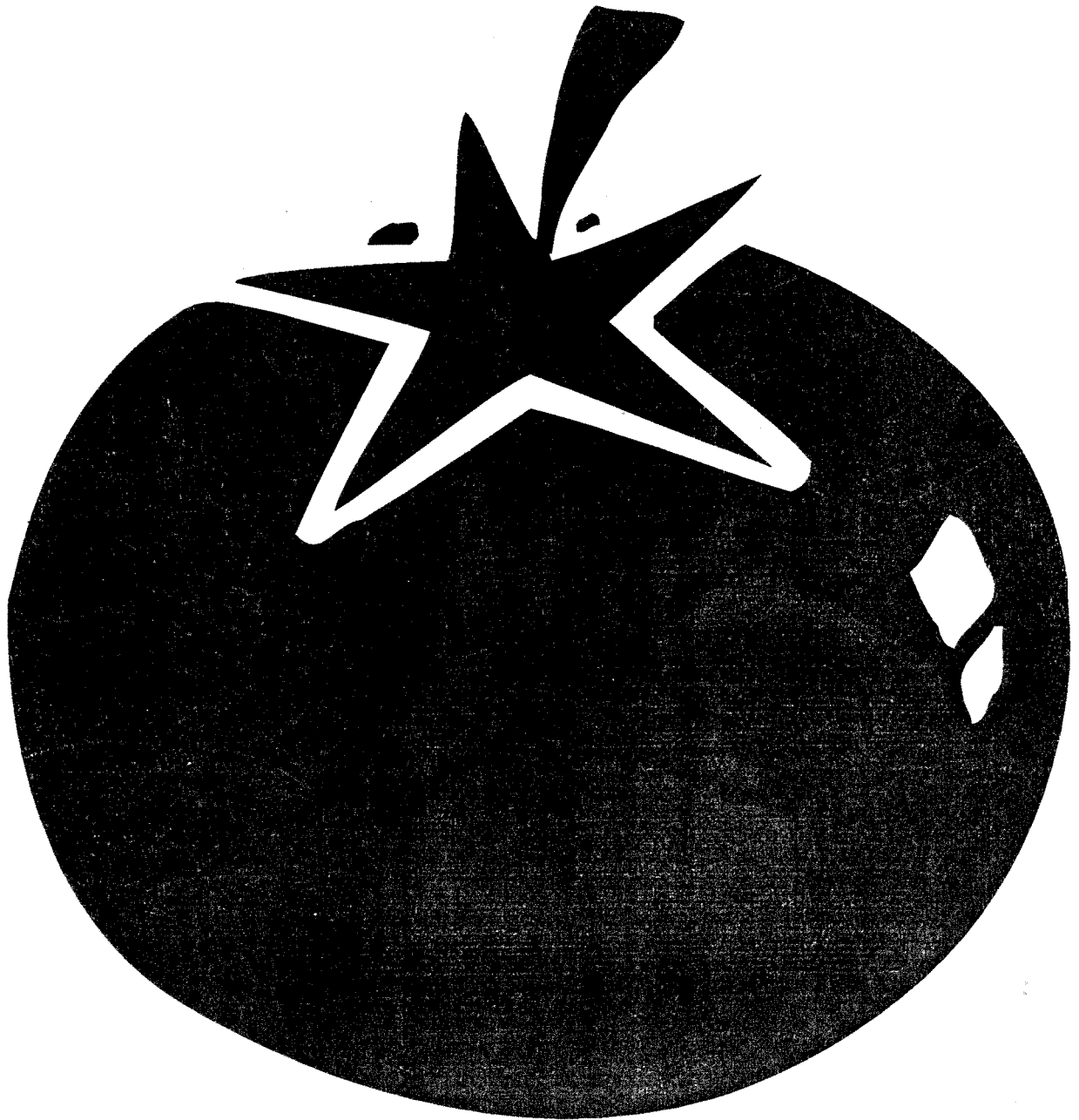


Dragon

Number Sixteen



The Fantasy Role Player's Fanzine

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As usual, we are still looking for donations to **QUAD**, particularly drawings, doodles, sketches etc. Remember, if you send a written up report of your quest to Giles (Jon Peck, Brooklands, Upton Valley, Picton, Cheshire CH2 4HG), he will send you **5 Gests**.

We would also like a copy for the QUADS (ON ANY MACINTOSH/MS-DOS FORMATTED 3½" DISK USING EITHER TEXT OR ASCII FORMAT – SUPPLIED WITH HARD COPY PREFERABLY TYPED OR ANY **NON DOT MATRIX** PRINTER!!!). Also, this issue we are starting an article "A day in the life of..." of which we would like your characters to contribute to describe how they might spend a typical day in Orin-Rakatha.

As most of you know, we have just run **HEROQUEST IV** in Scotland, everyone had an excellent week, thanks especially to **Nick Blewer, Steve Barns, Rick Jackson, Miles Berry, Rick Payne** and not forgetting **The Monsters**, (they were great!) for all their hard work and effort. Hopefully, we will be bringing out another **QUAD supplement** describing the events leading up to and during the **HEROQUEST IV** itself; as, campaign wise, it was vitally important. So if you get a chance, talk to party members of the 'QUEST at the next Theme Weekend.

Rick has now finished his exams, so 'carding', character letters etc you have been waiting to send should be done now! Remember, you can only increase levels of Magic or Power casting at the rate of **ONE RANK/LEVEL PER TWENTY FOUR HOURS OF QUESTING**. When applying to receive that level/rank, include the out of date card and the necessary Gests. If in doubt, contcat myself or Rick first.

This issue of QUAD contains a **prize crossword**. The first correct answer to me, wins **A FREE COPY OF QUAD XVII** (Wow!!).

See you all soon.

Mark Roberts (SFB)

P.S Good luck to **Ian and Deb**, who have just moved. If you wish to contact them, ring me. I'll have their new address by the time you read this issue.

**PLEASE REMEMBER THAT YOU CANNOT GET ARMOUR,
POTIONS, SCROLLS OR GOOD SPIRITS ETC. ON THE DAY
AS THEY MUST BE APPLIED FOR WELL IN ADVANCE.**

AUGUST**CONTACT****25-26 As Yet Unbooked****SEPTEMBER****25-27 St Brivals Theme Weekend**

Mark Roberts (0452) 610342

OCTOBER**9-11 36 Hour – Welsh Bicknor**

Mark Roberts (0452) 610342

31 - (November) 1Halloween Theme Weekend
(Wilderhope Manor)

Mark Roberts (0452) 610342

NOVEMBER**20-22 36 Hour – Welsh Bicknor**

Mark Roberts (0452) 610342

27-29 Ridgeway Theme Weekend

Mark Roberts (0452) 610342

DECEMBER**18-20 Christmas Theme Weekend**

Mark Roberts (0452) 610342

**The two Welsh Bicknor 36 hour adventures are booked as sites
and are open to ideas for any party that wishes to use them,
as usual, with those and all the above, it is a
first come first served basis.**

JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE TO GO BACK OUT ADVENTURING – HEROQUEST V

The proposed date for this the fifth Heroquest is **12-18 SEPTEMBER 1993**. Any person who may wish to do this adventure should pay a **£20 deposit** (to Mark Roberts) **before the end of 1992**. Unlike in previous years, the party will be chosen by all those wishing to go on the Quest, so obviously paying a deposit does **NOT** guarantee you a place, until the party is 'Selected' (sometime in May 93) party co-ordination will be done by **Jon Lowndes (FELIX)**.

The Referee for this adventure will be **Mark Roberts (SFB)**. Anyone wanting further information on Heroquest V should write to either Jon or Mark.

PERSONAL MESSAGES

'Get up, move faster' — Addressed to all who know

Roll up! Roll up! Get your disposable ogres, but one get two free, you'll need 'em!

For Sale: Empowered Rank one Mace — 150 Gests o.n.o
 Empowered Rank two Dagger — 240 Gests o.n.o

Anybody interested, please contact **Jerimiah Klass** at the **Pathfinders Guild** (via Bruce Duncan, 6 The Sanctuary, Greenlane, Morden, Surrey SM4 5NX) offers of trades and/or swaps will be considered.

042 — Proceed to next assignment.

