

The Golden Twilight, who, even being a boat, thought of me as her mother. As we slowly drifted out of the harbor I stood by the railing, twirling between my fingers a delicate white flower which I had picked during the calmer hours of the day. After tiring of watching it dance high above the waves I set it down on the sleek wood railing where I expected it to be quickly blown away. But, before the wind could have its toy, Snikelfritz had picked it up, and set it behind his ear. The flower looked silly peeking out from under his hair, but also beautiful.

We arrived at the isles with ease, not much later than we had set out. Our mission was to unravel the mysteries left by Grisodemdal. We had come to this island in particular with the intent of using a key left to us by a deceased friend. We had been there before and knew that the deadly apparition guardian meant us no harm. Once past, we continued to the center of the dilapidated mage school where the stone tablet sat. This grand key raised the tablet until a door in it was exposed.

Once inside, the chamber lowered to reveal three hallways. At the end of each was a room with a lever and a golem. One by one the golems were fought, and the levers pulled. Snikelfritz, being the best equipped to deal with them, was the only one to fight the golems. The first, as it tends to happen, was an easy battle. A ring was found on its finger and taken. The second was a great deal harder. This golem threw weapons with enough force to kill even the strongest of warriors. My experienced barbarian dodged each blow while I stood in the hallway cringing at each narrow miss. Eventually, it was taken down, and the crown on its head was gained. There was one golem, one item, and one lever left.

Snikelfritz entered the room in confidence, and I proceeded to watch in horror as time seemed to inch past. I cannot remember much about the golem except that it used a double bladed battle staff that reeked of magic and that once the battle started to drag on, it flexed its second set of arms and began using them. Eventually, my husband fell and I could feel my heart beat even harder. For minutes I stood there helplessly, knowing that I could not even damage this beast. Once Snikelfritz regained consciousness and allowed his body the short time it needed to recover, he pulled the lever and ran from the room. Looking at me and I could tell he wanted to try again to get the weapon. I looked back at him, and with my eyes, pleaded for him to stay.

“The flower,” he said, reaching behind his ear. I noticed it was gone, but wondered why it mattered.

“I have to go back for it.”

I looked into the room and saw the flower lying daintily by the golem’s feet.

“But it’s just a flower,” I answered.

“I have to.”

“Please,” I begged, “Don’t. I don’t care about the flower, I don’t care about the weapon, I don’t care about any of this. But I care about you. Please. Don’t.”

“I have to.”

I suddenly realized that it was that simple; he had to. I threw my arms around him, battling back thoughts that this might be the last time I did, and kissed him holding back tears of fear and of love. He entered the room cautiously and explained that he only wanted the flower. The golem leaned down, picked up the flower and held it out to him. Snikelfritz took the flower and carefully placed it behind his ear once more. Then the creature gripped its weapon and did what it was put there to do.

The rest is a blur. A battle ensued, and at the end, the golem still stood. The details my mind never did grasp, but the feeling of being in my husband's arms I never lost. He escaped the room once more, and this time with the flower.

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Creann_Lottorn



Posted: Tue Feb 21, 2006 11:21 pm Post subject:

Readings from the Book of Creann

We all traveled out in a small band. There were five of us this brisk morning. Terin, D'murr, Goblin, the nameless elf, and I. the destination was unknown to all of us but the elf. He said it was a shrine and may be guarded. Immediately Goblin and I were intrigued. having our hearts set on becoming merchants, we say inevitable profit. Not to mention the elf, like many others was not the brightest and way too trusting.(Article 2, Passage 1
"Trust only those that have earned it properly" so says the Book of Creann)

After a ways travel up the river we came upon a small structure with an even smaller entrance. So being the one good with words, I convinced the near weaponless elf to enter first.(Article 2, Passage 2 "Why do something yourself when someone else is willing to die disarming the traps for you." so says the Book of Creann) He exited just as quickly as he entered. Claiming there were giant snakes and they were not happy. So I convinced Terin to go in. Terin being a wolf rider with an extremely good nose new the snakes were there and didn't want to go in with out a little back up.

We traveled back to town where goblin and I purchased two scrolls of Inferno. One of my personal favorites. traversing back we encountered some orcs that didn't put up much of a fight. I told the party to wait outside as I went in to defeat the snakes single handedly.(Article 2, Passage 3, "Convince others of your power without exerting much at all." so says the Book of Creann) Followed by a few explosions, I exited and told them it was safe to enter. We all went in and notice a small pedestal. it had some golden coins placed upon it. Maybe four or five, I cant remember but they all fit in one hand without making it noticeable. So Terin took no interest and nor did goblin. The rest of us though the rest were intrigued. So I read magic on the alter and it was definitely powerful.

I told the elf to make a donation. A petty four gold he placed down, but luckily in a nice pile so I placed the five I took of to begin with plus another six and as I lifted my hand his gold was gone. I told him the god or goddess must have accepted his donation. He put the rest he had down and a potion. Nothing happened. So I took my gold back and so did he. Goblin was next to try. nothing happened for him either. I was rather mad I didn't get the rest of the pathetic donation by the even more pathetic elf.

I said to them, " We should get this pedestal to a jewel smith he'd pay well for it." And without more thought than that the Elf and goblin lifted the pedestal and walked out with it. (Article 2, Passage 2 "Why do something yourself when someone else is willing to die disarming the traps for you." so says the Book of Creann) So on the banks of the river something stirred. Terin smelled and ran like a dog he once was. Me being the only one that noticed took a second look around the temple. Lots of aquatic symbols and such meant nothing at the time but soon it became clear, clear as water...

So I returned only to see the Elf, D'murr, and Goblin being dragged into the river. I proudly walked up to the bank of the river and grabbed a pebble. I took several steps back so if something were to arise I could smite it. I tossed the pebble. I took so long for that wookie rock to fall but once it did, I will never forget the horror of fourteen tentacles rushing out of the water at once.(Article 4, Passage 1, "Don't throw rocks into the water, You never know what the water will throe back." so says the Book of Creann.) I stood my ground long enough to grab my hammer. Then I moved a lot faster than any large built person has before. I took a few good swings before I threw my enormous two handed hammer to cripple on arm and tangle a few up. then I turned and accepted my punishment. The sight of an enormous beak full of your party members remains is something that will haunt me forever. Or until I drink a little more.

One thing is certain a demi-god Kraken is something you shouldn't mess with. We all made it back without our bodies except the great poet D'murr. may his soul rest in the eternal waves and swells of the

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Pangolin



Posted: Thu Feb 23, 2006 2:20 pm Post subject:

Thanks for making this thread, Chris. I was going to, but I wasn't sure how public you wanted it to be. Here's a story by Talys. (I don't actually remember everything that well, so if anyone wants to correct any details, feel free.)

The Dark City – Part I

It has been so long since that day, yet the memory remains, etched into my inner sight as sharply and clearly as a newly dipped quill. I was young, then, still eager, still filled with righteousness and self-importance. I remember how proud I was, to be hand-picked as the life mage for the short-notice assault on Celendil. When I heard that we were all to be teleported straight to Feanorion, my heart filled with excitement, nearly covering the fear that was welling up from beneath it. I bustled about, with the funds I had been issued, buying mana potions and preparing for war.

As I gathered together with my companions, I could tell that they were as excited as I was. It seemed to be the perfect time to attack, with Lord Nelorian as the leader of the troops. He had recently obtained the Orb of the Elder Magus; while I was fuzzy on the details, I knew that this orb was extremely powerful, capable of making Righteous Aura completely free to cast. We would also be fighting under the Flag of Justice, giving everyone in the party Ward and Might Mace. With these powerful tools at our disposal, how could we possibly lose? Fidgeting with anticipation, I closed my eyes, as the storm mages blinked us out of existence for a short time.

When my vision returned to me, I was greeted by the sight of a busy outpost. I was in Feanorion, and there was no time to lose. I was quickly told that I would be in the main task force, sent to attack the bridge at Shadowguard. Our mission was to push back any troops from the Dark City attempting to overtake the Celeroth River. The lieutenant I spoke to warned me that I may witness terrible things, the twisted results of evil experiments. I gripped my glaive tightly, and tried to look stoic. I'm not entirely certain I succeeded, for the soldier clapped me on the shoulder and told me not to worry. After all, I was a life mage. Defeating the undead was my specialty, was it not? I decided not to tell him that I had only recently learned Rebirth, and had not had much practice with the spell.

Putting these doubting thoughts out of my mind, I went to my group and together we began to move out. Looking around, I recognized few in the party. They were all either soldiers from Feanorion or fellow recruits from Eines Mien, but I had never worked directly with any of them. Regardless, they were my compatriots, and it was my duty as a life mage and a citizen to protect them with my life. I made a private oath as we walked along, an oath that each and every one of them would return from this battle alive.

We drew nearer to Shadowguard, and immediately, I could sense a change in the atmosphere. A hushed, unnatural silence fell over our group; we could all feel the darkness emanating from across the river. In the distance, a black, roiling mass began to billow towards us. As it slowly moved closer, I began to be able to pick out individual soldiers in the enemy army. But these were no ordinary soldiers; they were abominations. I could only stare with horror as they slowly advanced. Among them were battle bones, hunched and gaunt, and skeletal giants, towering high above the crowd. Zombified, mutated troops marched shoulder to shoulder with death knights in their blackened armor. Around the edges flitted wraiths, eyes glowing hungrily, and I thanked Pelor that I had remembered to take dreamgrass; if the fiends were invisible, it would be even more terrifying.

I swallowed hard, and tried to seize back the confidence that I had held only a few moments

ago. This proved harder than I expected, since my courage had retreated as soon as the dark army had appeared on the horizon. Soon, shouts of "Stand together!" ricocheted among the shaken troops. Armored forms huddled around me, and I smiled at their consideration. Their willingness to protect me strengthened my resolve to protect them in return.

Suddenly, the battle was upon us. My comrades made a valiant effort to keep me in the middle, but soon, the merciless blows of the undead soldiers forced us to scatter. I found myself alone, isolated from the rest of the desperately fighting companions. Panicked, I flailed my glaive wildly, casting Rebirth in random directions in an effort to keep the enemies away from me. The snarling, hulking forms eventually drew back, after I was joined by an Archer wielding a bow of Righteous Aura. Panting with relief, I smiled at the Bowman, gulped down a full mana restore and threw myself back into the fray.

After a few minutes of frantic combat, I began to glimpse more and more of Feanorion's legions around me. We seemed to be winning; the army-wide enchantments were working in our favor. The soldiers were bludgeoning their way through the evil legions, their hammers and maces glowing with a shared light. Some ran to and fro, keeping a constant glow of Righteous Aura around them. We inched further and further to the west, eventually feeling the wood of the Shadowguard bridge beneath our feet. I stared past the battling troops. Behind them, the Alon forest loomed. I thought I could see something massive, some colossal tree made of bone crashing its way towards us.

Before I could shout a warning, the skeletal ent faltered. Around it, trees began to glow, and all at once, they moved. Enveloped in a divine light, the very forest itself began to fight back. I soon lost sight of the lone ent, and I dismissed it as a hallucination. I would not know how wrong I was until long after the battle was over.

Having taken the bridge, we began to feel exceedingly confident. We had managed to defeat everything so far, and had only suffered minimal losses, whom I had quickly restored. Our luck was about to change. Looking to the edge of the group, I glimpsed a shadowy Wraith slinking up behind the Archer I had previously seen. Before I could shout a warning, the Wraith burst out of the ethereal plane and struck, felling the man in a single blow. I ran towards them, trying to stop the ghostly figure from dealing any more damage, but it was too late. Before I could reach them, the Wraith had snatched up the bow of Righteous Aura and flown off. I gritted my teeth, and ran faster.

Before I could reach the fallen, now bowless Archer, there was a sudden change in the battle. The soldiers shouted and began to retreat. I was so focused on saving the dead man that I didn't hear the fear in their voices, didn't notice what was happening. At least, until the Carakwaith stepped in front of me with a terrible smile. It was Eclipse, the vampiric life mage. My mind went blank with sheer, unbridled terror. Before I knew what was happening, I was sprinting in the opposite direction, thinking of nothing but escape.

Carakwaith. How could I have expected any less? Yet I was unprepared to deal with even one. Even in my fear, I cursed myself for abandoning my companion, but my feet would not heed me. It was no spell, no unnatural compulsion that was making me run. It was simply my own

weakness. Before I could run much further, though, I saw a terrible sight. Another Carakwaith, Fish, blocking my retreat.

I skidded to a stop and froze, glancing frantically back and forth between the two. Before I could think of what to do, an earth-shattering roar pierced the sounds of combat. Down flapped an immense green dragon, blocking out the sky. For once thinking quickly, I used the distraction and dodged around Fish, again running. This time, the rest of the army followed; they were smart enough not to get in a dragon's way. We were not expecting the dragon to follow us.

