

## Scribe Notes for the Party who sought to destroy the Weapon of Mass Destruction.

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## **1. Introduction.**

Once again I find myself as the humble historian for the passing of events, which humans crudely call adventures.

I am Gideon Greyfarrow, an elven druid and member of the erstwhile seagate adventurers guild. Herein lies the story of our fellowship and it's quest to prevent a mad man from massacring millions with a weapon of ultimate destruction.

Please note that due to the vagaries of travelling to different planes the following events are described in terms of days and weeks since the seagate adventurers meeting.

## **2. A Party of Six, most of the time.**

The following is a list of the valiant companions who undertook the mission.

Mr. Pinefella	Warrior woodsman, dabbler in primal chaos and <u>Party Leader</u> .
Father Rowyn	Priest of Chantress ( A goddess of fertility) and <u>Military Scientist</u> .
Nigel	Elven Caravan Guardsman and Ex-Scribe (Deceased).
Gideon Greyfarrow	Elven Druid and newly appointed <u>Scribe</u>
Hoo	A sneaky human with a talent for stealth and subterfuge
Shizane	A pyromaniac who flies like an eagle and lands like a brick
Grif	A human fighter so naive it's frightening

## **3. Summary of Events:**

Day 1	Briefing at the guild in the meeting room which should not exist.
Day 1	Travel by portal to Butler's World.
Day 1	Travel to the Plane of Giant Cats via a Portal made by Marcus Carridan.
Week 2	The Arranged Wedding of Father Rowyn to the Baron's Daughter as the price of passing through this land.
Week 3	Travel to meet the Duke of this region to gain his blessings on the marriage (1 Week travel by a palanquin drawn by elephants)
Week 3 Day 1	While staying as guests of the Duke, an attempted assassination attempt on the visiting Prince forces us to flee to another plane, before we are framed for this crime. The butler who was meant to guide us has to stay behind. We are on our own in a strange new world.
Week 3 Day 2	We find a small settlement and meet mad Margaret the local witch and learn of a small and possibly crazy green dragon living under the nearby hill. The name of the Plane we are on is called Kin Reth.
Week 3 Day 6	We travel to the next town on our way to the mountain fortress to try to gain an audience with the nobility of the land. A display of magic healing and talk of magic upsets the locals and we are arrested as demons. Our escape from prison results in the death of our party scribe at the hands of the prison guards and we lose the equipment that was stored on our dog cart.

Week 4	<p>First day after the death of Nigel, our party scribe. Father Rowyn tries to gain help from either Mad Margaret or the Green Dragon. He returns to us with a new human called ‘Grif’ who wishes to join our quest and informs us that nothing could be done for poor Nigel.</p> <p>We grieve at the passing of Nigel the Elf and are forced to travel through wilderness to avoid the authorities and their accursed flying devices called ‘hover cars’.</p>
Week 7 Day 6	<p>It has taken 3 weeks and 6 days of travel by foot through woodlands and wilderness to get closer to the mountain castle where we might finally meet up with the “Butlers” who originally hired us and finally get back to the mission we had started on.</p> <p>We still act like hunted men and women to the point of near paranoia. Father Rowyn’s new wife has taken the trip well and seems to be a women of exceptionally strong character and unusual skills.</p> <p>I have heard that she is already expecting quadruplets. Truly Father Rowyn has been blessed by his goddess Chantress at such good fortune!!</p>
Week 8	<p>We arrive at the city of “Varkas” with buildings as high as forty stories!! An encounter with a Pixie allows us to enter the city disguised by illusion. The emperor of this strange land is declared dead and a war of succession is announced between the rival dukes. We assume more permanent disguises with the aid of Father Rowyn’s wife who seems well skilled in the use of makeup.</p>
Week 8 Day 1	<p>After spending the night in an alley we are forced to join the local military in order to gain enough money to buy supplies.</p> <p>After the indignity of being given a crude haircut which leaves us nearly bald we are suddenly forced to wear badly cut clothes and subjected to hard physical exercise at all hours of the day and night.</p> <p>Our training officer seems intent on breaking our spirit with unreasonable demands and a vocabulary that could make a whore blush. Oh well I guess that’s army life at least it shouldn’t be for too much longer.</p>
Week 12	<p>Four bloody weeks of training at the mercy of this mad man’s army. I am too tired to even remember whose insane idea it was to join up for military service, but as soon as I do I will personally !@#%**\$ him and all his misbegotten offspring.</p> <p>We are finally called into active duty. Our squad has been ordered to engage the enemy. Our military scientist manages to devise a suitably successful plan with the coordination of our party leader and we succeed triumphantly on the battle field.</p>
Week 13 Day 1	<p>Finally rest and relaxation. We are allowed a week to relax after the battle and our leader Mr Pinefella is invited to meet with our commander and manages to gain an audience with Duke Vasman and his Butler.</p> <p>Finally a chance to complete our mission and escape from this nightmare. We have been awarded medals for our service in Duke Vasman’s army.</p>

