

**Q U A D**

# **EIGHTEEN**



**THE FANTASY ROLEPLAYER'S NIGHTMARE**

## THIS ISSUE...

### CAMPAIGN

In Memory of Melf	5
RULES UPDATE	13
Public Letter from the Humaci Sect	24
Letter from Lord Sebastian (Marshall of the Order of King Michel)	25
Time of Reckoning	26

### FORTHCOMING ADVENTURES 12

### INFORMATION

1993 Prices	4
Oh Monger Me A Rumour!	4

### MISC

Personal Messages	5
A Poem	10
Aunti Gertie's Agony Column	10-11
Pixies in The Mist	11

### REPORTS

Rings, Melniboneans & Rednow Futtis	6-7
Shark Cult Expedition	8-9
Reckoning Without A Focus!!	14-15
An Exercise In Aftersun Care	16
Episode 14: Retribution	17-20
By The Tail	21-24

**All material**  
**© Heroquest Ltd 1993**  
**14, Grove Crescent,**  
**Barnwood**  
**Gloucester**  
**GL4 7JJ**  
**Telephone: 0452 610342**

## BETTER LATE THAN NEVER!

**HAPPY NEW YEAR!** At last, an issue (albeit late) of QUAD with plenty of input from players, specifically those adventure reports. If you have sent in your report and have not received your 5 gests be sure to remind me as soon as possible.

Please remember that one of the main uses of Quad is for us to try out rule changes. We publish rules that need playtesting with the idea that players, monsters and referees alike will give us some feedback and that we can take these views into account before a final decision is made. The main reason that we make rule changes is because we feel that the rule or rules in question is currently making adventures less enjoyable in some way(s) for the players. The whole aim is to eventually have a club where the rules system is balanced at all levels and that we know what does and does not work because we have spent six years playtesting it. Players should remember that the way our club works is that, should we feel a rule needs changing and that this affects how a player has spent his character's points, we will normally allow some re-spending to take place; as, in fact, we did with elven scouts and warriors when the new armoured dex rules came in.

If you feel that a rule change published in Quad will unbalance the system and make adventures less enjoyable for everyone (try not to think of just your own characters), then please write in and let us know.

Don't forget that every time you write to us, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Even if your letter/enquiry does not warrant a reply, you will be the first to hear of new adventures, character information etc., etc..

**See you soon,**

**Mark Roberts.**

P.S. We still would like some artwork, cartoons!

## 1993 PRICES

Duration	Members	Non-Members
8 Hour	£20.00	£25.00
24 Hour	£40.00	£50.00
36 Hour	£60.00	£75.00

There will be a standard £5.00 charge for players and £2.50 for monsters, per night if Youth Hostels are used.

**Membership for 1993 (ending 31st December 1993) costs £75.00.**

### Discounts.

Monsters will receive a 10% discount for every adventure they have monstered of an equivalent length as they wish to play.

There will also be a free adventure for anyone who books and pays, in full, in advance. (Minimum requirements – 12 players or 10 paying players). This replaces last year's discount for paying in advance.

### Theme Weekends.

These cost the same as a 36 hour adventure except there is an option to monster on the Saturday and Sunday (approximately 12 hours in total) and reduce the cost – £30.00 for members and £35.00 for non-members. The normal discount for monstering is already included in this price and credits cannot be used on future adventures; but there is an option to monster the whole weekend which works out as if it were a 36 hour adventure.

## MONGER ME, OH MONGER ME, OH MONGER ME A RUMOUR!

Brought to you from the depths of all those council meetings in any camp we come. Mongerers of top quality rumours are we, no scandalous lies for us, only the best.

As our first free sample, we – the Rumour Mongerers – present to you, the consuming public, this sample of our merchandise. We know that you can't keep track of what is going on; but do not fear for we will be there when you cannot. All we ask is that you give us your rumours and perhaps a few Gests to lubricate our lives...

So watch out! we will be moving amongst you as bearers of what you want to hear about many things, but beware of cheap imitations. Three is a number but that is too great for we are a marvelous two-some, SHARLOCK and HAL, (made-up-names) and we believe that the people of the Valley need to be briefed about what is going on in our Towers.

So pin your ears back and pay attention, this concerns you: THEY are ruling your affairs!

### Sharlock and Hal

Valley Alliance Peoples Education Society V.A.P.E.S

### Rumour one

Now that he has finally been officially given the post of 'Leader

of the Blue School of Magic', Lord Dalvain Spellsword has moved the Blue School to the Alliance Tower but, alas, not all his school members are happy.

He is also the Second Sorcerer of the Drow House. What happened to the friendly if obscure Lord Orlon Tenquill to cause his 'retirement'? Why did the Blue School leave the Good Tower?

### Rumour two

It appears that there is a split in the Drow House within the Valley. At the last minute the Drow House and the Black School of Magic (can you tell the difference these days?!) stayed with the Dark Tower, yet they were popularly tipped to go to the Third Tower with the Yellow School of magic (sorry – the Yellow Guild!). Afterwards, Lord Spellsword was heard to accuse certain drow of being under Lord Blackwolf's thumb! The Drow appear to be split, the vast majority still within the Dark Tower but some confusion about.

### Rumour three

The Yellow School is now called the Yellow Guild and has managed to gain many members that don't seem to be able to cast magic including Chill the Barbarian! The numbers moving into its space in the Third Tower was considerably more than the published numbers of spell casters.

### Rumour four

We all know the Red School has been through much trouble after the traitor Sardonyx left (just how did an outside member gain so much control?). Now a new 'Administrator/Investigator' is in control. His name is Sir Gillrain Hardwicke and he is a leading member of the Order of King Michel, and we must point out, one of the many members of that Order that chooses not to mix with general populace! It appears that he decided, as a direct result of the Blue School move, to take the Red School to the Good Camp. Now whilst we don't say that this move was not popular with quite a few people, we ask; "should Schools of Magic be allowed to be used as political tools?" We own these resources and we want access!

### Rumour five

We know that the Green school has had many problems since the death of the Valley Druid and we even discovered that they had no sorcerers at the time of the Census. We have since heard that they are joining with the Taranor Sorcerers (more than two in number). It appears that we will now have a total of six or more Green Sorcerers. We can tell you that we have heard that Alom Verthis, the Deep Woods elf, has not been given the position of Guildleader that he was hotly tipped for and, in fact, has been made Assistant Guildleader. We have also heard that Sheamus has been made Guildleader! Although he is an outsider and therefore needs stringent checks, we say welcome! Sheamus is a man who will drink with the best (or worst) of them. We intend to investigate his background and see what we can find out, but at least he is friendly.

### Rumour six

Lastly, we are glad to see that M.C. Healer has returned and is heading the Hospittaler Sect in the Neutral Tower. We like to be able to get to the Hospital when we need it which is good, but we can't help thinking that his 'rescue' and the Sects movement has more to do with preventing Volminor from becoming Guildleader than anything else. We also understand that a good many Hospitalers have refused the move and are led by Volminor, staying in the White Tower in a separate group!

**PERSONAL MESSAGES**

"Watch out Wilf, it's behiiiiind you!"

"Dear Aradel, you never know what's behind the next bush."

"Dear Mr B., I'm still waiting for that name. U."

"If it's true that Rick Jackson has had major face lifts and the knot in his hair is to keep his chin up.....then what is that under his chin?"

"Dear Malignant, what level is that strength spell again?"

**FOR SALE**

One flame tongued long sword, hardly been used. Ideal for a posey red specialist. £40 ONO. Contact Mark Howard AKA Scud... You know it makes sense.

"Fang Nailbiter. Please provide your location." Box 212. House Tumdurgul.

"Get your baubles and trinkets valued by **ICE DIAMOND ENTERPRISES**. Modest charge of half a gest per item...no questions asked."

"Eleanor, you is OK."

**WANTED**

Neutral camp scout with trap handling skills and good tool kit for same purpose. Must be free for short period in January. Apply in writing to **ICE DIAMOND ENTERPRISES**, 25 Prince Ave, Haughton, Staffs, ST18 9ET.

"Does anyone want to help me rescue a small jam tart I left on the Plane of Incredible Dangerousness a few weeks ago?"

P.

"Current rumours about being able to cast high magic without a focus have been quelled."

**THE CABAL.**

**IN MEMORY OF MELF**

It is with heavy heart that I feel I must clarify how and why Melf died.

After many days of being on the Plane of Mentalia the party had to make a decision as to whether they wanted to fight on the side of the Tanu in a kind of tournament to leave the Plane.

The party voted to fight for the Tanu, though I myself did not vote as I had decided to go with the majority.

Once we had decided to fight we then had to decide who was going to fight as not all of us would be granted the psionic protection offered by the Tanu. As Melf found it important he put himself forward, as did Brand, Brother John, Carrathon, Marlo, Sky and myself.

Did Chill, being a big, strong hero put himself forward to defend his so-called friend? NO! He was not there to defend Melf from the blows of our adversaries, he was not there for Melf in the end. Melf died in that battle for what he stood for, and I fought by his side and am proud to have known such a man.

As you are now aware, I did not ask Melf to fight in that battle so that I could gain some monetary reward; he did it because he was a true hero and perhaps Chill feels guilty that he was not with him when he died, so has to make false claims to hide his shame.