After slowly and deliberately gliding toward us, the dragon landed with a loud thump, effectively blocking the undead for a short time. It glared, acidic smoke trailing from its nose. We waited, holding our breath. We weren't prepared to deal with a dragon; we had expected only undead troops. Was it hostile? Was it on our side? There was no way to tell. After a few moments of frantic silence, the dragon spoke a single word.

“Disband.”

I could only stare. What did it mean? Was it a threat? The soldiers appeared to think so, for several of them stood tall and refused. After a few seconds, I slowly shook my head as well. Even if a dragon disliked it, I thought, I must stay and fight for Feanorian. What a fool I was.

The dragon looked even more disgruntled, and then demanded we hand over our magic items. Even more certain that it was trying to bully us, the soldiers again refused. This seemed reasonable to me. How could we stand a chance against undead without any magic? I clutched my glaive, and shook my head a second time.

With a flurry of movement, the dragon took off, flying straight towards us. We flinched, and several men threw themselves on the ground in an attempt to dodge, but at the last second the dragon rose over our heads and flew on. “Fools! Renounce your allegiance,” it cried.

Like the stubborn, empty-headed idiot I was, I refused a third time. Then, before we could return to battle, a hideous noise filled the air. It was a crackling, sparking sound, moving in waves among us. Looking wildly to find the source, I stared in horror. Every magic item, every enchanted weapon, all were falling into a thousand tiny pieces. Now I could understand. The dragon was not threatening us, it was warning us. Something, a curse, must have been put upon the entire party. Since we remained in allegiance with Lord Nelorian, we remained in his party, and suffered the consequences. For the second time that day, I cursed myself for my own stupidity.

Suddenly, we were utterly defenseless against the legions of Celendil. Our weapons were gone, and even the skills granted to us had disappeared. It was only later that I would find out about the masked flaw the Orb had harbored, unforger every magic item for miles. All we could do was make a hasty retreat. I escaped alive, but many were not so lucky. All the fallen soldiers were quickly animated and added as zombies to the undead troops.

It took me a long time to forgive myself for that day. I resolved to protect the good, destroy the evil, and always trust the wisdom of dragons. Now, I may be unable to destroy any longer, but to protect, to heal, to help, has always been my ideal. I hope to continue to be a shield, to keep my friends out of harm's way, for as long as I live.

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Roscoe



Posted: Thu Feb 23, 2006 7:06 pm Post subject:

(To be used as a story and nothing else)

The first encounter

This story I am about to tell you shows the hardships of war, Incompetence, and a memory that is far in the past:

I was young, no more then 25 then when I bore the responsibilities of the great sun god Pelor and was under the orders of the galian and respectful hobbit "underground" and the Rightous Paladins. I had heard the stories and had studied my enemies, the undead of Celendil et Necref. I was eager to be recruited for the task by the Palidans of attacking the undead but alas the offer never came. I was furious I was prepering for so long to go to the front.

I was sulking around when I got a message that the Hobbits wanted to speak to me. I thought why would they want me now? As I was approaching the nobal leader I realized something, he was suited for battle! I was summoned to be in his force of heros! I always envied the heros, hearing about stories of their triumphths, but I never thought I would be with them! I thought to myself why would he get me for this task? I later found out that he wanted more healing in the group(I thought "oh I am just going to be a medic") but later I found he recruited me because he saw me as a decent fighter! I never thought of myself as a good fighter but at times I could hold my own.

He told me to prepare. How was I supposed to prepare for that! I was a pretty competent Paladin I geuss, just getting miraculous recovery and all. So I left for the local market place... Suddenly I was rushing around grabing my armor buying mana potions (and almost purchasing healing potions until I realized what I was doing). I straped on my armor That was brand new! I had proven myself worthy to my family and got a chest full of gold and equipment. I slung my mace and chain in my belt and summoned my most prized possession. It is a magical sword from my home land they are known as "Fedelins Blaze of Fury" I loved that sword, I was well prepared(I thought)... through my studying I remember that some undead can leave the material plane into the ethereal world. so I purchased a herb that allows a person to see them when they disappear. I felt very proud of myself for remembering that.

Now I was ready, I received a message to report to the storm mages guild. Then I realized we were teleporting, what a thrill! Now I gotta tell you teleporting is not my favorite thing. As we leave it was like a morph of two locations seeing the room we leave and then another room

melts into view, we are there. The group that I came with got their various instructions, finally I was told to meet the heros I was going to fight with in a building not far from where I was. I did not have very much difficulty navigating my way through the city. When I found my comrades I was amazed to see so many people an archer with a very fine bow, a life mage with a glaive that had runes on the blade, a couple men in fullplate, and other various people that have unfortunalty left my memory, but all were very intimidating. As I was observing the heros something very unexpected happend, I found another paladin. He was less experianced than me and was their to watch a heros back. The plan was made we were to take the bridge over a river to the west. We were also informed that there is a very special flag being flown for the army and all get might mace and ward, I was familiar with might mace even though I was not trained for that skill but ward had to be explained to me by the life mage who was accompaning us. I did not realize at that time being pretty inexperienced with magic items but after I was at awe for that flag giving a whole army strength to destroy undead.

We were ready as we ever could be with the knowledge we had. We depart marching with elves persistant to get their back from the blight that the undead are and humans to right the wrong of lost territory. Marching to the battle I grip onto my sword with antisipation, I have been waiting a long time to prove my usefulness in battle. Suddenly a solid mass emerges "this is it" I think. The closer we get to them the better I can see the individual creatures. I smile, I've run into these before and I know how to deal with them. Suddenly we charge and the battle starts, we try to stay as a solid mass to be more effective but as the battle rages the group seems to be fighting their own battles. I've taken down a few to my delight, it seems like we are slicing through the masses with a moderate amount of effort. Then more troops come, there are zombie gaints in the mass I feel quite smart for remembering that when in that state they do not have their inate abilities... well I thought I was right. As they approached they started smashing troops like a regular giant would, I was shocked! Later I was informed that Celendil et necref had figured out a way to animate them with skills. But surprisanly it did not falter most of the heros.

The battle was going well for us I thought because we were rapidly advancing, then we hit something not thought of by myself, carakraith. I heard storys of a band of about 13 heros that were turned into vampire champions but I didn't know If it was true, but at that moment it was very clear to me that they were real. When they came upon the party I went full defencive whenever around them, one disappeared then I realized what was happening and threw the herb into my mouth and swallowed it rapidly. It was weird seeing them this way almost majestic, then they would return to the material plane and show the vile creature they were turned into. Then another great insident that completely caught me off gaurd, a dragon came swooping down! It was emerald green and very stern in the face as it said "disband!" I almost fell over by its booming voice! As I retreated away from it I encountered more undead and resumed with the battle. Once again the Dragon spoke saying "you fools disband! Renounce you alliance!" thinking this as rubbish I ignored it, that is something will never do again, to ignore a dragon's words is to put a blight upon yourself. As the battle ensued a blast was heard and then came a shockingly huge aura. With the huge undead disracted I struck it with my beloved sword. When the aura hit me the sword was lodged in the undead and their was a single whisper that I heard in the air "It was masked" and my sword blew up and the undead fell to the ground dead from my swords magical blast. I panicked and ran with my flail in my hand. Later on when recovering the party and I found out that there was a man, one of the leaders of the battle carrying a magical orb. It was masked by an evil magic and burst destroying all items of allied forces for miles. I was devastated as most of the heros, I had that sword for most of my life up to

then and now it I shards stuck into the remains of an undead.

Through that battle I learned the meaning of war. The different hardships I went through after the battle were nothing compered to that day. As I grew I got stronger of course and acured magical items that I adore, even though I have those I still have an attachment to the first of my magical objects, the Fedelins Blaze of Fury.

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Game Master Chris



Posted: Wed Mar 01, 2006 1:43 am Post subject:

World History Now Posted

Hello all you Chroniclers and students of history. I have recently finished a World History of Roekron entitled A Footnote from Arandur Artano which "briefly summarizes a few events" as Arandur would say. Please feel free to use it and the supporting articles as references for your own Chronicles as well as in game knowledge everyone would know. You can like directly to the pdf here

<http://www.fanwar.com/A%20Footnote%20From%20Arandur%20Artano.pdf>

or find the links at the Plot Lead Page here

http://www.fanwar.com/Plot_Leads.htm

Enjoy!

Christopher Melville

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Creann_Lottorn



Posted: Sun Mar 05, 2006 10:48 pm Post subject:

Readings from the Book of Creann

(Excerpt from the teachings of Creann Lottorn)

Articles 2-4

Article 2- Common guide lines

Article 3- Teachings of Uhg

Article 4- Riples of Knowledge

Article 2- Common Guide Lines

Article 2, Passage 1, "Trust only those that have earned it properly" so says the Book of Creann

Article 2, Passage 2, "Why do something yourself when someone else is willing to die disarming the traps for you." so says the Book of Creann

Article 2, Passage 3, "Convince others of your power without exerting much at all." so says the Book of Creann

Article 2, Passage 4, "Never back down from what you think is what should be done, no matter what the circumstances or the out come" so says the Book of Creann

Article 2, Passage 5, "Act before you think, you will be surprised how much is accomplished." so says the Book of Creann

Article 2, Passage 6, "The best way to get things done is to do them bad, that way someone else will do it for you." so says the Book of Creann

Article 2, Passage 7, "Instill the feeling of impending doom on all you meet and they will treat you as you deserve." so says the Book of Creann

Article 3- Teachings Of Uhg

Article 3, Passage 1, "Tred every step and open every door with the caution of a mouse taking cheese of a trap." so says the Book of Creann(Via UHG)

Article 3, Passage 2, "Keep ones personal life pesonal and ones profesional life seperate, to protect your loved ones, aswell as yourself." so says the Book of Creann(Via UHG)

Article 3, Passage 3, "Always remember SMASH!!!" so says the Book of Creann(Via UHG)

Article 3, Passage 4, "Never forget SMASH!!!" so says the Book of Creann(Via UHG)

Article 3, Passage 5, "Never try to smash somthing that shouldn't be smashed." so says the Book of Creann(Via UHG)

Article 4- Ripples of Knowledge

Article 4, Passage 1, "Don't throw rocks into the water, You never know what the water will throe back." so says the Book of Creann.

Article 4, Passage 2, "Tranquility is the way, until the rapids break the peace then show the power." so says the Book of Creann

Article 4, Passage 3, "Never ignore a gift no matter the size or from whom it comes from." so says the Book of Creann

Article 4, Passage 4, "The best offering is one's self, and never for profiet or to gain power." so says the Book of Creann

Article 4, Passage 5, "To pass up the oportunity of a lifetime will cost you your life. So don't pass it up." so says the Book of Creann

Article 4, Passage 6, "Love is something we all can share, do so generously." so says the Book of Creann

Article 4, Passage 7, "Nothing is ever completely negative." so says the Book of Creann

Article 4, Passage 8, "Remember the only weakness is accepting you have one at all." so says the Book of Creann



Posted: Thu Mar 09, 2006 3:08 pm Post subject:

The other Secret of Celindil

To this day the story of the first siege of Celindil et Necronef is a common one. Known throughout every inn in Roekron. The story is most definitely true, but here is how that unfortunate day unfolded for myself and an elite few willing to take a risk and try to end the war from the inside. Although in my old age my memory plays some of the worst tricks so I must warn you beforehand that though the whole story is accurate a bit here or there may be a smidge off...

The day before we laid siege to Celindil I was told of a secret underground cave passage leading into the heart of Celindil, one only known by high wood elf officials. That night as I lay awake, I was polishing my full plate and sharpening all of my weapons to try and calm my nerves when I thought of what good could come from this passage way. It was only accessible from the Celeroth River, so we could only sail to it, but in doing so we would have to go through or very close to the war ships sailing along the river, the only way that would be possible is if we had a warship, but if we happened to make it past the ballista's we would lose the element of surprise that would be so instrumental this small side attack to work. That meant that we had to take a small boat so that we could hopefully slip past the ships and get into the cave undetected. That was it I decided, the next day I asked two of the craziest and fearsome fighters I know. Snigelfritz, the hobbit barbarian, considered small even by his fellow hobbits. But nonetheless, he can take down some of the fiercest foes that you could imagine. He eagerly accepted and asked if Revan was coming. When I asked Revan he too wanted to go, ready to bring vengeance to the undead. Revan by the way is a small type of elf who almost bears a resemblance to a wolf, but while wielding a bow definitely shares a wolf's savagery in combat. That day when everybody was expecting to go in for a head on assault, I asked all of my closest friends who have proven themselves in battle so many times if they would be willing to go with me. Surprisingly quite a few said they would help. Although in my old age I can not remember who all was in this party, but I do know that I thought we were small enough to sneak in, and strong enough to kill Broden.