We **WILL** have revenge for the Death of the Ambassoador, we hold those present responsible. — The Reavers

Message to Half-Orcs: Goblins, Trolls, Ashazi, Orcs and other tribal people of the undergroun, including any partial members. Remeber, who is the King. Lord Carrion is drawing up a message for those who forget. Anon Leak.

The Graet Fin cometh: Let His glory shine. Those of you who oppressed and put down by your so called leaders, be ready for a chance of liberation, declare yourselves to Scale or his agents. Do not be fooled, look what happened to the Lizardmen who joined the Tower, they have never been seen again.

Twice bitten, third time shy. Or are you Mr Dark Priest??

Asagi, your last chance to know the truth. For the right price I can tell you what I know of and who he is. The offer cannot last forever. Contact 145, The Assassin's Guild, The Dark Tower.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF...

Hellior – Janitor of the Dark Tower.

Most people are taken to thinking that it takes an army of cleaners to keep such a place as this spick and span; but I can guarantee it is not true at all. Despite rumours and popular folk tales of blood-baths and orgies, most of the inhabitants of The Dark Tower are actually quite friendly, and very rarely leave too much of a mess.

The day starts early with the mucking out of the stables. I don't tend to do much shovelling, I leave that to the stableboy. I make sure though that I go into the Nightmare's stable and gather up a bucketful of its droppings. Big, yellow, lumpy things they are; not moist as you might expect, but dry and powdery. The alchemists here love the stuff and say there's all sorts of uses for it. They call it Brimstone, I call it something else personally.

After the stables it's off to oil the portcullis, and give the gates a good scrub down. It is a time consuming job, the master has a tendency to have people he doesn't like nailed to the front of the gates and leaves them there for weeks.

I think it's quite an outrage myself, those bloodstains are a bugger to get out of the grain and it takes hours of polishing to cover the nail holes. Beats me why he can't crucify them like anyone else!

After doing the gates I make my way over to the practice grounds and have a look at the roster. It's always important to see whose doing the training on any given day, different set-ups you see.

If it's Mr Scorpion, (I don't like to call him Zannak because it sounds a bit personal don't you think?) I do like to put down just that extra bit of sawdust. Expert swordsman he may be but he does tend to leave a bit of a mess, so I use sawdust from the Andrex Tree. It lasts longer and is particularly absorbent.

I also put a lot of sacking on the walls of the arena when the Mages are in doing some target practice. They do pop in occasionally for a bit of Bolt throwing, but with the live targets and everything they do tend to splatter their mess around.

Differences apart they're all a good bunch of lads, all ready for a laugh and a jape. I remember one time they were messing around with a prisoner, he'd already confessed and told the master what he wanted, so he gave them to the troops as a bit of a morale booster, (he has a heart of gold really). Anyway, there they were, prodding him around and teaching him how to play dodge the arrow and catch the javelin, when they tell him enough is enough, gave him a sword and let him walk out of the gates.

This chap was over the moon and ran off down the hill. Halfway down he suddenly fell over and thrashed about madly, he did look funny. He eventually went blue and he spouted blood from all orifices; the lads hadn't told him that the handle of the sword was covered in some sort of contact poison, that kills you if you get too excited.

What a bunch of jokers eh!

There's still a lot to do around the tower, not least of which is going downstairs and feeding the prisoners; oh yes, they aren't denied the luxury of my personal care and attention whilst held in the dungeons. It's a simple operation. Find the bucket of slops

that the cook (who doubles up as the torturer) leaves by the door; all good red meat mind, no vegetable rubbish; and then walk along pouring a bit down each trapdoor in turn making sure that the one's who are for the chop, (that's jailer's talk, not meaning the one's who get a nice bit of meat because that's butcher's talk) get just that little bit less. It's no point wasting it, they hardly need to keep up their strength do they now!

So it's easy really. Oh, I almost forgot emptying the chamber pots as well. I collect it all in a barrel and pour that in just after the meat, just to give it that little bit of flavour.

Then it's time for a quick break for a brew and a bite. (there's an old vampire joke in there but I don't know any old vampires) After which, I usually nip over to see my old mate Torquin. He's in charge of the library and he sometimes lends me the odd book or two. Oh yes, I can read all right, have to in my job what with rosters and rotas and all that.

Some of my recent favourites were "Torturing Methods using Nuts, Bolts and Screws." that was a particularly rivetting read. I also liked "The Succubus; an Illustrated Guide." I was up all night with that one; and I really enjoyed "101 Uses for a Dead Paladin". So much so in fact that I have now got a silver and white novelty draught excluder for my room. One day I might be able to afford the Holy Bone Xylophone Set, but I'll have to save up.

Anyway, lunch over with I make my way over to the Mages' Guild House for my usual spell there. After a few moments I'm flying around the Tower getting all the rubbish out of the gutters. You would be amazed what you find in the gutters in this place. It's even worse though when I have to go and clear a blockage in the drains. It was much easier when the boss could tell someone or other to go send some zombies to do it, they don't mind the smell.

I remember once I was down there with my mop and shovel clearing away an unusually large mass of effluence that had gathered in a pipe, when I saw these bunch of blokes walking down going "Ssh, ssh, the scouts ahead!".

Well I've never been one for adventuring myself but from what I know I could tell these chaps were up to no good, they were obviously trying to sneak into the tower. But, it was nothing that I couldn't handle.

It was a simple case of open sluice get number six and let the crap flow down. I can tell you now, they must have whiffed after that lot. Nobody gets covered in that much pooh and doesn't suffer as a result.

The master gave me a pat on the back for that, which was less than they got thankfully!

Anyway, more or less my last job is lighting all the lights around the place, and making sure the gates are closed at midnight. There's a strict curfew here, no naughty business in this place, the master's very strict about that sort of thing. Gates open on his orders only, unless, of course, the man with the groceries is late.

So, it's off duty now for me, time for a nap and a cup of hot cocoa. It's not a bad lot I've got in life, lots of friendly faces always ready with a smile or a nod. It's this sort of living that all those other folks should really want to enjoy, and as the Master always says,

"If they don't like it and think they know better, then chop their dang doodling heads off!"

LEADING CHARACTERS
(In Alphabetical Order)

WARRIORS

Carathon	Hero
Chill	Hero
Dec	Hero
Elthan	Hero
Fearon	
Gellix	Hero
Kaalraan	Hero
Karl	Hero
Ruff	Hero
Rock	Hero
Scrubber	Hero
Wolf	Hero

SCOUTS

Banner	
Brand	Hero
Commanche	Hero
Delta	Hero
Galnin	Hero
Garth	Hero
Jihad	
Max	
Nishy	
Runt	Hero
Stealth	
Torrell	Hero

PRIESTS

Brother John	Hero
Cringe	Hero
Crumble	Hero
Gus	Hero
Grendle	Hero
Harry	Hero
Little Jim	Hero
Lathrodec	Hero
Melf	RIP
Melkeron	Hero
Merlin	Hero
Mian	Hero

WIZARDS

Algae	
Aradel	Heroine
Cequinth	Hero
Count	Hero
Eremor	Hero
Finn	Hero
Giles	Hero
Mordred	Hero
Quicksilver	RIP
Solitaire	Hero
Spark	Hero
Starion	Hero