**Giles the Warlock.**

## RINGS, MELNIBONEANS AND REDNOW FFUTS

We were gathered together to perform a mission for Rednow Ffuts of the Neutral Camp. We were recently told that some Melniboneans appeared and demanded a ring that they had been searching for. When the group they had visited gave them the supposed ring, it was discarded as worthless and not the ring sought. We were to travel from the towers to meet with an Azard-an trader who would pass us information that Rednow had paid for, regarding the discarded ring, and to act on the information if necessary.

For two and a half days we travelled and encountered little, but we were getting close to the arranged meeting place. We encountered our first real foe – drow, along with some spider creatures. We dealt with them and

moved on. Not far on we met a few hordelings and a brown troll doing the damage of five men. However, I put a terror into the troll and when the lesser hordelings were dealt with, the troll was seen to equally.

We were now entering a wooded area and the scouts went off. Minutes later we heard a scream and a brief shout. As the party moved on to see what had happened we found Scarab lying on the floor, dead. He had been jumped by a Khalid scum and killed.

While several of us moved on to meet the Khalid, an elixir was administered to Scarab and shortly he was on his feet again. One of the drow-khalid was captured but refused to tell us anything, there we began the argument of killing or releasing the scum, but eventually justice prevailed thanks to Solenor. Not far on we met some more Khalid and a tall figure with a red hood, a white tunic and a golden cross on his chest. It first appeared

that he was giving the Khalid orders, but it soon became apparent that he wasn't. The Khalid were disposed of and the figure was discerned to be a rank six Restless Spirit. He was certain we had necromancers with us and told us of a bloody battle he had just fought with a necromantic horde, and of comrades he had just left.

He knew little of current politics and we believed him to be some five hundred years dead searching for either

his brethren, the Knights of the Sword of Life, or the Necromancers. After a lengthy discussion we convinced him we were not necromancers and we passed by peacefully.

We then entered a shallow valley area and encountered more Khalid, and then the Azard-an trader named Saffron. He then gave us our note which revealed little except that the ring was one of a pair, and was originally in the possession of the Knights of the Sword of Life. Saffron revealed that the Khalid had attacked



some of his friends, and we went to sort them out. They were holed up in a shallow cave along with two of the Azard-an bodies and two undead. Sharneesh dismissed the first of the undead and we began to fight the Khalid, who were drow again. I was casting power to reduce their skill when one of them cast a Darkbolt at me, I remembered the pain and then darkness. The great Shadow began to call my name and welcome me into his house, when I was dragged back to life by an elixir.

Thank you Onyx.

The Khalid and undead were finished off and after Sharneesh meditated I was returned to normality. A note was found on one of the Khalid saying that a Special Unit was to meet the ones we just dispatched.

We then moved to an area where one of the old Order of the Sword of Life's Temples was now thought to be a Khalid or other base. The Temple was located in a maze of tunnels, the entrance being small and narrow. We travelled into the tunnels and met ghouls and zombies that would not be killed unless they were dismissed. After defeating a skeletal warrior we came to where the Order's Temple was. Some treasure was found behind an unranked power ward. When the ward was broken more undead appeared; this happened twice more. Then Yut was blasted to death by a drow Darkbolt – who was chased and killed. Yut however was beyond help. Onyx then went to blast the ward after Solenor told us that when he looked at it it glowed dark and evil. The bless worked and we were able to get the treasure. We also found pages from a diary written by an aide to one of the knights. It told a sad tale of how the order was destroyed by a necromantic horde, and of a Knight named Sir Herrin the Red, now the restless spirit, and how a Sit Le Guin used the ring to destroy many of the undead and himself.

Now that the caves were cleansed we spent the night there.

In the morning a drow and two of the spider creatures gave us a wake up call, we thanked them by sword and bolt – Solenor again. Saffron returned and told us that he had been scouting and that one of his tower was captured by Khalid, and that there were many Khalid about. In return of resurrecting Yut we were to save his comrade. We encountered more drow-khalid, hordelings, and finished them easily. We moved on again and met more Khalid holding the Azard-an. He appeared to be under some sort of control, but Saffron dealt with that. The Khalid-drow were killed but not before Nitric and Sharneesh had been killed.

The Azard-an Galen, said that he would look into the libraries the Azard-an had, and let us know of any information concerning the ring etc. We returned to the Towers meeting no real foe. Information was passed onto Rednow Ffutts and, I believe, Sir Vanderloss, about the knights, by Onyx.

**Telemachus Jachyra.**

Acolyte of the Dark Seers.

The Party were: Feanor, Onyx, Judas, Scarab, Razenfell, Harlequin, Sharneesh, Nitric, Solenor, Brother Rambo, Yut, Romana, Gruff and Tothac.



## SHARK CULT EXPEDITION

As we reached the vicinity to which the Valley Rangers had directed us, it was remarked upon as to how infrequent had become the sightings of hordelings. Even though we were a large, powerful party, we had expected to suffer the kind of mindless harassment one invariably suffers at a distance from the Tower.

Those hordelings that we met were, in fact, quite powerful and not of the common breeds. Such conversation as we had with them hinted at much harassment and persecution. They were disposed of when they became threatening and we had barely questioned these facts when we were approached by scattered groups of undead.

Although of no great danger to us, the very existence of these wanderers raised more questions, and it was our ranger contact who brought some enlightenment. The Shark Cult had a camp nearby wherein the mercenaries associated with the traitor Ramp were ensconced. They had been hunting down hordelings and passing them to a white clad group who were taking them elsewhere to raise them as undead.

Our study of the undead's remains seemed to confirm this and we hid ourselves to the mercenary camp. The mercenaries there were quickly overcome with only two escaping, one a petty brigand. The other was of more interest. He was a Drow who showed a Valley Pass in the name of Carrion and claimed to be a spy in Lord Raven's service.

We had been warned that some of these villains were ex-valley members and might have passes but the point was moot. The Drow was more than nimble enough to make good his flight.

We swiftly made to take the bandits' camp as our own and were still congratulating ourselves when a powerful group of lizardmen fell upon us suddenly. These were unlike the red lizardmen who had accompanied the bandits and who had been slain. In fact it soon emerged that they believed us to be the very bandits that we had slain and were bent on emulating us!

The misunderstanding was thankfully averted, and we met with one Solace, a lizardman of the neutral camp, who had been accompanying them. These,

he informed us, were the Sessassin, Orin-Rakathan lizardmen who held a nearby tower. They had no love for the Valley Tower as the Shark Cult was suborning even their disaffected.

We quickly assured Solace that we were here to promote the interests of the Valley and of the Sessassin in fighting the cult. Solace agreed to mediate with the Sessassin on our behalf.

That evening we were able to dispose of another group of mercenaries. Taking us for their fellows, we lured them into the midst of the camp before slaying them.'

Early next morning a scout bearing the shark mark appeared, there was to be a meeting in the

camp that morn. Unfortunately this scout was rather over-zealously disposed of and a bloody conflict erupted when the representatives of the Mouth of the Shark arrived. Fortunately the Sessassin had provided Solace with the whereabouts of a shrine where we hoped to encounter one Arzak, a leading cultist. This was not to be so. Although we slaughtered a good many cultists and captured a large green jar containing a mysterious potion, Arzak was not present.

Eventually we tracked him to an ancient tunnel, crafted by lizardmen many generations previously. Although we slaughtered most of Arzak's followers, he still managed to escape with some sort of large candle. It was evident that some kind of ritual was planned. We dispatched Solace with



the jar and this knowledge to the Sessassin, to see whether they had knowledge of the significance of these elements.

That evening Arzak and a strong party, including powerful undead, fell upon our camp. Indeed only Arzak's failure to find the potion jar saved us from slaughter. He demanded we give it up, vowing to return with an even more powerful group. We decided it politic to withdraw from the area of the camp for the time, whilst we healed and recovered.

On the next morning the white clad warriors awaited us at the camp. They proved too powerful to overcome using wizardry and good power to good effect against us. Several of our group were slain before the flesh hunt – as they called themselves, withdrew to lick their wounds.

Solace returned with news, The priest of the Shark Cult, one Chain-Saw, was to enter the Plane of the Shark to signal his ascension to the post of High Priest. It was possible that many cultists would view this as the precursor to the Third Coming of the Shark God. Obviously we determined that we would stop this.

The only way to do this was to follow Arzak and Chain-Saw to the demi-plane of water that the cult knew as the Plane of the Shark. The potion we captured could effect this and the Sessassin provided us with the candle to 'light our way'.

The trek to the Sessassin was thankfully without incident and they were good enough to restore our dead comrades. We entered the plane that seemed to consist mainly of a huge river. Many watery creatures and denizens of Arzak's attempted to block our path. Undaunted, we forged on, eager to meet with and confront Chain-Saw.

Unhappily, this event was not the triumph we had hoped for. As we were on the verge of overcoming them our candle bearer was slain and our light

extinguished. Immediately our existence on this plane was imperilled and the cultists seized this opportunity for flight. With Solaces help we barely escaped the demi-plane.

Depressed at this setback, we resolved to once more confront Arzak and Chain-Saw upon their return to this plane. First we knew we had to deal with the Flesh Hunt.