Week 13 Day 2	<p>Our meeting with the Duke's butler leaves us with more questions than answers. It seems that we have somehow moved backwards in time, as a guild party from seagate was here only a week ago and refused to perform an assassination which we had heard about at the last adventurers guild meeting.</p> <p>Marcus Carridan, a self proclaimed guardian of Destiny turns up to inform us that the one we seek to stop is the Grand Vizier Dahma Meik and he is not human at all but some sort of hell spawned demon!!</p> <p>The Butler Jeeves takes us back to Butler World for a chance to train and wait until we are needed back on Kin Reth.</p>
Week 15 Day 2	<p>Two Weeks have passed for us on Butler's World and we are due to return to Kin Reth and Stop the Grand Vizier Dahma Meik.</p> <p>Upon returning to Kin Reth we meet with Duke Kildaine who is opposed to Duke Vasman and his evil Grand Vizier. We are allowed to stay as guests and are attended by the Duke's Butler Jeeves.</p> <p>In the space of a few short hours we are visited by all the of "The Five" who are the greatest among the Butler's Guild. The five have heard of our impending battle with the Demon Grand Vizier and agree to offer magical aid in the form of amulets which will help us in the coming conflict.</p> <p>We are warned that the amulets will leave us nearly crippled for a month afterwards, but we have no other option if we are to have any chance against this demon.</p>
Week 15 Day 3	<p>It is the early hours of the morning when we decide to infiltrate Duke Vasman's castle and confront the Grand Vizier Dahma Meik. Our entry is made through the use of the amulets which provide us with magical flight. Suffice to say that because you are now reading this account of our actions, we met with a modicum of success.</p> <p>Yes we did defeat the unholy terror and destroy his foul weapon of mass destruction, but at a rather unusual cost.</p> <p>There is now an area of high mana on Kil Reth which is home to beings which can only be described as terminally cute. Elves, dwarves and a variety of other enchanted creatures now exist on Kil Reth within this zone.</p>
Week 19 Day 4	<p>We have had a month of recuperation on Butler's World and are now ready to search for the Flute of Charming which lies on the plane of Silenth at a place called Troll Mountain.</p> <p>We arrive on Silenth and travel to a nearby village which has recently been attacked by a band of Trolls. We are told that within the last few months thousands of troll have passed by and headed into Troll Mountain.</p> <p>We decide to spend the night in part of the ruined village and continue on in the morning.</p>
Week 19 Day 5	<p>Our journey though the mountain pass is surprisingly uneventful and we only catch one glimpse of a troll. The trolls appear to be dying in some sort of magical pool which is somehow connected to something called rebirthing. This process seems to have something to do with promoting sentience. We decide to leave this phenomenon alone and continue our search for the flute of charming.</p>

Week 19 Day 6	After encountering faerie folk who are less than helpful we finally discover the resting place of the flute of charming. After quick negotiations with a powerful mage of the Binder College called Roanthria we are finally transported back to Allusia.
Week 20	We are back on Allusia and have arrived at a village called Gugner's Hope. It should not take us long to return to the guild. We expect to get back to the guild two weeks before the next guild meeting as long as nothing unexpected happens along the way...

## **4. A Precise and Possibly even Accurate account of our Journey.**

### **4.1. Lest we Forget.**

It is with great sorrow that I take up the post of party scribe as this marks the death of our Elven companion Nigel who fell at the hands of town guardsmen while trying to escape from prison.

It has been exactly four weeks since we begun this ill fated trip and so far we have somehow managed to become wanted men on two planes, with little hope of easily clearing our names. Perhaps I had best start a few days before I became scribe...

### **4.2. Touchy about Turnips.**

We have arrived on the plane of Kin Reth after fleeing from the Plane with the Giant Cats. Our timing seems to be as good as ever. We had only just arrived in the Ducal city with Father Rowyn's newly wed bride when an assassination attempt on the visiting Prince forced us to flee to this new realm at the insistence of the Butler Jeeves who claimed that we would be the most likely suspects for the crime.

So we have been dumped upon this plane with little guidance as to where we are or how we are to get back home. As long as we are careful to not break any of the local customs or taboos we should be fine for now.

Our initial investigations into life on Kin Reth has revealed that the people of Kin Reth are surprisingly conservative about magic.

Although we have encountered pixies and heard rumours of a dragon living underneath a nearby hill, the local townsfolk of the nearby village seem to believe that any use of magic is signs of demonic involvement.