As we watched all of our other friends march out with the main army we started out toward the small boat that was set aside for us. The minute that we all got on the boat it started to move, speeding toward the Dark City at an uncomfortably fast pace to be going toward such an awful place, but I would rather get there fast than be spotted by the ships going slow. As we skirted around the battle ships and closed in on the northern side of the Celeroth I could see a small cave that I knew at once to be our destination. At first I couldn't see any shapes, and I hoped that Broden hadn't learned of this cave, but as we moved in I could see them there. Almost waiting for us. There were so many undead there it was like a small army. At this site my heart started to race, I couldn't think of anything but how this would fail, and then at that moment

Snigelfritz came up beside me, radiating with his joy for combat. And that's when I realized that we were fully equipped and trained to do this. Finally when we docked I rushed off the boat with all of my comrades at my side, killing every undead that was lucky enough to get in my path, because next to me was Snigelfritz, gracefully whirling about with both of his Burning sticks igniting almost every thing they touched. As we cut deeper into the heart of Celindil we saw what strikes fear into the heart of men, A Carakwaith. Before I could feel fear I sized her up, realizing at once from her bow and armor that it was Braids. This was perfect, a vampire. As everyone started to back away I started to move forward, readying myself to the thing I'm best at. Killing vampires; before I could make my move Snigelfritz rushed past me in a battle frenzy. Unfortunately for him, Braids charmed him before he could swing his first attack. That was when I started to feel fear. I knew I could take one of them, but not both. That is when I saw Revan stealthing up behind Braids. He nodded at her and I nodded at our hobbit companion. At that moment I rushed him, as Revan unleashed the most destructive volley of arrows in one shot I have ever seen. In one shot he took her down, releasing the hobbit from her charm. Almost at once after she had fallen a green dragon broke through the roof, telling us to

“Disband”.

“Give me all of your magic items”.

“Renounce your allegiance”.

“Disband”.

This was definitely the first and the last time I will ever disregard what a dragon tells me, and if you are smart you would take my advice, do whatever a dragon tells you.

And as quickly as he had entered he left, flying through the roof. With the fallen Carakwaith now in our possession and the dragon out of our way, we went back to our boat, to leave her there so that no undead would get a hold of her, or reanimate her.

Now with one Carakwaith down and most of the tunnel cleared out we all started at a light arrogant jog away from our ship, and onward into the heart of Celindil, when a white light started off in the distance to the west, growing in brightness and coming quickly at us. This is a light that to this day I still wake up to in the middle of the night, for when it reached up it unforged all of the magic items that we had in the party. In that one instant, the spoils of so many battles for all of us up until this point were lost. But after the light faded and our sight was restored we could all see, the items with us from the Grey Isles were completely untouched, and our items from Sericonia were reforging themselves. With nearly all of our power over the undead gone they come swarming down the tunnel, at this sight no fear was instilled in my heart, because I knew that we had some mages and warriors with there mages with us, no, all I could feel was the overpowering agony that I would not get my one clean shot at Broden. Knowing that we now could not kill him we slowly backed out and retreated back across the Celeroth. After that horrible incident when we were sitting at our favorite inn, and talking about the battle, did I learn that the light that unforged all was a masked curse laid deep in the orb of the elder magus, which was released when it crossed the lines into Celindil territory. Though many lives were lost, and the dark city captured a lot of the land we once held firm, I could only revel in the thought of how I would once more get a chance to kill Broden, but next time we would be stronger and more cautious.



Posted: Thu Jun 01, 2006 10:49 pm Post subject:

Reminder of Choronicles

Hello all:

This is just a reminder that we need people to Chronicle not only current adventures but past ones as well. Remember that you get an experience point attributed to the character of your choice when you do a Chronicle so those of you who need one or two more experience points to level up and get your deaths to equal you level... start writing. While it might seem unimportant to you, to the new players and those who were on a different quest or don't come on that day, it is a wealth of knowledge. Thanks.

Christopher

1360 |snx



Posted: Fri Jun 09, 2006 9:30 am Post subject:

The Dragon

ON our way out to the far east as we were walking we saw a very large shape in the distance. it looked like it was coming toward us, not at a particularly fast rate, but it was still coming. once it got closer we could see that it was a golden dragon. Since it was just loping around we thought that it wasn't hostile, so we started to move around it, I never like to get close to anything that can kill me without even trying. Just something I do. But as it got closer, it started looking at all of the party members including myself very interestingly. After identifying our magic items it became very interested, and started to throw elder sorcery balls of unglued loot. Once this started we all ran, not wanting to get our important/legendary items from being taken. Upon its departure we kept on walking, and ran into a large golden shape that was lying in the ground. Once we got closer we recognized it was another dragon, not as strong as the other, but a dragon nonetheless. Upon learning that it wasn't as powerful as we thought it was i decided to attack it since its claws couldn't cut through my armor, and the only spells it had were elder sorcery, which is easy enough to dodge when you are of my small size. Along with me came the saurg Veteran, and the scorpion "journeyman" once the battle started to heat up the veteran went

back to protect the life mage who was warding our stuff so we could damage the dragon. So as the two "journeymen" stood face to face with a golden dragon i got the bright idea of using a "scroll" of flash ball. And with one lucky shot i hit the dragon and as he fell we struck down on him, but failing to remember he could regenerate waited to long before we could take down all of his hit points. When he got back up I used another "scroll" of flash ball, taking him down again, and hacked at him along with the scorpion with such ferocity that he could not recover fast enough. Once I dealt the final killing blow, I used my "ring" of bury but the beast burst back to life, breathing its horrible breath that dishonored me seven times. Once he was back up we had to regroup. But by this time another group of adventurers had stumbled on our dragon, and started fighting us. In the crossfire the dragon was hit with a warded death ray, Falling to the ground. Once I saw this I ran faster than I thought I could, to use my other "ring" of animate dead to animate the dragon under my control. Now hiding behind a high level circle of protection with a ghost of a dragon, we were faced with our other problem, the three almost guild master evil adventurers. As I tried to push out of the circle of protection to go kill the others that were trying to take my dragon the dim witted Saurg had to stop me. I don't know why, but I don't care. Mean while the life mage snuck out the back of the circle of protection, and put the soul of the dragon into its body, but it regenerated before I could animate it again, and flew off. I listened to my party and we walked away from an unnecessary battle. Possibly the dumbest thing in the world since we could have won, but being a "journeyman" being in good standings with your party is important.

1427

Pangolin



Posted: Fri Jun 09, 2006 10:24 am Post subject:

Psst... Clay... the first dragon was a blue dragon. That's kinda important since there's been events centered around it recently.

1428

snx



Posted: Fri Jun 09, 2006 4:24 pm Post subject:

what ever your suposed to chronicle what your charecter thought happened. i thought it was gold

1429

Game Master Chris



Posted: Fri Jun 09, 2006 9:47 pm Post subject:

Chronicles

Hello Clay:

Great Post! I hope more people remember to write the adventures down and get experience points for them now that summer is on. Keep up the good stuff.

Christopher

1432

Creann_Lottorn



Posted: Sun Jun 11, 2006 10:23 pm Post subject:

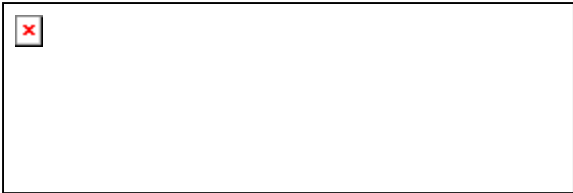
Chronicle of Cieto Sharpclaw

I set out with a few friends Talis the Life giver, that crafty hobbit that owns that creepy scorpion, and teh ever handy inkkeeper Mira. We were headed to the inner sea or sumthing, i wasnt to sure i went along to get the thought of my recently disbanded clan out of my head. So on the journey the Life giver cast a most powerfull spell upon me and then i was almost invinceable. it was a new feeling. She is little more than a food animal but she could be worthy of clanship. Maybe a new clan can sooth my recent pain. Well we passed a couple hobbits who seemed rather turned off by the small but exceedingly powerfull party. We didnt give them a second look. We pressed on and there was an eire fog. with the Life givers spell i feared nothing. I stepped forward into the fog, and then got the coldest shiver down my spine. i took my herbs. Two specters then came into my view and as i tried to attack them two skull warriors jumped me wiht swift sleep and warded slays. we got worked but then the Life giver raises her hand and places a barrier that nothing can pass through. And the fog seemed to be steaming as a Firey deamon came up to the berrier and cast a spell of pain and torment upon it. I tore a whole in the sheild and there was lots of pain. i had some laps in memory from it but i still kinda have this urge to take peoples mana. huh dunno. i woke to the Life giver complaining about some ring and a sword. She said the demon took it. The only way we were gonna find it is if we obtained the pathfinder item Ravenwing. the Legendary sword of Morganti vs undead. It had

the soul of a LE Dark Angel in it and i was the only one able to weild it so we marched down into the catacombs of the temple to the Lady of the Longsword. We pushed our way through some pathetic undead, zombies and such. Well then the silver golem spoke to me asked my alignment and then after knowing my teir showed me the way to the sword. Ravenwing was so beautiful... very intimidating but beatiful. i returned to Mira, the life giver, and the hobbit and the soul in the sword recognized the hobbit. showed me some rather odd images of the food animal and the angel doing some odd things. but we took the sword back out and found the ring on the deamon. I walked up took a potion of adreniline and charged in there, they tried to swift sleep me and i morganti fucked them up. The demon turned to run and i swung Ravenwing with faith that the angels hatered of undead would guide it. with one swing i took the demon and eviscerated him. Nearly cut him in two. The other undead were nothing after that. The sword blessed me by letting me use some of its skills. He maybe be evil but he still hates undead as do I. the Life giver and the hobbit both are here to tell their story but for that poor inkeeper gave her soul so that we could retrieve the Life givers sword and ring. We will not forget you.

1444

Bug



Posted: Fri Jun 30, 2006 12:33 pm Post subject:

Excerpt from the Journal of "Chief" the toiroar. Only in-game knowledge to anyone who was in the party that found him or who wants to go ask him about it.

So I was walking through the market looking for beads when this lizardy horse thing stops me.

He says,

"Hey, you wanna make some gold?" an' I says,

"You can make gold!?" since that's pretty amazing, but I dunno, I never met a lizard-horse before. Well it turns out he was one of them people-horses wearing lizard skin. Kinda disappointing. Oh an' then he said

"No, no, no. I mean earn some gold. Now be quiet!"

"Oh, ok" I says, more disappointed. I waited...An owl hooted. After a while he tells me he needs a bodyguard.

"You want me to guard a body?" I asked kinda confused. He said,

"Uhh... sort of. I want you to protect me, you know, fight off anyone who attacks me." I told him I'm pretty good at fighting but he wanted to know if I was trained as an enforcful. I told him I can be pretty forceful

"No, an enforce-ER!"

"Oh, uh, no." I didn't know what he meant but I guess that meant I wans't.

"Hoot!" That owl was kinda annoying...

"Well then I can't pay you too much... how good are you with that?" he asked pointing at Bumpy, my grampa's old club.

"Good," I says, "I had Bumpy e'er since I..."

“HOOT!!”

“...could holds it.”

“Good, good...” I was starting to get bored an’ that owl staring at me was starting to bug me, so I asked him,

“So how much you gonna p-“

I’m not sure what I said after that. But I woke up, which was funny since I don’t remember going to sleep, an’ my arm hurt real bad an’ I was kinda cold. Also it smelled real bad. Kinda dusty too. Then I opened my eyes. It was sorta dusty. Come to think of it I was pretty dusty, but the dust in my fur was kinda weird. It smelled all wrong, not like normal dust.

I was in some kinda room made out’a real cold stone. I stood up an’ bumped my head, which hurt. Then I figured out why my arm hurt. There was a chain holding it to the wall an’ it’d been up above my head. Well so I goes to take it off my arm an’ I can’t! it was all locked shut! Well so I go to bust it with Ol’ Bumpy but someone took it! Then I sees Bumpy sittin’ on my shield ova’ away from me on the ground. Well I try to grab Bumpy but my arms stuck on something. After a while I give up an’ sit down. I look around an’ see some bodies on the otha’ side a’ tha room I wondered if those were the bodies I was supposed ta guard but then I remembered I was supposed ta guard that people-horse. Then I saw he was one of tha bodies. Oh well I guess I didn’t guard him too good. My arm started hurting so I stood up. I hit my head an’ it started hurting again so I sat down.