An open letter to all within the Valley Alliance Tower

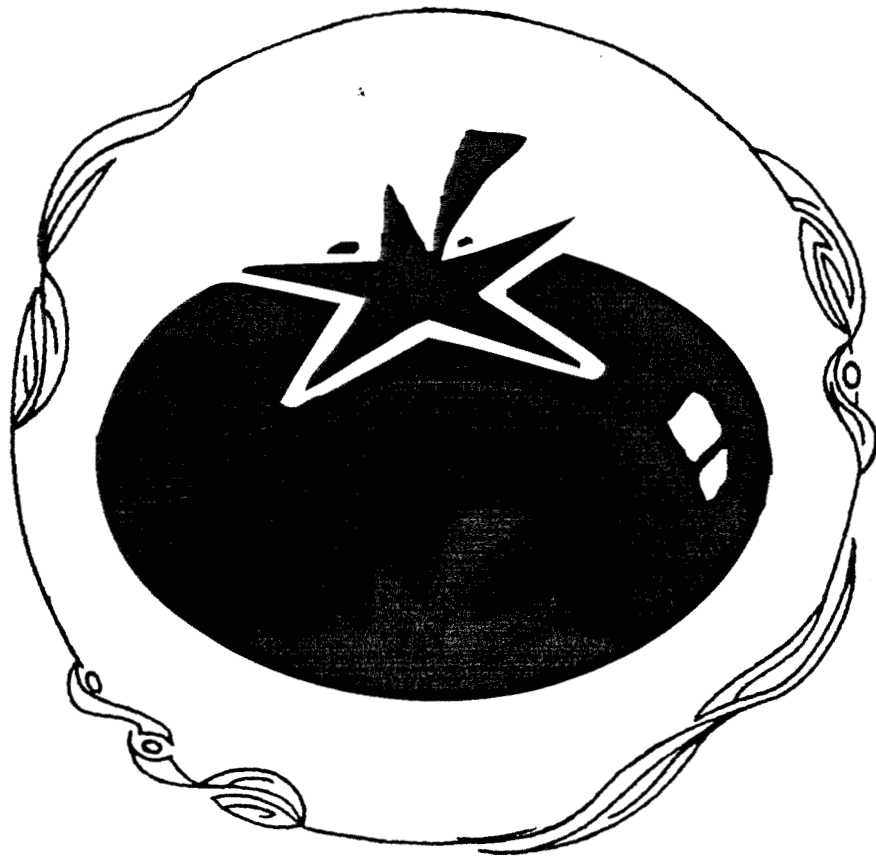
At my recent trial, I was found guilty of attempting to harm another valley member, that being Harry the Half-Orc, Hand of Humact. There was no doubt about this matter, as I freely admitted to casting a Touch of Death upon him, however some, in particular Sir Vanderloss, the prosecutor, and head of my camp, maintained that I sought to slay him.

This was not in fact the case. I knew that Harry could not be slain by a Touch of Death Invocation of less than Cosmic Power, and that any lesser invocation would only suspend his life rather than slay him. I used the Ritual Power Touch of Death, and consequently did not slay him, my actions were therefore those of punishment not of murder. There can be no doubt that had I wished Harry dead I would have been able to slay him following the Touch of Death, as before Melkeron was able to intervene I was able to cast two Cure Mortal Wounds invocations upon Harry.

After being punished by the court in accordance with the law, Sir Vanderloss it would seem felt my punishment was insufficient, and so sought to punish me further, by removing my Good Cosmic Power Invocations. As the only Good Cosmic Power Invocation I have is Ressurrection, this does not harm me, rather it only harms others. I ask all to write to him to urge him to accept the lawfull verdict of the court, and not to seek to impose his whims, upon others.

Merlin

Twice Hero and Thrice Priest



ORANGE

ORANGE SCHOOL OF MAGIC

Members of the valley towers may be unaware of the existence of the Orange School of Magic. Orange mages and practitioners utilise the element of fruit. The spells taught are well balanced, being useful both in combat situations and when entertaining dinner guests. The School is located in the White/Grey Tower fruit and vegetable market on Fridays and Saturdays.

The leader of the Orange School is a mysterious and enigmatic man known as the Market Gardener. He is rarely seen by members of the valley, preferring to dwell in remote orchards and ornamental fruit bowls. It was once reported that he would eat nothing but meat, proclaiming that "vegetarianism is murder". However, he recently renounced this belief in favour of a diet high in fibre and polyunsaturates. It is rumoured that his mother was a White Path Priestess and his father a banana.

The spells taught in the Orange School are listed below.

	LEVEL 0	LEVEL 1	LEVEL 2	LEVEL 3	LEVEL 4
ORANGE (FRUIT)	Fruit Slit - FS Tomato Skin	Tomato Skin	FS Mastery Tomato Skin	Tomato Skin	(En. FS Mastery) Tomato Skin
	Custard Pie	Custard Pie Fruit Jam	Polymorph Self Custard Pie Fruit Salad	Polymorph Other Custard Pie Fruit Crumble (Defrost)	Custard Pie Fruit Trifle (Defrost)

LEVEL 0,2 & 4

FRUIT SLIT

Range : Touch Weapon

Duration : 15 Minutes

Effect : This spell can be cast on a potato peeler or small knife designed for peeling fruit. The wielder will then be able to remove the skin from fruit without squirting juice on their clean clothing

LEVEL	NUMBER OF FRUIT AFFECTED BY SINGLE BLOW	SHOUT
0	One	'Single Fruit Slit'
2	Two	'Double Fruit Slit'
4	Three	'triple Fruit Slit'

LEVEL 0-4

TOMATO SKIN

Range : Touch

Duration : 15 Minutes

Effect : This spell places a magical skin of tomato around the recipient. Note that physical AC is increased by one place if the recipient sits in a very warm place for a short period of time, turning occasionally. The AC per level is as follows:

LEVEL	MAGICAL	PHYSICAL	COOKING TIME
0	0	0	10 minutes
1	0	0	8 minutes
2	0	0	6 minutes
3	0	0	4 minutes
4	0	0	2 minutes

LEVEL 2 & 3

POLYMORPH (SELF, OTHER)

Range : Touch

Duration : 15 Minutes

Effect : The recipient has the ability to polymorph him/herself and all of their possessions into the shape of any fruit or vegetable. The renowned orange sorcerer, Graham the Grocer, used this spell to great effect when he disguised himself as a satsuma and hid in a fruit bowl at a Khalid banquet. He discovered vital information about a planned attack on the Valley trading post, without arousing the slightest suspicion. If it was not for a seasonal shortage in cheese and biscuits and after dinner mints then he probably would have got away with it.

LEVEL 0-4

CUSTARD PIE

Range : As Thrown

Duration : Instant

Effect : When this spell is cast, a custard pie is created in the caster's hand. This may be thrown at any target causing the following damage:

LEVEL	EFFECT	REACTION OF VICTIM
0	Splash of Colour	Startled Surprise
1	Slight Loss of Dignity	Not Amused
2	Very Low Street Credibility	Mildly Upset
3	Knocked Right off Balance	Rather Irritated
4	Total Humiliation	Completely Enraged

LEVEL 1-4

FRUIT (JAM, SALAD, CRUMBLE, TRIFLE)

Range : 20ft

Duration : Instant

Effect: This spell enables the caster to transform a nearby fruit into an appetizing culinary delight. A very useful spell when faced with a hoard of hungry monsters.

LEVEL 3 & 4

DEFROST (T) & DEFROST (R)

Range : Touch (T) & 20ft (r)

Duration : Instant

Effect: This spell defrosts one frozen object. Frozen food becomes instantly ready for eating or further preparation. Do not re-freeze food which has been defrosted.

For further information on the Orange School of Magic write to the Market Gardener, enclosing 10 guineas to cover administrative costs and a weekly grocery list. Do not be discouraged if the Market Gardener takes some time to reply to your letter. He is a very busy man.

A JOURNEY TO THE DEEP WOODS WITH ARADEL 25-26TH APRIL 1992

A party consisting of Aradel, Banner, the Count, Dec, Fearon, Felix, Finn, Marouk, Spark, Vedar and myself (Wolf) aimed to travel back to the Valley to visit the Deep Wood elves, and try to obtain information about the teaching of Arcane Green magic.

The Dai-Fah-Dyne World Window was used to plane shift the party to the Valley. Unfortunately it did not transport us to the right destination. Instead, we believe that we crossed time lines on some way, arriving in an alternative version of the Valley's early history. We met and fought with the Chaos Jester and some of his troop, namely the Acrobat, the Magician, and the Strong Man, who all appeared to be in league with the Dark Brotherhood, led by the Dark Wolf. We slew the Magician together with the Acrobat and the Strong Man. A number of Jesterlings were also slain. Unfortunately, both Felix and Marouk fell in this battle, and had to be resurrected upon our return.

We also met with Faldor Steel (leader of a group calling themselves the Hand of Steel), and Derlin (a warrior Priest), and heard mention of The White Wizard and Raucus. The Empire was unknown.

The elves in the party entered the Deep Woods and spoke with four deep wood elven sorcerors, and one drow sorcerer (whom they named Vain). We exchanged little information because we felt it unwise to reveal too much of the future. The Seer amongst them said that a Dream Sleep had indicated to him that the teaching of Arcane Green magic could be obtained on Orin Rakatha, and that travel to the Deep Woods was not necessary.

