

The Seagate Times

June 30 1994

The Journal by Adventurers for Adventurers

Issue 8

Aquilans renews attack on Barretskine

As the grass greens through the melting winter snows on the Drosky Mountains, the reinforced Aquilan Army has pushed onwards in fierce woodland fighting to an evermore dangerous position around the town of Barrestskine in the Northeast of Free Aladar. Meanwhile, Aladarian and mercenary forces have struck out of the Ffenargh river, using the Aladarian's knack of getting local naval supremacy to punch downstream, and have caused great chaos in a swathe of land in Walon and Ostow counties.

The Aquilian High Guard, commanded by Duke Frederick himself, and abetted by the Urielite command in the Kingdom army, have again attempted to force the pass directly from the Eastern side of the Drosky mountains to Barretskine and beyond to the lowland fields of Southeast Brandenburg. On the 22nd of April and again on the 3rd of May, Aquilan forces attempted to force the pass and failed against the powerful Elvish archers employed by the Confederation army.

However on the 18th of May, an outflanking manoeuvre through dense woods led by Aquilan halfling ranger forces and the Archbishop of Mordeaux's forces, disrupted the Eltrandorian forces in defence. As well, a third assault on the pass led by the cream of Aquila's giantish and dwarvish heavy infantry, troubled the Elves enough to cause them to fall back from the pass. In the confusion, some three thousand knights of Aquila crashed through the few hundred knights Aladar could find to hold the pass, and

found themselves headed downhill through open land, barely two miles from Barretskine.

Over the next few days, Aladar threw in many of its reserves to take back lost territory, and may have even brought out the Orb of King Sigismund on more than one occasion to calm down the superior Aquilan magery. But the Aladarian hold on the pass has been broken, and many mercenary forces have poured into central Free Aladar because of it, killing villagers and burning cropland. Barretskine itself is under a state of siege, and although it is crucial to Aladarian and Brandenburgian independence, it is under increasing pressure as June comes to an end. Further attack during high summer is imminent, probably heralded by special forces activity as it was last summer. Neither side has more than half the forces in combat it did this time last year. The war is running down both combatants, and it is clear that one side must triumph soon, or fighting will cause so much disorder that there will be no organised areas to triumph over.

Aladarian Special Forces Counterattack

Aladarian special forces have opened up land, only last Autumn claimed and then left by Countess Isil Eth. In daring raids up the Ffenargh river, Aladarian and mercenary ships of war have struck at supply depots and infantry outposts in Walon County, the Magraf of Ostow's lands, and even into Northern Bowcourt and parts of what used to be the republic of Innesburg. Kingdom forces have been slow to respond with most of their troops tied up in pitched battle to the North, and as such have paid the price in losing control of many parts of Walon, Ferezilar, Bolar and Ostow. Mercenary bands, some of which are said to be ex-Drakenbergian forces, and led by Bolariich, the son of the last Count of Bolar in the old Duchy of Aladar.

By mid June, much of the land conquered by Aquila last year is in disorder, and although it is being suppressed as we speak by Bowcourtian forces led by the Count of Chagny, it will no doubt set the Aquilans back, especially since

their supply lines to the Barretskine front are now so tenuous, mostly now relying on rune portals. One source says plans are afoot to relocate land supply to Barretskine through Cauldersfield to the Northeast.

Strange Plague Strikes Seagate.

A strange plague rumoured to be magical in nature affected Seagate ten weeks ago (a week or so after the last Guild meeting). Victims died suddenly often within a day of first becoming sick. Healers had great difficulty curing the plague and several healers died of it themselves.

In all some 100 people died of the plague, only 3 recovered

There have been melacous rumours that the Adventurers Guild is in some way responsible for this plague. The Guild strenuously denies this!

Star of Alusia holder Missing In Action

Brave Orc adventurer and current Star of Alusia holder Shoka Blacktooth was reported missing last month by his fellow party members. They had just completed a dangerous mission recovering a magic ring on the plane of middle earth and were being banished back to the guild. According to guild readings and investigations Shoka may have appeared in the guild vaults. "I don't hold much hope for him if he's down there" the head of guild security said "I almost feel sorry for them too..".

Shoka most recently came to the attention of the guild when he won the Star of Alusia for bravery above and beyond the call of duty. Saving the party in the face of overwhelming odds. Friends and fellow adventurers have expressed concern at his disappearance, "he was always so reliable, it's not like him to be late, his garden will really miss him" commented a good friend. "Bummer, I'll really miss him, have they read his will yet?" commented another. Concerned friends are asked to attend the upcoming guild meeting where a rescue mission will be discussed.

Have you ever wanted to Spy on your friends or enemies?



Would you like to do it from a nice safe place, like your home, or the Guild?

Well buy a Rank 11 Crystal of Vision. Range 170 miles.

Come to the Crystal Song in Newhaven, and ask for Dalran. Cost 22,500 each or 40,000 for two.

Will the Confederation Survive?

Duke Baltmund and his Confederation are being pushed daily however, and the lack of cohesion in his army is clear to see. Already the Barony of Dumas has pulled out of the Confederation. Dumarian officials have not commented, but Colonel Blackthorn, an Aladarian official said "About bloody time! They're a bunch of arrogant lack bastards who wouldn't know which side they were fighting on if it came up and bit them! And you can quote me on that." However when questioned about his possible targeting by Dumarian backed assassins, he said "Moonshae and Wraith are upstanding and hard-working individuals in the community who still haven't talked to me about the possibility of full-time employment" Meanwhile Duke Branden of Brandenburg has expressed his anxiety about the surfeit of Eltrandorain forces in his Duchy. "I am concerned too many Eltrandorians are living the high life, nominally guarding my lands while too many of my loyal subjects are dying in the fields of Barretskine." Indeed, the Duke has withdrawn some three thousand men under Count Aldred of Karracksbridge to quarters in Brandenburg City.

This indicates another cause of fragility in the Confederation. Count Aldred is not the first commander to be lost to the Barretskine defenders. Baron Victor Osmalar, general of the Aladarian forces, was ambushed and killed whilst scouting just a few days ago on June 23rd.

Magic Stone Detector

Do you think you've been swindled into buying a magic stone, then come to us. For only a small fee our genuine certified magic stone detector will guarantee identifying those fakes. Don't get swindled come see us now in the alley behind the remains of the Fight and F**k.

The Bishops Plan

The Bishop of Aquila recently made plain his plans for church lands under his control. In his sermon to a special mass for veterans of the Aladarian war, the bishop announced his land would be devoted to the restitution of those families who suffered during the troubles. He has already increased food production by half. Knights under church training and novitiates are working in new fields. The extra food was allowing trades, like weaving, to continue unaffected. Families under his care can thereby be offered food, cattle, clothing and blankets. It is the bishop's hope that the effect of the war will be short lived. He does not however, wish memories of the hard times to dim too quickly. In time the land would be converted to abbeys and other ecclesiastic orders. The abbeys would support the local monks and parsons in their caring of the needy. The spiritual guidance of the people would be by those who worked like the people, eking an existence from the aid.