I sat around for a while playing with the beads hanging off’a Ol’ Bumpy. I dunno how long it was but after a while I hear something outside an’ stand up. This door opens a little an’ this real little guy walks in. I guess he was a hobbit , not a gnome on account a’ he had his hair on his feet not his face. Well he comes in an’ looks at the bodies an’ then these see-through things are there an’ he fights ‘em. I think they were ghosts or somethin’. Well, I think to myself hey, maybe he can let me out. So after he stops fighting those things I says,

“Hey, can you let me go?” an’ he asks if I’m gonna attack him an’ I says I’m not. Why would I attack someone who’s letting me go anyways? So he hits the chain with his sword an’ it breaks. I dunno why I never thought a’ that.

Well he asks me to carry one a’ the bodies an’ I says sure cause I’m good an’ strong an’ it was real little. Well I takes the body out the door an’ there’s more people out there, bunch’a humans an stuff, some of ‘em wearin’ lots’a metal. The little guy asks me what my name is an’ I think for a while cause I dunno if he wants to know what people call me or what me real name is or what. Well he just decides to call me Chief an’ I decide I like that

Well they go inside an’ start talkin’ to the little guy an’ I hear ‘em say something ‘bout a trap an’ I guess they wanna move the bodies or somethin’ but pretty soon I hear a bell an’ there’s a kind of a flash an everyone comes out with the bodies kinda sad an’ sayin’ somethin’ about deing a lot which was weird since they looked fine. One guy said he could never die again which I thought was pretty impressive but he didn’t think so. Well then we all go back in an’ they start talking about visions an’ islands an’ islands in caves an’ caves in islands with islands in the island caves an’ I think there were some more islands. There mighta’ been some visions in a cave-island made of island caves. I dunno. Well then they start lookin’ at the walls, which was sorta weird, but after a while they decide they wanna break down this one wall. I figured their island with some caves in a cave was back there. Well I says I’ll do it but they don’t let me. Then they pull a brick out an’ look at it an’ groan. Then one’a the little guys in metal picks up some rocks an’ hucks ‘em at the wall. Atfter a bit the wall falls down an’ we go though.

Well we ended up in this room with these statues made outa' wood an' a buncha' pictures on the walls. They were pretty I guess, there was an ocean an' a desert an' some grass an' some cities an' stuff. Well they started lookin' at the pictures an' I was gonna only I couldn't get into the room. Some kinda see-through wall was in my way. I dunno, maybe it was made'a ghosts or somethin'. Well they look at the walls for a real long time again but I guess they found what they were lookin' for cause the really little guy touched the wall an' he disappeared! An' all they statues started movin' too! Well I decide I don't like this place so much what with all the weird things that's been happening. I decide I wanna hit some'a those statues, but I can't on account'a the wall. Well the people fight the statues for a while an' they kill 'em all I guess cause they stop movin' only there isn't enough blood for them to be dead but I guess statues don't bleed much. After that the little hobbit guy shows up again an' asks everyone this real weird question an' I try to help an' I had an idea but then my headache came back an' I forgot. Well he goes back an' tries it again an' then I guess we all musta' disappeared cause we were in a different room but the pictures were the same an' they did it all over again 'cept with a different picture since the first one was gone. An' they ever let me fight any of the statues, it was real boring but they gave me some bones to make beads with an' I added 'em to the string of beads an' little skulls an' stuff hangin' on Bumpy.

Well they keep lookin' at pictures an' disappearing an' asking eachother funny questions an' disappearing again an' fighting statues without me an' makin' all of us disappear. Sometimes I try to help with the pictures or somethin' an' they just say, "No Chief, go back in the circle." So I goes back to the ghost circle an' wait since I don't really know what they're doin' anyway. Well they keep doing this until there's this big ol' box but no more pictures.

The little woman who keeps touching the other people before they fight an' healing em' after if they got hurt tries to open it but she can't. So walk up figurin' they'll probably tell me to go back but they say ok an' I open it real easy. But then I feel kinda funny an' everything goes gray. There's a voice in my head an' its askin' me one of them questions. Something about runnin' an' roarin' an' never movin' an' havin' no lungs Well I think about it real hard an' think maybe it's someone who got their lungs ripped out but that wasn't it. So then I think that runnin' an' roarin' sounds a lot like what I do cause I like runnin' but I've got lungs an' when I run I move a lot. So I think maybe it's like when I'm runnin' in my sleep but I guess that wasn't it either cause I kinda woke up an' all the statues were fightin' again. It looked like fun but then somethin' hit me an' all I remember was bein' real cold for a while an' then all the statues were dead an' I had missed it again.

Well then they tried the question after I told 'em what I remembered an' then they found some things an' some dust in the box. They took the tings but left most of the dust.

After that we all walked outside an' they did this thing an' I felt kinda funny like that time I swallowed a bunch of butterflies when I was runnin' only this time the butterflies made me fly! Well I followed them all they way back home an' I dunno how much I liked flyin' it was like runnin' but it felt all wrong. But it was funny seeing everything so little under me! Well then I went back to the market an' found some pretty good beads an' that stupid owl was gone an' none'a them horse-peoples talked to me. I guess all the weird stuff is over.

...I dont't think i like bodyguardin'...



Posted: Fri Jun 30, 2006 8:23 pm Post subject:

Hahaha, I didn't seriously think you were going to chronicle that. Nice work.

1501 Bug



Posted: Fri Jun 30, 2006 10:39 pm Post subject:

haha thanks, it was fun and i leveled up

1503 Fenrir



Posted: Sun Jul 09, 2006 12:54 am Post subject:

Travel's Of Revan Ashblood Vol. 1

My life has always been one of adventure and misdeeds. My first party that i remember consisted of a mortals named Creann, Goblin and a Dwarf that i don't care to think of. But i forget myself, my name is Revan Ashblood and i am 1/2 Wolf rider and 1/2 Wood elf. because of my mixed heritage i was always confused with my Wolf Rider half and the fact that I couldn't speak non-monster languages. My first party had this problem, and couldn't make the distinction of my true race.

Early in my career I went by the name of Terin, unwilling to use my real name for fear of power words. Only those that should be trusted could know my true name. As such i traveled and adventured in my earlier wanderings under the psuedonym Terin. It was close enough to Revan that I was comfortable. But here I am once again rambling, our first adventure was against a pack of goblins. Oh how I loved to watch them die, the little creatures would be lifted off the ground with every arrow, their shrill cries piercing the day stars light.

Soon after this hunt, we were joined by an Elf whose name has long since passed on into the sands of time. Once joined, the elf and I formed a sort of pact. He and I promised to become master archers together, a promise that i still hold dear to me. We had a string of successful campaigns against monsters and their like, Orcs, Ogres, Trolls and Giants fell before my party. The mortal Creann saving my life countless times, earning him my eteral gratitude and respect. But our party became over confident and trusted in Creann to much.

Creann told me that he and the others were going to a shrine that was recently discovered, I foolishly agreed to go, I should have stayed far away from the shrine. The way to the shrine was uneventful, upon reaching it however the elf discovered snakes inside. Creann left with Goblin to go back and get a scroll of somesort and once he came back killed the snakes, they were rather tasteey. The rest of the party were playing around with the shrines altar, something that one usually doesn't do. Creann, I believe was stealing from the altar but I am not certain. The party then decided to take the shrine back to town, something that i frowned upon but was unable to convey.

Half way from town we were beset by a kraken, a hidious and vile creature under the control of the goddess of the shrine. Our party was quickly torn apart, with the elf being the first torn asunder by the tentacles. Creann was quick to follow me as we fled the beast, its stench lingered in my nose for weeks. The screams of my companions have yet to leave me.

1604

dusk



Posted: Fri Jul 21, 2006 8:58 pm Post subject:

Only to be used as in game knowledge by Bubbles... yeah, that's right.

The Hobbit Mafia

About twenty five years ago the Hobbit Mafia was formed by the great mage Bubbles. While I was supportive of the Mafia and knew many of the heroes in charge, I had no intention of joining it. Later that same year I married Snigelfritz, who happened to be third or fourth in command (I never really paid attention). I always felt it was a slightly powerful position, being the wife of one of the leaders, but I had never wished for more. Then things changed. Bubbles sought Death, Starwatcher died of old age and Snigelfritz left Hostor to train. While Bubbles, being the "hobbit" he is, came back, he had none of his skills. This left him as the respected founder and me as the feared leader.

The Mafia has been running smoothly up until lately. It was recently discovered the one of our guild master assassins has been sending recruits out on missions that they have not returned from, and magic items have been lost. This was an odd change in his behavior since he had

always been loyal before. The same day Bubbles and I got this news a hero and member of the Mafia arrived back in town. He had been traveling with my good friend Talys, and had an explanation for what might have happened.

At the start of their journey to Hostor, Talys had attacked him with Elder Sorcery of “remove your soul,” but later denied it. When they arrived in Amir Ford, she was identified by arch mages and found to be lawful evil instead of lawful good. The curse was removed and a scroll was found on her with the mark of Goblin. We theorized that the same thing likely happened to our assassin.

The three of us discussed alternatives to a hit; if there is a possibility he could be brought back to our side, we should at least try. We decided to send for him and have a trap prepared with an aura affect that would remove any curse or charm that he had fallen ill to. In the midst of our planning I was interrupted by a messenger who said I was needed at the school, meaning a member of the Mafia needed to talk to me. I was busy with more important things and sent a messenger in my stead. Bubbles and I also decided to send for our other guild master assassin as a guise.

We waited.

The first assassin never showed up, and the second sent back a message saying, “I will be there, and I will be prepared.” He came with about seven other assassins (that we could see), all ready for a fight; their weapons were coated in widow’s poison. The trap was triggered and fourteen assassins sprung into action. Bubbles ducked under a table, our lackey took up a defensive position, and I turned into a tree after freezing everything around me. One person in the room stood still. In seconds the guild master called off his men and I reverted. It was too late for Bubbles; a deadly knife had hit its target.

After being brought back to life, Bubbles and I explained the situation; we wanted them to take out the other group of assassins. After grasping the extent of the situation, our guild master friend informed us that our vault of magical weapons had been moved and the thief who tried to check with me had been killed for going against his orders. I was also told that his body was left in my room to prove the job had been done.

When got to my room two students of mine were outside; they looked disturbed. I went in my room and found the body lying there. There was a slash across his throat. It was black. If I had the time I would have identified the body so I would know who it really was, but I would rather not have a morganti dispatched corpse around for that long. I quickly cast a spell and the body was gone, sent to sleep with the fishes. I left my room and asked my students what was wrong. They said they had come by to borrow a book, but the door had been left ajar and they noticed feet. They were not mine. I told them not to worry; I had gotten in late last night and kicked off my boots without bothering to put them away. The guy turned to me and asked if I could convince him of this and the girl took his hand and said, “I can convince you.” She then spoke in Elder Sorcery to change his thoughts while he stood there and let her.

With the problem dealt with, I locked my door and walked down the hall. I was relieved that at

least that problem was dealt with. Down the hall I saw Talys, but she was walking next to Westly. He claimed to be showing Talys around the school, but when I told him that I was her friend and could do that, he said he had heard of a commotion and was coming to check it out. I told him the same story I told my students, but he detected that spells had been cast. He tried to identify what but could not. "Well, I'll see you at the meeting tomorrow when we discuss how much control the Wizards Trade Order should have over Elder Sorcery," he said and left with a smile covering his annoyance. [/b]

1803

Brick



Posted: Sun Jul 23, 2006 4:32 am Post subject:

The Last Tale of Brick

(ingame knowledge only to Squishface, Hootish, and Nick's Knight)

We began our journey from Esterock Keep, i was with Radriac the ranger who i had gone on many adventures with, and the healing woman known as Talys. We were with others, but all i remeber at this point is something about a Sausage and someone who could find paths. We headed towards Amir Ford, the life mage needed to lay eggs in Pinnacle or something, We started out of town, and quickly ran into a dragons lair. The others got away, but it breathed on me and i was dishonored for 10 deaths, We got away, and then met up with the ranger.

I had no idea where i was at this point, but we fought ogres, i was hit by a warded flash ball, and i went down. I had all my potions and scrolls taken from me and was about to lose my armor, when the ranger spotted the thief and took him down, i was then rebirthed and pissed, because this was my 21st death, the 20 before because of being dishonored. We took out the rest of the ogres, and before i knew it we were in Pinical.

I tried to find a temple to Ares, God of War and Chaos, to make of offerings, but all i found was a small shrine. I tried to make offerings of Magic Items, suits of armor, and gold, none of which were accepted. I then walked through the gates to go to Esterock keep, looking for a larger temple, I found one, but the priest had just PDED the day before, and once again nothing was expected. I then decided to go on a war path. I was going to rip a hole in the blackspire pass, killing as many ogres and giants as i could. I recruited Hootish, Squishface, and another 22nd level knight. the other knight and i guild ordered 22 knights each, getting a good start to our army. We recruited more, but they were not of importance. I gathered all of my troops and we gathered in the temple of Ares to pray for good battle.