I believe that one of the key questions arising from this mission is how, why, and by whom, was our plane shift interfered with? Be aware when next travelling by this method.

Wolf

Member of the Humakti Sect and the Seekers Guild

EPISODE 11

THE HALF ORCS GUILD PARTY

Sparky applied to join the **Half-orcs Guild** and invited several of its members come on his expedition. His application to join was accepted and although the half-orcs said that they could not join him on his expedition they did provide him with a Trollskin to wear and did invite him to a party.

Unfortunately, the party did not get off to a good start. The building in which it was held was soon discovered to be multiply leased by the **Azadan** owner which resulted in people keep knocking on the door claiming that they were the rightful tenants. On top of this **Buttercup** later hammered on the door demanding to be let in. She said that she and the **Whelk brothers** had been attacked by a horde of goblins while they were bringing the drink to the party. The goblins had run off with nearly all of it. Later the Whelks arrived still beerless and it was agreed that the next day we would all go goblin bashing.

First thing the next morning a drunken goblin was seen propping up one of the perimeter fences. **Sparky** and **Scud** spoke with him and "acquired" his nearly full bottle of beer. A scout was sent to investigate the direction from which the goblin most frequently claimed to have come. The scout found a big cave and so those who had got up and sobered up early enough set out to investigate it further. It was found to be guarded by more goblins, who the guild members rapidly defeated. Unfortunately these goblins had no beer. The cave actually turned out to be a very long tunnel but the guild force cleared it of goblins all the same and then continued to search for more in the area beyond.

A number of interesting characters were then encountered including pirates, a **Fire Sprite** and a **druid** who eventually pointed the party in the direction of a small group of goblins. Unfortunately, by the time that they were spotted they were already down to their last half bottle of beer. This was swiftly captured and rapidly dispatched (to avoid further mishaps). Then, after wasting the entire morning looking for the stolen booze everyone returned to base still beerless.

Later however, while the guild members were relaxing, sunning themselves and wondering where their next beer was likely to come from, someone saw a group of goblins and a **troll** carrying **large amounts of beer** across a narrow bridge over a local river. The guild set off in hot pursuit and soon caught up with them on the far side of the bridge. The fight was quite long and violent but with a large crate of huge beer bottles at stake the outcome was a foregone conclusion.

Everyone then returned home and had a real good party, especially **Onyx**; who, being a tea-total Michaelener that would never be seen drinking (honest!) saved everyone from a lot of sin; by pouring away lots of beer. There were lots of games like "spin the Top" (where three strong types threw a mage called **Top** all over a field), "pass the chicken" when the scouts regenerating chicken got used as a ball, some egg breaking games and of course some drinking games.

And the next day we all sneaked off home....very quietly.

EROMREEB

(The Whelk Brother Party)

Me and Sparky met Edith Whelk at the arranged place and after hanging around for a few hours, we only had four others turn up. They being **TOP**, **REGGIE**, **FIL** (the teddy bear of Morgoth) and **SHERKAHN** a weird cat like thing. (Apparently **ORAC** and **SHADOWRAC** were supposed to come but they had to wash their hair.

We set off and had no trouble getting there, (the only problem was understanding Edith's dialect of orcish) and took over the place (A small cottage). After being told the rules by the **Azadan** owner, after looking over the place we found no sign of the Whelks so we cracked open a couple of bottles of our own beer we'd brought along the only things disturbing our drinking being some Lizard Men and a geezer in green who tried to gatecrash, and the cloud of flies surrounding **Reggie**.

It was some time later that **Buttercup** arrived, closely followed by the **Whelk Brothers** who told us they'd been mugged by a huge troll and a load of goblins who'd pinched all the beer. This was truly disastrous news.

The next day we set off, (after beating some information out of a drunken goblin) on the trail of the beer bandits and found some in the mouth of a large tunnel. It didn't take long to finish these and we preceded to go down the tunnel encountering along the way a strange, half demented fellow who decided to cause us some trouble, but even though he power drained Sparky, once **Edith** had found him he was easy meat for **Fil** and **Reggie**. At the end of the tunnel we met some more Goblins and a couple of small trolls, but these didn't stop us for long.

After leaving the tunnel me, **Sparky** and **Fil** headed up the hill, but soon noticed that the rest of our group hadn't followed us. They were busy talking to a demented fire sprite who wouldn't let them down the trail. "Sod this" we thought, so the three carried along the hill planning to rejoin the trail further on.

At this point the rest of the group decided to carry on regardless and moved down the trail causing the sprite to start throwing around fire spells willy nilly which was really bad news for **Onyx the Michaelener** who had just managed to catch up with us in time to get blown to bits by the sprite, but we managed to elixir him. At his time a **crazy druid** appeared who kept shouting at us for treading on the plants and the sprite was still causing trouble, that was until **Fil** discovered that the sprites own sword was magical, so we used that to mosh it and the druid didn't seem too bothered as long as we kept off the grass.

We travelled on the trail, the mad druid having told us that there were a lot of **drunken goblins thrashing through the bushes** and trampling the plants down and we soon encountered some pirates who kept saying "Ho! Ho! Ho!" and a bottle of rum" so we killed them in true valley style.

Later along the trail we met some more goblins who we gambled with for some of our beer, then I captured a couple of them and **Fil** power-drained them. One of them seemed to be accidently throat-cut, the other, a rather snivelling creature told us that

Smegbottom the troll had travelled back through the tunnel with our beer so we headed back as fast as our legs would carry us.

We arrived back at the cottage but there was no sign of **Smegbottom**, the **Whelk Brothers** were still having words with the **Azadan** about the gatecrashers and **Buttercup** was asleep in bed.

We were sitting around, **Top** and **Reggie** meditating and the cat creature **Sherkahn** chasing flies when a goblin turned up and said that they were drinking our beer and it was lovely. Not very pleased at this we chased the goblin onto a bridge where the rest of its mates were, including **Smegbottom**. **Smegbottom was a really hard troll**, dressed in plate and chain mail he was ignoring the blows of four men and was hitting with the blows of five men with his hands, six or seven with a sword but with the help of **Fil's** and **Top's** power-drains, **Reggie's** and **Onyx's** curing we beat him and his cronies.

Having rescued the beer and the **Whelk Brothers** returning accompanied by **Bill the goblin and his mate** we had a huge party with loads of food (cooked by an **elf wench called Wednesday**) and **even more beer served by Edith** we all got really drunk and played some party games including **throw Top in the air and catch him** and **smashing eggs on peoples heads, especially Tops** and everybody had a really good time.

We were supposed to do something the next day but we were all **too pissed** and half slept through most of it.

So thanks to the **Whelk Brothers** for the really good bash and same time next year, Eh lads!

SCUD, GREY RANGER (One of Faldor's Lads)

P.S If Savandloss is reading this Onyx didn't touch a dropHonest.

The Party: SCUD, SPARKY, FIL, REGGIE, SHERKAHN, ONYX, TOP and EDITH.

HIDE & SEEK

Being an account of the search for signs of vampires in early April by: Derrick, Uriel, Gisigon, Gawaine, Ice Diamond, Scaflock, Mandragora, Ketch, Snood, Big Ears, Rogue and a Valley Scribe.

A group of valley members were sent to scout an area not many days from the Towers to investigate the reported sighting of a Vampire. Accompanied by a scribe of the Neutral Camp, we journeyed to the area with little difficulty.

Having found a suitable camp, we set about our task of searching. Almost immediately we came across a group of towerless men in a nearby cave. We conversed with them about the local denizens whilst Gawaine (a hospitaler) tended their wounded. Their spokesman, Robin, said that they had been attacked by Khalid the previous day and were awaiting the return of their leader (Crowfoot). It was mentioned by Robin that they had some ex-Taranor amongst their number. We enjoined them to sup with us that evening and, subject to their master's agreement, they agreed.

As we searched further afield, we were attacked by a Wood Ghoul, one of several which seemed to inhabit this area. As we made our way into an area we believed likely to have suitable "accommodation" for Vampires, we were stopped by a puissant Sprite whose magics were far stronger than our own. He would permit only some of our group to cross his territory. Those that passed did not go much further and were chased off by an Ogre leading some Goblins.