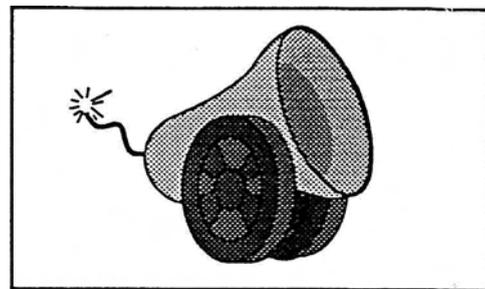
Monasteries near major towns would also apprentice their folk to the guilds. This would aid their ministering to tradesmen and burgers. Land holders displaced by the new orders would be recompensed, and able to use church institutions within nearby towns. This would bring their knowledge to the city and its church.

The sermon seemed to reflect the bishop's desire to distance himself from the conduct of the war. He is after all one of the largest land owners in Aquila. The vast acreage is currently administered much like a county, with reeves and a series of lordlings.

This plan will hopefully make the bishop more attuned to the needs of the people. His audience were unlike most people and need the efforts of others to maintain their aloof lifestyle. The veterans were not overtly impressed.

New Terror Weapon used in Northern War

Barretskine was then all but lost to Aquilan forces. It was then that a new terror weapon produced by Brandenburgian alchemists and mechanics was used, it seems for the first time in warfare. The enormous bells of Count Wessmund of Barretskine's citadel, filled with a curious exploding powder and loaded with stone balls, were touched off by fire mages under the command of the Duke of Brandenburg's chief mechanic. The bells



rocketed with the sound of a hundred lightning bolts and threw the stones into charging Aquilan knights. The smoke and noise were terrific and although it seems the stone firers caused as many casualties to the Brandenburgians as they did the enemy, (one exploded killing many of the soldiers nearby) it halted the charge of the Aquilan knights long enough for Confederation troops to regroup and force the Aquilans back to the pass.

Artists impression of Brandenburg terror weapon

Aquila and Bowcourt: The New Kingdom or Duchies in Ferment?

Aquila has also suffered from the war. Its militia is notably lacking in morale, and it has lost control of many of its Northern provinces. Several of its Barons have denounced the Duke, or have left his army to protect their homelands from raiders, brigands and monsters. It is said there are twice as many trolls in the area as last year, and they are somehow well organised and making damaging attacks on what are left of Aquilan strongholds in the area.

Bowcourt has also lost much prestige after the inability of its Ormond based fleet to control pirates and raiders, and is obviously losing far more men and material than it is worth to control what is left of the Republic of Innesburg. Innesburg is a sore point with the Maquisa, who wants Innesburg valley subjugated. However the Innesburg population is still it seems very much in league with the old Republicans, and the Bowcourt army lives day to day in the shadow of Anarchist and Republican ambushes.

Orc Patrons Welcome

In retaliation to a recent outbreak of ore shop lifting the local sword smith has hung a sign with "Orc Patrons Welcome" and a large bloody gelding hook on his shop wall he has also hung a dozen horses testicles beside them. "You'd be surprised how effective it is" commented the sword smith, "I haven't lost a sword all week. In fact a glaive that I didn't know was missing turned up on the doorstep one morning with a note saying it promised it wouldn't go missing again".

When the smith was asked if he minded his secret appearing in our paper he commented "Nah, none of the lowlife read your rag anyway".

Magic the Fleecing

A low-life-merchant-scum was recently arrested by town guards for selling magic stones again. He has just been released from jail for identical crimes several months ago. The town guards have issued a general warning to guild members and other people with more money than brains as follows: "Be careful when purchasing magic stones, especially magic stones that do not have an aura, this is the normal state for a non magical stone and therefore is not really magical. If you really must have one of these magic stones they will be available at the town guard auction next week".

Orc Tavern Destroyed

The notorious Fight and F**k tavern was destroyed last week, reported our on sight witness. Ten hobbits dressed in black with their faces covered burst in through the doors and windows laying waste to patrons and staff alike. They then set about dousing the walls with lamp oil and burnt the building to the ground. The words "Least we Forget" were scrawled around the bottom of the front wall, probably in reference to the missing hobbits in the Cream-bun scandal last Autumn.

An ore bystander was said to comment "Who cares, the place was a dive anyway, now they might get some better premises".

The Silkenish Web

Well it seems that Silken still isn't back, though there have been rumours and Silverfoam hasn't been seen around the guild very often.

It seems that Mordren lost her head over a harpy (some dwarves have no taste), I didn't even know that she was that way inclined. The rumours that PJ (a ranking noble) had a part to play in this sordid affair, are absolutely true.

As most of you know, Amber has been away from the guild recently - on holiday officially. But I hear from the librarian that Amber has been spending a lot of time in the library researching cures for genital withering - Dido will be disappointed.

On that topic, the rumours about Engleton are absolutely false, his close friend Logan asserted "He's just as virile as he ever was".

On a happier note, Kryan assures me that he and his wife are getting on just fine now, he has even been out fossicking through a swamp to find her just the right gift

Thorn is recovering from her brief fling with a tribe of hobgoblins, though on Saydar she said "I just don't know what anyone else sees in him".

A rather successful petition has been going around the guild of late, most people are quite keen on having him committed, but we are yet to find an institution which will take Stark

Drop in to Alphonse's if you can, for the next few months their head chef is specialising in salmon dishes, washed down with a cold lager, its quite a treat.

That's all for now, but keep an eye on those air mages, you never know when they're going to completely flake out.

Braegon.

Kate's Quotes

Adventurers are typically reticent on most matters but in certain situations come with some great one-liners. Here is a selection from the last few months.

This time I recommend that nobody dies - Amelia

He's the party leader, we shouldn't hit him on the head - Thrukjin Rumbleguts

Is there freedom of religious expression here? - Dalran

If you're going to be openly honest with them could you leave out the bit... -lp

That may not be a good idea - Lepto

Laths Horoscopes

For the session; 30th June to 30th October 94.

Welcome to the first of Lath's Aspect readings. I hope that the advice in this column will be able to help you bring joy in your day to day life. Most adventures have strong leaning to one of the stars and to one of the elements hidden with in their Aspect.

Winter Stars: The celestial spotlight is on friendship and financial affairs. Back a friend's bright ideas with your hard earned silver, but beware of being taken for a ride.

Spring Stars: Expect hassles and hitches to hold your plans up, but don't ditch a potential-packed project just because things aren't going as smoothly as you'd hoped.

