

Scribe Notes for the Party in search of Gammey the Dwarf.

The following being a concise and possibly even accurate account of several members of the erstwhile Seagate Adventurers Guild as recorded by Gideon Grayfarrow, party scribe. {Transcribed in Elvish with Great Difficulty.}

(Please note that any remarks made in brackets are meant to be personal notes excluded from the official scribe notes so that peoples identities and abilities are not advertised to others.)

Date: 01/07/1995 A.P.

Hired at Last

Having recently joined the Seagate Adventurers Guild, and already meeting beings and creatures which defy description, it was with some relief that I found myself hired with a group of “normal” adventurers on a quest to find and rescue a Dwarven maiden by the name of “Gammey”.

Our employer is a female dwarven fire mage named “Thum”. She has commissioned us to travel to another plane called “Faeleph”, to search for the missing Gammey who was apparently snatched away from the Dragon Isles in Alusia where she was being held prisoner on charges of attempted murder of the King of the Dragon Isles!!

Thum assures us that Gammey is innocent of such a heinous crime and that she must be found and rescued from whoever has taken her. It seems likely that whoever has spirited her away is somehow connected to the assassination attempt of the aforementioned King.

Date: 02/07/1995 A.P.

Gone Shopping

A whole day has been spent haggling with the merchants and tradesmen of Seagate to acquire some basic supplies for our journey. One of our party members (Dramus) has gone off to try something called an “Orgy”. Apparently an “Orgy” is something which involves a large amount of chocolate. I have not heard of this recipe but it sounds like a very rich desert and it has been implied that it is even better when shared by a large number of people. Clearly my upbringing in the secular “Order of the Grey” has left some gaps in my knowledge of worldly culinary arts.

Date: 03/07/1995 A.P.

Behold .. Another World !!

We have elected a party leader (T’Mada a.k.a. Zeroc) who seems both scholarly and well knowledgeable in the ways of the world. We have decided to first go in search of Gammey, rather than explore any of the political intrigue surrounding Gammey’s disappearance.

Thum, our patron, has claimed that she may have a lead on Gammey’s whereabouts which will mean travelling through a portal to the plane of “Faeleph”.

One down, Six to go...

One of our female companions (Anathea) has disappeared while travelling through the portal which leads to Faeleph. Thum claims that our missing companion may have gotten lost in the “buffer zone” between dimensions and reassures us that someone will be sent to look for her. We grudgingly agree to leave the search for our missing companion in Thum’s hands.

A Change of Season ...

We have stepped into early winter or perhaps late fall. Time obviously flows differently here than on our home plane of Alusia. It is still morning although it seems a few hours later than when we left Alusia.

This looks familiar...

Passage through the portal has delivered us to a place recognised by one of our party members (Kazak) as Thum’s Tower. He claims that he last saw this Tower back on Alusia, in the Dragon Isles, where Gammey was first accused of murder. The tower on Alusia had been badly damaged by magic and attacked by a dragon, but this tower seems pristine and undamaged. Clearly Thumb is full of surprises, as is her tower which seems to hold a fair number of mages. Apparently Thum’s Tower is also a magic shop.

Got to see a man about a dog ...

It would seem that part of our journey will require delivering a most unusual dog called “Ralph” to a Mr Beagle in the town of Aveneg.

Ralph is a large dog and wears a silver amulet. He also seems quite intelligent.

We may be able to use his tracking skills to find Gammey should we get close enough for Ralph to gain a scent. We are to deliver a few other items to Mr Beagle as well. (shield, cloak, trousers, belt and sword)

Well where the heck have you been ?

Our missing party member (Anathea) has returned and says that she was indeed lost for a while, but was found and returned to us unharmed.

Off to Aveneg ...

We have spent the day at Thumb’s Tower in R’tweir and received additional supplies and horses from Thum for our journey. We will leave tomorrow morning to take up the search for Gammey.

Apparently there was an unexplained incident a few weeks ago to do with a horseless carriage passing through Aveneg a few, which may be related to Gammey’s disappearance from the Dragon Isles on our home plane of Alusia.

With leads like this I think we would have better luck finding a needle in a haystack than finding our missing dwarf.

Date: 04/07/1995 A.P.

Strangers in a strange land ?

This world seems to be almost exactly the same as the Dragon Isles on Alusia. Place names, towns and even the terrain seem to be identical !!!

We have found that our accents quickly identify us as strangers. Luckily Thumb has provided us with an amulet which should help identify us to any local authorities we may meet. (The amulet can also be used to communicate a ten word message to Thumb, but can only be used once.)

On the way to Sedor ...

While travelling along the road between R'tweir and Sedor we saw something flying high in the sky. For a while we thought it might have been a dragon, but our party leader assured us that it was nothing more than a flock of birds.