The old lady who lives on the hill, called Mad Margaret, is most likely a witch, yet the local people treat her more as a mad old women rather than an evil demonic fiend.

I shudder to think of the reception we would receive if we were to admit that some of our members were spell casters.

It's strange that the people of this world seem to have such a strong dislike of magic as they seem to speak of things like flying sleds called hover cars which are surely magic of a sort.

We have just completed a four day hike to the next nearest town on our way to the Mountain Castle where the nobility of this strange land reside.

Our journey has been made easier with the help of a dog cart. The dogs of this plane grow much larger than any dog I have encountered on Allusia. I have seen our dog take on a full sized bear in the wild and make a convincing win of the short and bloody melee.

I guess it all started to go hideously wrong in the marketplace.

We had decided to buy supplies, using the local currency that we had traded for in the last village, and find a place to stay for the night.

Mr Pinefella was still nursing the broken ribs that he had suffered from our last battle and we had little hope of finding a healer skilled enough to mend the damage.

Mr Pinefella also had the misfortune of being the bearer of an "object lesson" cast by the Butler wizard Rogaire. Rogaire had sprinkled some sort of glittering magic dust on Pinefella, which refused all attempts at removal, after Pinefella had refused to believe in Rogaire's magic spell casting ability.

Our more liberal views on magic made us forget about our surroundings and we began a simple discussion on magic and how we might heal our companion, Mr Pinefella.

It was then that the magic dust took affect as Mr Pinefella's belief in the magical nature of the powder seemed to increase and he was miraculously cured of his broken bones.

Suddenly we noticed that we were the center of attention in the marketplace and that people were drawing away from us and muttering words like demons and magic.

Realising quickly the trouble that we were in our party beat a hasty retreat towards the town gates, but news of our indiscretion seem to race before us and we arrived at the gates only to be arrested by the town guard who were prepared for us.

We were treated surprisingly well for people who had just been accused of being demons. We were led into cells and chained, but none of our gear was taken from us, except for our dog cart which was confiscated and held in a nearby stable.

The next part of our tale is a sad reminder that life in the guild is fraught with risks and that sometimes the silver and gold that we earn is all too often paid for in our own blood.

The jail break did not go well. Our first attempts at determining how secure our prison was resulted in a guard discovering that we had managed to open the door to our cell.

We had barely decided to try to escape when we where forced to act by the guard crying out that we were making an escape attempt.

I guess the battle was inevitable, but the loss of one of our own is still a bitter memory and although I did not know him well, Nigel fought valiantly right up to the final sword stroke which brought him down.

From this point on Father Rowyn made the practical suggestion that should we ever wish to discuss magic, we should always use the term turnip. Father Rowyn enforced this stringent rule by clipping anyone behind the ear should they forget and he seemed more than suitably apt at this line of work.

### **4.3. The price of doing business with Pixies.**

Having escaped from the clutches of the local authorities and being forced to trek across wilderness without supplies for four weeks had an amazing way of building character and revealing the true nature of ones companions.

By the time we finally reached civilisation again we were all badly in need of a bath and new clothes. The art of conversation had died somewhere along the way and we were not in the best of moods.

As we approached what seemed to be a major city we were once again accosted by pesky little pixies who seemed to have nothing better to do than cause trouble.

One such party of pixies had already managed to fool us into trying to cross an illusionary bridge and approach an illusionary town.

Whether hardship brings out the cunning in men or we happened to encounter a more amiable pixie, our party finally managed to convince one of these faerie folk to help us.

For the price of a few shoe laces and other trinkets, the pixie agreed to disguise us with illusions so that we might more easily wander into the city and avoid detection by anyone still hunting for us.

The nature of the illusions proved less than flattering and in some cases almost nauseating.

Although we would not be recognised, we would almost certainly be noticed and remembered.

Our party leader Mr Pinefella became incredibly obese. From all appearances he could probably have moved faster by lying on his side and rolling along the ground.

Poor Father Rowyn was suddenly endowed with huge ears and a nose which would have made an elephant envious.

I myself appeared considerably shorter and roughly dressed in outlandishly oversized clothes.

Hoo became a monstrosity covered in ugly boils and warts, which were sickening to look at.

Shizane was suddenly thrust into womanhood and a rather homely one at that.

Ironically our newest member, Griff had no need of a disguise as he had joined us shortly after the death of Nigel and he was not wanted by the authorities.

Feeling rather clever with ourselves despite the obvious drawbacks from accepting faerie aid, we set out for the city and the chance to gain new clothes, real food and with any luck a real bath.

It took some time to finally come across a public bath house. The place seemed to have some sort of giant sized shared bath, which lots of people were using while still partially dressed in some sort of tight loincloth and very small tops for the women.