Summer Stars: You're right to speak out on a matter of principle or stand up for what you believe in, but don't get trapped in a situation that undermines you.

Autumn Stars: Go into the pros and cons of an adventure plan with a fine toothed comb. A friend or workmate has a surprise in store for you that could open up new options.

Element of -

Air: Resist your temptations to be reckless. Jealousy and envy will make life a misery for your nearest and dearest so stop playing the fool and start thinking straight! High places may provide some insight.

Water Keep away from dry river beds and don't swim in storms at sea. Friends will have a little surprise for you last in the session but remember blood is thicker than you know what.

Earth Having both feet on the ground, will be of great importance this session. Others around you will talk of flying but only death awaits you in the Air. Brown will be a very strong element this session.

Fire: The harsh realities of your heated and reckless love life will bring doom to all that are involved. Seek help from friends before it is too late. Be active, alert and talk first this session as that problem may return.

Separate from those ruled by the stars and element are the other adventures that come more under the moods of their own Aspect.

Solar: Share your thoughts and plans with the Party Leaders for they are the folk who can open doors and create the right opportunities. Be bold, adventurous and enterprising, but don't get court.

Lunar: Get ready for a tussle. You are about to cross swords with someone who thinks they can push you around, but they're in for a big surprise. Take care the you don't hurt others close to you at the same time.

Life: Your resistance is low so you can't say 'No' to a touch of luxury, but remember others may want something from you in return. Don't get court in public with your pants down. Their will be a new person entering your life.

Death: Your problems will get worse this session. All that you are - may be lost. All that you have - may be lost. All is lost. Never give in or you will be consumed and be lost forever. Never lower your guard, feel nothing.

Deaths Door Quotes

In a recent poll of guild members leaving the guild healers the following options were stated by various "born again adventures":

When I came back to life my first thought was...

- when Lysander bends over like that I can see right down here front.

---wow I thought I was dead there for a second.

...aaarrgh! That really hurt!

Death is pretty bad, but its better than...

...dining with Stark

...slogging through that damn swamp in Galetea.

-- slogging through that damn swamp in Galetea (Again!)

...lying at the bottom of a pit with spikes through you, being eaten by ghouls.

So there you have it folks, death isn't that bad. It's been rated by 6 out of 10 warriors as preferable to breaking their best swords.

Ore Weapon Quiz

How do you know if your weapon is upto it? Are you running around with a feather pillow bouncing off monsters armour? Fill in our simple quiz and you'll know.

1. I can multi hex strike with my weapon (T/F)

2. My weapon is better when I charge (T/F)

3. I don't need a shield with my weapon (T/F)

4. My weapon is bladed and greivouses frequently (T/F)

5. Most mages aren't strong enough to use this weapon (T/F)

6. I'm never embarrassed by the wounds I

inflict (T/F)

Lets see how you scored, count up the number of true questions and see below:

7+ You can't count, but you're very proud of your weapon.

6. You are using a glaive, possibly the finest weapon about.

3-5 Try a glaive, you are being limited by your weapon.

1-2 What's a mage doing answering this quiz anyway.

0 Go back to mommy, cry baby.

Drow Seen in Seagate

A member of the Entertainer's (thieves) guild potted a strange dark elf in the dock area of Seagate. A group of town guard supported by company of Carzarlian infantry went to investigate. They discovered a group of 12 Drow.

In the fight that followed the brave Carzalians routed the Drow, killing one and seriously wounding three others. The Drow then fled by magical wings.

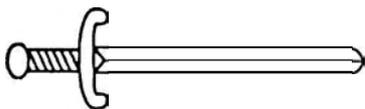
The commander of the company, Captain Millar, was rewarded by the Duke for his bravery in carrying on the attack despite heavy casualties (80 of 120 troops killed or incapacitated) and routing the Drow.

Dragons on rampage!

A small feud is being fought by some dragons over the right of other beings to use magic. Adventurers are advised to show extreme discretion should any of the following names be mentioned.

Caleryx
Folantra

Rhalina
Asmoran



Letters To the Editor

To the guild,

I muste agan complaine of yeorrowedy goingson. Onc agan you have turned me cowes milk. I shall repoirt thys to the Duc if this continues.

To whom may be sentient,

I am impressed, stunned, and amazed that you incompetents actually managed to complete a simple task. If I can ascertain that you did not subcontract the mission I may employ you again and actually pay a value loser to what you think you are worth.

Michael Halsek Valmar

Letter to the editor

When our party was up North fighting Goblins we found the most terrible thing - a fiendishly well crafted torture kit. We did not want this evil item falling into the wrong hands, so we gave it to Guild Security, they said that they knew exactly what to do with it. What would we do without them.

Adam Names

Mortals,

Cease in your foolishness. Relinquish your responsibilities and we shall look after your needs.

Caleryx of Allusia

New Trouble in Amba.

Amba is a small village that supports the local mine located ten miles to the west of Gugnir's Hope in Western Carzala. The area has been beset by very bad weather and a rash of momters thought to come from the highmanazoneto the south of Amba village. Members of the Seagate Miners and Merchants Guilds would like to thank the group of adventurers that managed to kill most of the Harpys that were terrorising the area bringing trade to a halt. The members of the Guild party were: Liessa, Braegon, Kryan, Stark, Mordrin, Clementine, Prince PJ Debourgnac and with help from Kilroy.

High Mana for Seagate! Magic users Rejoice!

From 8 April to 15 April the Adventurer's Guild and surrounding area out to about 2K was high mana.

This caused much interest and activity from local magic users, a number even moved to lodgings within the area. This effect was rumoured to be caused by the item found by a guild party lead by Silverfoam. The party was hired to find the item by the scholar Sun Low. Unfortunately the item vanished one week after it arrived, and the guild refuses to comment on its current location.

Ghoul Warning

As a recent occurrence of parties encountering Ghouls almost resulting in permanent deaths from infection the Healers Guild has forwarded a quick ten step check list on how to identify Ghoul infection. Upon resurrection they

1. Keep away from the Necromancers in the party.
2. Try to convince the party that Vampires are really nice people deep down.
3. Don't writhe around in pain when you cut their limbs off.
4. Keep out of the light as much as possible.
5. Buy real estate located on old tomb sights.
6. Eat very undercooked meat in restaurants.
7. Try to eat other party members.
8. Volunteer to go on watch for the entire night, by themselves.
9. Stutter a lot
10. Say the word "Brains" continuously. If one of the members of your party conforms to at least five of these ten check they could be a Ghoul. We advise you tie them up immediately and seek professional help!

Weather Wrecks

Havoc

The worst storm in Seagate history vented its rage on the city for four days in April, placing the city and a large part of Carzala in sodden turmoil.