So far we have found that the journey to Sedor to be dull and unremarkable. Our dog Ralph would seem to be a better source of conversation than the few words we spoke to each other on the trip to Sedor. (Some of the party magically spoke with Ralph, which seemed to confuse and surprise the heck out of him.)

Be you Friend or Foe ...

On the final approach to Sedor we have met a human adventurer called Norman Bill and his invisible Gryphon companion. He was apparently expecting our arrival and had been waiting on the road for us.

Norman claims to be a friend of Thums and has given us his brothers name "Fred Bill" as a contact in Aveneg. Fred Bill is apparently the chief constable in Aveneg and may know something about the horseless carriage incident.

A Room for the night ...

Most of the Inns in Sedor seem full. Apparently Thumb has issued a reward for Gammey's rescue and many of the local adventurers of this plane are currently out looking for her as well. It seems we have a race on our hands.

Most of the adventurers appear to be from a guild called "The Seven" which seems similar to our own guild in Seagate.

We will stay the night at the inn called Sedors Rest and continue on to Aveneg in the morning.

We have spent part of the night trying to gather information from the other adventurers staying in Sedor and have managed to start a rumour of the possible involvement of a dragon in Gammey's abduction. Hopefully this will deter some of the less courageous competition.

Date: 05/07/1995 A.P.

On the road again ...

Around lunch time, when we stopped at a road side Inn while travelling from Sedor to Aveneg, we encountered another group of adventurers. After a brief and fairly unproductive chat we ended up travelling together to the gates of Aveneg.

Our newly met travelling companions were clearly curious as to where we had come from and tried to question most of us about our origins. One of the adventurers seemed concerned at one stage that we might have been from another nearby island kingdom which is hostile to the Dragon Isles here on Faleph.

Lodgings in Aveneg ...

We have found suitable lodgings in Aveneg at an Inn called the "Glittering Road", close to the center of town. (Dramus has managed to easily impress the innkeeper by

using no currency less than a true silver guinea and we have been given the whole second floor to ourselves. Clearly money talks, but in Dramus's hands it Roars!)

The rest of the night is spent resting up and enjoying the local beverages. We will return Ralph to Mr Beagle in the morning.

Date: 06/07/1995 A.P.

Hunting for clues...

Ralph, the dog, leads us to Mr Beagle's house and we deliver both Ralph and Mr Beagle's possessions to the housekeeper who informs us that Mr Beagle is not available and that she has no idea when he will return.

Our party splits up to hunt for clues.

(T'mada)

One of our party goes in search of a library and also tries to consult with a Mage called "The Great LizTaksMar". Unfortunately the Mage is not home, but access to some of the Mage's library is available for a price.

(Dramus)

Another party member talked with a local hat maker who had nothing much to tell other than the name of one of the witnesses of the Horseless Carriage sighting.

The witness turned out to be a town drunk and his testimony is somewhat suspect. It seems that numerous adventurers have been paying the old man with booze for the same information, over the last few weeks and his story may have become more elaborate as he was given more to drink.

The rest of us went to visit with the town constable's offices in Aveneg. We spoke with Fred Bill, the chief constable and brother of Norman Bill.

We were told that there had been four witnesses who either saw or heard the horseless carriage and that their testimonies all conflicted in some way.

Three people actually saw the black six horse carriage and two of them said that there were horses pulling it. Only the town drunk claims that the carriage had no horses. Of the four witnesses, three claimed that they could also hear the horses.

The town guard on the East Gate saw the Carriage enter Aveneg late at night, but the West Gate guard was away from his post and did not see the Carriage leave.

The Carriage had been travelling from East to West at high speed straight through the center of town.

When in doubt go visit a tavern ...

With no further clues our party spent the rest of the day at various inns and taverns, trying to gain any information from other adventurers or towns folk. We managed to further spread and embellish the Dragon rumours currently going around. The dragon rumoured to be involved in Gammey's disappearance has now been classified as a Blue Illusionist Dragon.

Date: 06/07/1995 A.P.

Clueless in Aveneg...

Our party has tried a variety of dubious means to gain further information on Gammey's whereabouts. There seems to be little hope of gaining any solid leads from our attempts so far. (Both Astrology and Tarot Reading have been tried.)

Rule Number 1: Suspect everybody. You're bound to be right at least once...

Some of our party (Dramus and Aaronn) investigate the farmer's son "Tom" who caused the west gate guard to leave their post on the night of the horseless carriage incident. Tom was celebrating his 21st birthday and caused a commotion which drew the city guards to investigate.

Both Tom and his father were gently questioned (by Dramus) and it was suggested that Tom had accepted payment for causing a disturbance. This of course did not go down well and our party members (Dramus and Aaronn) were asked to leave. It seems unlikely that Tom was involved in any plot.

(Clarissa)

Another of our party went off to check the town stables to see if she could find any clues about the carriage or its horses but did not appear to find anything new. Apparently the carriage had a mix of horses, some pure black and some pure white.