I was then blessed with first level priest, i then saw a shimmering figure on the altar. I walked towards the altar, and the Avatar of Ares took off his helm and it turned to pure energy, he then placed it on my head. I got myself identified, and I found that i had been blessed so that all

ogres would fear me and run from me. I then purchased a shield of charge for Squishface so that he could run in attack formation with us. The curse of the shield was that it would randomly cast eldersorcery "i burst 7 cities". He could not even use his own mana, a certain cobbbit could, so i thought we would be okay. We then left for battle, we were only fighting giants, as an army of 2000 ogres were running at the sight of me. We were slaughtering giants left and right, until we were between two cliffs and being hammered by boulders, Hootish, Squishface, the other guildmaster knight and I flew up in attack formation to take care of them. We were in a stalemate, and we had 5% of the army left, most had died by running into lava.

We took care of the giants and in the process i was hit into the lava, my 22nd death. all giants and ogres now taken care of, 2 iron dragons were flying incredibly fast towards us we were all hit with their breath weapon, they then started grabbing the lava with elder sorcery, none of us were hit though. Squishface flew up into the air with super speed with the burst cities shield. Hootish and i flew away with the dragon in pursuit, we flew towards esterock keep, and the dragon slammed into an invisible wall, and ran in fear of it. Squishface was then sucked into a hurricane and hurtled towards esterock keep, the shield then activated. the only one who could use Squishface's mana was the cobbbit, who was in crestfall, because of this, mana was being sucked out the gates, and created a massive elder sorcery loop. 7 cities began to burst, but then a giant golden snake tore off the roof of the palace in esterockkeep and put a stop to it.

(none of what follows is ingame knowledge to anyone)

Because i had already been warned that if the shield went off, i would be morganti slain. I then pulled out my Fedelins Blaze of Fury, and decided to PD myself and do as much possible damage to Celendil as i could, I trampled into the dark city, and mere seconds before i was in range of attack, i was hit in the back with elder sorcery " I control your mind". It was time to pull for my 21st and 22nd deaths, i lost an experience. I then headed towards then now white city to begin my transformation into a Carakwaith.

1812 Pangolin



Posted: Sun Jul 23, 2006 10:06 am Post subject:

Woohoo, I finished!

Tiny Insects Everywhere

or

Talys is Fucked in the Head

I just want to remind everyone that this story contains some very sensitive information

pertaining to my character, so please, please do not use this as in-game knowledge unless I specifically give you permission. Thanks! (I left out Hobbit Mafia stuff because Nell covered that already, and I'm lazy.)

To be honest, I have no idea how to preface this story. So much has happened in the past few days; my mind is occupied with so many different things. Perhaps if I can get it all down on paper, it would be of some help for me to figure out what to do next. With that, I will begin.

I had been traveling almost due west for some time now, trying to reach Pinnacle, my home, and my lover. My biological clock was making itself known, and I knew that I needed to find a place to settle down very soon, preferably within distance of Lunne. I had gathered a party together that was quite large: Raedric, my ranger friend, Brick, the knight and bodyguard to some extent, the two Saurage brothers, the young hobbit girl with the ability to Pathfind, and three others I had met along the way, including a lion mutant and a large, intelligent wolf. So far, we had been passing through the eastern lands without trouble. I felt safe, since the shadowy creatures following us seemed to only attack when I was alone and vulnerable.

When we reached the Iseseniton Forest, my mind began to wander. It was uncomfortable tromping through the thick brush for hours at a time. I could feel insects pricking into my skin, and no amount of slapping seemed to get them off. Eventually, I looked behind me, and my party had disappeared. I was alone again, with nobody left to protect me. Immediately a mixture of panic, terror, and resignation shot through me. I knew what was coming. Sure enough, out from the shadows stepped two black, hunched forms. The dogs were back. Not knowing what to do, I leapt to the only thing I could think of and raised my ring. Immediately a transparent sphere burst into shape around me. The dogs seemed to be temporarily stopped, only prowling around the edge of the circle, but that did nothing to alleviate my fears. Simply seeing their glowing eyes was enough to put me into a complete state of dread. Eventually, I gathered up enough courage to lunge forward at one of the dogs. My sword passed quickly through the circle and struck its ethereal head, and in an instant it had become a tree. This encouraged me a little, and I started toward the other dog. Suddenly a thought occurred to me. What if the dogs were only letting me think I was safe in the circle? What if, when my guard was down, they would both charge? I looked back at the Treeformed dog, and sure enough, it popped back into its spectral state. Then, something strange happened that I had never seen before. The two beasts began to twist and mutate, changing somehow. I could only watch in horror as they stepped through my Circle of Protection as if it weren't even there. I backed away, thinking furiously. When they came within range, I cast another quick Treeform spell, this time on myself. I thought it would buy me some time to figure out what to do, but as the terrible creatures came close, all I could think was please don't learn Treeform... please... My fears proved to be true, as the dogs again twisted and melted into new shapes. One, testing out its new abilities, Treeformed itself, and I knew that there was no hope. I reverted and tried to run, but they were too swift. One blow to the back knocked me down, and I felt shadowy teeth close on my flesh as I tumbled to the ground. Then, there was only blackness.

Strange. This isn't how I expected a Morganti coma to be. I lay on my back inside the automatic circle that the White Lady ring had provided. I couldn't move, I couldn't see, yet I was still conscious. My soul was still apparently present. I puzzled over this for a while, having nothing

better to do. After some time had passed, I began to notice something. There was a presence nearby, and it was enormously powerful. After pondering whether to try to make my spirit hide from this being, or whether to try to get its attention, I decided to simply stay as I was. A thing like that should not be trifled with. Its presence drew closer to me, and I was only a little nervous. After all, how much worse could it get? I could feel it very near now, and it almost seemed to be checking me over. It moved away soon after that, and I was again alone with my thoughts.

Some amount of time passed, but I couldn't tell how much. The next thing I remember is opening my eyes. I was being carried along, on the back of someone familiar. "Raedric?" I said softly. He jumped, and looked at me with a shocked expression. To be honest, I was surprised myself, being able to speak and move again. After putting me down, Raedric told me that he had found me in the circle, but couldn't get through. Something told him that I would be all right, and that the rest of the party needed help, so he left. When he came back, there was a large hole in the circle's side. Being an incredible tracker, he found very faint hoofprints leading away into the forest. I realized that this must have been the presence I felt -- it was Truth, the unicorn that had been brought to the material plane from the Elven Crown. That must have been why my soul hadn't been destroyed. Truth had saved me! I checked myself over, and sure enough, there were no new Morganti wounds to be found. I also Identified myself, and found something interesting. There was some slight presence of what felt like a disease in me, but it was rapidly leaving my system. I wondered what it was, but paid it no mind. I was happy to be alive, and grateful to Truth.

Now that I was mobile again, I suggested to Raedric that he follow the tracks. After walking along for awhile, deep in concentration, the ranger suddenly looked at me, and jumped back in terror. Before I could ask what was wrong, he turned and ran. I ran after him, trying to help him, but I was abruptly knocked out. When I awoke, I was sitting in a tent, bound hand and foot, with a large, angry Saurage glowering at me. Exceedingly confused, I asked him what was going on. To my surprise, he accused me of trying to cast Elder Sorcery on Raedric. Specifically, "remove your soul." I was astonished. Why would I ever attack Raedric? He's way too useful to me. Though I must admit, the look on his face was rather amusing... Strange, I don't usually think like this. Wondering why my thoughts had turned so malicious, I Identified myself again. A curse? Ah, no wonder. It makes me Lawful Evil, huh? This might be fun... I probably shouldn't get it removed for a while.

While I was discovering my new personality, the rest of my party was apparently attacking each other. Each one vehemently denied that they had done anything. Raedric was also attacked by the Morganti dogs again, this time throwing Warded Death Rays. After a while, the veteran approached me again and asked me to Identify him, since he was as bewildered as the rest. When I did, there appeared to be nothing wrong, but why should I say so? I might as well have some fun with him. "You're charmed," I said, with a solemn expression. Taken aback, he exclaimed aloud, "But how did it get through my armor? Nothing gets through my armor!" I shrugged. "It's a very powerful charm. Who knows?" I did the same to Brick, but he seemed suspicious, and took out his own scroll of Identify. Handing it to the Saurage, he told him to see if there was anything wrong with me. Hmm, this won't do. I won't get anywhere if they know I'm evil. As soon as he touched me, I screamed with agony and fell writhing to the ground, still

tied up. "Stop, stop!" I gasped. "The wounds... they're coming back!" They didn't try it again after that. It was a rather good acting job, if I say so myself. Brick removed everyone's "charms," and we were off again.

Once we reached Estorock Keep, I was not inclined to enter the city, since I knew they would probably try to detect my alignment. Brick approached me, telling me that he had lost all his scrolls and potions, and was going to buy some more in town. The strange thing, he confided, was that he did have one scroll left, one of Auto-Rebirth. When he read it, it was blank, save for a bloody illustration of a winking, grinning goblin head. Unbeknownst to him, I had the same thing. I tried to look sympathetic, and nodded. "Does it seem like the scroll's affecting you at all?" I asked. He seemed about to say something, then stopped. "I... uh... I'm not supposed to talk about that," he mumbled as he walked away. Brick never was too bright.

When Brick returned from Estorock Keep, he had a new party member in tow: An orc named Hootish. When he saw me, his whole right side convulsed, and he seemed to be thinking as hard as he could. "I know you," he finally said. "You're a Life Mage. And a Nature Mage." "How do you.. know me?" I asked, for I had never seen this orc before. All Hootish did was rub his head and mutter.

The trip to Amir Ford was nearly uneventful, except for the golden dragon we ran into. As soon as we saw it, we scattered, the dragon roaring off after Brick. Hootish charged it with a mixture of valor and mind-numbing stupidity. After the party joined up again, the orc was nowhere to be found. Brick said that he himself had also taken the full blast of the dragon's breath weapon, and felt that Death would soon be coming for him. I had no idea what he was plotting until later. Nonetheless, we left Hootish behind and continued on. At the time, I was still in the mindset that I had no time to waste on silly little orcs.

When fighting some ogres, I attempted to put up a Circle of Protection, but oddly enough, it didn't work! After the battle, I examined my White Lady Ring, and found that it was a clever replica. Everyone else's rings and amulets were also taken in this manner. I asked the thief to Pathfind for them, and they were west and a little north. A chill ran through me; that was the direction of Celendil. How did someone manage to steal all my scrolls, and rings, and put a cursed scroll onto me, without anyone noticing? Still, my first priority was to get home and have my children. I could always try to take back the rings later.

After reaching Amir Ford, I heard about some Elder Mages that were in town. Thinking that they could perhaps teleport me to Pinnacle and save me some time, I walked to the edge of town where they were conducting their studies. Raedric was a little ahead of me, so they had already let him in when I knocked on the door. It was opened with an abrupt Detect Alignment. Wookie it, I thought angrily as the door slammed. Still trying to act innocent, I knocked on the door again. "I can explain!" I called sweetly. Before I knew it, I was a tree, and the mages were arguing about what to do with me. Luckily, Raedric vouched for me, and said that I had always been Lawful Good until now. They eventually called the Ladies of the Night Watch to stand guard around me, and reverted me. I did nothing; what else could I have done? The Nature Mage knocked me out, Identified me, and dragged me to the altar. After putting Elder Sorcery on me to keep me asleep, they removed the curse making me Lawful Evil. After I woke up

again, I was very grateful, though they still seemed a little suspicious of me. I made it worse by telling them about the scroll; when they heard what it looked like, they immediately began arguing amongst themselves again. When I tried to find out what was wrong, they informed me that the picture was the symbol of the notorious thief Carakwaith, Goblin. They continued squabbling about whether or not I was Goblin in disguise. Finally, they used a "know your truth" spell and asked if I had a Cloak of Many Guises. When I said no, they seemed satisfied, and agreed to teleport me and my friends to Pinnacle.

I waited around the arrival point for as long as I could. When Brick arrived to look after Hootish, I immediately left to go to the Mage School. After a joyful reunion with Lunne, I set off with him, Hootish and the Saurage veteran to find a nice place to build a home for our children. After a laughable fight with six wyrms, I found a sheltered inlet on the western coast of Hostor, and built a stone enclosure for the eggs. After that business was done, we all returned to Pinnacle. Hootish set off somewhere with Brick, and I wondered what they were up to. I never saw either of them again.