Almost three months ago the storms appeared from nowhere and drenched Seagate and surrounding areas. The storm even surprised our local weather expert. Captain Dexor (Retired naval captain). He reported that "ma big toe wasn't even aching one bit and it always does when tha be a storm coming on, like back in '75 ..."

Guild members working in and around Seagate found it difficult if not impossible to fly, due to lightning and the lack of visibility. The Guild healers were required to attend only one Member, a young orc who was heard to say "how could I possibly get hurt, I'll be going head first" just before lifting off and flying into a tower. "He was never in any real danger", a healer said, "his head took most of the damage, not a vital organ for most orcs."

Trade in Seagate was halted, and substantial damage occurred to vessels in the port. The Sweetwater overflowed its banks, however the only lasting damage was further hampering of development of the bridge. A ferryman was heard to say "well some good has to come of everything."

Guild Security Death

Reports from reliable sources in the Guild Tavern are circulating that entities tried to force their way into the Guild, resulting in a death of a member of Guild Security.

The entities attacked without provocation, and their overwhelming combined effort managed to cut down a member of the gate security detail, the reports said. Within seconds the area was swarming with dozens of security personnel who engaged the entities, destroying them where they stood, a young hobbit reported. Amber, who was passing at the time, also assisted the security personnel. The entities never at any point stood on the Guild grounds. The fallen member of security was quickly resurrected, and fined a days pay for shirking on duty.

Guild Security had little comment to make on the above rumours, but asked that if such circumstances did occur, Guild members should stand aside and allow the professionals to take care of the problem.

Wanted

Required for resurrection ritual of a Guild member a single gem valued at 30,000sp. All enquiries to be directed to Adam Names

A Busy Time for Isil Eth

Eth

The honorary sentient Isil Eth has done the rounds of rulers once again. And I mean that in the best possible taste. Rumour has it that her week "with" the Duke of Carzala reduced the Duchess to tears.

In the last three months Isil Eth has sailed to Five Sisters, portalled to the plane of Purple, flown to the Duke of Aladar, caravanned to Aquila, partied in Middlemach, caroused in Elfinberg, sambaed in Alfheim, and stomped all over a peaceful province in western Aquila. This vigorous programme was all in the name of peace. It achieved, however, very little. Apart, of course, from stimulating certain parts of the economy, principally the hedonist quarter. The little achievement was gaining the acceptance of the Duke of Aquila to another peace party, orderly orgy, accordial amusements. Apparently the planned entertainment would eclipse the first fiasco. More food, wine and acrobats. I am sure Isil Eth is partial to all of these. The Duke of Aladar sent his apologies. The reason for this dismissal of peace was that he received the invite after Aquila. And so, on the pride of one ruler, the bloodshed continues. Continues, but not unabated. In the last three months, many troops have been allowed home. While this sounds pleasant, they were given a pause from killing each other to allow an adequate spring planting. Adequate that is, to feed the lords and their ladies. And once the planting was over? The men were required back at the war. After all, the lords need people who they can lead to the slaughter.

Whose slaughter I am not certain. Suffice it to say, an average harvest will seem like a feast, so few will live to eat it. Assuming of course, the lords reserve sufficient men till harvest time. Or perhaps, the timing of the peace invitations will arrive at the same time. And the lords will concur they cannot afford this loss of harvest-power.

Until that unlikely event, we must suffer on, from one uncertain planting to another irregular harvest. Isil Eth of course, need not fear any famine. During a recent shopping spree with her frequent companion Whisper, she spent 20,000 spon wine. And that only covered what they drank that day.

Kel Irresurrectable ?

This is the question that has been vexing Guild astrologers since Kel failed to return from the war zone ten months ago. Answers to date have not been definitive. However Mr Toadswart reported last Sunday that he has received an indication that Kel may still be saved. He states "While scrutinising constellations for contradictions of the continuance of non-appearing members of the contingent organisation, perception of a hereunto undetected motile illuminate implied a negative response". When asked whether this meant Kel may be resurrectable he replied, "That is what I just enunciated". Another member of the astrology department supplied this reading :

"When sailing thesea of souls, seek certain slim :Prise prizewith partic' poles, hence hope holding him."

Guild security would like all adventurers to look for clues for Kel's whereabouts during the coming months adventures.

Zentradi to invade Jalmaria!

Recent events over the last year have precipitated a planar war involving two races, the Zentradi and the Calamar. Owing to the fact that adventurers are continuously encountering them we have decided to provide some relevant information to avoid confusion during what can be touchy individuals.

The central plane in question is Galatea. Basically everyone comes from here at one time or another. Galatea is mostly blast furnace humidity in a jungle filled with critters who want your bodily fluids. This is due to a curse on the plane which incites hostility in the flora and fauna towards other-planar beings. Associating with the natives mitigates this somewhat. Chief race is the Zalani which despite some resemblance to the powers of dark a highly civilised and pasifistic. Other races of note are the reptilian centuroids known as the Hydrax and the bizarre Huldice. All these races live mostly in the Salmari Empire which has existed for millennia.

Galatea is also the original plane of the Calamar. Calamar are mauve ceruleans with protruding eyes and tentacles round their mouth. They were expelled from the plane by the Zalani in an ancient war. Crucial to the victory of the Zalani was an Elvish hero from Allusia by the name of Moeg Khellek and his human wife from the plane of Jalmaria by the name of Rye Kheller. The Calamar are needless to say out for blood over the matter. They want revenge on all planes responsible for their defeat. This includes Allusia. Calamar have large resources, high magic and have signed pacts with some of the less pleasant powers of darkness. The Calamar arrived on Zentradi with the intention of setting up a firm powerbase. Recently the natives performed a mass exodus to the

Demon Banished

The demon Plaggeth was banished last quarter by the Namer Mr Adam Names with the aid of Mr Scratch, a noted Dark Celestial. The demon was encountered by the above member's party working for Cam the Alchemist. The local goblins were sacrificing people to Plaggeth in the swamp. The guild party dealt severely with this outrage.

plane of Galatea where the Calamar cannot go. The price of this is that they cannot return to their own plane. The Zentradi are humans with awesome fighting capabilities owing to their living armour they use. Socially they most closely resemble the Erelaine of Kin-lu. Unfortunately the Zentradi are no match for the Calamar.

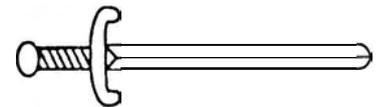
The only beings known to defeat the Calamar is Moeg Khellek and Rye Kheller. Kheller is technically several millennia dead while her husband was last seen grappling with a demon while falling into a interdimensional portal. While dead Kheller has appeared to aid a guild Party.