We were still determined to check out the area beyond, so we went round, rather than through, the Sprite's territory although we were again harassed by the Ogre and its charges which we slew.

We decided to rest at this point and as we tarried, we met a "Druid" who behaved in a peculiar fashion, watching with interest as we dealt with attacks from both a Wood Ghoul and another Ogre which we believed to be the mate of the first. After the second of these fights, Gisigon (a Drow warrior of great promise) had to be elixired. After this, the "Druid" made attempts to get one or another of the group to go off scouting with him on their own, but it was only after he left that his probable intent became clear to us. Our uneasiness with the "Druid" grew and he soon left us, feeling our enmity growing. As he left, one of the members of our group noticed a bloody mark on the back of the "Druid's" robe which led us to further question his identity.

Not far from here, we found a cave containing within it the imprint of a coffin in the floor. The imprint was quite small, almost that of a child's coffin, although it was suggested that perhaps this Vampire slept standing up.

As we set off back towards our camp, feeling it unwise to be abroad after sunset, we met another follower of Crowfoot called Frank. He was a kind and thoughtful individual who used some grey power to heal some of the party's wounds. We thanked him for this and moved on.

We met a second Sprite as we retraced our steps to our encampment. It was a very sad

looking creature from whom we elicited no information other than that it was looking for its Druid. More than anything else, this meeting made us believe the one we had met earlier was no Druid at all, as his manner was not as the Sprite described.

Here, we also met Robin and some others of Crowfoot's men again. They chased off the Sprite by throwing sticks at it as the creature seemed to be afraid of wooden weapons.

That night, Crowfoot himself arrived at our camp. He offered to keep watch over his side of the area if we would do the same for ours. We readily agreed, and some time later Robin appeared at a dead run warning us of an impending attack. The creature by which we were attacked was dog-like in appearance and possessed enormous strength, ripping and rending with its claws and crushing the unwary between its arms. We beat at it unmercifully for it was alone and we were many, crushing it to the floor, but it rose again and again apparently regenerating magical and even power damage. Finally, we tried driving the Dog-Beast into the fire, where it exploded harmlessly and was gone. Robin, who had helped us to fight the creature remained in our camp and talked with us.

Some time later, Crowfoot returned with another of his men, reporting that his men had observed some Khalid in nearby caves performing a ritual of some sort. Snood and Gisigon went with Crowfoot and his aide, whilst Robin remained with us. Snood returned soon after with Crowfoot's aide saying that Gisigon had been captured by the Khalid. Derrick, Snood, Big Ears and Rogue set off to try to effect a rescue.

It turned out to have been a cleverly manipulated plot by Crowfoot as when we approached the caves, Crowfoot's aide and Snood (who was actually Crowfoot in disguise) pushed all of the "rescuers" but Big Ears through a warding from which they could not escape. Those captured (Snood, Gisigon, Derrick and Rogue) were stripped of valuables and left. As the robbers left, Crowfoot was heard to say that he had killed Frank for being "too soft." When the warding expired, they returned to camp pretty much unharmed.

Robin, meanwhile, was interrogated at the camp on Big Ears' return after being incapacitated by Mandragora draining him of his power. He soon revealed that this was Crowfoot's normal modus operandi and that he usually attempted to sell back that which he stole.

When the captured ones returned, it was decided not to set off in search of Crowfoot in the night, but rather to wait until the morning. The news of Frank's death coupled with his fair treatment at our hands convinced Robin that his best interests lay now with us and he agreed to help us recover our equipment in the morning.

We were attacked several times by more of the Dog-Beasts, but as we now had their measure no-one was seriously injured although they did appear to become stronger and more ferocious as night turned into day.

In the morning we went, guided by Robin, to a place where Crowfoot and his lieutenants would rest by day whilst most of his men went to hunt and gather fuel and food. As we had expected, we were forced into a confrontation when we arrived as the bandit leader demanded an extortionate sum for the return of our goods. In the battle that followed, we slew Crowfoot and drove off his followers, thus retaking what was rightfully ours.

Our other troubles dealt with, we now turned our attention back to our mission: that of locating further evidence of Vampire movement. Our new-found ally, Robin, told us of the location of some other caves which might suit those we sought, so we journeyed half a day to investigate further. As we neared the area, we found an old man calling himself Alfred who mumbled continuously that Vampires (plural!) had been "abroad in the night." He was obviously mad but we felt that he might know something of interest. Sadly, our interrogation of the dotard was interrupted as a steady stream of well over a dozen Undead of many types which almost destroyed the party. Of greatest concern were the Ghouls and at the end it was only Rogue (who avoided their touch by never being where they could strike him) and the agile Derrick and Robin who remained to battle them. Somehow we overcame them and pressed on to the caves.

At the caves, we encountered four Spirits and a Priest. The Spirits (of Pain, Bleeding, Wounding and Fear) were impervious to our weapons and magics, so it fell to our hospitaler, Gawaine, to vanquish them with her specialist powers. Due to the exhaustion of her energies, we were forced to fight a running battle with the Spirits for over an hour while she recovered sufficient power to defeat them.

A thorough search of the caves ensued and we found the marks of not one, but two, coffins. Again, both of these coffins must have been very small, the largest imprint was only big enough to accommodate the smallest of our party members. This led us to conclude that the Vampires were perhaps small women or children.

Anxious to be away before our destruction of the Vampire's minions was discovered, we left to return our hard-won intelligence to the Towers. Our return journey, whilst arduous, was uneventful and nothing of note came to pass.

Based on the evidence that we found, it is reasonable to assume that at least two Vampires are abroad, and the possibility that a third, separate Vampire had used the other cave we investigated cannot be ruled out.

Penned this day on behalf of

Derrick

Warrior of the House Tumdurgul.

NORTH EAST OF THE ALDONNAR TOMBS

I am sure that by now everyone is more than aware of the most tragic disappearance of Sir Clavados, Duke Hanrow and Taraman some months ago. You may also know of the continued search for them, across the entirety of Orin Rakatha, as initiated by the Michealiner Guild. This search concentrated on the area in which they were last seen. This being about four days north east of the Aldonnar tombs, ie. about six days from the Valley Tower.

Prior to the Yuletide festival in December last year, a party was sent far to the east of the Valley Tower (almost two weeks March). There they successfully located a blooded and torn tabard (in the den of worshippers of a wolf cult) that could have belonged to one of the Knights. The reported sightings, were however, somewhat dated and there was no trace as to the whereabouts of the Michealiners.

This is a brief account of a further mission in to the area north east of the Aldonnar tombs, that gained further evidence into the disappearance of these knights. We were further briefed to search for any (ex-)Taranor (now towerless) remaining in the area. The mission took us almost five days from the Valley Tower, although the tale I shall tell relates to the journey through the Aldonnar tombs and beyond the Travellers Rest, a hostel far to the north east of the tombs.

Rather than repeat myself throughout this report: upon encountering any group of creatures or people, our first step was conversant, and not aggressive.

Let it be known that creatures and people of extreme power are congregating in this area. No party of less than very high rank and resources should traverse unawares into this area.

Aside from the trolls (I say 'aside from' - a mere 18 months ago any party I was with would have run in terror from but one of these distasteful beast!), psi-using Grimlocks were encountered. These creatures had spirals of colour on their faces, and could only be harmed by non powered or magicked weaponry. Here too, we first sighted a gentleman dressed in black, and bearing a triangle symbol thus:

An empire scout! We could not get close enough to parley in order to establish any further details.

Upon entering a wooded area, a succession of encounters culminated in our being outclassed:

1. Grey dressed scouts sighted, counting us.
2. An Ogre-Magi.
3. A Mistweaver. (Capable of casting **Dispel Level 4** at will and bolt & Touch of Death Level 7 — Ouch!)
4. An evil priest. (Able to cast fatal disease Touch of Death Level 7)

After initial contact, followed by elongated melee, we pushed further into the wood. The main adversaries withdrew leaving us to deal with their subordinates. By chance, we next encountered a human who may well have been an ex-Taranor. Unfortunately we had precious little time to converse with him, for out of nowhere the adversaries noted above appeared with their master - a Mind-Flayer (who appears able to control these individuals). This Mind-Flayer has a dagger capable of reducing any location it hits to useless (until cured). Combined with the ability to teleport into a party (the fate that befell us) this makes him a formidable foe. However, once the whole of our group was subdued

in this way and at his mercy, he proceeded to let us leave (keeping several valuable items as trophies). As I understand it, this Mind-Flayer followed the Valley people on their journey from the old plane, and desires not to antagonise us too greatly (hence letting us live!) Much remains to be understood of his activities.