We entered the public baths and found our way into some sort of changing room which was attached to the main bath area and currently empty.

Unfortunately Shizane, who was newly cast in his role as a women, boldly strode into the men's changing room causing quite a commotion when he/she was discovered.

Luckily the situation was quickly settled with a hastily cast spell of walking unseen which seemed managed to placate the suspicious bath house attendant and the shocked patron who left, swearing that he was sure that he had seen a strange women lurking in the men's changing room.

Our next plight came when we finally decided to risk taking a bath out in the main bath area and found to our horror that none of our illusionary clothes would come off.

Whatever magic had been used to change our appearance would not adjust to let us disrobe.

It was Mr Pinefella who saved the day by discovering that the strange decorations which we had mistaken for some sort of clothes pegs were actually able to spray jets of warm water. Although we were forced to clean ourselves while appearing fully clothed, we finally managed to remove the stench of our travels in the wild and felt halfway human again. Damn all pixies and their two edged gifts.

#### **4.4. You're in the Army Now !!!**

After spending a rough night in a back alley of the city of Varkas, we were ready to find any sort of work to support ourselves until we could locate the Butler Jeeves, of this plane who could help us continue our mission and get us back home.

The previous evening had been filled with news of the death of Emperor Gregory the Ninth and the disturbing announcement that the Ducal wars of succession had begun. Apparently the emperor had died without naming an heir and the only way to decide on a new emperor was to engage in civil war between the twelve Dukes of the land in order to determine who would be the next successor.

The city of Varkas was apparently under the domain of Duke Vasman and he had already begun building up his militia forces. Most of our party found that their talents were not easily useable on a plane where magic/turnips were frowned upon so military life seemed like the only alternative.

There were four divisions which we could try to join. The Archers, the Spearmen, the Swordsmen or something called the Leyser Squads. We decided to join the Archers as we did not know what the leyser squads were and only a few of us were confident in our weapon skills.

Joining the army of Duke Vasman meant being subjected to a haircut which was somewhere between being balled and having a light stubble. We were given a uniform, bow, sword and something called a leyser pistol and for four gruelling weeks we were forced to endure training at the hands of a madman who mistakenly thought that dragging us out into the training grounds at any time of day or night would be good for his continued well being. We spent 1 week in basic training attempting to learn to use a bow and a leyser pistol. A further week learning unarmed combat and how to use a hand and a half sword. Two further weeks in the field learning more unarmed combat and sword play.

The call to arms was a welcome relief from the torture of army training. Father Rowyn had somehow made himself at home as the squad cook and Mr Pinefella seemed to naturally fit into the role of squad leader.

Our first and last battle for Duke Vasman's forces went surprisingly well. The only real disaster was when Hoo's Leyser pistol blew up in his hand and took off half his fingers and left him with a strange illness which was neither poison or disease.

Our efforts were rewarded by both a medal and the honour of visiting Duke Vasman, which gave us a chance to contact his Butler who we hoped was one of the Butler guild that had originally sent us to this place.

Fortune finally smiled on us as we were given a week to ourselves after the battle and the Butler "Jeeves" was just the person we were looking for.



#### **4.5. The Sword is Evil I tell you, EEEEEviil...**

Somewhere during basic training our newest companion, Griff had picked up an unusual sword which seemed to be able to disguise itself from our training officer. None of us had given this much thought until the arrival of the Mage known as Marcus Carridan.

We had finally managed a private meeting with the Butler Jeeves and been shocked to find that somehow we had arrived here in Kil Reth before we had been hired back on Allusia. We had somehow travelled back in time while passing through one of the portals which brought us to this place.

As if in answer to our troubled questions, Marcus Carridan appeared from nowhere and claimed to be responsible for bringing us to this here and now. I still do not know whether to believe his claims that he is some sort of self ordained guardian of Fate and Destiny, but his power to come and go as he pleases is without question.

Marcus Carridan claimed that he had twisted time backwards and that one week ago in this timeline, the last party of seagate adventurers had been here and refused to assassinate the rival Duke Kildaine. We were apparently brought to this time in order to stop the events which were to follow.

Apparently Duke Vasman's Grand Vizier, Dahma Meik will soon get his hands on a weapon of mass destruction and bring it here in order to use for his own sinister purposes. We are told that Dahma Meik is actually some sort of Demon who belongs to the Namer College and should he succeed in using the weapon, millions of people would be killed.

The reason that we were brought to this time is that the sword known as Lord Surtur's Bane is soon to be found again. This sword which is well known amongst the seagate adventurers guild has found its way to this plane and will almost certainly be needed to defeat the evil of the Grand Vizier Dahma Meik.