(Gideon and Anatheia)

Still more of our party went to a tavern and tried to gather any clues from adventurers and Barge men who travel the Canals. No new clues, but the dragon rumours have spread to most of the adventurers. The canal may be a possible area to explore as the adventurers seemed overly eager to assure us that the canal had already been searched.

(T'Mada spent the day back at the Inn recovering from some ailment.)

(Kazak)

Our dwarf investigated the path the carriage took and identified the buildings near the West gate which were large enough to hide a carriage in case the carriage had not actually left Aveneg. The following are the names of the likely candidates:

- Bloggs Metals & Stones
- Feylin's Flowers
- Klegs Emporium
- Daylibs Transports.

Our dwarf looked into Daylib's Transports, but found no sign of a black six horse carriage.

False Alarm ...

The whole party was awakened during the night by an intruder who turned out to be the innkeeper arriving back at the inn after having visited some friends. Luckily we were able to avoid any incident with the innkeeper as we told him that we were all prowling around downstairs because we felt like a late night drink at the bar. (In Dramus's case he had already started helping himself to a bottle of wine.)

I had hoped that all our poking around for the day had sparked some attention and that the group responsible for kidnapping Gammey might try to attack us, thus giving us a chance to get a solid lead on them. No such luck.

Date: 07/07/1996 A.P.

Breakfast with Fred...

Further talks with Chief Constable, Fred Bill, over breakfast has revealed that Ralph the Dog was in fact Mr Beagle !! Ralph is apparently some sort of shape changer, his human form is apparently very dog like, although he is not a lycanthrope.

The rest of the day ...

Our attempts to visit Mr Ralph Beagle later that day proved unsuccessful as we were told that he had gone away on urgent business.

We were temporarily diverted by some sort of magical demonstration or advertisement. Someone had conjured an illusion of a giant green glowing sword near an expensive looking inn. This did not seem to offer any enlightenment as to where Gammey might be so we decided to ignore it.

We were also questioned by adventurers about the blue dragon rumours we had been spreading. It seems that nearly everybody has heard the dragon tales by now. (Dramus and T'Mada were almost smiling from ear to ear and plotted further mischief which could be seen flickering in their eyes.)

Out in the woods ...

As we still had no real idea where Gammey was or who had taken her we were forced to seek out more obscure sources of information. One of our female party members (Anathea) suggested trying to consult a dryad. She believed that there may be dryads out in the woods near the East gate of Aveneg.

We had little to lose so late that night we slipped out into the nearby woods. After a few dubious moments (Anathea back fired a spell, and was teleported a short distance away) we finally managed to track down a dryad. The creature seemed to be very vague and had no recollection of seeing or hearing the Black carriage that we were searching for. We were still uncertain that the black carriage had anything to do with Gammey's kidnapping. Other than an offer of sexual favours from the dryad, the night had little to offer so we set off back to town.

Lets start up more rumours of dragons...

Having come up blank out in the woods the same party member (Anathea) who suggested talking to dryads decided to embellish the existing dragon rumours by convincing some of the town drunks that they had seen the blue dragon flying around Aveneg with a giant rider wielding a glowing green sword, like the illusion we had seen outside the inn.

She was extremely convincing (Using a magical form of persuasion) and managed to get two of the town drunks to start spreading the rumours around town. With little else to occupy us that night we retired to the Glittering Road Inn and slept peacefully.

Date: 08/05/1995 A.P.

Two town drunks in the stocks ...

After a hearty breakfast at our Inn we set off back to R'tweir to re-visit Thum our employer. Our lack of tangible leads had made us somewhat impatient and we sought to confront Thum on why she sent us out to chase up the story about a horseless carriage.

On the way out of town we recognised the two drunks that were spreading our dragon rumours. They had been placed in the stocks and were half covered in rotting vegetables. It seems that the town constables were not impressed by these two drunkards causing panic by crying out tales of dragon sightings late at night. (By this time Anathea was feeling considerably responsible for their plight and tried to offer them money, but was unable to persuade them to take it.)

Apparently one of the reasons they were in the stock was because they had said that a local hero called "Henkeren the Dragon Slayer" had been riding the blue dragon. Henkeren would become important much later in our travels.

A Spy in Seddor ...

We arrived in Seddor in the late afternoon and noticed a man observing the flow of traffic in and out of Seddor. Through impressive perceptive skills (Detect Aura: Highest ranking non-language skill) we determined the man was indeed a spy. We decided that we had best confront Thum as soon as possible before investigating anything else so we ignored the spy at the gates of Seddor and spent the night at the Seddor's Rest Inn.

Date: 09/07/1995 A.P.

R'tweir and Thum's Tower Re-visited ...

We arrived at Thum's Tower in R'tweir late in the afternoon after travelling the road from Seddor.

Thum's Castellan "Malsum" gave us rooms for the night in the tower. In the morning we would confront Thum with our suspicions.