We devised a cunning plan, leaving our camp in disarray, as if we had fled, we created an ambush on the nearby paths. Solace had indicated that we had deprived the Flesh Hunt of the honour of accompanying Chain-Saw upon his elevation, by the capture of the potion. By their words and demeanour we had been assured of their hatred towards us. We knew they would return.

Caught in the jaws of our trap, a furious battle was fought. Finally the battered remnants of the Flesh Hunt fled into the darkness. Now there was only Chain-Saw and Arzak.

That night Arzak approached some of our guards with a tale of woe. He informed us that due to our intervention he had lost favour with the cult. Now he wished to slay Chain-Saw, to his eventual profit.

The next day we pondered Arzak's information. Upon following this we found only the remainder of the Flesh Hunt who were quickly dispatched. Realising Arzak's duplicity we returned to the camp just in time to meet the cultists. A furious scattered melee resulted. Eventually Chain-Saw and Arzak, realising how disparate were our numbers, took our Hospitaller prisoner and fled.

Whether this does presage the Third Coming I do not know. Soon we will be pursuing the cult to rescue our comrade, we expect to discover more information then.

Compiled and released by  
**The Squared Circle.**



**A POEM**

We all don our cossies,  
 And pretend what we're not.  
 Some folk call us loonies,  
 But that's a load of rot;  
 It just isn't true.  
 For apart from being barmy,  
 We're just the same as you.

**Branrik Halfkin**

**AUNTIE GERTIE'S  
 AGONY COLUMN**

**T**he only agony column to cater for ALL your needs.

**Dear Auntie Gertie,**

**A friend of mine was recently found guilty of being a Valley Traitor and has left the area. Unfortunately, I ...erm, he forgot to take his change of underwear. What should I do?**

**Yours odourously,**

**Prince S.  
 Somewhere.**

Dear Prince S.,

Hygiene problems on adventures is a real problem that needs caring and tender advice. I would therefore suggest asking Merlin as, due to his expertise in this field, he is currently writing a book "How to deal with that Ploppy Trousers Situation."

Yours Squeaky cleanly,  
 Auntie Gertie.

**Dear Auntie Gertie,**

**As the winter months approach, I have the problem that my uniform is a bit thin and I get cold whilst away from the tower. What should I do?**

**Yours chillily,**

**A. Scout.  
 Khalid Tower II**

Dear A,

Keeping warm during long waits in bushes in the middle of nowhere on the off chance that a group of adventurers goes past is a cold and often much maligned job. With the frost biting it might be an idea to change towers. Those warm cuddly chaps, the Shadowsfell, have lovely warm woollen tops and I believe the Wizards Consillium Purple Woolly Winter Warmer is very popular at the moment. Failing that, join the Rangers Guild and hibernate until next March.

Yours snuggly,  
 Auntie Gertie.

**Dear Auntie Gertie,**

**I'm due to go before the Inquisition next week and I'm worried about whether they'll ask me about my acquired collection of "Naughty Nymphs" Vol 2-14 hidden under the rock in the dark cave six miles east north east of the Old Pine Tree, on the road just outside the Valley Tower. What should I do?**

**Yours guilty as sinly,**

**Anon the Nice.  
 Nowhere near the Good Camp.**

Dear Anon,

We're only human, (those of us that are human that is) and we all have our little secrets. Go and seek counselling, that nice man at the Hospitalers Guild can help I'm sure.

Yours Understandingly,  
 Auntie Gertie.

**Dear Auntie Gertie,**

**Someone has stolen my collection of "Naughty Nymphs" Vol 2-14, including the three page pull-out double-fun Aradel Special. Help!**

**Yours Piningly,  
Shamus the Leprechaun.**

Dear Shamus,

I find it difficult to give advice to the person whose contribution to Valley Society is to turn people into pine cones; but I would suggest getting rid of the Diddyman costume for starters.

Yours at all, at all,  
Auntie Gertie.

**Dear Auntie Gertie,**

**Please help. Somewhere along the line the Dark Seers must have cast an awesome invocation upon the Valley Folk. Every time I go on a quest, the party (if you can call it that!) only find the solution to our problems when the quest is over.**

**Yours retrospectively,  
A. Referee.**

Dear A. Referee,

The problem is a common one. Unfortunately, I can't think of the answer at the moment, I'll go home and think about it and tell you next issue.

Yours erm....what was I sayingly,  
Auntie Gertie.

**Dear Auntie Gertie,**

**I run a Live Role Playing Club and have a problem, (Only One? – Ed) I keep getting bothered by this little box ringing and the same voice talking to me from out of it. What should I do?**

**Yours despairingly,  
Someone Fairly Brutal.**

Dear Brutal,

If it doesn't stop, beat him up and kill all his characters.

Yours sympathetically,  
Auntie Gertie.

## PIXIES IN THE MIST

**H**ello, my name is Rowena. The other day I went for a stroll in the forest. It was a lovely day for dancing with the butterflies and checking on the saplings.

Anyway, after a while I settled down under one of my favourite trees for a doze. Later, when I woke up, I found the following little note. I thought it rather nice and hope you will too...

**"Under greeny holly bush, down the dingy dell,  
Sitting under Gnarly Rock where smacky waters  
swell.**

**I pecky see a wondrous sight, green and brown  
and red,**

**Pretty elf on rowan leaves, snoozy on her bed.**

**Quicky, sneaky, tready care, peery nearer by,  
Whoopy doopey what a facey, little hearty fly.**

**Bring me berry, nut and fungi, in leafy wrappy  
neat,**

**Sticky parcel, very hushy, under elfy feet.**

**Now you wakey, sleepy elfy, little pixie gone.**

**Eaty berry, nut and fungi, make big elfy strong."**

**Rowena**

(Editor's note: We get hundreds of letters like this every day, and it is true that adventuring does put a lot of strain upon a person. Rowena is lucky, with counselling and a prescription from the Hospitalers we can help her, but others are not so fortunate.

Please, if you can, send some Gests to help people like Rowena, no matter how much.

Send all donations to...

**Victims Of Mists In Towers (V.O.M.I.T.)**

Box 395

The Valley Tower.

Remember, one day, it could be someone you know...YOU!

# FORTHCOMING ADVENTURES

## JANUARY

**16th-17th**

Thranduil 24 Hour  
High Level special.

Contact Steve Barnes 081 670 9956 or 071 956 5087

**22nd-24th**

Dark Camp Theme Weekend.

**30th-31st**

Ice Diamonds 24 Hour – continued from 12th Dec 1992  
Contact Clive 0785 780429



## FEBRUARY

**5th-7th**

Low level 24 Hour.

Contact Dave or Fran 0452 615021

**6th-7th and 12th-14th**

TWO SPECIAL HORROR/MYSTERY WEEKENDS

**13th-14th**

24 hour Shark Cult Special  
Contact Mark Howard 021 373 6152

**15th-19th**

NEW STYLE, 5 DAY ADVENTURE

**19th-21st**

Drow Theme Weekend

Note: Deposits will be required for this weekend.  
Non-drow must be invited by the drow themselves.  
Contact Shiney for further details.

**26th-28th**

Dark Camp 36 Hour (originally booked as 72 Hour)



## AUGUST 28th-SEPTEMBER 4th.

Proposed date for **HEROQUEST V.**

Remember to preliminarily (!! ) book a place. We need a £20.00 deposit **before** 1st March 1993.  
You **CANNOT** book on this adventure after that date!!!

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.

## RULES UPDATE

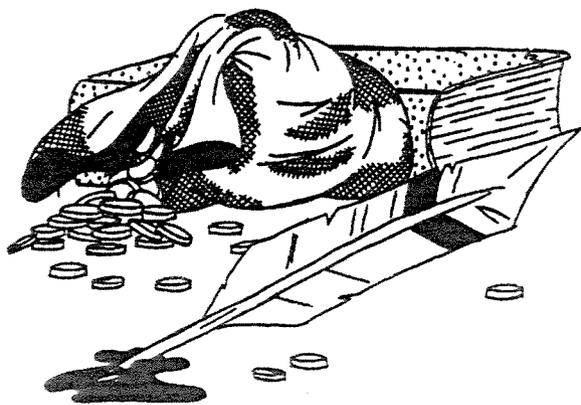
**D**ue to the problems that we have been having this last year with high level adventures, we have decided to make some rule changes.

The difference between mid and high level scenarios is astronomical. You can complete an adventure one week as a rank 30/40 character which is set at mid level and then the next week – as the same character – go on a quest with characters of Rank 70 and above, find that what was the hard monster from the week before, is now your average warrior or hordeling in every encounter that follows.

Also, particularly when heroes etc. are questing, the adventure will be written in such a way that one mistake leads to even harder encounters; encounters which many of our players, in (or out of) character, cannot handle. When there are characters who cope, referees do not find anything wrong when setting monsters with powerful statistics. What has been happening recently is that the lower rank/less experienced players, have been trying to defeat these monsters **UNSUCCESSFULLY**.

We have now stopped high level characters playing during daytime on most theme weekends and have given huge deductions in points to players whose rank is considerably higher than the average.

We now wish to add the following rules...