Later that evening, the most amazing and terrible thing happened that I have ever had the misfortune to witness. Standing in the street, I suddenly felt some enormous, incredibly powerful spell rushing towards the city. I recognized it as Elder Sorcery gone awry, a mana loop of ridiculous proportions. It was like nothing I had ever seen or felt before. I couldn't even react fast enough to do anything to counter it, even if I had the right words. Luckily, before it hit Pinnacle, something seemed to change about it, and it suddenly diminished greatly in power. Even in this new state, it caused buildings to shatter and collapse all around me, creating mass panic and chaos. I had no idea what had caused this massive burst of magic until the next day, when rumors were flying about Brick's army. They all seemed to paint him as a hero, but I couldn't help but wonder why anyone would be stupid enough to give a group like him, Hootish and Squishface anything enchanted with Elder Sorcery. Brick never was too bright.

While going about the city, helping to heal and rebuild, my thoughts wandered back to my most recent encounter with the Morganti dogs. Something still didn't add up about the whole thing. There seemed to be three extremely powerful sources all focused on me: the dogs, Truth, and Goblin. Yet, for some reason, I couldn't quite figure out which events stemmed from which source. It was all very mixed-up and confusing. Why were the dogs suddenly able to mutate? Why was the party attacking itself? How did we lose all our rings so easily? I decided to clear my head by casting "restore your mind" on myself, hoping to bring back details of memories I had forgotten. Surprisingly, what I discovered was that there were tiny bits of memory that had been covered up, and they were all of seeing my party when I had initially wandered away. Something had made sure I strayed from the group, intentionally changing my perceptions. This didn't seem like normal dog behaviour. Now I was suspicious. I oracled to Pelor, "What is causing the dogs to become more like me?" The answer I received was of the dogs gaining more undead traits, but nothing about learning what I knew. I decided to rephrase the question. "Why, in the last encounter, did the Morganti dogs learn my skills?" This time, I saw a vision of the dogs being attached to my thoughts somehow, and changing whenever a fear of them came into my head. They also seemed hazy, not quite there, and I noticed the two pairs of eyes still in the shadows at the same time. Now this was interesting. These dogs didn't seem to be real at all. That debunked my theory that Truth had saved me from a Morganti coma.

Since the dogs had reacted to my fears, I tried to think of a way to stop my personal fears from coming into my head at all. I decided to try visiting the Necromancy Quarter, and seeing if anyone would be willing to help me make Elder Sorcery of "prevent my fear." After talking to a friendly Necro about my situation, he said that I would probably be better off with someone who knew Storm words. "Besides," he added, "The Necromancer's Guild is not nearly the strongest in this school. That would be the Life Guild." This reminded me of something. "How is the Life Guild doing these days, anyway? I remember several years ago, when there were all the suicides." The mage explained to me that the Guildmaster Life Mage had nearly destroyed himself, believing to have some demon inside him. Luckily, Nym had dispelled it before he could do anything drastic, and he had been fine ever since. "He couldn't remember any of the events leading up to it, though," the necromancer noted. Hmm... interesting. I decided, before I made more Elder Sorcery, to pay this Guildmaster a visit.

The Life Mage seemed happy to oblige me, and when I restored his mind, he recounted to me what had led up to his attempt at his own life. He had apparently been sitting in his balcony, and the insects were out en masse. They were bothering him quite a bit, and suddenly he noticed that there was some kind of darkness growing inside him. He recognized it as a Boogiemán, a demon that gained hold in the mortal plane by entering through people's bodies. In a panic, he began casting Elder Sorcery to destroy his own soul, but before he could finish, it was dispelled and he was knocked out. "Actually," he said, "now that I can remember it clearly, I seem to recall everything being hazy, except for a few random spots in the room." I puzzled over this. Our cases seemed to be connected: both of our worst fears manifested themselves in a way that almost made us self-destructive. I asked the Guildmaster if he wished to try an Oracle about the events. Being a Nature Mage as well, he agreed, and together we asked, "How are these events connected to one another?" Our first vision was of a shadowy figure, lifting a dark shape up to its mouth. It seemed almost to be drinking from it, but wasn't. Then, I received a personal vision. I saw a Centaur Ranger that I once knew, in an alleyway surrounded by fire. Insects were burrowing in his skin, and he was in a state of panic. I saw the rest of the scene playing out, him giving his own body Morganti hacks, and I remembered when it happened, many years ago. But... that was caused by a Carakwaith. The assassin. Could it be...

Things were starting to make more sense now. Of course, a Carakwaith as devious as she was would know that my worst fear was being unable to protect myself from the dogs, and that my party feared turning on each other. She probably was working in tandem with Goblin, to distract us as he stole our belongings and gave us curses. Now the question was, how could I stop this from happening in the future? When I asked the Life Mage, he said that preventing fear entirely would not be a good idea, since it could make me completely apathetic to everything. I needed my fears. They were what drove me to act. However, it would probably be better to make a spell of "know my fear." If I could recognize what was happening, it wouldn't be as out of control. I thanked the Guildmaster, and returned to the Storm Quarter.

I found a multiclassed Storm/Necro mage, and we set to work creating the spell "know my fear." In the midst of creating it, we appeared to fumble. A thought flashed through my head. What if that's just what the Carakwaith want me to think? I tried ignoring it, and was promptly mana-drained to death. So much for that idea. After apologizing to the other mage, I began

trying to think of a way to test the spell, since it apparently had finished. I bumped into a young apprentice wandering the school. He just happened to be my biggest fan, and was all too happy to try the spell on himself. The first time, he didn't have enough mana. The second time, it seemed to cost much less, and the spell went off successfully.

"So, do you know your fears?" I asked.

"I'm not sure... wait, yes. Snakes. And... heights. Oh, and being rejected. And public speaking. And Morganti weapons scare me a little, too..."

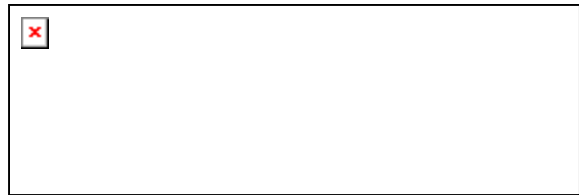
Trying to test out how being confronted with a fear would work, I turned into a Death Ogre. He did nothing but stare at me. "Wow, Talys, you're cool!"

Turning back, I asked, "So, were you afraid of me?" He thought for a moment. "Well, yes, but since I knew it, it was pretty easy to control." This seemed like the perfect result. I hoped that the fumble during creation only made the sporadic mana cost. That I could deal with.

So now I knew the facts. Two of the Dark City's most subtle, sneaky Carakwaith were after me. Wonderful.

I really hate bugs.

1815 Game Master Chris



Posted: Thu Jul 27, 2006 6:08 am Post subject:

Bravo!

Really excellent posts everyone! Kudoes to all of you. Now I have to do a little Chronicle myself.

Feanorion has been flooded. Elder Sorcery was apparently used by Dagdeoth to flood the damaged city and then raid it of it's most prized magic items! Already, the Dark City is crossing the Celeroth and setting up encampments to attack Feanorion in it's crippled state.

All across the southern tropical climes Hurricanes rage. The weather is unseasonally bad in the region and travel is all but impossible.

In the aftermath of the strange occurance that burst 7 cities, causeing major damage the gate has begun to fade and not work as expected. Though no one has yet been harmed by them they have been repoted to send people to random locations now as well as get dimmer the more they are used. As such, people have stopped using them for fear of not only comming to harm but of weakening them even more.

Three Goldern Dragons are moving across Hostor towards the north but have incountered an

Iorn Dragon and look to do battle.

Elves in the Issessenton Forest report being blessed by some devine being and are grateful for it as a large number of Vampires and even possibly a demon have been seen just to the south massing for some purpose.

Two Copper Dragons have landed on the palace at Estorock Keep and have had some conversation with Keri Johani and his guard. It is believed that they are investigating the Elder Sorcery that burst the cities but this has not been confirmed.

In Pinicle, the Emmessary to the Wizards Trade Order by the name of Wesley Bluecloud has been Morganti Slain by four hobbit assassins believed to be part of some sort of Mafia group. Wesley is reported to have been Ninja Dueled by the four Assassins each of which were obliterated with Elder Sorcery (they have not been able to be resurrected) but not before being Mortanti slain. The Wizards Trade Order demands an immediate explanation to the brutal murder of their Emmessary and is threatening all out war with Hostor unless they are satisfied promptly.

The Ogers and Giants have left off attacking Amir and Estorock Keep and appear to be fighting amongst themselves, the Ogers having turned on the Giants due to some rummors that the Giants were about to do the same.

In Astengrad their are rumors of a renegade Mage who seeks to Curse one the apprentece mages and Dishonor him as well. It is unknown who this person is or why they are seeking to do this.

In the Far East their are stories of a huge war, unlike what has been seen before engulfing the inner sea and all those who die being judged by some powerful devine being. Because these rummors are from the far east, we can safely assume they are false.

Finally, business is uncommonly good in Gebtown which say it will being having a Festival of mass proportions in the comming week.

1849

Bug



Posted: Thu Jul 27, 2006 6:52 am Post subject:

oh, a festival, that'll be nice...

1850

The Urban Philosopher



Posted: Thu Jul 27, 2006 12:32 pm Post subject:

im not going to be there

1852

Pangolin



Posted: Sun Aug 20, 2006 7:37 am Post subject:

Re: Bravo!

Game Master Chris wrote:

In the Far East there are stories of a huge war, unlike what has been seen before engulfing the inner sea and all those who die being judged by some powerful divine being. Because these rumors are from the far east, we can safely assume they are false.

This is really, really funny. Sorry, I just had to point that out.

1973

Pangolin



Posted: Sun Aug 27, 2006 6:17 pm Post subject:

Here's another one, from Talys's younger days. I took some artistic license with this one, but it's still pretty much how it happened.

The Highwayman

I was walking down the street one summer evening when I noticed something strange. Through a high, dusty window, someone was staring at me. She seemed odd somehow; perhaps it was her translucence, or the fact that her feet weren't touching the floor. In any case, I wasn't interested in getting involved, so I continued my walk. As I passed the old building, she was suddenly inside my head, and seemed to have no intention of leaving. Well, so much for that plan. I turned back and entered the ground floor.

The interior was shadowy, with the sense that no one had inhabited it for a very long time. I slowly walked down the first hall, passing door after identical door. It seemed to be an old inn, or at least was at some point in the past. After climbing the staircase, I became aware of some

kind of presence that filled the empty building like an invisible mist. There was a deep sadness to it, a melancholy that chilled me. I gripped my staff tighter.

The last room on the top floor was larger than the rest. Perhaps it was where the landlord stayed. The inside was mostly bare, but for a lacy bed and an oaken drawer. The girl was still facing the window, gazing out toward the setting sun. Immediately, the feeling of grief intensified. I could see now that she was wearing a simple dress, one that was in style nearly a century ago. Her hair was tied in a long braid, black as the night sky. Night... somehow, it had already fallen.

I moved closer to the window, but she took no notice of me. Her attention was focused on the equally ghostly man looking up at her from the street. They were exchanging words; their lips moved, though they made no sound. Reaching down to his right boot, the man unlaced it and threw the leather strap up to the window. Catching it nimbly, the girl pulled her braid into a coil and tied it with her new lace. The man grinned broadly, tipped his hat, and jumped astride his horse. The street remained unchanged as the rider galloped off, his mount's hooves not quite touching the cobbles.

The woman continued gazing after the man for a few minutes, still completely oblivious to my presence, before disappearing abruptly herself. If I knew anything about the spirits of the dead, they would play out this little scene for eternity, until put at rest. What was strange about it was that the pair did not seem particularly tortured. What was so terrible about their lives that they were forced to linger on this plane? Perhaps it wasn't over yet. I sat carefully on the old bed, and waited.

In the muffling silence, it took me awhile to realize that there was a new presence. I turned around, and sure enough, the girl had reappeared. This time, she was sitting on the other side of the bed, working on embroidery. Her expression was more pensive, and her face seemed to have aged just slightly.

I heard the first sound that had occurred in this place: A pounding of feet and clash of weapons began moving steadily closer from the bottom floor. The girl looked with shock toward the door, and leapt to her feet. Crossing the room quickly, she fumbled with the lock. Though the real door stayed as still as ever, she was suddenly knocked backwards. Pouring into the room came several soldiers, their rowdiness abruptly silenced as they crossed the threshold. I did not recognize their insignia, but from their behavior, they seemed to be enemies of the country at the time. They seized the girl, and ignoring her frantic struggles, bound her hands behind her. She was shoved against the window frame and tied there, her bindings carefully out of sight from the outside of the building. The laughing, boisterous soldiers returned to the bottom floor, presumably to meet whoever was unfortunate enough to enter.

Despite the fact that these events had happened over a century ago, I couldn't help but feel some concern for the girl. I again moved to the window, and followed her horrified gaze. Sure enough, the man had returned beneath the moonlight, and was riding up the path towards us. As soon as he was close enough to see her tearstained face, his confident expression changed to concern, and he spurred his horse on faster. Now I understood. She was bait.