- Had Thum been lying to us and sending us off on wild goose chases?
- Was Gammey's whereabouts already known to Thum?
- Did Thum already have Gammey and was she being hidden so that she did not have to face the murder charges back on Alusia?
- Why did Thum think there was any connection between the horseless carriage story in Aveneg and Gammey's kidnapping?
- Why hire adventurers from Alusia when there were already adventurers here in Faleph who were scouring the country side for Gammey?
- Why is Faleph so like the Alusian Dragon Isles and why does Thum believe that Gammey is here and not back on Alusia where she was first imprisoned?
- What magic might there be on Faeleth which could block a locate spell?

Date: 10/07/1995 A.P.

Confronting Thum ...

Strangely enough our party started thinking about how much lack of protection we had against fire. Perhaps the thought of accusing our employer Thum, an obviously accomplished fire mage, of deliberately deceiving us might not be such a bright idea.

We finally did get to see Thum that morning after claiming that we had information about Gammey's whereabouts. Our party leader confronted Thum and after hearing that she had no idea where Gammey was or who had taken her, decided to believe that Thum was telling the truth.

Thum could offer no further leads to help us find Gammey, but did allow us to ask questions of her astrologer who would consult the stars that night to try and gain some insight into where we could start looking for Gammey.

We were told that the astrologer had already asked who was holding Gammey and had only learned that "Something Big and Black has Gammey."

We speculated that this could mean a cult or organisation. Our dwarf (Kazak) who had been on a previous adventure where Gammey was first accused of murder remembered two organisations which might be involved. One was the Dragon cultists, the other was the spectral assassins. The dragon cultists did apparently have a stronghold somewhere on the plane of Faeleph, but their exact whereabouts were unknown.

The rest of the day was spent on a quick visit back to Alusia. Thum authorised a portal back to the Alusian Dragon Isles to be created so that we could see for ourselves the original Thum's tower which our dwarf had seen demolished a few months ago. The other tower did exist, but was in a better state of repair than we had expected. All this served to prove was that Thum was willing to help us where she could.

We also discovered from Thum that there was a variant Wicca spell here in Faeleph which could shield an individual, object or place from a location spell.

One of our party (Clarissa) was urgently recalled to Alusia and ceased to journey further with us. Thum arranged for the portal back to Seagate. The loss of our companion was sorely felt.

Date: 11/07/1995 & 12/07/1995 A.P.

Travel back to Aveneg ...

We returned to Aveneg via Seddor again and spent another night at both the Seddor's Rest Inn and The Glittering Road Inn at Aveneg.

Our discussion with the astrologer had led us to believe that taking the south west road out of Aveneg, heading into drazard territory might lead us closer to Gammey. We were also given a dog whistle as a means to summon Ralph in case we got into serious trouble.

Date: 13/07/1995 A.P.

A clue dropped from above...

Our travels led us to take a rough track road heading south west from Aveneg to a town called Saymester.

We had only been travelling for half a day when we heard a high pitched scream from above. Suddenly we spotted the source of this piteous wail of terror. A human body could be seen plunging through the air onto the road in front of us. No amount of effort or wishful thinking was able to save this poor wretch from an all too sudden death.

Well lets just ask the dead ...

From here on I will need to admit that amongst our party we had a necromancer. Suffice to say that through certain arcane practices, which are best left unmentioned, we were able to gain an incredible wealth of information from the victim we found upon the road.

The human had once worked for the Dragon Cult, who worship dragons here on Faeleph. The man had apparently been dropped by a red dragon, whom we were fortunate enough not to encounter. Apparently the man had been under the influence of the spell "Compel Obedience" and wanted to be dropped by the dragon.

After a great deal of intensive questioning we were able to determine that Gammey had been taken prisoner by the Dragon Cult and that she was being held somewhere South of Aveneg and West of Drasserville.

Note: Drasserville is a Drazard town. Drazards are humanoid creatures, somehow related to dragons. See additional attached information on Drazards.

After further dealings with dubious magical practices a ghost by the name of Frederick joined our party.

I doubt that I will be able to sleep soundly after seeing the degree to which the boundary of death has been breached this day.

Date: 14/07/1995 A.P.

Journey Onwards ...

We feel more confident that we are heading in the right direction and other than the smell of the corpse we are bringing along with us, the morning journey to the nearby village of Lyton goes pleasantly.

On the way to Lyton we notice a trail of smoke to the south of the road, but choose to ignore this as it is probably a chimney of a farm house. We learnt much later that Henkeren the Dragon Slayer was also heading south and the smoke we saw was from his camp fire.

In Lyton we visit an Inn called the Harvester. It's innkeeper, a man named Brefton, has little to tell us of the road ahead although we now know that there are more villages between here and Saymester, which we were unaware of.

We are told of dragons and griffons who inhabit the hills to the west and apparently the local lord of this area is a man named Sir Henry of Saymester.