1. High level adventures will be for characters **below** Rank 64 all those above will be deemed and HERO LEVEL. Players wishing to do these adventures with characters below the Rank of the dungeon must realise that this will **not** affect how the dungeon is run. Preference will always be given to players who wish to book on an adventure with characters of the correct rank.
2. **ARMOUR CLASS LIMIT.** No matter what AC you are in at the time, the maximum battleboarded will be 20, be it physical, magical, power or whatever. If your AC is 22 and you take a four point curse, your battleboarded AC will be 18. (E.g. 'Streak, the elven warrior', has a level 7 stoneform with his 8 points of armoured dexterity. Even if hit in the rear, he will still have full effect from the skin, that is 24 versus edged – battleboarded as 20 of course!)
3. **POINTS COST CHANGES.** All skills bought after the first 640 points worth are **double** the printed cost in the rules/skills book. This rule is now in effect. All skills bought after the first 320 points worth are **double** the printed cost in the rules/skills book. This comes into effect on the 1st of May 1993.

### PLEASE NOTE...

The effects of these rule changes should be such that the toughness of an adventure that you **currently** do at rank 32 will not be encountered until rank 64, therefore, giving players twice as much time to gain the experience necessary to do such hard quests.

Having recently done a heroquest myself, I find, in retrospect, we had made many mistakes which could have been avoided. Before doing a hero level adventure or heroquest, wizards and priests should know exactly when and where to cast their spells/invocations. Warriors and scouts, should know exactly when and where to fight and for how long.

Please remember that this has been implemented for system balance and should make life much fairer for future characters.

## RECKONING WITHOUT A FOCUS!!

I include a brief description of one of the two missions I accompanied on the weekend of The Reckoning, at the Aldonar Fortress.

The task was to find and deal with a Valley traitor named Deristain, a wizard of the Red School. He had disappeared after being told he was due to go before the Inquisition, and had stolen several items belonging to the Red School. The party consisted of Talon, Suicide, Donalbain, Onyx, Magellan, Vedar, Malignant, Faenor, Janatar and Myself. We were assigned a pathfinder who could direct us to the general area (about 3-4 hours march from the fortress) and could also recognise the traitor.

After arriving in the general, we met a group of peasants who claimed the land as their own and refused to let us past, despite much parleying. Whilst talking to them, we spotted a Khalid scout spying on us. The peasants seemed more interested in taking our clothing than anything else and eventually they attacked us. We dealt with them swiftly, and while we were regrouping, the Khalid attempted to loot some of the bodies, but legged it when Suicide and I chased him.

After a brief flurry of curing, we moved swiftly on. We next encountered the man who had been at the Aldonar Fortress the night before, dressed in green and red. He again offered to sell us some potions but we decided against this and went down the hill, through a small tunnel, to an area of woods looking out over a small plateau with various caves and passages leading off of it. There were several figures

moving about and we attempted to engage them in conversation, asking them if they had seen anyone in red; meanwhile, Malignant attempted to cast a high level spell. Their leader kept insisting that there was nothing there for us. A man in red walked out of one of the caves and started to talk to the leader – a priest it later turned out – just as Malignant finished his spell. The man, who had now been positively identified as Deristain, went back into the cave.



We asked the priest to hand him over peacefully, but he refused and ordered his spiders to attack us. A fight ensued, which proved fairly one sided as the spiders could dodge the magic and power weapons, and were also unaffected by normal blows, they had the ability to paralyse – something our Micheliners could do nothing about! I maintained a rain of Ice Javelins upon them, but eventually, one cast a huge web at me, they curled around my Shield of Air

Deristain entered the fray as well, with a sword that sliced easily through the meagre protection covering the fighters, and Talon, who bravely charged Deristain, found his blows unable to cut the traitor and, for all his troubles, was hacked to bits. Deristain retired to the cave again, with the Priest, and left the spiders under the charge of his warrior, to loot our paralysed bodies.

Gradually, the paralysis began to wear off and sporadic fighting started with the spiders and the warrior, who also retreated into the cave. It was then I worked out how to deal with the spiders; by sleeping them, holding them down and destroying them with the empowered weapons, one at a time.

Having destroyed all the spiders, we went

looking for Malignant who had been carried off and found him in a cave where he had been left with a spider guarding him, which was chased and killed. We then retired to the first tunnel to meditate and mnemonic enhance. We also used two Ressurrection Potions on Talon and Janatar. This done, with all the necessary curing, we went into the cave to attack Deristain. Malignant, meanwhile sat down to cast a big dispel at Deristain, in the middle of the fight. We pushed Deristain and his group back down a tunnel inside the cavemouth, through another cave, and down a second tunnel. I was having difficulty throwing Ice Javelins in the cramped space of the tunnels, and spent most of my energies replacing skins that had been dispelled, together with supplying a steady stream of endurance spells.

At this point Malignant ran through the party, cast his Dispel Six at Deristain and promptly fell over dead!! He had apparently had his focus stolen when he was paralysed, and had forgotten this when he cast his spell! This setback and upset the party considerably as we started to retreat under pressure from Deristain and the priest, and were pushed right back down to the cavemouth.

In this fight we also lost Magellan who had stood at the front against the Dark Priest. (An example to all in the Good Camp.)

We gathered our strength for one last push and forced Deristain and his minions back once more along the tunnel. We slew his warriors but as we pushed them into the middle cave, Suicide was dropped by a Sus-An. This enraged us more and we drove the traitor back until he fell. (His priest disappeared, escaping justice for the time being, but we will catch him.)

I looked over the body of Deristain and found an item on a chain, which did not appear magical, but was later revealed as empowered. While Faenor went to study various items we had found at the end of the tunnel, I returned to find Onyx bent over Magellan, (Oo-er...Ed.) who was apparently unconscious with a split skull and not dead as was first thought. Onyx, however, was out of power. I put my last two points into Magellan to keep him alive and then Onyx and I sat down to rest back enough power between us to cast a cure mortal on Magellan.

After this, we set off back towards the Aldonar Fortress. We soon encountered a group of bandits attacking someone. We drove them off and discovered their victim was the man in green and red from before! Perhaps he had sold them some duff potions. (While we were fighting the bandits, we were attacked from behind by a drow, who was wearing a symbol that looked a bit like a mushroom or tree. This was the same symbol worn by the drow we fought under the earth when we went after the Necromancer, shortly after the return of the party who uncovered Sardonyx. The drow was chased off.)

He was unconscious due to lack of power so we decided to take him back to the fortress with us.

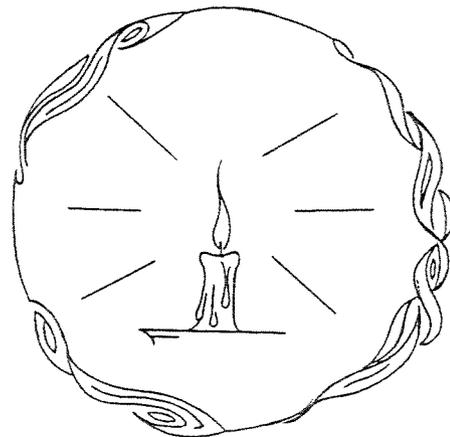
As we continued, we met a man dressed in red, orange and white being chased by a group of Khalid. We tried to defend him but the Khalid were very single minded in their attack on him and, as we had no spells or power left, was slain. This accomplished, the Khalid retreated. We decided to carry him with us as well.

We had a fairly uneventful return to the fortress whereupon I went to bed, to rest enough to re-learn my spells for the morning.

Lightfoot Flame later identified and accepted back several Red School items from amongst the things we had taken from the traitor.

I hope this is of help to the Valley.

**Tel-Menorn Starfall**  
White Mage.



## AN EXERCISE IN AFTERSUN CARE!

When I heard that the Khalid were assaulting the Tower of the Sun, I was mortified! Surely that pleasure should be ours alone, but alas no.

The call was put out for those present at the Aldonar Fortress to assist the Tower of the Sun and to mop up any stragglers retreating from the main battle. Now apparently a large contingent from the Good Camp was to do the former (hopefully not enough status to effect the standing of the Good Camp if something terrible was to happen....) and a small force of mixed camp were to deal with the stragglers.

Now aiding the Tower of the Sun is not my idea of an interesting way to spend the afternoon (I'd rather listen to EARLY the crusaders reminiscences about how he lost his eye....again!) but the prospect of removing some Khalid from this Plane of Existence was too tempting.

We arrived at the place we expected the Khalid to retreat through...eventually (after our guides had led us in a number of directions..) and our brief was to move towards a lake, split up, and clear the area of hordelings, kindly persuade any towerless scum to vacate the area and lay an ambush for the Khalid.

After destroying an ambush by some pathetic hordelings we split up, each side taking one side of the river each. Accompanying me were Gisigon, Harlequin, Razenfell and 'Happy Bob', along with some others of little consequence. We proceeded on our route to encounter what I presume was a Khalid earthwarp druid accompanied by a warrior and some sort of earth elemental. As we were about to destroy them, more Khalid erupted from the woods and the elemental proceeded to turn my brother and many of the others to stone, this required drastic action.