Recently the Calamar began to exact their revenge on the plane of Jalmaria now that Moeg is out of the picture. A kingdom bearing the brunt of the invasion abducted a Carzalan peasant by the name of John. John has major magical powers on Jalmaria but is still mentally ill equipped to be leader of an army against the Calamar who have been playing this game for centuries.

The Zentradi have recently begun mobilising to attack the Calamar on Jalmaria. However, without Moeg or being of similar stature the endeavour will be a useless gesture, doomed to failure. Karlos Nera Oslaadi of the Zentradi Armed Forces wishes to hire some adventurers to find Moeg or at least his location.

Goblins Massacred

A tribe of 500 goblins was exterminated by the local tribe of ogres with the help of a guild party consisting of Adam Names, Scratch, Michael Correlia, Sh'rel, Stuart the Brave and Oswald the Hobbit. Everyone with the exception of the goblins was happy with this turn of events.



Bridge Washed Out

The torrential weather caused substantial damage to Seagate's monument to patience. Damage occurred to the recently laid masonry works, both directly from the weather, and indirectly due to the dung barge breaking its moorings when the Sweetwater flooded, and striking the workings. Resulting delays have postponed the completion by a month, with a finish date still half a year away. Rumours circulating say the constant delays necessitate the investigation and removal of those managing the project given the escalating costs. Sources say that betting is taking place within the Duke's Court regarding the completion date, if any. Meanwhile planning for the opening ceremony is proceeding well, with messengers delivering invitations to those privileged to partake in the first crossing.

Evil Below or Next Door to Hell

1/10/93 - 24/10/93
Michael Young (DM)

Ughbash Orc Dark mage
and part time party leader.
Shoka Orc Apothecary
and all out staunch dude, also remaining
party leader.
Brightflare Human Fire mage
and military scientist.
Scratch Human Dark mage
scribe and lady killer.
Vychan Adam Jones Fire Giant Earth
mage.
Callas Human Earth mage and dyke.
Gerald Human Illusionist and coward.

We had been retained by Robin of the Merry Men fame to clean out a small castle that had been left behind by some religious types. They were the kind of religious types that tank around everywhere in heavy plate, mortifying everybody else's flesh. After they had taken it off Robin, (who had taken it off them, who had taken over the title in some fairly swift legal manoeuvre) they had gone down into the crypt to check it out. Bad move. Those that had survived packed up their boats and bugged off.

We were supposed to go down there and deliver eviction notices to whatever was lurking about down there.

Ughbash and I flew the party North over confederation Bay. Except for Callas I managed to cast Shadow Wings successfully. For some reason I could not coordinate my arms while casting on her, even in Rank 20 darkness. Some say she emerged quite flushed.

We had to take cover from a storm and camped the night somewhere near Sihan. In the morning we flew on to the castle, where we met a Merry Man, lurking dolefully outside it, in the village nearby.

He reckoned there were all these nasty things in the air, which sounded like gargoyles from the description. After organising ourselves, we snuck off to Robin's woodland encampment. Look a tree, look a bird, look a bit of grass.

When we got there, Robin wasn't around. We talked to the intrepid woodsmen, and found out there were all these really venomous snakes wandering about. Ughbash immediately fell to the ground in the throes of an orgasm. The intrepid woodsmen stepped away from his writhing body and said that Robin would be back soon, with any luck

All the mages, except Gerald (not that he

does any real magic anyway) began summoning these snakes. Callas managed to summon a quite large blunt headed snake, and several eyebrows were raised. It turns out that these snakes had been enhanced magically. They seemed to be more venomous and fertile than your average snake, and we wondered if Meg (a harmless hedge witch of my acquaintance) might know more.

We spent the night in the rustic charm that is the bedless, roofless, wet splendour of any woodland setting.

Robin arrived in the morning, and told us that he and his men had gone inside after the Templars had cleared out, and they had been harassed by these gargoyles and been frightened by undead. He wanted us to go down there and give them a damned good seeing to.

We were led out of the forest and into the village. From there, we snuck up to the castle. We made it through the gate, when all Hell broke loose, and I use the phrase advisedly. Hordes of gargoyles descended on us, in waves and we were all forced back into the gatehouse.

Shoka and I sallied out to draw the gargoyles in, while Ughbash smashed them over from behind, and Brightflare provided artillery support. Meanwhile, other gargoyles snuck up on Vychan, and were doing for him. He had a particularly bad day, and was forced back out of the gatehouse and onto the drawbridge. Gerald floated around and observed this. Callas cast as many Trollskins as she could.

By the time Gerald told us about Vychan and his dancing partner, two more had come to the party and were all over him like a love potion. We regrouped inside the gatehouse and Shoka and I leapt to Vychan's aid, evening the odds somewhat. I had managed to jump on my gargoyle while it was in the air and it flew off. I had little concern because I had cast Shadow Wings on myself, until they were DISPELLED. There was lots of frantic casting, and bugger all fighting after that. I jumped off the critter and into the moat, and in a cruel twist of fate set off my supply of grenadoes. This palled into insignificance, however when Brightflare cast Dragonflames at one of the suckers, doing 75 damage and the bloody thing just blinked.

Vychan DAed one of these things for its GTN, and got Vroc. These are a kind of half-devil, so you know what their return address is going to be.

Eventually, we dicked them and then spent about an hour checking over the keep. Gerald had floated off somewhere and had to be towed back. Small loss, small gain.

We found the entrance to the crypt (dah dah DAH), and checked it out six ways to

breakfast, and found out the place held an aging curse. The place had been tom about a bit, presumably from the Templars attempt at spring cleaning. Ughbash was really unkeen on stepping into the cursed area, and wanted to see if there was another way in. I snuck in to see if there was some other way in, and found a congregation of assorted lesser undead. We fought about two dozen of these critters, and had them clicked, when some other critters that none of us had ever seen before appeared. There were a couple of the vroc's that we had faced outside, two frog-headed things from Hell, and a homed, clawed, fanged thing that probably owns Hell. This was not the party's brightest hour, nevertheless we managed to hold our own and the tide was definitely turning in our favour, when the Spectre turned up. Typical undead, always trying to be fashionably late. Under cover of Ughbash's Blackfire, the Earth mages cast Tunnelling and we bugged out.

Fuck, we thought, this is a bit out of our league.

We decided to go and see Meg and see if she can help us in any way. I put on my best begging clothes and we went off to her place. When she met us, we told her all about her neighbours, and she said she could make us some restoratives and lend us some amulets to be getting on with. We camped outside again, and prepared for the next day.

In the morning, Ughbash and I Summoned some wolves to take with us into the crypt. We went down to see Meg, and she gave us all this magic stuff, and we set off to Undead central.