On our way out of Lyton several cheeky brats started to pester us. One of them called our party leader (T'Mada /Zeroc) "A fat bastard", I shudder to think how closely that little village idiot dived with death. Fortunately we were in a hurry and left our diminutive annoyances behind us at the village limits.

Once more to the clearly departed ...

We decided that we needed better directions as to where the dragon cultists were holding Gammey so we again consulted the corpse that we had been carrying with us.

After careful questioning we were able to determine that the dragon cultist stronghold was within 20 miles of a ravine or valley and that the nearest town to this place started with the letters "FA".

It was with great surprise and disbelief that the dead body of the human we had been questioning suddenly seemed to gain a will of its own. Suddenly the cadavers eyes seemed to fill with a malignant intelligence and its broken body turned and looked at each of us with purposeful intent.

Our necromancer was more than a little shocked and confused as he claimed that the corpse should not have been able to do that.

"So there you are..." the unholy terror spoke. "So one of you is a necromancer." It said as it turned to face us.

By now several of us had begun to draw weapons and surround the seated figure of decaying flesh and bone.

"I see you did not heed my warning.." The thing spoke directly to our dwarf. The voice had an odd lilt in its tone and it rolled it's R's so that it almost sounded like a purr.

Of course we jumped on the damnable thing and set about dismembering it with extreme prejudice. After poking the things eyes out and firmly tying the remains into a tight bundle we decided to bury it deep in the earth. I guess by this time we may have been over reacting a little, but after determining that the last spell to impact on the body was something called "Control Undead" we decided to make sure that we would no longer be spied upon.

We left the freshly dug grave off to one side of the road and continued onwards before camping that night.

Date: 15/07/1995 A.P.

Anti Walk Unseen devices ...

By around lunch time we reached the next village of Cultar (NB/ The spelling may not be correct) and decided to buy some mirrors.

We were able to determine from the corpse before it had become uncontrollable that someone had cast numerous walk unseen and witchsight spells on it. This led us to believe that the dragon cultists must have some means of making their patrols invisible. After discussing this amongst ourselves we decided to invest in mirrors because people with walk unseen cast upon them still have a reflection.

Further discussions came up with a plan to make three periscope like devices from the mirrors we had bought so that we could use them while still looking forward. Our dwarf had a periscope attached to his helmet so that he could ride along and look for invisible foes. This of course made him look like a complete and utter tit to everyone else in the party. Luckily we would be riding through wilderness and unlikely to be seen by too many other travellers who might question us as to what misfortune had happened to our dwarf.

A Terror in the Night ...

That night we decided to camp outside of the town of Cultar. During the night we were awakened by our night sentry. A wild cat was stalking our campsite. We quickly formed a defensive battle line and waited for the wily beast to show itself.

The wild animal moved like lightning and dove past our waiting ambush and

landed amongst our horses. The beast quickly disembowelled one of the horses with a single swipe of its claw, but was driven off by a hastily cast spell.

A couple of party members were injured by the startled horses who kicked at anybody who tried to chase through them after the wild cat. The tricky beast escaped and had managed to kill one of our mounts in the process.

(This is the first horse which T'Mada/Zeroc loses during the adventure.)

Later that morning the wild cat returned and fell victim to a hastily prepared spell. If only we had managed to deal death to the creature before it had a chance to kill one of our horses. Luckily we have two pack horses and one of them will now be used as a riding mount.

Date: 16/07/1995 A.P.

Return to the Grave ...

One of the party (Dramus) has decided to try to retrieve the bones of the dead dragon cultist. Through magical means (Shadow Wings) he has returned at great speed to the site of the grave only to find that something has already been there and dug up the remains. A quick look around reveals dragon tracks and huge claw shape marks in the earth. The rest of us are somewhat relieved that the bones are nowhere to be found.

Continue on through Juns-Town ...

We pass through the last village before saymester around mid-day and end up camping in the wilderness again. We meet a group of adventurers who have apparently been following us southward and let them pass us on the road.

Date: 17/07/1995 A.P.

Maps and Curios in Saymester ...

Finally we arrive in Saymester and begin to look for maps to try and find a village or town starting with "FA". Joseph's Maps and Curios appears to be the only map shop in town. After lengthy discussions with Joseph we find that the local lord Sir Henry of Saymester has the only complete map of the area.

We arrange with Joseph to view this map through magical means, provided by Joseph for a price. Apparently the other group of adventurers were also keen on purchasing a map of the area.

We decide to camp outside Saymester to the west to hopefully throw off the party of adventurers who appear to be trailing us around.

Date: 18/07/1995 A.P.

Once around Saymester ...

After a fairly miserable night out in the wet we carefully skirt the borders of Saymester to reach the southern road which leads to the town of Galnam.

Our leader re-enters Saymester and makes notes of the map which we need to locate Gammey. This takes most of the day and we end up camping outside Saymester for a second night.