At this point I must pause to mention the heroic actions of Ice Diamond, as he held the Khalid up so Sizzle, a demented fire sprite, could escape. I remember commenting about it to Harlequin as we watched from a distance (the words prat and idiot were sprinkled liberally throughout the conversation).

After the Khalid had left and the pertification had worn off, that jolly chap Merlin raised Ice Diamond (the references to Merlin and pine cones??!! – Pass.) We rejoined the rest of the group, not before seeing off some woodland creatures and Harlequin gently persuading a towerless Oik to vacate his life.

We had been informed by a Ranger that a large force of Khalid were heading this way, so we set an ambush. The plan was for one group to engage directly and for another group to have the dangerous task of hitting them from behind. Naturally I volunteered the drow contingent to take the dangerous job of the surprise rear attack and perhaps would have succeeded if our position hadn't been given away by our less stealthy human companions. Forced to engage our foes face on, we waited an eternity while our lead-footed companions from the other group caught up with us, but they finally arrived in time to follow the line of dead bodies that my kindred and I left behind us. The Khalid, fearing for their lives, routed, and would have been destroyed totally if my brother Gisigon had not been powerdrained and our accompanying Micheliners had not dithered, getting in everybody's way (Help! Help! Somebody mend my shield!) But not all was lost, only one got away.

I must add how sorry I felt that the dwarf Skafloc was slain, sorry that it was not her companion Madragora, who's contribution to the days events was none existant.

But never mind, all in all it was a very pleasant day, even if the Tower of the Sun didn't fall. But then we can't have everything.

**Uriel**

Blue Specialist of the House Tumdurgul

## EPISODE 14: RETRIBUTION

It was decided that something had to be done to eliminate the traitor Ramp and his bandit friends. A locate and destroy mission was set up and Sparky, who was still personally annoyed at Ramp volunteered to go on it. The party were about three days away from the old Taranor tower and Fil and the two Michaeleners in the party, Onyx and Bremil, were just about at each others throats. No hordlings had been seen for some time. On the other hand undead were most definitely on the increase.

On one occasion Sparky remembers being dead chuffed at actually being able to persuade a zombie to attack another one, but Scud ruined his fun by killing both of them. Sparky reckons too many people used too much power in fighting these undead.

Eventually, the party encountered a group of bandits which included a small Ettin. In the ensuing fighting most of the bandits were slain, although one of them managed to avoid being killed and was seen heading away from the fighting carrying Narnias magic sword. Zenith and Sparky did manage to persuade him to wait a while by promising to pay him money to leave the party alone on a permanant basis but he ran away when he detected Fil trying to sneak up behind him. Also in the fighting Narnia had to be elixired and the Ettin apparently had a good try at ripping Scuds arms off. Moving on the party soon stumbled across a deserted camp site that they assumed had belonged to the bandits. The campsite looked far more appealing than another night under the trees and so it was occupied for the evening.

A little while later a lizard man entered the camp. He claimed to be Solice, the Valley's ambassador to the lizard man settlements. He told Felix that there was a new Lizard man tower on an island in the middle of Lake Irryl and offered to lead the party to a tunnel that he suspected was being used by an evil Necromancer who was apparently aiming to claim to be the third manifestation of the Shark god. It was agreed to go with him on the morrow to look for it.

Just before dusk a female bandit scout was spotted by Sparky. She went down to the camp and spoke with some of the Valley folk. Sparky told them that as he could see them restraining her so could anyone else casually observing the camp so she was promptly moved into a tent for futher questioning.

Then just after nightfall the bandit patrol for whom she was scouting turned up. They were upset that their scout was not there and wanted to know where she had gone. Everyone said that she had gone up the path Sparky was guarding but Sparky was sure she hadn't and said so. The bandit leader was not really sure why the Valley folk were in the camp and initially seemed quite hostile.

However, eventually someone told him that the Valley force were new recruits and produced a letter to that effect and he very grudgingly appeared to accept the argument. He remained annoyed though because he felt that the camp was a mess with no fire or hot food for his men. Consequently, he then ordered the party to leave the camp and do a three day patrol. This pissed Fil off and he attacked one of the bandits.

In the fight that followed Sparky was slowed by the bandits mage but none of the Valley mages noticed. Unable to defend himself, hit the enemy or escape at the time Sparky decided to play dead and fell over. Shortly afterwards Bungo fell on top of him. It sounded as if Bungo was still being hit so Sparky slowly started to give him some curing. This may have saved Bungos life. During the fighting most of the bandits were slain but some of them escaped into the darkness.

After that the camp had a relatively comfortable and undisturbed night.

The next morning Sparky had been on watch for some time and had just stepped behind a bush for a minute when a couple of undead strolled past carrying a body. Sparky helped to despatch the undead but, along with Scud, got paralysed by a ghoul. This pissed him off. He got even more pissed off when Gawain the Hospitaler spent a long time being obnoxious to both him and Scud before cutting big holes in his trolls skin to suck out the poison that had long since penetrated his entire body. Meanwhile the Prohit had managed to revive the body which turned out to be a Taranor. Felix then had a long talk with him. He was as nice as most of the other Taranor he had met, so Sparky was quite pleased when it was agreed to let him go and told him so.

After a while the party, led by Solice the lizard man, set out for a nearby tunnel. Fil was sent ahead to scout. He eventually returned to the main party and informed them that he had run into another bandit patrol and had told them that he and Marco were among the bandits that had been attacked at the camp and that the rest of the party were searching for the pair of them and were trying to kill them. So everyone spelled up and then the bulk of the party chased Fil and Marco towards the bandits who were thus easily overcome.

Just beyond the place where the bandits were encountered was a small temple building but as the party approached they were attacked by the lizard men priests and a big minotaur. Another fight erupted but again the priests stood very little chance and were soon overwhelmed.

Inside the temple was a strange undead type of creature. Sparky grabbed a big green pot off the altar and the creature immediately started to chase him. Unfortunately, Sparky then dropped it as he jumped over a wall. The creature recovered the pot and returned to the temple. Eventually it was dragged from the temple and hacked to pieces by the party.

Then Sparky and Zenith returned to the altar for a better look. Zenith thought that the big green pot was booby trapped but Sparky explained to him that it must be safe to pick up as he himself had already done so. Thus reassured Zenith picked it up. Underneath the pot they found a nice little plate made of solid bronze. Sparky picked it up and there was a huge explosion. Sparky felt like he was singed all over. In actual fact he was in such a bad way that the Prophet had to spend some time on his prayer mat before he felt capable of healing Sparky properly.

So while people started to meditate and pray and so on the guide took Bremel and Feanor off to look for the tunnel and see what was there. Not long after they had wandered off and while most of the others were still engrossed a small green sorceror appeared and started demanding that the party repair the temple that they had just desecrated and then leave the area. She seemed very unreasonable when Felix tried to ask her some questions and later tried to run off, when Scud started to talk to her using a small dagger; so he killed her.

After Sparky had been healed, everyone set off for the tunnel. Its guards were neatly attacked and cut down and the party entered it without further ado. It was a big tunnel. Sparky and Narnia went in first followed by the rest of the group.

A short distance down the tunnel Sparky spotted a number of figures in light coloured robes advancing towards the party. A short slanging match and fight left Sparky and several others paralysed as the bad guys ran through the party and out of the tunnel at the end of which they left a magic ward designed to trap the Valley folk in the tunnel and give them time to escape. Unfortunately, for them some of the party still managed to force their way through the ward but most of the bad guys still got away.

Later, the party regrouped in the tunnel and recommenced their exploration of it with Sparky, Narnia and Feanor leading the way. They had gone

some distance when someone found a small opening in a side wall of the tunnel and a few folk went through it into an old tomb. Then something happened and they all left in a hurry, but no-one ever told Sparky what it was that had occurred as he was busy keeping an eye out for danger further up the tunnel.

Eventually, the party reached a huge rock slide that had sealed the tunnel from roof to floor and was totally impassible. So the group turned back intending to head for home. However, at that moment Narnia put on a very spooky voice and started to demand to know who had woken her up and what they wanted. No one came up with a satisfactory answer and eventually the spirit that had possessed her wandered off again leaving more questions than answers in the minds of the party.

Back at the camp the evening passed relatively quietly until some time shortly before midnight. Then Sparky and Scud saw a number of figures come stomping into the camp and raised the alarm. The figures included a huge skeleton that went straight for Sparky and started hitting him. Sparky did not appear to be hurting it with his sword so he ran off behind a nearby tent. As he did so he was most surprised to have his foot grabbed by a ghoulish that was at the time entangled in a mass of long grass. It seemed to Sparky that before very long just about all of his friends were paralysed and that the Necromancer and his mates had free run of the camp. They started to search for something and then Gawain the Hospitaler, who had till this time remained hidden inside a tent yelled out to her friends to see if it was safe to come out. The Necromancer sent his undead minions in to sort Gawain out, but she dived out the opposite end of the tent and did a lap of the camp before they paralysed her.

Shortly after this the Necromancer left saying that he would be back in less than an hour and that if the party did not give him the potion he wanted when he returned he would kill them all.

It was decided to vacate the camp as nobody was prepared to fight. Thus everyone spent a relatively uncomfortable night lying against a grass bank hoping that they would not be found by the Necromancer or his friends. Early the next morning a small sniffing humanoid found the party and ran off to tell its master.