With the strength and dexterity that could only come from desperation, the girl twisted her tightly bound hands. With straining fingers, she reached down the back of her dress. Out came a blackened dagger, barely staying in her stretching hands. For a few agonizing seconds, she moved it this way and that, attempting to cut the ropes around her. But the soldiers had thought their plan through, and there was no possible angle for escape. The man moved ever closer.

Finally, the girl appeared to come to a decision. She turned the dagger again, this time angled directly at her own back. Straightening up, her countenance took on a new light, almost one of peace. Then, her blade was deep within her. She buckled, and would have collapsed if not for the ropes holding her to the window. As her eyes glazed over, the man stopped, looking with horror and incomprehension at his lover. He backed away, turned, and fled.

The pair again disappeared. Upon investigation of the floor beneath the window, sure enough, there were telltale brown marks, ancient bloodstains. My goodness. How very interesting. Obviously, this woman had a tortured past. Something told me, though, that this drama hadn't quite ended yet. Feeling a little unnerved, I again waited, this time by the window.

The moon had nearly set by the time I saw him. The rider was charging up the street, screaming in perpetually silent rage. This time, though, the soldiers were ready for him. From all sides, arrows flew through the air. Their tips rent his ghostly flesh as he was knocked off his horse, and left him pinned against the ground. They left him there, a sad bundle collapsed on the road. Eventually, he too faded.

I stayed there for a while longer, pondering the fate of the two. What could I do to help them? On impulse, I opened the drawer against the wall. There, beneath a pale-blue thread and leather bootlace, was the dagger. Ah... Spirits are often tied to physical objects. Could this be it? I reached out, and as soon as I touched the hilt, something changed. The cloak of sadness over the room suddenly lifted. In my mind, the girl appeared again, but this time, she was smiling. She had returned to her sewing, completely content to be housed in my head. Hesitating for a moment, I finally shrugged. She didn't seem to be too imposing of a guest. If a change in scenery let her forget her past life's troubles, why not?

I returned downstairs, and opened the door to the outside. The sun was already rising; I must have spent more time here than I thought. However, the morning light failed to obscure what stood at the entrance: The man, looking directly at me and grinning. I was surprised, for it was the first time he had realized my presence. Leaning forward, his mouth formed a distinctive phrase, and though he made no sound, the meaning was clear: "I love you."

Oh, dear...



Posted: Mon Aug 28, 2006 7:23 pm Post subject:

The Forvelaka; a meat-shields view

Excerpt form a Soldiers Journal

The tramp of boots and the clink of mail found me truging out of the town, to what I thought was my death. The forvelaka, an unknown horror from ages past, has been set loose on the Roekron, and we were th only ones who could stop it. I was new to adventuring, barely more than a week after I had left home, and already I had gotten more than I had bargened for. I was a mere journeyman, acting as shields for the knights and other warriors who marched along side me. There were others alog side me in the same predicament, and we had been told what we were up against. A huge spectral dog, fifteen feet tall, who breed its own undead, and couldn't die. They said that it could rip you in half just as easily as it could drain all of your life force with a touch. Suddenly the silver on my chainmail looks extremely flimsy. Only magic could harm it, and I had stared at my small short sword, shining silver in the light wondering what it was good for then. I heard that actions had been made to take care of the beast once we had killed it. I wonder what there are, but I am obviously not to know, there must be people who want this thing to destroy the world. As I look in the other soldiers faces, I see the fear, and knoe that they believe the same that I do. We march, to glory, to honor, and to our death.

I can barely write, my hands are shaking soo much. The simple fact that you may be reading this shows that we lived, but I will not call it a victory. The price we lowly soldiers paid was almost too great the . The experenced soldiers may have been able to warn us how it could kill us, but words could never come close to the real thing. When we fially reached the lair it was sait to have been staying, it was seemingly empty. Deludeingly so, for the moment we were not suspecting, a horde of specters, ghosts, vampires, and I know not what else. Having won the ensuing battle, we felt like we could defeat this thing easily if that was all it could throw at us. We were wrong. It was then the scream came. It was hideous, something talt all of us will remember as long as we live. It came, drifting across the planes, and as soon as I heard it, I was parilized with terror. Low, then sharp, the low again, bending in and out of our hearing it wailed like a bashie. Then the beast came. Lopeing on all four legs, it came at us. I say it, for I do not know what to call it. Here, there, then over there, it darted among our ranks, killing outright, wounding others, or some, sucking the like out of them. As a hobbit, I seemed to be able to throw off the effect before the others, but that only brought it near me. Its touch was like ice, spreading across my mid-drift, and I thought that I would shurely die. But the silver saved me. As the beast moved on, I felt the cold move on, and I felt life flood through me once again. I was then flooded with dred, on how to destroy this monster, for I could think of no way. Then, when it came to the last of our party, the monster touched his shield, and a flash of light reversed the effect. The result was enourmous, it toppled and lay twiching on its side. As the scream left the others, the joined in killing the monstrosity. Finally, it was dead. As it died, it vanished before my eyes. What the measures taken to prevent this beast from riseing were, I hope that they were great. For if the monster ever walked again, we will be forced to fight it

again. Even if we triumph again, we will still take losses, and ones we can ill afford to take in these dark times.

2111

Game Master Chris



Posted: Mon Aug 28, 2006 8:04 pm Post subject:

Chronicles

Hello all:

Excellent historical chronicles. Very nice work with the highwaymen Cora, though as I said, there are a few details there that were important in game (though not as important in the telling). I love the ending!

Jake: Great telling of the Forvalaka adventure. The gruesome detail really gives it life. The descriptions of the howl and the grittiness of your style makes for a great read. Well done!

Christopher

2113

Roscoe



Posted: Wed Aug 30, 2006 10:08 pm Post subject:

Cora it seems like you also forgot a few details before he ran away:

1. He was coming home with a LARGE sack.

2.(not sure you mentioned but you might have) The first time he fought it seemed like he was greatly outnumbered and he held his own before running off, then he came back and well you covered that part.

2143

Jeff



Posted: Thu Aug 31, 2006 6:30 pm Post subject:

hey people! this is my first in what will become a weekly update of worldly events in Drakarnia. hope this will give you a better insight into my world and give you an idea of world events not just what's going on in Cerix (town you all play in).

The Monthandorian war:

Finally after almost a year of fighting Vastioth is on the verge of falling. parts of the outer wall has been broken or torn down and now hordes of monthandor troops are flooding into the city. general Dalanka (the man in charge of the defenses of Vastioth) has begun a final mass evacuation of the city, but it will be at least a week before EVERYONE can be evacuated. Meanwhile, Hamora which has long been neutral in the war was recently brought into the fight. An entire army of monthandor's troops began to flood into Hamora. Although the Hamorians have been quite successful in repelling the advance attack raids, it is only a matter of time before the sheer weight of monthandor's forces crush their first line of defense. But even more disturbing is the rumors that one of the black figures from the first invasion of Atorias has been seen within the ranks of this army. it is unknown which one it is, or even if the rumors are true, but the rumor is enough to cause panic in many of Hamora's ranks. the emperor of Hamora has begun the mobilization of his army and is calling all Hamorian citizens of age to join his army and march to what will undoubtedly be the start of a long and bloody war between Hamora and Monthandor. Meanwhile there is some good news in the Monthandorian war, on the Calthroth island directly to the west of Vastioth, a small group of knights under the command of Lieutenant Gale Naturean has been successful in breaking the ranks of an entire monthandorian division. following in his wake was the rest of his army and they were very successful in driving the enemy army almost to the sea. He doesn't know if the enemy will try a counter attack, but his men are in position if it happens.

Other world events:

Meanwhile in the planes of Haylen, the civil war between the People's Republic of Haylen (PRH) and the Cantuars to the north of them has cooled down quite a bit, as there have been no open battles between the two for a few weeks now. It is not known how long this unofficial peace will last, but knowing the hatred the PRH has towards the Centuars and vice versa, not too long would be a good guess.

Meanwhile way down south, the dwarfs in the southern mountains have not been heard of for some time now. there are reports that a war might be going on in the mountains, but as to who is fighting who or what's fighting what, nothing is known.

Also in Hamora, the Hamorian Navy has been successful in holding the pirate blockade runners

that ship supplies to Monthendor at bay. Although only a few days of no supplies wont hurt the Monthendorian army at all, if the ships can be kept away from monthendor for a few weeks Monthendor might have to fall back to resupply and regroup.

so thats all for now folks, plz leave ur comments as to what u think, and if u have any questions ask them and ill be happy to do my best to answer them. also, i plan for this post to get bigger as my world grows.

2146

Game Master Chris



Posted: Mon Sep 04, 2006 6:59 pm Post subject:

World Events

Hello Jeff:

Nice to see your world fleshing out! I don't have much time, I am working fulltime and taking 9 units, and running FanWar and doing birthday parties and living in my inlaws house until I can move into my new house... so I will be brief. How does the information in your world get from one place to another. I assume that since there is no magic, it is by messenger runners. This indicates that there will be a significant time delay between when things happen and when they are know to have happened. Furthermore, who shares this information with people. Is there a news service, like a town crier, or is this all gossip. Knowing the source of the information makes a world of difference. Often the informtiaon is exagerated and hyped up if it is comming from the pallace and they want a war to erupt. Consider posting where the info comes from and how likely it is to be true. I usually label my information as Amir for Gossip, or Rumors. Something similar might help.

Christopher

2171

Jeff



Posted: Mon Sep 04, 2006 9:02 pm Post subject:

oh very good point chris! i never even though of this! ill post where the info comes from in the future!

2179

Bug



Posted: Tue Sep 05, 2006 5:32 pm Post subject:

yeah, thanks! thats an important thing to consider (for GMs and players!)

2186

The Artful Dodger



Posted: Sat Sep 09, 2006 12:55 pm Post subject:

just a short story: ask me (seb) if you can use this as in-game knowledge, if you want to

"Since my brother is telling the story already, you might as well hear the whole thing. My soul was being wrenched away after about, oh, my fifteenth time dying, when a man in robes and a beard appeared and spoke to me. The message was blurred and not very clear, but he said something along the lines of 'me, as you' at that moment, i saw that his right hand was missing, and as he said it, i noticed mine was gone also. He then said something about bringing my people together, or something like that, and then the vision was over. After the vision, i noticed that i could not use my right hand, and had to get this device, which is very tedious to bear. This vision might have been linked to the fact that, around 15 years ago, i was teleported incorrectly, and found myself aboard a ship. This ship was full of dark-skinned, broad-shouldered, people, the like of which i had never seen before. Eventually, I learned their language, and they told me they were trying to get to "The land to the north", but they couldn't because their ships kept getting stopped by a large blockade. I discovered that this land to the north was where i had come from, you know, this land. And when they themselves strived to reach it, they couldn't, even with their remarkable abilities, which were akin to powerful Paladin abilities i have seen before. Anyway, our ship got smashed by this blockade, but something in the sea must have helped me to survive, because i found myself on the shore near Einas Mien with no recollection of this event whatsoever. I only remembered quite recently, a few months ago. So, a short time ago there was a rumor about one of those men i spent five years with appearing in the east, and now we are on our way there, to find him. Meanwhile, my brother was helping me decode the mission given to me by the man in the vision by asking various people around town about him. That's where we are now."

2256

hibidyskwibidyoldmanjibdy



Posted: Tue Sep 19, 2006 2:15 pm Post subject:

The passing of an old friend.

for me now the world is crumbling, my body my maybe young but my mind has been around for more than two ages. i have seen broden when he was just a little Donovan bag. but now i feel as if my time is about to come to an end. so this is my last entry in to this journal of mine, for to night we meet with the assassins. and all will come to an end for this hobbit finally. for it has been to long and my return has proven to be worthless. i will go now to join with my best and most misunderstood friend skywatcher. and i leave what was his to whom ever can find it . he was born on this island and would die on this island not that he stayed here is whole life. he did a great number of things. i don't any one who would tell a dragon hey i will stop bothering you if you just help us. and then come back to bother it some more. that crazy ass, or hey what ever i'll go fight the forvalaca alone. Or before he even new me came out and help get ride of the darkness in the west. or he stole a demons orb of the elder-magus which then he gave to me which now that dame flame loving bastards has just let me get my powers back and i would give him something to cry about. i wish skywatcher were here to help me with this so called Mafia most don't know it but skywatcher is more native to this island than most hobbits are he was born in the forest of hoss bay learning the stars from his great great grandfather, learning to feel the wind and what it was saying. things that are now lost to this world, lost to most so called mages who have forgotten what it means to use magic and where it came from. but back to skywatcher he will ever forget his home and thats what called him back. his keep was not known to any but myself. its funny how we find are self's in life's circle. and its funny how good deeds of the past are mistaken for cowardly acts. such as when we were fighting those ships off the shores of hostor. when we were escorting villagers to the safety of pincle it was taken as us fleeing with them but what most dont know is that skywatch got them there and i went and woke up the trees to fight and get rid of the ships but historians will here nothing of it. so it is and so it shall be. i leave now with one or two words of advice. one the forvalaca was one of three trapped under. two look to the roots of your self and other to find treasures that you did not know even existed. and just remember that the wizards trade order is week at the knees and when proper power of the mind is dedicated to the fall of all it will tumble and beg for mercy. good bye to jeramy and good bye all that i once loved, may the treasures of your life be many and the hair on your toes never fall out.