Date: 19/07/1995 & 20/07/1995 & 21/07/1995 A.P.

Travelling to Galnam ...

We are now heading towards Drazard territory. We must pass three villages before we get to Galnam, heading south east from Saymester.

We pass by Stanberg and Olsenberg without entering these villages. Outside Olsenberg we decide to send a message to Thum using the magical medallion she gave us for this purpose. We send the following message:

“Gammey Held Cult, Searching League South Valley Near Galnam, Raksasha.”

We added Raksasha to the message as we now believe that a Raksasha may be involved in the dragon cult. We plan to search for the Dragon Cultists using the directions we gained from the dead body that had been dropped in front of us.

After the third day of travel from Saymester we arrive outside the village of Friberg.

Date: 22/07/1995 A.P.

Ushered through Friberg...

We pass through Friberg in the morning and visit the local Inn for some breakfast. We learn a few things about drazads.

- Lesser Drazards have one head, Greater Drazards have two heads.
- All Drazards cast magic, Greater drazards can have two colleges because they have two heads.
- Drazards can breath fire and fly.

Our breakfast is cut short by the local men at arms who are lead by a man named John. He believes that adventurers are trouble and suggests that we leave Friberg immediately. We decide to leave town as there is nothing for us here.

Oh No Not again...

After travelling along the final stretch of road before the town of Galnam we encounter a set of human bones scattered on the road. One of our party immediately recognises them as the bones of the dragon cultist that we had left buries several days ago.

Another attempt at questioning the dead dragon cultist reveals that he was again dropped by the dragon in front of our path. We manage to determine that the dragon cultists have strong defenses and are using foresters huts in a large clearing as their hideout.

Our party decides that the cultists may be too tough to take on alone so we decide to call for reinforcements. Using a special dog whistle we attempt to summon Ralph, the dog shapechanger.

Date:23/07/1995 A.P.

Ralph ...

We avoid Galnam by passing around the outskirts of the town.

Ralph arrives shortly after noon and tells us that he will try to find us some help. Henkeren the Dragon Slayer is supposed to be in the area nearby and one of the Bill brothers may be about with a tame griffon.

Ralph leaves to inform Thum about our progress and claims that he will return as soon as he can. Ralph also gives us another dog whistle in order to summon him.

Drazard Merchants ...

Later in the day we encounter a couple of Drazard merchants who are selling human food to the nearby town of Galnam. They offer little useful information although they seem friendly enough.

Greetings from the Dragon Cult ...

The road into drazard territory proves dangerous as we are ambushed by two dragon cultists. A couple of crossbow bolts fire into our party and cause us to take cover off to the side of the road.

Our party leader quickly organises us into fighting formation and we take to the offensive. The two cultists try to escape on horseback, but our party proves too fast for them. (Quickness affects most of our party.)

Two of our party members (Dramus and T'Mada) manage to catch up to the fleeing cultists and stops them in their tracks. (Agony drops both of the enemy riders, killing one of their horses)

Our party sustains no serious injuries and manages to capture two dragon cultists alive. Things are finally looking more positive. Someone has actually tried to kill us. We must be on the right track.

Just a few questions for our guests ...

Questioning the prisoners proves awkward as one of them refuses to speak, but the other appears to be more cooperative when plied with alcohol.

The first prisoner is left on his own and manages to escape while we are questioning the second prisoner. One of our party (Dramus) manages to find our first prisoner who has died of a knife wound to the chest, which may have been self inflicted. Uncertain of how the cultist died our companion (Dramus) tries an extreme tactical plan to locate any hostile forces in the area. (Lets loose a mother of an Agony spell, which drops everyone else in the party and kills T'mada's / Zeroc's second horse.)

The second dragon cultist supplies us with a few tidbits of information regarding the dragon cult and remains fairly cooperative. (Thanks to Anatheas persuasiveness.)

- All the dragon cultists have dragon scar marks.
- All dragon cultists are initiated by a head cleric.
- Treasure gained by the dragon cult through looting and pillaging is distributed by the priests.
- The high priests name is "Korathan" he is a Rakleonides , Similar to a Raksasha, but with a lions head instead of a tiger.

Here comes the cavalry ...

Jeffrey Bill and his Griffon companion "Hoberth" arrive after being contacted by Ralph and join our party.

Date: 24/07/1995 A.P.

Bypass Kzavow ...

Travelling along the road from Galnam we pass the drazard village of Kzavow and reach the next village of Frakzen by night fall.

Date: 25/07/1995 A.P.

Prepare for the road ahead ...

Our dragon cultist prisoner has escaped and is likely to be heading for the cult stronghold to warn the others of our approach. They are probably well aware of our progress, as some of our party have had strong feelings of being watched, yet we have found no traces of anyone spying on us.

We decide to avoid the drazard town of Galnam in case there are dragon cultists there who might recognise us. We end up following a little used northerly trail around Galnam and decide to camp early in order to prepare for the battle ahead.