Meanwhile Feanor had gone off to scout the camp. He reported that the area looked relatively quiet so the party returned to it. There were a few undead around the place but they were easily overpowered.

Sparky stood guard on the top of a nearby ridge while the others gathered their gear from the camp. He had not been there long when he spotted a big group of armed men rushing towards the camp. He immediately raised the alarm.

The strangers charged straight at the Valley folk and started hitting them without any kind of attempt at conversation. The fight was soon concentrated on a narrow path and was quite hectic. Suddenly a pair of hands grabbed at Sparky who immediately felt everything around him speed up as he was pulled right through the enemy front line and set upon by several of the enemy (all of whom were easily as strong as he was). Cut off and outnumbered Sparky was pinned down by a really strong opponent and his throat was slit. He died in a pool of blood shortly afterwards, another victim of the Flesh Hunt.

After the battle he was resurrected by the Prophet inside one of the bandits tents.

Sparky felt unusually depressed after that and following a snack settled down on a rock to do guard duty reflecting on what people thought of him. He eventually reached the conclusion that nobody really liked him very much at all except for Eleanor and perhaps Malignant. After all even Scud, who claimed to be Sparky's mate, had not tried to stop the Hunt from butchering him. Sparky was not very happy therefore when, having agreed to let Scud have his sword if he should die again, the half-orc also asked if he could have all Sparky's money and his armour as well. In fact he had a complete sense of humour failure and told Scud exactly where to go. Sparky could not help but wonder if Scud had deliberately decided not to help him but eventually decided that such thoughts were not fair to his friend.

Sparky decided that it was time he settled down with a nice girl and started to raise a family.

The party, guided by their lizard man friend, set off to meet with the local lizard men's leaders.

On the way there Sparky asked Malignant and Felix what sort of present they thought would appeal to Eleanor and was told that a magic scroll might be appropriate. But they also pointed out that magic scrolls are very expensive.

The lizard men were finally contacted next to a pool with a pair of really pretty waterfalls above it. Everyone seemed quite friendly and eventually it was decided that everyone would go through some sort of lizard man religious ceremony that involved jumping of a rocky precipice into a rock pool. This was done and the next thing Sparky knew he was emerging from a river somewhere else. It was then explained to him that he was on a

plane of water and that moving too far away from the water would be a bad idea while he was there.

As the party approached a shallow lake they saw ahead of them a couple of very comely nymphs playing in it. Sparky wanted to jump in with them but Gawain and Feanor convinced him that they nymphs would probably drown him so in the end only Fil got to play with them. But to everyone's surprise and several's disappointment Fil survived.

Further on a water elemental of some sort slowed Sparky and Scud before jumping back into the river and vanishing. Malignant did not see the point in wasting his magic on dispelling the spell so neither of the lads got to take part in the big teleport across the river or in the subsequent slaying of a troglodyte on the opposite bank.

Then the party saw another creature ahead of them. Several members of the group attacked it but it did not seem to Sparky that they were winning, so he drank the last of his magic potion and chased the creature which then, almost casually, turned round and paralysed him by merely grabbing Sparky's arm. However, by then everyone else had caught up with them both and the party managed to cut the creature down with little further mishap.

The party continued on their way, only to find that ahead of them, on the far side of yet another ford, on top of a six foot high solid stone outcrop were the Necromancer and his mates. Anxious to join battle before his potion wore off Sparky immediately forded the river upstream and climbed the very steep hill on the far bank eventually descending behind the enemy position with Valdir. He then attacked the opposition but was almost immediately felled by a particularly nasty hands on kind of spell from the Necromancer's mate. He had however, distracted the enemy enough for his friends frontal assault to finally succeed and the Prophet managed to get him back up after the battle had moved beyond where he fell. Unfortunately, only one of the enemy was slain, the two biggest fish managing to outrun all the Valley persuers.

Then it was noticed that at the ford the candle that Marco had been given to light the party's way on the plane of water had been lost. So everyone had to be transported back to Orin Rakatha pretty quick to avoid drowning. This was done and the party returned rapidly to camp.

It was decided that the Flesh Hunt were sure to reappear that evening. To avoid being surprised everyone was told to go and hide in the deep ferns by the river while Feanor scouted near the river crossing that it was expected that the hunt would use. No more was heard of Feanor for some time. However, while everyone was hiding the Hunt

suddenly appeared right next to them. Fighting broke out at once. Narnia was slowed but Sparky managed to push her back out of the front line before she could be hurt. Then Marco flew past Sparky's head and landed on his back right in the middle of the fighting totally suprising everyone, including himself. The momentary lull soon passed and the battle resumed. Sparky was almost immediately grabbed by by another really strong opponnent and once more hauled right through the enemy front line. Once more nobody helped him. He turned tail and ran. He dived into some dense fernsand fell on top of Felix and Bungo. He gave them both a-cure and they got up. They returned to the fight and the Hunt slowly began to give way as one by one its members fell. Sparky then heard Narnia yelling for help in the camp. He ran down to her but she was unconcious. He gave her a cure and she also stood up. Sparky reckons that he has healing hands and should really be working in a temple. Meanwhile the few surviving hunt members had run off. Everyone was then healed as well as possible and most folk turned in for the night.

Sparky, Scud and Felix decided to keep watch until the early hours in order to ensure that the camp was properly protected. It was during this period that while warming his still sodden feet by standing in the fire Sparky managed to set fire to his boot. To both his and Scuds surprise, when he stepped out of the hearth there were more flames coming from the boot than from the actual fire itself. However, Sparky's socks were so wet (and his brain so small) that he never even felt warm let alone burned. He stomped the flames out and then was about to wake up the next watch when Scud spotted the little old Necramancer approaching the camp. He gave Scud a message saying that he would be sending an emissary to the Valley folk later in the morning to inform them of where they could find the Hunt and the others who were supposed to be joining forces on the morrow.

Sparky then turned in for the night.

Next day he had a hearty breakfast (4 pints and a big cheese sandwich) and probably as a result, felt much more cheerful than the day before.

The awaited messenger turned up quite early and a decision was made to go to the site he specified in an effort to smash the survivors of the Hunt while they were still unprepared. Sparky was given a nice set of ensorcelled chainmail to wear for the day. It made a really nice banging noise as he marched along so he started to sing a little song as he went...

"Michaeleners are all barmy, We've got hundreds in our army, Turning foes into salami, Fighting far and near."

The party (no doubt cheered by Sparky's tuneless mutterings) soon reached the place where they had been told the hunt would appear. Sparky, Scud and Narnia stood guard. It was not long before Sparky spotted a sniffer, followed by the rest of the hunt striding along the path towards the party. The bad guys never stood a chance and were soon dogmeat.

The decision was then made to return to camp to attack the Necromancer. There were undead around the camp so the party foolishly dived into the centre of it and fighting immediately broke out as the Necromancers friends started to emerge from their hiding places. The Valley folk were soon being pushed backwards by an extremely violent onslaught from a number of vicious humans and undead. Several of the party including Sparky were paralysed in the fighting as it swept past them.

A short while later the Necromancer strolled past and helped himself to Sparkys new magic sword. Later still the Prophet reappeared removed the paralysis from several of the party that had been affected.

Sparky then started to follow the others towards a path leading out of the camp area chased by a strange water creature. unfortunately, Scud at the front immediately ran into a number of the Necromancers side kicks and another big fight broke out. Sparky dived into the deep ferns persued by the water sprit of some kind which hit him with a huge jet of water as he did so.

Hiding in the ferns Sparky cured himself as best he could before returning to the camp a while later. Unfortunately, however, he was spotted again and chased by the Water creature who eventually caught him on the far side of the ferns and proceeded to beat him black and blue. Sparky began to loose feeling in his sword arm and decided to cure it.

When he regained conciousness he his spare sword, breastplate and thigh plates had all been rusted and his undergarments were wet from where the river had flowed up his trousers. Sparky was well pissed off. His mood was not improved when he found out that the rest of the party were not in a much better position than himself. The party beat a fast retreat home.

## BY THE TAIL

With the sun beating down on him, drawing the moisture from his mouth before he had time to swallow, Sarnak knew that it wouldn't be long before his pursuers would catch him. If that should happen, a long, lingering death beneath the desert sun would be a glorious way to die; the Surinese merchants were not known for their leniency towards those who had dared steal from them.

His legs kept pumping, carrying him across the sand and the rocks; he forced himself to think of nothing else but the next step forward. One slip on this terrain could mean the end of his short, glorious career as a thief; a broken foot, or worse, would result in more than pain. It would mean capture by the Korrillan Nomads hired by the merchants to track him through the desert, and bring him back to them in one, relatively intact, piece.

Looking forwards, he saw the hills bordering the eastern boundary of the wastes over which he now travelled, if he could reach those, then he may have some chance of reaching the comparative safety of civilisation: the Nomads were not welcomed in towns with an organized militia, or where the population lived under the watchful eye of the Priests of the Wondrous Light, their tribal practices were somewhat bloody and brutal, and parents with young children did not want members of their families disappearing overnight.