We set the wolves to scouting around the area when we arrived. After a few minutes, Ughbash lost his link with one of wolves. At the time, one of my wolves was investigating a doorway. In front of our eyes it was consumed and turned into a pile of ash. A great silence descended on the party.

We decided that since the spectre knew we were coming, we might as well try to tunnel into the crypt from somewhere on the surface, seeing as resisting Whitefire was something the party as a whole had given up for Lent, and we might be able to approach it over an area it hadn't warded.

Vychan and Callas cast Tunnelling and we made it into the room beyond the crypt. We snuck up to a break in the wall and surprised two man sized flies. Brightflare cast Web of Fire on them and we dicked them. We discovered that the walls of the complex were curving around. Gerald displayed an unusual degree of usefulness and spotted a permanent Illusion covering a pit. Shoka had had enough of this, and asked the Earth mages to cast Tunnelling into where they thought the centre of the

complex was.

We came in behind as large a group of extra-planar entities as you could wish to meet, and smashed them over something chronic. The party was having a good time sending them all home, and in the centre of a magical circle the most gorgeous babe I have seen in a long time was involved in a magical combat with an undead of the translucent variety. Brightflare, Shoka and I kept trying to get closer to her to set her free, (there was a fair bit of elbowing and shoving going on, I must admit) but we couldn't get any closer because we were all engaged.

The babe was calling out piteously to us to free her from this durance vile, and the party was sweating blood to do that, when the misty dude told us not to believe her, she was Wicked. Everyone except for Gerald was hoping this was true, and he told us that there was something strange going on. We told him he should get a social life, but he said we should check her out. Sadly, on closer inspection, the babe turned out to be covered in warts and scales, and Gerald was right. What can you expect from a man without hormones.

Brightflare groined his critter mightily, with a vicious knee in the nether regions, while Shoka dropped his glaive in a spectacular fumble and then was Feared by one of these half-devils. Gerald was being severely dealt to by one of the homed devils, and I was levitated. I grabbed onto Gerald and cast a Healing spell on him, and then it went black. Ughbash was controlled by a Binding Greater Undead spell, and was playing Murder in the Dark with us. Vychan engaged the homed devil at the front, while I attacked it from the ceiling. Shoka bumped into Brightflare on the other side of the chamber, and Brightflare cast Firelight on his shield.

In the meantime, Ughbash had lurked off and was giving Callas a hard time, although she resisted his poison womanfully.

Shoka pulled out his battleaxe and engaged the devil that had turned me into ceiling mildew, and covered Vychan while he downed a Healing potion. Once he was healed, he leapt into the fray, while Shoka got some healing in.

Callas eventually succumbed to Ughbash's venomous assault, and he slunk off toward Brightflare. He cornered Brightflare and closed with him. Brightflare valiantly resisted the orc's salubrious attentions, but sadly could not bring his knee to bear.

Vychan was brutally wounded by the devil and dropped to the ground, leaving Shoka to battle on with the fiend, trading blows with it until he slew it. Then he turned to find Brightflare crumpled in a heap, in the dark embrace of our party leader. Quickly pulling out a healing potion, he restored

Vychan to consciousness, and told him to heal me. Shoka picked up his glaive and charged down Ughbash, doing for him in two fell blows. Vychan, instead of healing me, had decided to cast Tunnelling on the magical circle.

"Bugger," he said, "I've backfired."

"What?" said Shoka.

"I've backfired my Tunnelling spell."

"Didn't I tell you to get people up?" said Shoka shortly.

"I thought it might be more interesting if I Tunnelled out the circle."

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
RGH," said Shoka.

Shoka thumped Vychan, and they got people up.

The misty dude had been doing things to Warts and Scales, and he told us to get the Hell out of here, because he couldn't hold her much longer. With a staunch disregard for our safety, we asked the misty dude how we could make Alusia safe from this nightmare creature. Taken aback by our valour, he told us to "find the Sword of Disenchantment. And lets have less bloody backchat."

Then skeletons started to pour into the room. Shoka held them off while Vychan cast Tunnelling in the right direction this time. I was still on the ceiling and I dropped greek fire grenades on the entrance so they could only come through one at a time. Gerald floated.

When the Tunnelling went off we got Brightflare and Callas, who had been paralysed by Ughbash, and the ore himself, and dragged them into the Tunnel. Unfortunately, I had to hold off about 50 ghouls while the party ran for it. Once the party got out of the Tunnel, I followed them, and we limped back to Meg's place.

At Meg's cave, we put Ughbash in a dark pit of snakes (he liked that) and decided to appoint a new leader. Vychan reckoned that it would have to be Shoka because he was the only other orc in the party. Callas said that she thought I was an orc, which just goes to show that she's not all bad.

I was sent back to Seagate to get some magical supplies, and lots of Necro Counterspells, while the rest of the party heals up and gets rid of any binding effects.

We asked Meg if she knew anything about the Sword of Disenchantment. She reckoned that it might be the sword that belonged to a Storm Giant she knew of. She said that she could transport us part of the way there, but we would have to make it the rest of the way on our own, and we would have to leave by midnight of the following night at the latest.

We planned to tell Robin of our intentions, and give the critters in the crypt a bit of a thrashing, to keep their numbers down.

So, the next morning we set off to Robin's

camp and got hombly dicked to the song of the lark ascending.

Two Nightgaunts, a Wight, a Spectre, and fifteen assorted devils ambushed us most foully as we entered the forest. Everybody got hacked down except for Ughbash, who was throwing Blackfires around like there was no tomorrow, and tied them all up in trying to cut him down. Meg chanced along (we had left her cave about ten minutes previously) and started throwing around ranged healing spells that restored forty odd points at a whack. Then she cast these other Chain Lightning spells and put big holes in things.

Unfortunately, I got fried by friendly fire and was our only casualty. Most of the devils got trashed, and we managed to take out a Nightgaunt and the Wight.

Afterward, Meg very kindly Raised me, but then we couldn't go down into the crypt and reduce their numbers a bit, because we had to go and find this magical sword.

At around eleven o'clock of the next night we went back to Meg's place and gathered around a stone chair. Meg started performing a ritual and just before midnight, we were attacked by some more devils. These had Shadow Wings cast on them, and attacked us from above. We fought these off, and then the Spectre turned up, which was bad luck for it, because Brightflare and Ughbash had just doubled some pretty nasty spells and were just looking for a target. Before we could put the boot in, Meg's ritual finished and we were flung hundreds of miles North.

The ritual dropped us off on top of a small hill, in the middle of some standing stones. While we were bickering about whether to hole up for the rest of the night or move off right away. We had been told there was a reasonably aggressive dragon in the area, who regarded the sky as his own. He also thought the ground belonged to him, and we were led to believe that he collected rent off the water. Not wanting to attract his attention, we thought it would be better not to fly from the knoll to the forest, but could not make up our minds as to whether we should move during the day or night.