As if the shock of finding that we were confronting a demon and that we had travelled in time were not enough to rattle our nerves, Marcus Carridan pointed to the sword at Griff's waist and identified it as the legendary cursed sword "Lord Surtur's Bane".

A heated discussion followed as to what we knew of this sword and who might be foolish or courageous enough to wield it permanently, as the sword apparently bonds itself to its new owner once it has been willingly accepted.

It's strange how some will act at the promise of great power. Lord Surtur's Bane is without a doubt a weapon of great value and equal misery. Marcus Carridan claimed that the sword was completely neutral and that all power in it was balanced by equal disadvantages.

If the sword is truly neutral then some greater good must exist in it to counter its evil personality. One of our party has chosen to wield this blade and whether he has chosen right or wrong, only time will tell.

I for one will sleep lightly from now on until I feel the hunger of that blade quenched and far from me.

#### **4.6. And you shall be visited five times in the night...**

The Butler Jeeves has agreed to return us and the witch Mad Margaret to Butler's World for a few weeks until enough time has passed in Kil Reth for certain necessary events to occur. Apparently it is necessary for the Grand Vizier to retrieve the weapon of mass destruction from wherever it currently resides so that it does not affect the fate of whichever world it originally comes from.

All this nonsense with fate and destiny is far too convoluted for this humble elf to understand, but for whatever reason I am grateful for a chance to relax in more civilised surroundings, even in a world as strange as Butler's World.

All too soon our time has gone and we are to return to Kin Reth and challenge the Demon Grand Vizier. Our destiny lies only a short walk away through Butler Space.

We have arrived at the town of Vashnoi near the Castle of Duke Kildaine. It seems that we are now to be working against Duke Vasman. It seems almost ironic that barely three weeks ago we were serving in Duke Vasman's army and had gained a medal in his service. Now we seek to destroy his Grand Vizier in order to protect millions of innocent people from certain death. Talk about overly melodramatic...

We have been given a room to ourselves and the Butler Jeeves has told us that Duke Kildaine is unaware of our true mission or where we are from. The more experienced members of our fellowship try to give the rest of us pointers on how to handle demons from what they have heard at the guild. I find myself staring at the sword "Lord Surtur's Bane" and hope that it will be enough to make a difference.

The Butler Jeeves has suffered a heart attack while trying to cast an enchantment on "Lord Surtur's Bane". There is a large vein throbbing at the side of his head and he is quickly turning an unhealthy shade of purple. One of our party had asked if Jeeves might be able to help in our battle and he volunteered to cast an enchantment on the accursed blade. I can almost imagine wicked laughter coming from the foul sword.

There is almost a physical force which hits you when a person of great power enters the room. So it is with the Mage Royce. From what I understand Royce is one of the Five who are considered the greatest among the Butlers. I think he is a Celestial. Royce has saved the life of the Butler Jeeves and has given a fairly non-committal promise of assistance. He leaves as suddenly as he arrived and for once even the Butler Jeeves appears stunned.

We have barely had time to take in the visitation by the Mage Royce when another of the Five appears as if from the shadows. Jaylan feels as dark and deathly as Royce felt brilliant and powerful. Whoever Jaylan is he has little time for those he feels are beneath him and Father Rowyn quickly learnt not to answer back after suddenly falling to the ground in agonising pain. If he is not a Necromancer than I would willingly kiss a Dwarf!!

The sudden departure of Jaylan had caused several members of the party to head for the door, only to find that it had somehow become locked. As if on queue four Earth elementals pulled themselves out of the ground and took up positions at the corners of the room.

Yet another of the Five had decided to drop us a visit and this time the Earth Mage Vincent certainly wasn't going to be denied his grand entrance.

Of all of the Five, Vincent seems to be the most down to earth and less concerned with formality and cowering associated with one of his obvious power.

Unfortunately for me Vincent also seems to have a quirky sense of humour. At the implication of Father Rowyn that I was spineless, when I was hesitant in talking with Vincent the Earth Mage, decided to fix this problem.

I will have to see if the healers back at the guild can do anything about cosmetic surgery if I make it back from this mission. Object lessons can be a real pain in the Arse....

We had almost gotten used to the flashy and impressive entrances and exits of the Five when Trinia made her entrance and humbled the party yet again. Her beauty can only be called legendary. Hoo and Shizane became brightly flushed and had to retreat from the room into one of the bed rooms. Suffice to say that they became relieved when they out of sight of her immediate presence. Griff was struck dumb and literally grovelled on the ground.

I guess stunningly gorgeous Namers can have that effect on the weak willed.