Sarnak knew that he would begin to tire soon, despite removing most of his heavier possessions and leaving them to the desert. All he carried with him now, were the clothes on his back, a knife on his belt and the waterskin which flapped at his side.

He risked a look behind him, when the ground ahead was flat enough for him to run with little chance of falling, and still he could see the five small dark shapes that had followed him constantly for days now, no further behind, no closer, and certainly no nearer to turning around and going home. Ever the optimist, even Sarnak knew the chances of the Nomads doing so, were smaller than his chances of sprouting wings and flying.

He was glad of the fact, though, that he had not blown all of the gold gained from his escapade on wine, women and more wine and women, but had sensibly invested in some sturdy travelling clothes, and a fine hood, of the choicest velvet with gold trim, resplendant atop his long locks, darker than the midnight sky when the moon is low...

He shook his head to clear these thoughts from his mind and yed that he would be able to reach some sort of shade before the toasted his brain. By his reckoning it would only be another two hours before the sun set, comforting in the fact that the burning would stop, but the night would soon lead to the sweat in his hair, his clothes and his boots, turning to ice, freezing his blood. Another night like the last and his long trek would be over, his body could not take much more punishment, and it may be that the knife would hold the key to the only escape left to him.

The tribesmen would not bow to bribery, Sarnak knew that much. Their unusual codes of honour would let nothing stop them in their task, once set, and they would only be satisfied, and paid, after they delivered Sarnak before the Merchants, and handed back the best of the booty he had acquired from their caravan, the rather splendid necklace that he still wore, and which he hoped would pay for a completely new set of equipment.

But there was no use in worrying about all that when he still had a chance, and as he ran, he could see the hills getting closer, only marginally closer, but nearer to him nonetheless. He hoped that he would find a pass leading through the hills rather than having to climb up, his legs would not stand for a further amount of punishment he was sure, those nomads were as nimble as mountain goats, and would have no trouble overpowering him in a fight. Yet, once again, Sarnak's indomitable optimism convinced him that if he had made it so far, he could be sure of finding safe passage through the slopes ahead, as sure as fire was hot, and fish lived in the sea.

Shamir Nassim was beginning to think that he and his men were the butt of some joke those fat merchants had concocted for their amusement. Never had an outlander run for so long in-the desert and at such a constant pace. Already he could hear the wheezing breath of Kassam behind him: his four best men, and already one of them was tiring to the point where he would have to stop.

This was no simple task the Surinese had set him, this was a challenge. He should have been suspicious of their terms; 10,000 pieces of gold and his choice of ten slaves from the personal collection of the merchant chief, abnormally high for the return of a thief and a small trinket of "some sentimental value".

A curse on those fat traders in human flesh, and a double curse on that thief who remains constantly out of reach but in sight. To hell with the agreement, when Shamir got his hands on that elusive speck on the horizon, he would demonstrate how it can take an eternity to die.

When night fell he would need to rest, and when he did they would track him to his hiding place and take him alive. Returning just the trinket to the merchants with a story of how the body was lost to some desert beast would satisfy them, they would not be interested in revenge, just a profit: the exquisite pleasures that could be drawn from another human's misery, would make up for any shortfall in the reward money the Nomads would receive, and as Shamir thought on, his anger and hatred for his quarry burned hotter than the sun in the sky.

As fate would have it, Sarnak reached the first of the hills just as the last rays of the sun died away, and retreated beyond the horizon. Sarnak's eyes pierced the twilight and searched the area for a path, or some easy way through the steep, rocky cliffs and treacherous slopes around him. Although he had run many miles, for many hours, his breath was steady. He did not think this unusual, the excitement of the past few days had obviously brought out the best in him, his body responding to the mental exhilaration of his flight, the thrill of being hunted.

Now, he began to think of his next move, he knew that his pursuers would be mad that he had escaped for so long, that he had run as far as they had, and that they were a long way from his capture. There was thrill in hunting, but there was a greater thrill in being the hunted.

Sarnak began to think thoughts which previously he would have deemed mad and irrational, his eyes scanned the area, his mind began to form its own picture of the land around him. Gullies, crags, small ravines began to take on more shape than he would previously have attributed to them; a small hole was something more, the wind no longer just a cool touch to the face, the insects and night creatures let fly their voices to the darkness, and Sarnak listened.

He would first go to the stream that was beyond the next hill, and slake his thirst. Then he could give way to the ideas and thoughts in his mind; if the Nomads would never return empty handed, then better they never return.

He had stood here not long ago, the marks on the sand and the rocks told that much. Although he was difficult to read, he left his signs like any other man, and Shamir could read him like a book. He had stopped, to search for an easy route through the hills no doubt, and then he had walked on up the slope to the northwest. This outlander had not chosen the easiest of paths by any estimation, he had obviously hoped to tire out his hunters; a mistake.

Shamir looked at Kassam, and he was not pleased by what he saw. Working for the traders had made him fat in the eyes of his leader, and his love of the Geshalla Pipe had made him cough like an old woman for the past hour. This would be the last task he would perform for the merchants, the life of luxury his men were leading had made them soft. Tents and cushions indeed, they would return to the desert once they had caught and disposed of the outlander whose trail they now followed.

"Kassam, you are not worthy of hunting this prize, you are as soft as your belly. Stop your old woman's wheezing and fill the skins with water; we shall be back this way when we have finished." Kassam bowed his head to his leader, and kept his mouth closed. To have said anything would have meant the loss of his tongue, and he could stand the insult. Shamir would not have spoken so if he had not been chasing this accursed outlander.

He gathered up the skins left by his fellows, and watched them as they ran up the slope after the near invisible trail left by their prey. By the few signs that were around, it was clear that there was some water not far away, and so he trotted towards where he thought would be best to search first, coughing a little on the way.

Sure enough, a few minutes later, he saw the small silver trickle that allowed some pathetic shrubs and bushes to eke out an existence in this near barren land. As he approached the stream, he kept his eyes open for predators that may be about; a hungry lion or tiger would wait at the nearest water-hole for thirsty prey to come along, and Kassam did not want to end up as dinner for some wild beast.

When he was sure that the area was clear, he crept forward to the edge of the water, and began to fill the skins.

Being careful not to disturb any of the small rocks that littered the ground around him, Sarnak moved toward the figure. Now in his element, his slow steps left but the whisper of an impression on the ground, and made as little sound as a spider's web breaking. With his knife held firmly in his hand, he moved slowly towards the dark figure that crouched before him, with only one intent in mind.

The gap between them became less, and it was only a matter of minutes before Sarnak was right behind Kassam. With a deft flick of his wrist, he tossed a small pebble over Kassam's head; it landed on the other side of the stream and the small 'click' it produced as it struck the ground caused Kassam to stand and draw his scimitar. Kassam looked intently into the gloom before him, and only realised that he had been tricked, when he felt the icy touch of metal across his throat.

He tried to shout, but the only sound that emerged was a rasping gurgle. His vision clouded as blood jetted from his throat and a few seconds later, he was dead.

"Can you not find where the outlander went to?" Nabul asked Shamir, "surely he can not have sprouted wings and flown?"

Shamir turned and looked at the impudent young warrior.

"There is more to this outlander than meets the eye. His trail was light and difficult to follow, but now it vanishes altogether. He has been taught well." Shamir returned to the task of studying the ground for any clues as to where his quarry could have gone.

"And Nabul," he added, without looking up, "if you speak without permission from me again, I shall cut out your tongue. Is that understood?" He raised his head and waited for the reply.

"Yes, it shall not happen again." Nabul stood, and lowered his head.

Shamir returned to the task in hand, this outlander was trying his patience. He was beginning to look a fool in front of his men, and that was something he could not allow.

"We shall split up, Nabul can come with me, we shall check out the way ahead, you two can look around here to see if he tried to double back: and see if Kassam has the water." With that, he turned and trotted off, duly followed by Nabul.

Zadim and Machaal, as ordered, turned around and slowly made their way back through the ravines and gullies to where Kassam was waiting with the water.

It did not take them long to reach the spot that Shamir had said they should meet earlier. Carefully looking around, they could see the figure of Kassam, sat with his back to a large rock, the water skins in front of him. His head was low to his chest, a sure indication that he was asleep.

The two nomads walked towards him, over the rocks and sand, making no attempt to disguise their approach. As they got nearer, the huddled figure did not move, and made no noise. Machaal began to get suspicious, lazy though Kassam was, he was not stupid enough to allow someone he could not see through his hood approach so closely without looking.

"Kassam, it is me Machaal, speak if you live." he spoke quietly to the figure some ten feet away. He could see in the light available the dark robes

covering the figure left no part of Kassam's face visible, and both of the arms were crossed.

"Zadim," Machaal spoke to his friend next to him, "it would appear Kassam is dead, the outlander must be here somewhere."

They both drew their weapons and turned around slowly, scouring the area for signs of movement. As soon as they had turned a full half circle, the robed figure on the floor leapt up in a single fluid motion. As it did so, it let fly with the two objects it held, which caught the nomads around the neck and face.

Nabul and Shamir heard the screams of their two tribesmen at the same time, piercing the night and reaching their ears with all too unnerving clarity. Both nomads ran back to the direction of the men's cries, which continued for some half a minute and then stopped, suddenly.