Much of the early afternoon is spent performing reconnaissance of the nearby landscape. Our earlier clues gained from the corpse of the first dragon cultist gave us clues and landmarks to look out for. Jeffrey Bill and his Griffin "Hoberth", graciously offer to fly over the surrounding terrain in search of the Dragon Cults strong hold. Both Jeffrey and Hoberth are able to turn invisible through the use of some magical items that they possess.

After deciding to blow on the magical dog whistle we manage to summon Ralph who arrives later in the evening. Ralph tells us of a hidden path which we had missed further back along the path. Ralph also informs us of the nearby encampment of Henkeren the Dragon Slayer who is also searching this area of the woods.

After some debate we decide to head onwards to the Shrine of the Dragon Cultists. Our plan is to try and take the head priest by surprise at the shrine and defeat him before attempting to free Gammey from the main stronghold which is supposed to be located a few hundred feet from the dragon shrine.

With Ralph scouting ahead in dog form and Jeffrey Bill using his ranger skills to lead our party we feel confident that we can sneak up on the dragon cultists unawares. How wrong we were.

Date: 26/07/1995 A.P.

Welcome to the Dragon Cult. Come stay awhile ...

Our party marched onwards to the dragon shrine in the early hours of the morning, hoping to surprise the cultists in their lair just before dawn. The path ahead looked clear and Ralph was in front of us somewhere scouting out for trouble.

Suddenly a sinister voice cut through the silence stopping us in our tracks. "Gentlemen and Lady, at last we meet. Before you do anything foolish, you are surrounded and my men have orders to shoot anyone who looks like they are about to do magic. If that is not enough to stop you, my friendly dragons will toast you alive."

After a few tense seconds where our party is at a loss to decide what action to take, the surrounding terrain shimmers and dissolves to reveal forty crossbowmen lined along both sides of the path pointing deadly crossbow quarrels in our direction.

Talk about being caught with your pants down. Our party quickly surrendered to our new captors who started to fit us with iron armour, which strangely enough had been made to fit even our more unusual shaped party members. (T'Mada with a girth that could challenge a full grown Kodiak Bear, and Dramus who towers at 7'7")

We are taken into captivity and two of the cult leaders make an appearance. One is a Greater Drazard who is probably an illusionist of some sort and the other is a Rakleonid, a lion headed humanoid, called "Septathan" who tends to roll his R's when he speaks.

As we are being lead to the dragon cult stronghold we come across Ralph who has been impaled by a crossbow bolt and left for dead. One of our party (Anathea) manages to see that Ralph is all right and only pretending to be dead. We quickly pass him by so that we don't draw attention to him.

Finally we arrive at the dragon cultists clearing, although not in the manner in which we had been expecting. The clearing itself was large enough to contain several foresters huts, a large wooden cage and the mouth of a cave which had been carved to resemble a dragons head. Gammey was still nowhere to be seen and we hoped that she was still here, probably hidden in one of the huts.

All right strip off all your gear ...

After being brought in front of the cage our party was once again surrounded by the crossbowmen and told to put all our belongings into three wooden chests that were lined along the front of the wooden cage.

Having little choice in the matter we begun to place our valuables and weapons into the chests. At this point a second Rakleonide with pure white hair made an appearance and introduced himself as "Korathan". Korathan claimed that we would be released in a couple of days with Gammey if we behaved ourselves, but in the mean time we would be guests of the dragon cult.

If you need a little help just whistle ...

While stripping off the last of our equipment, one of the hobbits which had been helping one of our party members to disrobe, came across the dog whistle used to summon Ralph.

Not knowing what to make of this, the hobbit blew the whistle and looked dumb founded when he heard no noise. At the same time both of the rakleonides stumbled to the ground grasping their ears.

Suddenly realising that this was probably our best chance to escape with our equipment still close at hand. Our party flew into action.

Two of our party (Anathea and Aaronn) tried to grapple with the hobbit who had taken the dog whistle, while the rest of us made wild dives for various pieces of equipment. Hoberth the Griffon dived for the Greater Drazard and went in with claws flailing wildly.

Through more luck than skill or planning, the crossbowmen around us were too surprised at our suicidal escape attempt to know what to do. The rakleonides were still recovering from the whistle and unable to rally their forces.

Holey Moley Great Balls of Fire ...

Just when we seemed to momentarily have the combat edge, a great blowing cloud of fire burst from the dragon head cave and formed a circle above us, burning a hole through the canopy of trees overhead.

Some of our party managed to release desperately needed magical assistance. (Quickness and a sort of charm enchantment) Suddenly our odds were greatly improved as many of the dragon cultists seemed either reluctant or unsure of what to do. The cultists had gone to considerable trouble to capture us alive, perhaps they had plans for us which required us to be left mostly unharmed.