With the appearance of Trinia, we had encountered four of the Five and the Butler Jeeves was nearly in a state of shock. He claimed to have never met all of the Five at once and that only Rogaire had been missing. We had already met Rogaire when we first arrived in Butler's World.

As if by speaking their Names all of the Five returned and set up a banquet table which seemed to hold the finest dishes and food I have ever beheld. There was little in the way of dinner conversation, but the whole room seemed almost charged with power and the Five seemed almost relaxed in each others company.

When they departed they left behind six magical amulets to aid us against the Demon Grand Vizier. Although these Amulets could only be used once and their magic would leave us near crippled for a month afterwards, we gladly accepted these talismans of power and plotted the demise of our unsuspecting demonic foe.

#### **4.7. Playing with Primal Chaos.**

Our initial plans of a stealthy attack at night went poorly from the start. Few of us had flown before and Shizane came shooting into the courtyard near the Duke's Castle like an arrow shot from the heavens and landed with all the grace of a Ming vase.

With one of our party hopelessly injured by his unfortunate first attempt at flying. We were reduced to a party of five and had to carry Shizane along as best we could through the sewers under Duke Vasman's Palace.

A quick exploration of our immediate surroundings inside the Palace led us from the kitchens into a great hall which was filled with soldiers. The Duke Vasman and his Grand Vizier Dahma Meik were up on a raised platform at the far end of the hall and appeared to be casually inspecting their troops.

Luck was on our side when the Duke dismissed his men at arms and the hall became vacant. Our magical concealment had worked so far and once all the soldiers were out of the way we could attempt to strike at the Grand Vizier at our leisure.

Funny how the best laid plans always seem to be the first to go wrong. The soldiers had left and we were sequestered away on a balcony overlooking the great hall. It should take only a few moments to seal the room by barring the few doors in and out.

Suddenly we were discovered by a guard who saw right through our spells of concealment. Within the blink of an eye we threw ourselves into combat and found ourselves confronted not by guards, but by some sort of demonic imps which had been disguised as guards.

The Grand Vizier reacted with blinding speed and beheaded the Duke Vasman before we had a chance to charge the stage. Our battle was fierce and frenzied. Several of the party fell and were fortunately revived once the battle was won.

The noise of our combat alerted the company of soldiers who had recently been standing in the great hall and they forced their way back in by using the weapon of mass destruction as a kind of battering ram. We finally saw this great weapon which was at least six foot in diameter and twenty five feet long.

We would not have stood a chance against such overwhelming odds were it not for Lord Surtur's Bane. One of our party plunged the sword into the weapon of ultimate destruction and found that it was filled with some sort of primal chaos.

The sword was unable to contain the vast energies held within the great weapon of destruction and released incredible bolts of force which laid waste to much of the hall and the surrounding palace.

In a last desperate attempt to contain the forces of primal chaos unleashed by the sword, the wielder of Lord Surtur's Bane focused the primal chaos into the creation of a high mana zone on the plane of Kil Reth. The world was forever changed and people caught in the zone were transformed into new races of elves, dwarves and other peoples more common on Allusia.

An unfortunate side effect of this transformation was that many of the newly created races were intolerably cute. An example of this would be the appearance of a large white bunny wearing a waist coat and a bow tie, who unfortunately fell victim to the process of natural selection as enforced by Father Rowyn who was not in the best of moods at the time.

I think that several of the party members have not reacted favourably to the idea that they have engendered a new race of elves into the universe.

Oh well I guess that's what happens when you mess around with primal chaos.

#### **4.8. Naah! There ain't no Trolls on Troll mountain...**

Well it's been a month of recuperation on Butler's World and we are finally off to retrieve payment for our services. We were promised the Flute of Charming for our troubles and it is up to us to retrieve the flute from its resting place on Troll Mountain on the plane of Silenth.

Somehow after our battle with the Grand Vizier we have been marked with a five pointed star on our chests and the letters C,E,E,N,N at each of the five points. This is meant to be a sign of blessing of the Five and is used by people who guide fate and destiny.

We have been assured by the historians of Butler's World that Troll mountain does not have trolls living on it. We have been given careful instructions on how to find the flute and how to return home using a portal hidden near the upper branches of an Oak tree.

Travelling to Silenth proves easy with the help of the Butlers and their unique affinity for Butler's Space. We arrive on a grassy plane and can see the mountains in the distance.

A curious dust cloud passes us as it heads towards the settlement that we have spotted near the base of the mountains. We arrive too late at the town to help against the rampaging horde of Trolls who are driven off by fires set up by the townsfolk.

We decide to stay the night in the ruins of an old inn and are visited by some of the townsfolk who tells us of the destruction that the Trolls have caused through the region.