At this point, we noticed a man who had stepped around from behind a standing stone. He said his name was Innes, and I was immediately drawn to him, because he had a hump. He reckoned he'd had this dream, and in it he'd learnt that there were these heroes who would need his assistance. He seemed very polite, so we told him that we hadn't seen any, sorry. No, no, he said, it meant you. The party looked at each other, looked at Gerald, and shook their collective heads.

Fearing that Innes might be a dragon in human guise, the party DAed him till he

glowed, and he was grudgingly allowed to travel with us. If only we knew then how much more useful he was than Gerald, but then weevils have more use than him.

We decided to hole up for the whole night and day, and travelled on the night of the seventh. We headed North across a plains, and through an ancient battleground. The party decided to pick up the pace when a mist started to rise, and the hills looked more like barrows. We loped heroically on for an hour, when we came upon a stone cabin beside a small lake. A storm was brewing, so we decided to stay the rest of the night in the cabin.

Morning broke to the sound of Gerald going for an early morning swim with the unnatural denizen of the lake that had Charmed him. Couldn't have been much of a challenge. Shoka leapt into the water to save Gerald, while Vychan attempted to cast Hands of Earth, and backfired. He was also Charmed, but he was held in his own spell, so it didn't matter too much.

In the meantime, Shoka was having a very bad time with the watery bint, and Gerald was slowly drowning. I was woken up by this time, and I cast Shadow wings on myself. Even as Shoka was exchanging blows with the pool of evil, even as Gerald's lungs filled with water, I was weaving to their aid.

Shoka insisted that I lift out Gerald first, over my strenuous objections, and struck out for the shore. While I was returning, Ughbash flew out with Shoka's glaive. I dropped Gerald at the hut, while Callas cast Trollskin on Shoka, where he had fallen on the shore.

Mist rolled in from the lake, and the party made for the hut. While we were in the hut bravely checking our fallen comrades, Brightflare heard her call him outside our shelter. But Brightflare staunchly resisted her feeble seductions.

Ughbash and I realised that she must be outside somewhere nearby, and snuck out to try and do her over. I stumbled across her first, and she was bloody good, not to mention her particularly appealing dearth of apparel. She would be certain to win any wet tunic competition you care to name. While she was taking me on, Ughbash gave her something special from behind, and she turned into a pool of water. Ughbash burst into flames and rolled all over the pool. Pretty embarrassing, really.

We decided to finish our healing in the forest, and left Foolish, foolish party.

You don't need to know the pain we suffered in travelling through this green hell for the next six days. Suffice it to say that it lived up to all my expectations of the outdoors.

There were the biggest Venus fly trap I have ever seen, huge, obnoxious fungi,

greenhags, quicklings, greenapes, black willows and direburrs (plants that jump at you, and stick needles into you).

On the thirteenth, around midday, we stumbled onto a small cottage. We had just finished off a score of greenapes, and were staggering about looking for a place to rest up at the time, so this was a welcome discovery. The first one we had since entering the forest. This place looked like it had once been the home of an alchemist or herbalist. The party swarmed inside, on the off chance of finding funky magical items, and indeed we did find much that had lain undisturbed. But no sooner had we checked the place out, then a great rift opened in the ground. The roof beam fell and crushed Brightflare's pelvis, immediately dropping him. Gerald fell into the rift and was lost to our sight. Brightflare's unconscious body slid into it as well, but he refused to succumb to gravity's embrace. Everybody tried to grab him (notice how they don't bother with Gerald) and manage to pull him out, which was lucky, because the rift started to close. Gerald floated out. We decided the house was another forest denizen called a carnivorous cottage, and left.

We camped some distance away on the grounds that we could probably outrun it, and Shoka set about finding some herbs to heal Brightflare.

It didn't look like he'd be able to move around by himself, so we arranged a kind of stretcher to carry him on.

While we were organising this, we were attacked by quicklings. They hid up trees and threw things at us and then they would move off and throw other things at us. Big, sharp things. We smashed them over with really tough magic, and Ughbash managed to capture one. He turned out to be some sort of quickling prince, and we kept him as a hostage. They left us pretty much alone after that.

After travelling through the forest for a couple more days we realised that we had come to its edge. We released the quickling, who departed a wiser, weaker little *sod* than he had been before.

We rested here overnight, and over that time, we heard various large winged things, flying above us. We didn't know what time of day would be good to leave the protection of the trees (hah), so Brightflare used his Crystal of Vision to read our fortunes. He saw a large winged shadow, and eight manticores. We reckoned that travelling at night was our best bet, although nobody wanted to put money on it.

Then Shoka suggested that Innes summon the manticores, so that we could lie in ambush for them. Innes seemed to think this was an excellent idea, and summoned

heaps, when all we really wanted was to have them arriving one at a time.

Anyway we trashed them and were having good time dealing to these critters, when things got very bad. A large winged thing flew over the top of us and dropped a Rank 20 Ray of Cold, a Rank 20 Lightning, and a breath weapon doing eighteen points of damage to most of us.

It trashed me and flew off, whereupon we realised it was some kind of winged chimaera. Finishing off the rest of the manticores, we got everybody together, and healed them up. We moved around to some more defensible position, and summoned the chimaera.

Ughbash had cast a Rank 20 Darkness spell, and he and I were lurking in there, when the bloody thing crept up on me, and did for me from behind. It charged out of the Darkness and ran down Shoka., knocking him off his feet. Vychan confronted it, and smashed it brutally about the head. While Shoka was getting to his feet, Vychan laid the beast low. Callas cast Trollskins on those people who had been dropped by the critter, so that they could be healed later.

After we picked up Brightflare and piled him on his stretcher, we staggered off and hid out till daylight.

The next day we started to climb into the foothills, and it became colder. Snow had started to fall and make life difficult for us, and in the middle of the afternoon, we were set upon by two behirs. Vychan boldly closed with one so that the rest of us could position ourselves to attack these things. These behirs cast lightning bolts from their horns, and the giant planned to stop at least one of them dealing these things out by wrestling with it. Before we could come to his aid, however, he was crushed to death as it wrapped around him. Shoka had put paid to the other behir, but we couldn't kill the one on top of Vychan fast enough.

We dragged Vychan's body with us further up the ravine, when we come to a shattered gate made of stone. We decided to rest here, because it was getting quite windy, and this would provide some shelter. The weather got a lot worse, however and we were snowed in for the day. We heard pipes and drums in the distance, but when we went out to check them out, we couldn't find anyone in this wilderness.

The next day we headed out into the snow. We couldn't see far because of the snow, but we made quite good time. At around six o'clock we decided to look for a camp site for the night, when we heard a dog barking behind us.