The ran as fast as they could, with no care for stealth or silence, and after several minutes, they arrived at the place where the sickening screams had come from.

Three figures lay on the ground, one near an outcropping of rock with it's robes removed, the other two near the edge of a wadi. Shamir and Nabul both drew their weapons and looked around for any sign of the outlander who had obviously managed to kill three men. As Shamir cast his gaze around, movement near the bodies of Machaal and Zadim caused him to glance over.

Two slithering bodies were untangling themselves from the Nomads' robes and where heading towards a small hole in the ground.

The white, jagged markings down their backs gave Shamir no doubt as to what they were, "Lightning Vipers," he muttered, "Nabul, check the bodies and tell me what you see."

Nabul went over to Kassam's whitened corpse, he could tell how he had died before getting close, the dark pool near the head and the dark, gaping wound told the story.

Upon approaching the other two, however, all he could see was the faces of his companions, eyes wide, mouths open and their necks puffed out to the size of water melons.

Upon closer, more careful inspection he could see the small wounds each bore upon their faces; Machaal on the cheek, and Zadim, the forehead. After checking there were no other wounds, he made his way back to Shamir, who had stood, alert, whilst he had done this.

After Nabul had told him he remained silent for a while. His face remained impassive as he considered all that he had been told and all that he knew.

Sarnak's yellow eyes watched the two remaining nomads from the top of the nearby ridge. He could smell the fear in the smaller one, but the larger of the two was more wary, more calm, and would not be caught as easily as the others.

Moving back from the edge, he pondered his new found ability. He had been aware for a while now that his talents were being enhanced, and knew that it was only to his advantage that he kill his remaining trackers in order that word of his discovery and subsequent actions did not reach back to the Merchants.

But his urge to kill, he reasoned, was one born of these powers and were not his own. Killing had been a necessary but unwelcome part of his profession and he did not want to acquire such a delight in it that it forwent all other considerations. Perhaps it was better that those two did survive to tell the tale: how one outlander had bested them, it was fairly well guaranteed to put off any other bounty hunters, and it would be a while before the news spread further east.

So with a certain amount of pride, and a lot of ponderings on how he could turn his abilities to his advantage, Sarnak closed his eyes, concentrated for a few seconds, and then padded off east.

Shamir had decided. "Pick up the water skins and follow me, we are leaving."

Nabul's previous experience told him to keep his mouth closed, particularly now, when Shamir was obviously in no god temper.

"Damn those merchants for giving us a spirit to chase instead of a man, there can be no way to beat such a thing that can catch snakes, run like the wind and stalk my men like a shadow. Better we return and demand the money saying he fell down a ravine, don't you think Nabul?"

"Yes," Nabul replied, "but what if they ask for the return of the gem?"

Shamir turned and spat, "it was lost with him of course. We can say that the climb was too difficult, that no gem was worth risking our necks for, not even a Tiger's Eye."

**Nowhon the Half-Elven**

## PUBLIC LETTER FROM THE HUMACTI SECT

A large 'creature' with tentacles was destroyed a few months ago at a meeting of Valley Members. Since then, others of its type – but differing physical forms – have been sighted.

Largely due to the efforts of Sharneesh the Humacti, we have discovered the following:

The creature is not an undead as we understand it. It was not created by normal necromancy, nacromancy or any other form of commonly understood ways of creating or summoning undead. Rather it was created by binding flesh in some foul way. We understand that this method draws on the power of a place called the 'Void' about which little is understood. Further, the technique is similar in many ways to the powers used by the Hordelings to Mistweave.

The field around the creature also draws on the Void power and is referred to as an 'Inversion Field'. Normal creatures caught in this field can be turned inside-out by its force and have their power sucked away proportionately to the amount they have. The most important fact of this field is that to penetrate it, requires a slow push as opposed to a mighty strike, this is because it uses your own force against you.

We fear that this creature is the work of a Fleshweaver that was raised/created by the Tombs of Dymwann. If you gather any further information of its activities, do not hesitate inform us of its location.

**Sir Loren De Hal**

Assistant Guildleader of the Humacti Sect  
Knight in the Order of King Michel,  
High Priest of the Good Sphere.

**LETTER FROM LORD  
SEBASTIAN - MARSHALL OF  
THE ORDER OF KING MICHEL**

Greetings to all members of the Order of King Michel. I am distributing this notice in response to a number of requests for information, and to let all members of the Order gain greater understanding of our heritage.

I have been asked that question which is very hard to answer, that of the matter of Saint or King. This question has shadowed the White Camp and very nearly tore the old White Retreat apart. The question is very theological and without explaining a great many things is very difficult to answer. I shall attempt to put it in its simplest form. The Order of Saint Michel was established many many years ago on the principles of King Michel who fell in a battle against darkness during the Chaos Wars centuries ago. During the long period since that battle, his deeds have become the cornerstone of the Order and I fear his elevation to Sainthood was as a result of years of adulation. Recent evidence of the strongest kind appeared indicating King Michel was, in fact, a normal man. Whilst he was a great knight, valliant, good and bold he also had his mortal faults and Sainthood was not appropriate. Further it is not something that he personally would have wanted. After much debate, the Order changed its name to the Order of **King Michel** and chose to follow the deeds of a great man – not the rumours of legend. Some people still hold to the old ways and if they wish can certainly refer to Michel as a Saint. Personally I feel that all should support our Order as the followers of the King, but I leave it to you to decide as agreed. – as an aside, his name is correctly spelt 'Michel' but pronounced 'Michael'.

I would also speak on the matter of the Good Seers. Such a group did exist in the Valley at one time, but left some years ago. Their powers have to some extent been passed to Lord Cringe, however the Dark Seers have grown obscenely powerful and I fear even his powers could not penetrate the web of deceit woven by the Circle of Seers and to do so may even prove dangerous. Let us instead use our eyes and ears, backed by steel and courage, to expose what they seek to hide.

I would also take this opportunity to inform all that due to the recent strivings of many members of the Order, together with a Glorious Host from Halmadons Height, we were able to defeat the Kalid Legions assaulting the Tower of the Sun.

The Tower of the Sun sends its thanks to all who aided the struggle and I can announce that they have retained their tower.

During the battle many people performed outstandingly and I thank you all for your efforts. Being in a position to surprise the Kalid with the size and strength of our force, we were able to inflict heavy damage on them. Reports indicate that one of the Valdemar Legions was all but decimated, as well as severe losses to the Earthwarp units present; and, also, the permanent death of General Halog Shan, the Ogre-mage leader, of the Kalid Legion called Steelwind who has plagued the Tower of the Sun for some time (although his body was lost to hordlings).

Finally I would like to say a few words about the loss of Sir Evan Ford. He gave his life to prevent the Kalid gaining a further advantage against the Forces of Light. Those who knew him could tell of his unselfish acts and great courage and his characteristic battle-cry will be sorely missed on the field. He died as he would have wanted, fighting to the last. May he rest in peace and be an example to inspire others.

What I find most saddening about his loss was that it could have been avoided. I hope that out of this tragedy some lesson may be learned. It is the duty of all to look after each other and it is not satisfactory that those lightly burdened leave the heavily armoured to fight alone when things look bad. Those responsible must live with themselves, but they must also face their discipline in the Order of which I am head.

Let all know that we must protect each other to the full extent of our abilities and that armoured warriors rely on the other party members just as much as they are themselves relied upon! Look after them as they stand before and shield you.

Magna est veritas et pravealebit

**Lord Sebastian Marshall**

Order of King Michel

Member of the Fellowship of Twelve

## TIME OF RECKONING

The Valley Alliance has now gained a third Tower (which is situated approximately five days south of our present Towers, in the Fallow Hills, on the edge of the Fairelund Forest) and as a result, certain changes in the Guild structure have occurred.

The three Towers in the Valley Alliance will now have the following apply to them:

**Tower:** The White Retreat

**Leader:** Lord Cringe

**Council:** Fellowship of 12

**Pass needed for entry:** Good Camp

**Tower:** Valley Alliance

**Leader:** Raucus

**Council:** Village Council

**Pass needed for entry:** Neutral Camp

**Tower:** Wolfhold

**Leader:** Lord Blackwolf

**Council:** Council of 10

**Pass needed for entry:** Dark Camp

**IMPORTANT:** After the Time of Reckoning the Guilds resident in each Tower are as listed below. Guild members are requested to ensure that they have the correct pass for access to their guilds present Tower.



### THE WHITE RETREAT

Crusaders Guild

Seekers Guild

Michelinier Sect

Humacti Sect

White Path Sect

White School of Magic

Red School of Magic

Green School of Magic Goblin Forces II

### THE VALLEY ALLIANCE TOWER

Rangers Guild

Pathfinders Guild

Grey Path Sect

Grey Gauntlet Sect

Grey Wardens Sect

Dark Path Sect

Hospitallers Sect

Brown School of Magic

Grey School of Magic

Blue School of Magic

The Yellow Guild

Goblin Forces III

The Monastery

### WOLFHOLD

The Ironguard

Assassins Guild

Dark Brethren Sect

Reapers Sect

Seers Sect

Black School of Magic

House Tumdurgul

Goblin Forces I

**Compiled by Derlin**  
for the Valley Alliance