We are told that up until a few months ago there had been no Trolls on Troll mountain for as long as anyone could remember. Suddenly bands of Trolls started charging across the grass plains and into the Mountain Pass.

One of the townsfolk claim that there have been as many as two or three thousand Trolls pass by the village. I doubt that many of these simple people could count past twenty on a good day, but I believe that there are far too many Trolls in Troll mountain for my liking.

“Should we kill the Trolls?”

“Not until we've had a good nights sleep.”

With comments like these I sometimes wonder how nature in her kind wisdom allows adventurers to survive. Surely the natural order of things would have shortened the life span of many of these individuals and prevented them from breeding a new generation of sword swinging suicidal maniacs.

Perhaps it is true that fortune favours the foolish, in which case we are more than due for a huge helping of good luck.

We have made an incredible discovery. Our journey up the mountain pass has led us to the Trolls. It would be a simple matter to avoid them, yet we are curious as to why they have chosen to gather in the mountains.

We observe the recent band of Trolls walking into a large mud pit and apparently gurgling into oblivion. A quick inspection of the pool allows us to determine that it is indeed magical and that the Trolls are undergoing some sort of process called “Rebirthing”. The end result is “Sentience”. Exactly what becomes sentient we are unsure of, but if the townsfolk were right there must be about two or three thousand trolls in the pool.

Hmmm, that may me be just about enough combined intelligence to rival your average drooling village idiot.

Without further speculation we set out to find the Flute of Charming.

After a few encounters with troublesome faerie folk, we finally arrive at the entrance to an unusual tunnel. The tunnel is perfectly circular and twenty foot in diameter. Its' walls seem perfectly smooth and there are obvious signs of a powerful enchantment.

We spent a few hours marvelling at this unusual phenomenon and were able to determine that it had a magical nature of “Suspension” and that powerful spells of Binding and Clearance were still in effect. We can only guess at what manner of creature or wizard may have created such an impressive passage into the heart of the mountain.

“When playing with Raw Chaos , you get a sense of Perspective.”

With this indisputable axiom, Mr Pinefella leads us into the depths of Troll mountain.

We seem to be walking for miles and the tunnel has not curved or sloped in any way as far as we can tell. I am almost expecting to emerge on the other side of the mountain.

At last we are within sight of our objective. The end of the tunnel led into a maze of passageways. We have chased a small hobbit sized figure through the tunnels and he has led us into a huge cavernous chamber which was hidden by an illusionary wall.

The chamber is enormous and has three large mesa which are at least 100’ above the cavern floor. Metal walkways join these natural platforms and a quick inspection reveals that they contain sufficient iron to prevent the drawing of Mana.

Only two figures appear to be present and we decide to approach the smaller of the two with caution. The hobbit sized figure turns out to be a rag and string golem, roughly 4’ tall. Father Rowyn takes an immediate dislike to the creature, calling it unholy and deviant. The golem appears unusually intelligent and identifies the second figure as it’s Master and creator, the wizard Roanthria.

Our initial overtures to Roanthria seem to pass unnoticed. He is clearly mad or at least very unstable. He seems oddly preoccupied with whatever strange experiments he is conducting and admits that he is responsible for the Rebirthing of the Trolls.

He intends to create a Clay Golem and give it true sentience by taking it from the trolls.

Talk about trying to get silk from a sow’s ear.

Roanthria graciously gives us the Flute of Charming and creates a portal back to Allusia for us. We arrive in Allusia to a wet reception, as we are dropped into the sea a short distance from the shoreline.

We are finally back home again. The first village we come across is called Gugner’s Hope which some of the party recognise as being a few days travel from Seagate.

## **5. Things of interest.**

### **5.1. Butlers and Butler World.**

The Butlers Guild appears to be some sort of organisation which trains its members to act as servants and almost advisers to people on many different planes, most of whom seem to be powerful lords and ladies of influence and wealth.

The Butlers appear to have a unique college of their own and can utilise a form of travel called Butler's Space. Almost all of the Butlers are called "Jeeves" and somehow manage to distinguish which Jeeves is being referred to at any one time. The only Butlers we encountered which were not called Jeeves were those who were just in training to become Butlers and those Butlers which were so powerful that they had earned the right to use their own names. The Butlers could be a powerful force if they choose to act more aggressively. Let's hope that they remain benevolent and willing to serve rather than lead.

It's hard to describe Butler's World, but it seems to reside in the center of something called Butler Space. The world appears to be a long hollow tube with sunlight streaming in from the ends of the tube. People somehow live on the inside of this tube and stick to the sides and ceiling. I remember the queasy feeling when I first looked up and saw the green fields overhead and the small white dots which might have been sheep walking upside down on the roof.