It was dark so I went Unseen, and cast Shadow Wings on myself. I flew back down the way we had come, to find some

giants looking over the stone gate that we had stayed in. There were about six large dogs that were sniffing around where we had been, as well. Anyway, one of the giants spotted me, and pointed at me. I circled some distance away from them, and tried to appear unthreatening. The giant that had been holding onto the dogs (also giant-size), released them, whereupon they flew after me. I tried to lead them away from the party, but they were twice as fast as I was.

When I got back to the others, I warned them about the dogs, and Brightflare cast Web of Fire at them. Soon the giants arrived, and I approached them to try and parley with them. When I got to within forty feet of these dudes, I DAed them for their GTN, and got Spriggan. Ughbash had spotted a couple of these dudes trying to creep up on us in the snow, and gave warning. I started to fly away, but before I could gain any useful height, one of these spriggans sconed me properly, and sent me spinning through the air. Much of this fight is a blur, because I had to be Trollskinned three times but it seemed to me that things were definitely looking up, when we heard pipes and drums.

The spriggans tried to make a break for it, but couldn't get away, because our whole battlefield was surrounded by korred. The korred arrived just in time to help us finish them off, and took us back to their home. It turned out that they wanted Callas to perform some Earth magic stuff for them, and in return, they would heal us up, even Vychan. This seemed like a good plan so we happily accepted their hospitality.

After Vychan was restored, the korred set us on the path to the Storm giant's castle. This was a huge flight of stairs, cut into the side of a mountain. We climbed up them for three days, which was cold, wet, nasty, and we nearly got trashed by aggressive snow. Finally, we got to the top of the mountain, just as our food ran out. After getting up the sodding thing, the giant bastard on the gate wouldn't let us in. We had to offer Callas' services to the big jerk before he'd pass us through.

After a lot of grovelling, we finally manage to convince the Storm Giant King to give us the loan of his magic sword, if we could pass three tests. After flying through with streaming colours, Vychan said he'd bring the sword back after we'd finished with it. Rather you than me, mate. Then the King summoned a cloud to carry us back to the standing stones.

As we were getting onto this cloud, I noticed something odd about it, and when I DAed it for GTN, it came up Cloud Dragon. Gerald decided to cast some resistible Illusion spell, and the dragon resisted. What an egg. He was lucky he

wasn't fried egg.

We travelled back to the stones, and the King performed the same kind of ritual that Meg had, and lo we ended up back at the stone chair.

We went off to Meg's cave to see what had happened while we were away, but she wasn't there. We decided to go to the keep to clean out the crypt, having nothing better to do, when, as luck would have it, we ran into Meg. We hailed her and went over to see how things had been going, when she turned into an ape-like monstrosity and cleaned us up with her glaive. Vychan and Shoka engaged it with weapons, while the rest of the party hosed it down with every damage spell we could find. One of the mages (not Gerald), DAed it for its GTN, and we discovered it was yet another kind of devil. Anyway, we trashed it.

Thinking that the devils had done for Meg, we raced down to the keep. When we got there, we were attacked by more vrocs. Ughbash cast a Darkness spell, while Vychan and Callas cast Tunnellings into the passages. Callas tripled her spell, and we just managed to get into the complex. We charged into the place, disdaining the threat of Whitefire wards, and made for the central chamber. We cast some more Tunnellings, and cut through the walls. There we found the place crawling with devils, and what wasn't crawling was flying. Until this point, we hadn't run into any hellspawn, but breaking into this room made up for the shortfall.

Callas caught three in Hands of Earth, and we Lightninged the others. Then the scaly pricks used their talent magic, and we were bollixed. Those of us that weren't asleep weighed about as much as a woolly mammoth, and we weren't even invisible. We kicked people awake as fast as they went to sleep, and then I climbed up my mate Shoka, so he could get traction on the floor and move. Gerald, it will surprise you to know, was laying about with the Sword of Disenchantment with a will, doing what Illusionists do best. In fact he was going at it so well it was more like the Turnstile of Disenchantment. Me, Shoka, Vychan, and Innes were forced out of the room by way of the Tunneling, and we had to make our way round to a break in the wall further to the East. The others had to hold them off till we could get in there and pull their fat from the fire. Still, they gave the kind of showing any Guild member would be proud of with the limited abilities in their possession. Entering thought the break, the rest of us flung ourselves on whatever extraplanar entity was nearest and dispelled them with silvered steel. Brightflare preferred to banish them with Dragonflames, 'cause he didn't want to get his armour dirty. Fat chance. Gerald,

Ughbash, and Shoka bailed up the mother of all demons, and then Gerald sent it home. At last we could turn our attention to the mere fifty odd slightly-less-than-Greater demons we had to clean up.

Things were going well, and there was a fine time in the old crypt tonight, when Gerald broke the Sword. The King of the Storm Giant's Sword. The Sword that sent demons back to Hell. Ignoring this trivial setback, the party soldiered on, slaying demons left and right. This had more to do with their numbers and positioning, and less to do with any superiority we might own. It is always darkest before the dawn, and suddenly it was. Rank sixteen plus. Then there was an ominous five seconds of successful magic resistances with no obvious effect.

We decided to bug out, which was very hard 'cause we couldn't see which way to go. Executing the contingency plan we had arranged for just this event, we panicked toward daylight, all except Ughbash who was caught in a quandary. Hardly anything remained to be done in the catacombs, we reckoned, so we left.

We headed back into the bloody greenwood cathedral, to bring the boss up to date. We told Robin what we had done after we got out, and had a good look 'round for Meg. We found her hiding out some distance from the keep. She had had a run in with them after we left, and hied her thitherward to avoid calamity.

There was much bloody rejoicing when we got back to the Guild, especially when we found out how many Whitefires we resisted, and none of us stepped out of the pub for three days. Most of us had forgotten how.

Here end the scribe notes of Scratch, found written in beer on the floor of the Skull Tavern.



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Guild Lodgings

The following characters may be contacted in the Guild Lodgings by phoning the player of the character at the number given below.

Character:	Ployer:	Phone:
Bleyze	Craig	630 7537
Kate	William	571 0749
Logan	Neil	828 5819
Sowleen	Brent	630 1569
Newhaven Ambass.	Andrew	366 6139
Engalton	Jono	302 0477
Morgan Laffayette	Mike	520 3101
Seth	Daniel	302 0477
Delran	Chris	524 8454
Adam Names	Tery	302 2285

The Seagate Times

The Editor is Bleyze played by Craig Harper.
The Chief Reporter is Engalton played by Jono Bean
Contributions can be mailed (on disk preferably) to:
Jono Bean PO Box 105-320, Auckland 1030.
or Phone / Fax (09) 302-0477.

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