Two days on we reached a travellers rest. During our overnight stay, we were privileged to meet Alton (of the Order of Knights Martial) and Benson Sure (Grey Warden). Other travellers staying were Vanguard, and Azard-An Guardian: and a Lord Martoon - from the Wizards Concillium (yellow school).

On the morning of the second day we rendez-voused with Spur, a noble Michealiner Scout, who was to lead us to the area where the missing good camp knights were last seen. Travelling to a different area from the previous day, we soon encountered a group of Khalid, led by a Neutral priest. From this, it seemed likely that a larger group of Khalid were operating in the area. Strange encounters that occur in such places, we happened upon a trader named Azar, who bartered us some most useful items at a most generous rate. Closer to the location we sought, we discovered a Drowic encampment. We were fortunate to have Starion within our ranks, and so he parleyed with their leader, one Lord Zion Mindpain, of the second Drowic house (Degulath, I believe?). No right of passage could be negotiated however, and so we were forced to fight his group. amongst these were spider creatures. A point of note: These creatures main attack was poison. This could be entirely negated by a neutralise poison invocation, if cast within 30 seconds or so of a bite. We chased Mindpain to an underground cavern system, where he escaped by collapsing the cave entrance blocking our path to him, This is a dangerous enemy that the valley has now acquired. Closer to the location to which we were being led, we encountered the main Khalid group (presumably they had a negotiated peace with Mindpain). A mighty battle ensued, culminating in our victory. Our combat was not wasted, for one of these Khalid bore a highly distinctive item whose truthful and just owner is Sir Clavados.

By further chance, on our return from this victory - soured as it was by the knowledge that Sir Clavados would surely never have willingly parted with this item - we encountered a gentleman from the old Taranor tower who accompanied us on our return journey. He informed us that the main body of surviving Taranor who had been in that area, had moved on to escape the Khalid. Many of the Taranor no longer wear their colours.

Please do not be misled by the illusory solidity of print in this report. Much is circumstantial and highly opinionated, try through I have to remain objective. lastly, may I apologise to my adventuring colleagues for not mentioning them all -but brevity dictates that I note down facts and the turn of events, rather than individual heroic actions.

This by my hand

WILF

HOSPITALER PRIEST

Wilf's companions were:

Ruff	Dec	Gellix	Karl
Wolf	Aradel	Spark	Count
Starion	Crumble	Melkeron	Jihad
Brother John	Lathrodec	Grendle	

Both Jihad and spark died during the mission.

WHOSE TOMB IS IT ANYWAY?

An account of a mission in late February by the Squared Circle. Present were:

Zenith, Waterlily? Prophet Margin, Scud, Captain Narnia, Sparky, Fil, Bungo Jones and a mage of no significance.

Some time ago, a member of the Squared Circle had come to be in possession of an empowered stick belonging to Banner. During the course of that mission, the stick was lost during a fight at night on poor terrain. Whilst the item had not been lent specifically to us, we felt obliged to attempt to recover it if possible.

In order to achieve this, members informed their guild leaders that if a mission should become necessary in the area where it had been lost, then we would appreciate being informed. As it turned out, this was largely unnecessary.

Some months later, one of our guild leaders forwarded a letter to us from a Dai-fa-Dyne merchant who had "come into possession" of the said item and was, in exchange for a service, willing to reunite us with it.

We travelled from the Towers to a cave where we had arranged to meet the merchant. Apart from a couple of skirmishes with Hordelings and Trolls, the trip was uneventful. Arriving at the cave we found it empty and settled down to wait. Not long afterwards, we heard sounds of battle nearby and went to investigate. We found a Dai-fa-Dyne (readily identifiable by her green and brown garb) beleaguered by Trolls. We assisted the merchant and retired to the cave to discuss matters further. The Dai-fa-Dyne (Majida by name) showed us the bo-stick and offered its return if we would help her fulfil a contract with the Wizards Concillium.

Wizards Concillium members of power and status (we were told) are buried in magically protected tombs along with their belongings of worth. These tombs are guarded by magical means which are reset a short time after their deactivation (by whatever means) and so cannot be permanently destroyed. A rite of passage amongst Concillium members involves entering the tomb of an ancestor and recover an item of worth. One such attempt had been made recently but the individual had tarried too long within and had been Sus-An'd by the reactivated guardians of the tomb. Those with him were insufficiently powerful to defeat the guardians again and so left him there. The group involved were rather embarrassed about this and wished to quietly get him back.

We were told by our guide that we would only be accepted to do this if we swore to remove nothing from the Concillium tomb and to say nothing of our mission to any others we might meet. Reluctantly agreeing, we pressed on and soon met a Wood Ghoul of little power which we brushed aside in short order. One item of note about this particular Wood Ghoul was that it did not paralyse it's victims, but rather slowed them down.

Soon after this we were attacked by a Wizards Concillium party who were obviously spoiling for a fight and thought little ability of those from the Valley Towers. We were only too pleased to disabuse them of these notions.

Not far on, we encountered another wood ghoul accompanied by a couple of pine brothers. These gave us a very hard time, as they were more powerful than the last, and we were unable to stop the paralysis from taking effect. Eventually (an hour of skirmishing at least!) we won free of them, but not before one of our number was slain

but it was only a mage of no significance. She was revived by a potion from Majida in exchange for a promise of payment.

Soon, we were beset by Wood Ghouls again, this time defeating them with little trouble and shortly afterwards, as night fell, a couple of human warriors whose origin we never determined.

At this point we decided to rest so that the priests and mages could recover some of their spent power, and passed a cold but uneventful half an hour or so doing this.

Setting out again, we travelled quite a way before encountering a large group before us on the path blocking our way. They were dressed primarily in white and their spokesman claimed to be a Taranor Knight who, with a group of followers, guarded the Taranor tomb ahead from desecraters and tomb-robbers. This resulted in quite a lively discussion especially when they found out that our guide was a Dai-fa-Dyne. The betrayal of the Taranor by the Dai-fa-Dyne was obviously still an open wound with this group. Their presence also made us doubt the story our guide had told, as, if this were indeed a Taranor tomb, her own story did not hold water.

Eventually, we prevailed upon the good camp members to let us test our strength against them, which we did, killing several and forcing the rest of their number to flee. During the melee, one of our warriors, Captain Narnia, was killed. Majida used a potion to revive her without asking for recompense, due we believe to the rather open discussion of the possibility of killing our less than trustworthy guide.

The way to the tomb lay open, but now we really did not know what to expect to find. We "slew" the guardians of the tomb and disabled the wards guarding it to find the body of a Taranor knight embalmed within. More or less at this time (the group was in two parts at this point) some followers of Dimwan turned up asking if their "merchandise" was ready. We chased them off (not killing any of them as we were particularly low on power) and did not slay our guide only because she had immediately and fervently opposed our giving the body to the Dimwan.

The Dimwan, we believe, wanted this body as it was particularly old and had been very powerful in life. This meant that it could be used to raise a very powerful undead. We decided that, as the Dimwan would undoubtedly return, we should remove the body ourselves and re-bury it at our own Tower upon our return.