Some of the party were unable to adjust to this strange new world and became nauseous and unable to stand. The sight of buildings such as Rogaire's tower jutting from the wall does little to help steady one's stomach. Sea sickness is mild by comparison.

### **5.2. Butler Space and English Garden Mazes.**

We had the opportunity to travel by Butler Space on several occasions and each time we seemed to be led down a maze of corridors which had not been there a few moments ago. One of the Butler Jeeves tried to explain it to us, describing it as being like an English Garden Maze. If you enter the maze and follow the left hand wall you will go immediately to the center of the maze which leads you directly to Butler World. If you enter the maze and turn to the right you will follow the outside of the maze and there are many exits on the outside of the maze if you know what to look for.

Any use of magic when entering Butler Space is strictly forbidden as it can weaken the nature of Butler Space and Jeeves did not choose to elaborate on what might happen next.

### **5.3. Primal Chaos and its uses.**

I guess the first thing to know about Primal Chaos is, don't mess with it if you value your existence and like reality the way it currently is.

Our mission led us to encounter a device called the Weapon of Mass Destruction. This device comes from an unknown plane and was said to have enormous destructive potential.

One of our party impaled the device using the accursed blade "Lord Surtur's Bane".

This had the unusual affect of releasing the incredible power held in the device as raw primal chaos.

We are still uncertain how the sword or it's wielder managed to channel the primal chaos into a single purpose, but somehow reality on the plane of Kil Renth has been altered and a region of High Mana now exists, along with many of the races associated with such zones.

We are probably fortunate not to have been altered by this explosion of primal chaos as some poor soul was briefly transformed into a giant white rabbit wearing a bow tie and vest and we spotted several dwarves in the distance singing "Hi Ho, Hi Ho."

### **5.4. Trolls and Rebirthing.**

There is little to be said about the Rebirthing Pool used by the Mad Wizard Roanthria.

Somehow he has struck upon the idea that Trolls can be used to give sentience to a Clay Golem. We witnessed the death of a band of trolls who submerged themselves in the mud of the rebirthing pool and perished.

I have nothing against the culling of two or three thousand trolls, but I would be greatly surprised if their combined intelligence could out wit a bar of soap.

### **5.5. Leyser Weapons and Flying Things.**

One of the strangest things I found on Kil Reth was the strong intolerance to magic when clearly there was magic all around them.

For instance on a couple of occasions we witnessed the marvels known as hover cars flying through the air at high speeds. Such obvious use of magic would seem to suggest that miracles were a common sight to these people and yet they cower away from the talk of magic and sorcery.

During our initial training in Duke Vasman's Army we were introduced to yet another marvel of Kil Renth. Leyser pistols appear to be some sort of wands which are capable of shooting magical bolts. Unfortunately they seem unstable as Hoo discovered when his leyser pistol exploded and blew apart half of his hand. He was also very ill afterwards, as he somehow contracted an ailment which was neither poison or disease. Fortunately the healers of Kil Renth were able to heal this condition.



### **5.6. The Guardians of Fate and Destiny.**

The Guardians of Fate and Destiny seem to be a self appointed group.

The Mage Marcus Carridan claimed to be such a guardian and told us that he became aware of his new role as a guardian instinctively.

The Five who are the greatest amongst the Butlers Guild also appear to be somehow connected to guiding fate and destiny.

Our party was marked with a five pointed star which had the letters C,E,E,N,N at each of the points. This symbol was said to be a blessing of the five and was used by people who guide destiny. The letters seem to identify each of the five.

Celestial Mage - Royce

Enchanter Mage - Rogaire

Earth Mage - Vincent

Namer Mage - Trinia

Necromancer - Jaylan.

### **5.7. Politics on Kin Reth.**

The current state of affairs on Kil Reth seem to be focused on the Wars of Succession.

The recent death of Emperor Gregory the Ninth has left the land without an heir.

Until recently there were twelve Dukes in contention who must now engage in civil war until a new heir can be agreed upon.

Our party is only aware of the names of two Dukes, Duke Kildaine and the late Duke Vasman who was murdered by his own Grand Vizier.

Each Duke seems responsible for raising their own army and these armies have four divisions, that we are aware of. The archers, the spearman, the swordsman and the leyser squads.

## **6. Training Time during our Journey.**

1 Week of training time during Father Rowyn's Wedding preparations and celebrations.

4 Weeks of traversing the wilderness.

1 Week of Basic training in the army learning Archery and Leyser Pistol.

3 Weeks of Advanced training learning Unarmed Combat and Sword Play.

1 Week of leave after the battle in the Ducal wars.

2 Weeks of training time on Butler's World

1 Month recuperation time on Butlers World as a result of the enhanced greater enchantment.

Arrive back at seagate two weeks before the next Guild Meeting.