Unfortunately the two party members who were struggling with the tenacious hobbit were peppered by crossbow fire and looked badly injured.

Not forgetting the strange halo of fire which had formed over us, the cursed spell fire seemed to descend and encircled our group. Only Jeffrey Bill took the initiative to dive out of the ring of fire, with his ball and chain and charged the white haired rakleonide.

By this time our party were desperately attempting to take the offensive and only the two members still struggling with the hobbit noticed that the ring of fire was contracting while its outer border remained the same diameter. We would soon be engulfed in flames if we did not do something quickly.

The next few moments seemed to pass as if in a blur. Two of our party (Anathea and Aaronn) were caught near the edge of the ring of fire and were severely burned, finally succumbing to the flames, our first two fatalities.

Many of the dragon cult suddenly dropped to the ground writhing in agony and unable to do much more than crawl. (An agony spell was released with impressive affects) Jeffrey and Hoberth were occupying the white haired rakleonide and the greater drazard.

Our dwarf made a heroic run through the circle of flames and almost made it through. Luckily he survived, but was mostly singed to a crisp.

Our remaining three party members (T'Mada, Dramus and Gideon) were forced to rely on more desperate means to escape the blazing inferno. (T'Mada took to the air, Shadow Wings, Dramus drank a potion of fire resistance and Gideon was taught the dangers of being a first time flyer, Shadow Wings).

At this point the scribe notes may become more vague as this humble scribe was sent, at what seemed ballistic speed, out of the clearing and through the tree canopy, only to attempt a landing in another nearby clearing away from the rest of the party.

Oh the Agony ...

Having landed poorly in a clearing some distance from the other party members. I struggled to return with all haste to the dragon cult encampment.

While limping back to the clearing I heard the sounds of battle and saw great plumes of dust coming from a nearby hill. After guessing that the famed Henkeren the Dragon Slayer had indeed found himself a dragon to challenge. I avoided the scene and made renewed efforts to rejoin the rest of the party.

I was finally nearing the clearing when a sudden bout of pain drove me face first into the dirt. I could do little more than crawl and writhe about in agony.

I was later told that a second Greater Drazard Namer had emerged from the dragon head cave and was battling with the party at this time.

After what seemed an eternity when the pain seemed to ease momentarily and I had nearly regained my feet a second wave of searing pain struck and I was again forced to relive newly found realms of agony and mind numbing pain.

(A second agony was cast to try and nail the Namer, as it had saved against the first spell.)

Some time later when I could finally unclench my teeth and vaguely feel the ground beneath me I tried once more to reach the clearing.

Mayhem, Murder and Massacre ...

The dragon cult clearing had been transformed into a blood bath by the time I managed to re-enter the clearing. Somehow our party had won through almost impossible odds.

There was little left to do but search the bodies and wonder at how an elf a dwarf and an over weight elderly human had managed to survive and probably slay dozens of dragon cultists.

(At this point T'Mada had lost his third horse to Agony, sometime during the fighting)

Apparently some of the cultists had fled and a Greater Drazard Namer had also manage to escape into the dragon cave.

With little left to do except hunt for Gammey we set about searching for the goal of our adventure. Gammey was nowhere to be found !!

After a few hastily interrogated bodies we discovered to our horror that Gammey had been severely disfigured by dragon cult markings and had been forced to join the cult while under the influence of a "Compel Obedience" spell.

In our fervour to cleanse the world of dragon cultists we had slain Gammey who had been wearing dragon cult armour and was unrecognisable to us.

Rapid Transit ...

With the aid of magical enchantments we travelled at great speed back to Aveneg in a single afternoon. We were greeted in Aveneg as heros when we displayed the slain bodies of the Greater Drazad and the two Rakleonides.

Thum created a portal between Aveneg an R'tweir to receive the dead bodies of Gammey and our two perished party members.

The remainder of the evening was spent celebrating the return of Gammey and the defeat of the dragon cultists on Dravogen (Dravogen is the name of the Isle we have been exploring).

One of our party (Dramus) liberally spread good will and silver through out the town causing a festive air which lasted the entire night as Inn keepers were paid to freely distribute a variety of beverages through out the night.

The Glittering Road Inn was awarded a four and a half star plaque of excellence by our more affluent party member (Dramus) and a good time was had by all.

Date: 27/07/1995 A.P.

Return to Thum's Tower...

After travelling through the portal provided by Thum, our party was finally reunited with our two deceased members who had been brought back from the dead the previous evening.

There was little left to do but try to determine why Gammey was captured in the first place. Our best guess seems to be that Gammey was used as a distraction. All the resources of "The Seven", the local adventurers guild had been brought to bear on the rescue of Gammey and no aid could be sent to the Alusian Isles to support them in their current war efforts.

The last we heard was the rumours of war between Yogon, Dargon and the Alusian Dragon Isles. Perhaps the Alusian Dragon Isles would be an interesting and profitable place to explore in the not to distant future.