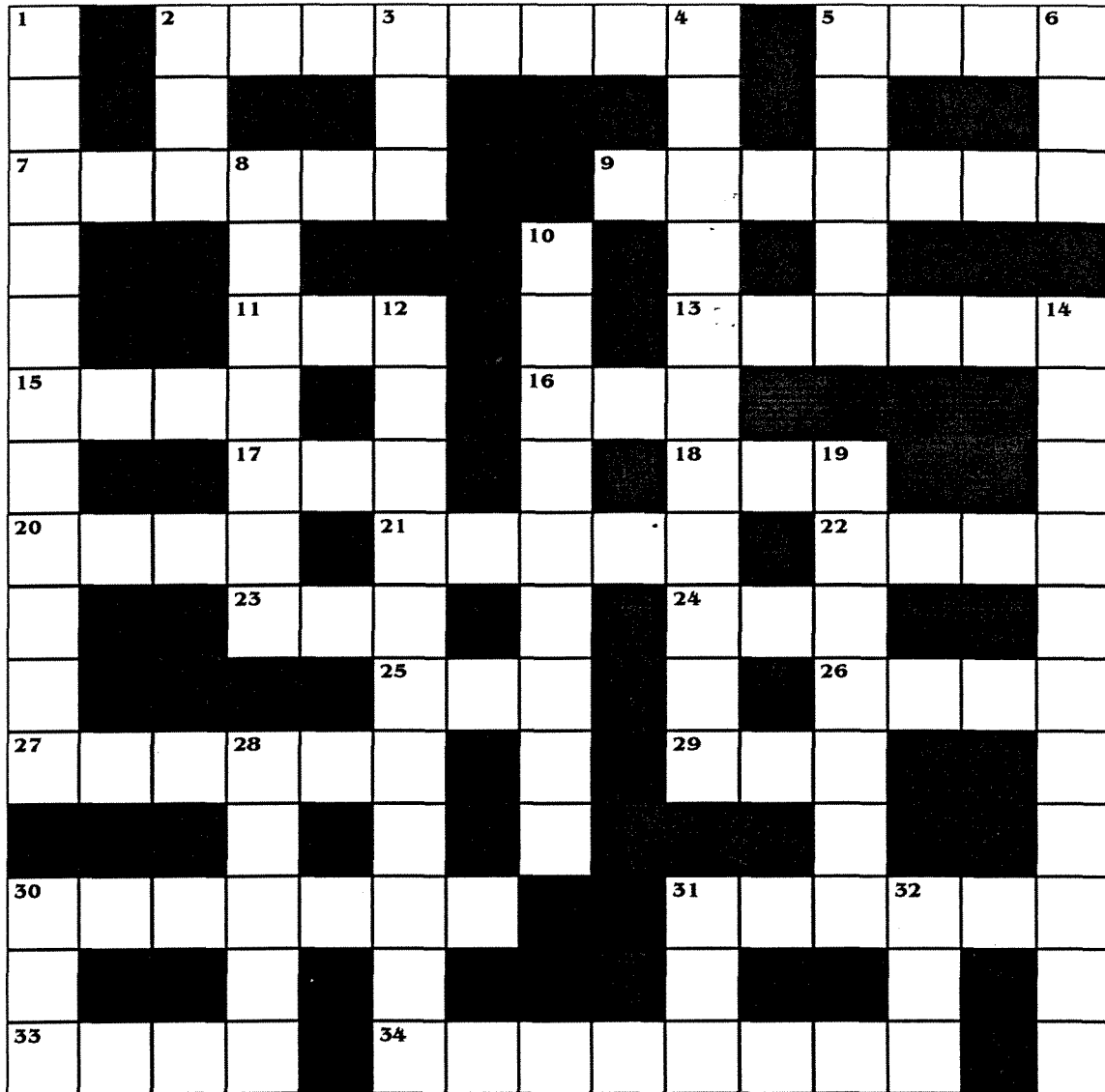
The stick was returned to us, and thence to Banner, so that solved that little problem. Unfortunately, we have left an honourable knight and his retinue behind us who will, not unjustifiably, have a grievance with the Valley Towers for the desecration and robbing of the tomb they had sworn to protect.

We remain unsure of the merchant's role in all this. Was Majida in it from the start? Was she employed by the Dimwan directly or was she duped by her superiors? Or were the Wizards Concillium representatives who hired her in on it or just Dimwan people in disguise? We'll never find out, but we would advise all who deal with the Dai-fa-Dyne to exercise great caution in all that they do.

Penned this day by

Zenith

Grey Mage and Leader of the Squared Circle.



ACROSS

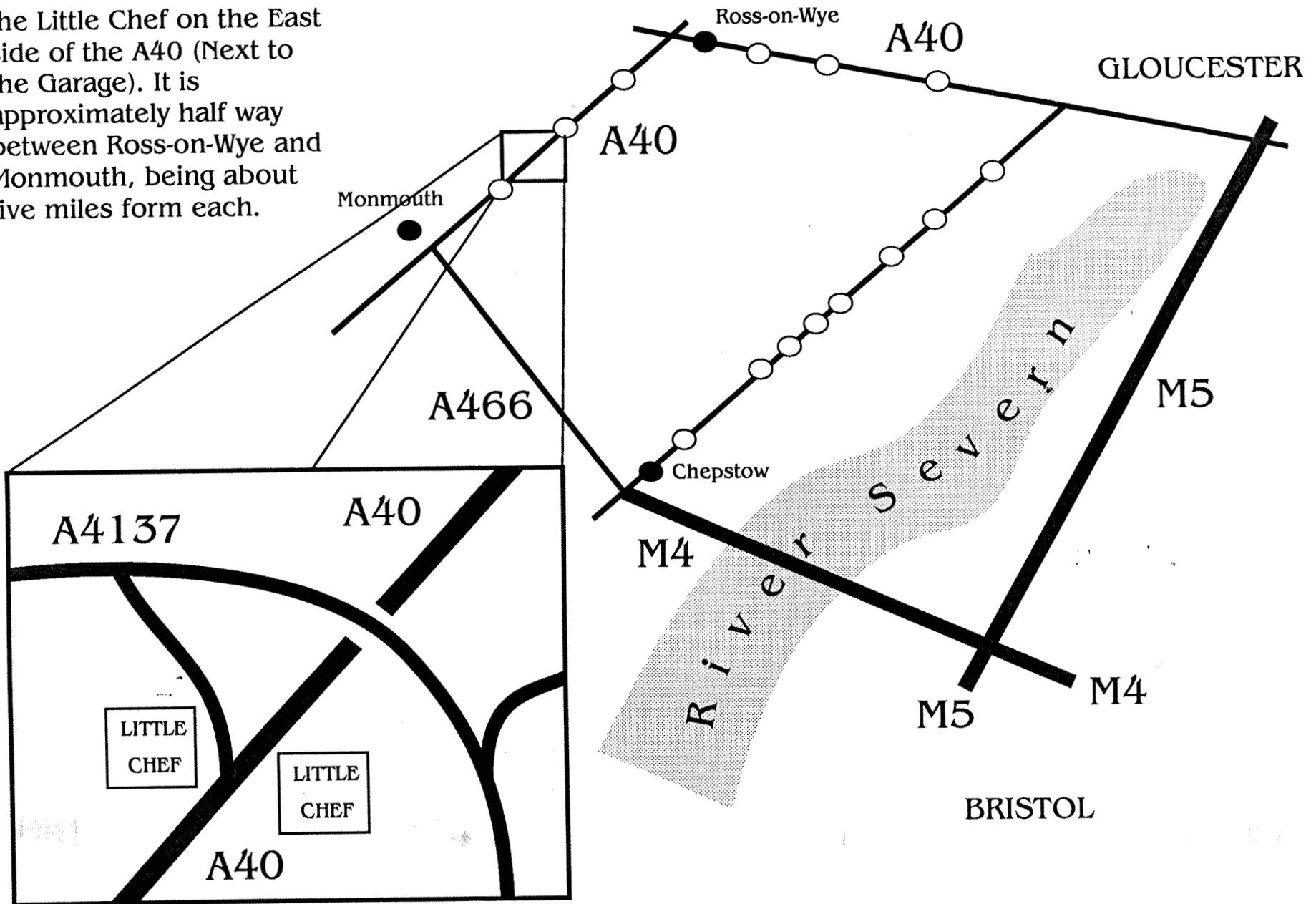
- 2. Large, magical monster with the horn (4,4)
- 5. A drunken part you don't want to fall into (4)
- 7. A little green teasmaid (6)
- 9. A friend plus a noise equals a good knight (7)
- 11. Somethings in it tonight! (3)
- 13. How a barman and a Jewish surgeon make their money (2,4)
- 15. Robin is a crook! (4)
- 16. The answer's backwards. Not!
- 17. What you keep in 30 down (3)
- 18. The closest thing to Cleopatra's heart (3)
- 20. A Dragon's hidey-hole (4)
- 21. The Planets were his creation (5)
- 22. The ship was smahed up by a monster with a weak heel (4)
- 23. Command to a dog (3)
- 24. A very small thing (3)
- 25. A big snake (3)
- 26. Powdery stuff that gets everywhere (4)
- 27. A holding (6)
- 29. —lithic, —nazi, —n (3)
- 30. Pugwash and Bligh, to name two (7)

- 31. Small fried fishy bits, you get with chips in pubs (6)
- 33. Finbarr Saunders has one, like a SCREWdriver and he has it out frequently (4)
- 34. No lights on in this evil place with tents (4,4)

DOWN

- 1. "With my spear and ..." I'll get that Wascally-Wabbit! (5,6)
- 2. Small sphere with little, fluffy clouds (3)
- 3. An age (3)
- 4. Using this, it's just an illusion (11)
- 5. Burnt Bread (5)
- 6. Small sharp object, easily lost (3)
- 8. Red Sale (anag) (7)
- 10. Some live at home, others you hit people with, both hurt (9)
- 12. Not left and in the rear (5,6)
- 14. Fire with deadly intentions (5,2,4)
- 19. Shehad a horrible box (fnarr, fnarr) (7)
- 28. Wait for next time, sort of (5)
- 30. Not a dog (3)
- 31. It contains loads of 16 acrosses, good for a lay (3)
- 32. Piece of paper with lines on that tell you when you are lost (3)

For Welsh Bicknor, Biblins and Symonds Yat Adventures, we meet at the Little Chef on the East side of the A40 (Next to the Garage). It is approximately half way between Ross-on-Wye and Monmouth, being about five miles from each.



dear sirs,

i am writing to you all to tell of a grate new prospect that looms before us. i see a future for Goblins, one in which we will be rid of the tyrants who rule our day to day lives and make us miserable.

i am not talking about the Goblin King (bless his cotton socks) but of the guild leaders, second in commands, sub chiefs, scribes, trumped up dictators, and 1/2 orcs who force us into daily slavery by cooing, cheering, ~~and~~ darning their socks, helping them read, mucking out the stables, making their beds, running chores, doing the shopping, and all the other things that dont include having a good time and becoming rich, powerful, famous and hard.

so here is the solution: say down with oppression today and join the new Goblin only guild, this guild will go under the name of the Goblin Liberation Front, or G.L.F. for short, this was once the name of an illegal, outlawed, and entirely fictitious group of Goblins who were drumt up by a troll after he once made a very messy omelette at a trial.

this guild will be a properly set up and run for Goblins, by Goblins, with a proper council and everything. the guild has been organised with the Goblin Kings blessing but he wont join coz hes King and he doesnt get oppressed. we are aware that many of you have already joined guilds and schools and paid large sums of hard cash for the privilege of being bulleyed, and talks are currently underway too get that cash back.

if you would like more information about the guild i.e. what we can offer you and what you can offer us etc. please write to me in the Goblin camp.

i look forward to training you soon,

THE Goblin Ambassador.

S.A.E. TO

THE Goblin Ambassador

C.O.

Colin Cotter

14 Transmere Road

Pettis Wood

KENT

BR5 1DU

or phone

0689-891362



drives 'em wild!

The Gathering

Rules and bookings: 11 Huddersfield Road
Micklehurst
Mossley
Lancs. OL5 9LD
Tel: 0457 837924

For all other enquiries: 99 Leybourne Drive
Bestwood
Nottingham. NG5 5GN
Tel. 0602 755271

The Gathering 1992

Thank you for your recent enquiry concerning The Gathering, the first of a new annual event taking place over August Bank Holiday Weekend – Friday 28th to Monday 31st August 1992 at Drum Hill Scout Campsite near Derby, U.K.

Should you have any questions regarding the Rules please do not hesitate to contact us in writing at the Micklehurst address. If you have an early set of the Rules you'll see the reference to Teams, this name has caused some confusion so just replace it with the name **Faction** — so you're part of a political faction not a team.

The Lorien Trust is made up of professional and amateur LRP groups from all over the UK who, dissatisfied with previous year's mass events, set up a non-profit making company to organise such events in the future. The Lorien Trust's sole purpose is to create medieval fantasy role playing weekends which cater well for the needs of all LRP enthusiasts.

Prices reflect this intention, with a portion of any profit being donated to charity and the remaining put into future events — we're not here to make money out of you!

So, if you haven't already done so, confirm your place today by sending your completed forms and monies (Cheques made out to *The Gathering* please) to:

The Gathering
11 Huddersfield Road
Micklehurst
Mossley
OL5 9LD
U.K.



THE LORIEN TRUST

Runes of the Night.

A: J	H: ▽	Double N: ••	T: g
B: f	I: Y	O: λ	U: U
C: X	J: LL	P: B	V: l
D: J	K: H	Q: (As J)	W: Ω
E: J	L: H	R: See Below.	X: ▽
F: H	M: Δ	Double R: I	Y: 7
G: V	N: See Below.	S: J	Z: C

N: • Placed at the Top left of following Letter.

R: ▽ Placed at the Top Right of following Letter.

Runes of the Night: + U • LL H g i r v ▽ g +
 Dark Elf: + J J H J H +

These Runes are the Ancient, true Script of all Creators of the Night. Used by the Nights Scribes, Necromancers, Enchanterers and Drow. Their use was forbidden throughout the Time of Chaos by the Ruling Body of Night Rune users - The Drow Lords. Since the formation of the Infamous "Dark Brotherhood" these runes have surfaced to the Realms beyond the Drow Caverns and are now used extensively by High Ranking Members of the Dark Brotherhood. It is believed that many of the Lords of the Night would have preferred their existence to be kept secret, but none dare openly oppose the Orders of The Dark One and his wishes that they be made a common rune once more.

Runes of the Cosmos.





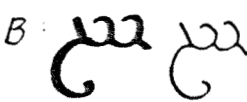

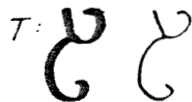





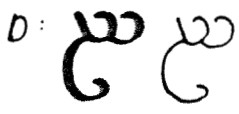

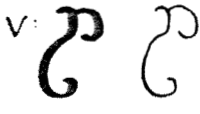

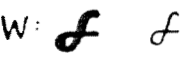













These runes are written in boxes.

A:	H:	NN:	U:
B:	I:	O:	V:
C:	J:	P:	W:
D:	K:	Q:	X:
E:	L:	R:	Y:
EE:	M:	S:	Z:
F:	MM:	T:	Begin Sentence:
G:	N:	TT:	End Sentence:

(i.e. Battle)

When Law Lords came out of Nowhere and with Nothing separated Chaos into its innumerable Elements, the Cosmos was formed. The Stars were set on their eternal courses and the known Planets of existence tied to them by the power of each Sun's attraction. To Place a Boundary on the outermost Planets a sphere of Law was set in motion at the circumference of each and every Solar System. This Sphere kept the Solar System in unity and in order per Mortals to understand and acknowledge this unity The Runes of the Cosmos were Created. These runes are the Solar Waves of the Sphere of Law and so may only be comprehended by Beings who follow the Path of absolute Law.

Runes from The Ground and Underground.

A: 	J: 	S: 	CH: 
B: 	K: 	T: 	ING: 
C: 	L: 	U: 	OO: 
D: 	M: 	V: 	ES: 
E: 	N: 	W: 	SH: 
F: 	O: 	X: 	NO: 
G: 	P: 	Y: 	"?": 
H: 	Q: 	Z: 	Hyphen: 
I: 	R: 	TH: 	Fairie: 

These Runes are the 'True Script' of all Dwellers from the Ground and Underground. They were once commonly used by Gnomes and Scribes alike, be they of the Ground Race of Trolls, Trolls or Goblins. At the End of the Age of Legends it was decided by the Council of 'Masters of the Ground and Underground' that as long as Chaos ruled the Realm beneath the Stars their use was forbidden, except in a Chosen few whose power was great enough to protect their Secret. The fair folk Elves were considered to wield this Power and so remain the only Ground Dwellers who consciously remember the Shape and form of these Powerful Runes.