2405

hibidyskwibidyoldmanjibdy



Posted: Tue Sep 19, 2006 2:20 pm Post subject:

yes i know that it is hard to read but thats how bubbles writes to bad

2406

hibidyskwibidyoldmanjibdy



Posted: Tue Sep 19, 2006 10:39 pm Post subject:

" ok this is squishface talkin so bare in mind that things will not make any senes what so every, just try to learn somthing."

hello my self this is my journal squishface journal my journal that one guy with the face said hey write things down in this so you can rember them later. so i said ok so now im writeing this is so i can rember what happened with brick. its started with us going to that one place with all of the gaints and we went thought and kill a lot of them and took there stuff. i had that ring of gaints witch i traded to that one guy in town. i got this sheild that gave me charge so that when brick and myself and those knights went to mess up those mean gaints that i could do more damage. but the sheild was weird it felt funny. and they told me not to come close to town with it. and then we went charging in we killed alot of them and we were flying and then these dragons came. oh oh oh oh and there was fire i dont know where it cam from but they kept callin it la la lavas that it lavas but then the dragons came and i few at them and at the last minute i few up useing my super speed i made fire come out of my feet and i flew up and up. oh yah i for got this is key i have to rember to tell them this because its how i got to the moon. well we ran in to a lot of gaints but there were like these big thing that looked like dragons but they did not have wings and i ran really fast with my super speed and we made a vor a vor a tes no no not vortes but but a vorlavas no no a what did they call it i dont know any more. but it whirld around and stuff. its what no no wait no yes ok so fire was shoting out of my feet and i went way up in to the sky and there was the spining thing they called it a huri a hury no wait a cain thats it a cain there was a cain up there and i got cot in it and stared going really fast like frummmmmmm babababa and then i shot out of it and there was a town below me so i went at it i thought at the time that it was the moon and i went at it really fast and then the shield started doin somthing wierd and then it started to come apart and this big loopy thing started up in the sky and bam the city was shaking and stuff an then this big snake ate me and this lady the most buetiful lady in the wourld was there she said somthing but i cant rember what she said. wait was that a dream or hmmmmmm

2447

Game Master Chris



Posted: Wed Sep 20, 2006 5:28 pm Post subject:

History

Great posts Wade!

It is great to finally have you on the forums. You are such a big piece of FanWar history it is nice for people to be able to see and learn from what you have discovered about Roekron and FanWar. Thanks.

Bubbles journal entry is so sad... really great. It makes me think of all that was sacrificed to get where you guys are today, and whether anything will come of it.

Christopher

2453 Jeff



Posted: Thu Sep 21, 2006 1:05 pm Post subject:

i remember hearing about how wade spilled his guts to the nice lady who was a dragon and all chris said was "good role playing wade" poor squish face! even elder dragon ppl who eat him wont give him any slack! and chris have u emailed me that thing u sent me that i cant get on my other email, but my new email is phoenix885@comcast.net so you can send it to that one and every thing will be fine!

2487 hibidyskwibidyoldmanjibdy



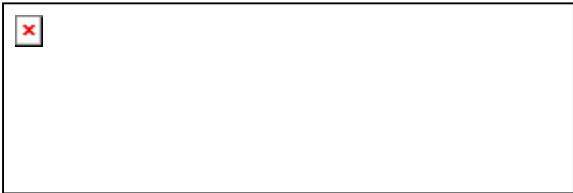
Posted: Thu Sep 21, 2006 7:10 pm Post subject:

(a letter from skywatcher to bubbles) 2nd age bubbles is still missing
Dear bubbles im not sure why i still write these letters to you. i know you are most likely dead

and gone having to go to the grey isles and getting your self blown up or killed but i guess i just cant let go. im not sure what the Mafia is going to do im taking on some of the responsibilities but snikelfrize and nim and others are doing most of it. i have gotten something that is of the most importance its one of the most powerful items i have had in quite sum time you would love it only if you were here. but its how i got it that you would be most interested in remember those stories that you would tell of your teleport failure well your summoning to help that barbarian with the unicorns and that cat thing that would howl well i had to fight one to day i don't know nothing i did seemed to help i remember you telling me something about how you got ride of it but nothing i did seemed to help. the stars have ailed and i fear that dark times are ahead. for the what we now call the forvalaca(does any one know how to spell that) got loose. it was in a mirror. i feel my mind going as the yeas pass for i am a ripe old age for a centaur. but im bored this retirement stuff is horrible i rather fight broden him self than sit here day in day out. i fear that his power my now be at a breaking point. we can take him but i have little faith in most. do to the corruption that i fear has plagued most of this world. but now that i am old im starting to make plane for my death. ha who would think that i would get to plane my death. its seems that now i only have death to look forward to who knows what awaits us there. im leaving directions to my resting spot in case the worse has not happened and you return. they rest in the vary spot that you were once pronounced dead follow from there due south to where are spoils of battle rested you know where i mean

2503

Game Master Chris



Posted: Thu Sep 21, 2006 9:39 pm Post subject:

Starwatcher

Lots of meat in this one Wade. Nice post! I hope people read it for what it is.

Christopher

2541

The Artful Dodger



Posted: Sun Oct 08, 2006 8:52 pm Post subject:

to be used as in-me knowledge by cookies, Talys, Jake's hobbit (what's his name again?)
Cookies, and walter's veteran.

Caution: long, painfully long, and sometimes boring

Alright, this is the story of our journey to the east after we met cookies and beyond: Jake's hobbit, Cookies, Marcus' barbarian, and I started travelling to Icashi, where the stranger was rumored to be sighted. When we arrived, we found the town in flames. We never did figure out what caused the fire, but we were immediately put to work putting out the flames. In the process our clothes and all of our flammable belongings were burned. Afterwards, we all asked around the inn (singular, the others were burned) trying to get info on where the stranger was. We cross-referenced a few stories, and it sounded like he was mugged, and, tragically, death came for him. But through my "freinds" in the town, I know the kill was paid for. So we decided to visit his grave, after we found some cheap clothes. When we got there, we walked up to his grave. Strangely it was unmarked and hard to find. Apparently it was marked with a wooden headstone and it burnt in the fire. Soon we noticed that we were being watched by a figure in a dark cloak. After a while of looking around his grave, two Serpention Samurai approached us and said, "Excuse me, what is your business here. If you are thinking of doing any grave robbing of the stranger you can forget it! Grave robbing is punishable by multiple deaths. Move along now." We noticed the cloaked man wasn't there. We walked out of the cemetery and wait outside while the Samurai leave, except for cookies, who had explained to the guard he was making rubbings, so he proceeded accordingly. we were considering what do when we saw the cloaked figure again from just inside the cemetery, watching us again. Cookies then came over and we pretended to talk about the rubbings, but I was sneaking peaks at the man when I didn't think he was watching. The figure in the cloak appeared to be following us. I saw him watching us carefully as if not sure what to do. He looked human and obviously was not too good at hiding himself. We left the graveyard and walked through the crowds in the city. When I finally turned around to ask him what he wanted, he asked me first. To which Cookies answered, "Actually that's what we were going to ask you, you seem to have been following us. Is there anything we can help you with?"

to which he replied quietly "I... don't know." He looked around carefully. "We can't talk here. I don't know if they are watching." So we followed him. He lead us down some pretty beat up street and stopped a few times to buy paper and ink and some food. We all keep a non-suspicious distance and he seemed to be continuing to check on whether he was being watched. We followed him carefully. Eventually he lead us to a busy tea house and made his way through it. We followed. When he came out the other side we saw him step into a small cottage in the back. We followed him in and found a VERY humble abode littered with scraps of paper and lit by the open windows. He set what he had purchased down on the table in front of him. Then he down and it was apparent that he had a wand in his hand but was keeping it pointed down. He said,

"If you are here to kill me, you may try now. If not, tell me your business and I will listen." Then cookies said, "Don't worry, we have no intention of killing anyone, though we are wondering why you were following us. Also, my friend here may have some questions that you might be able to help him with."

The last part was said gesturing to myself. So we asked about the one who died, and after we stressed the necessity of the information to be revealed, he said:

"I knew Gibandi only a short time. I can tell you very little about him except that he is not from our lands and possessed some very peculiar abilities." He stopped here as if not sure he should continue. "You say a god sent this man to find Gibandi? That is very interesting. You say you

want to know who killed him. Well that is common knowledge. The bandits did." Here he looked as if he was being sarcastic, "Bandits killed the Stranger, as everyone called him, yes, Bandits killed him. And that is why I, the only one to have known him for any length of time am being followed by the Serpention Guard." He stopped again and looked at us all carefully. "No," he said, almost to himself, "If you wanted to kill me you would have done so already." He looked about and said, "But why, why this man (me), why has his god sent him here to find Gibandi? I am afraid he is too late, for Gibandi is no more. He seemed like a good enough fellow the time that I knew him. And the things he could do...." here he trailed off. "I don't know what to say."

I will shorten this to stop boring you too much. Essentially what he said was that Gibandi could kill lesser undead by being near them, and could kill a lich by getting a feel for it (the lich) first, then, as the lich was raining down spells with no effect, kill it with a few swipes of his sword. It also seems Gibandi was impervious to mana drain. When he was killed he had black wounds on his body, known as morganti wounds. It was strongly, strongly hinted that the Serpinton guard was behind this. This man also gave me a journal in which he (the human) wrote all of Gibandi's words in the Common Alphabet.

After that, we heard guards at the man's door, and we escaped out the back way. With the help of a cook, we escaped to Armir Ford.

I have read the journal, and it hints that there is a large blockade stopping Gibandi and his people from getting into Roekron. On every ship, there is a "horned demon", which sounds an awful lot like a Serpinton Guard (their helms have horns). They are trying to get to Roekron to banish the shadow and the "realm ones", meaning undead. There is only a small fraction of Gibandi's whole nation trying to get past the blockade, with no more than 30 people on a ship, though there is a whole nation of them in another continent to the south. Gibandi's people's abilities seem to come from rituals and such, rather than gaining levels. Also, Gibandi was one of the stronger ones of his people, seeing that he was a chief That is all.

2854

The Urban Philosopher

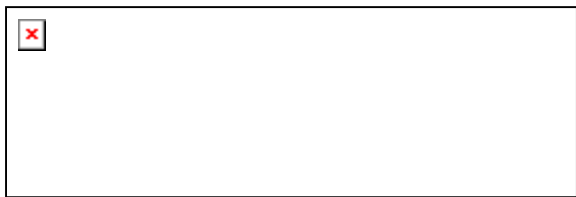


Posted: Sun Oct 08, 2006 9:02 pm Post subject:

Damn it seb, I was writeing this up! Oh well, u got there first. Anyone who wants to know any of this will have find our characters and ask them. or the others involved

2857

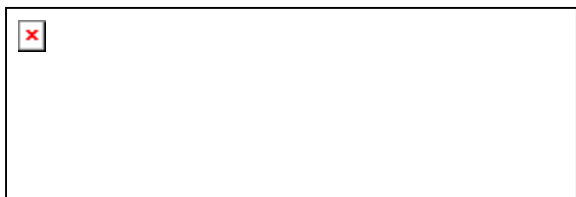
The Artful Dodger



Posted: Mon Oct 09, 2006 3:54 pm Post subject:

haha. well you can fill in the specifics if you want

2868 dusk



Posted: Mon Oct 23, 2006 5:49 pm Post subject:

Love, Truth and Justice

We landed in Amir Ford around noon and it was said that there was a seer in town that knew the story of my husband's death. I have not yet been able to utter the words of what happened to him, but I knew that Talys and the others should know. I went with them to hear the story figuring that later I could correct anything the man got wrong. Perched on the story tellers shoulder was a small golden finch with an ornate green tail, and as we gathered around it became increasingly clear that the bird was likely the saner of the two. Nevertheless, the story was eerily accurate. Some people asked the man a few questions and he seemed baffled so I reached over to the bird and cast "Learn your thoughts."

"Dispel your spell," I heard the bird cheep.

Talys and I, upon closer inspection, could tell that the bird was polymorphed and bared a resemblance to the green dragon of Hostor. Talys and I let him be (I cannot say the same for my son) and he flew off down the river.

We boarded the Golden Twilight and set off in search of Love. While on board we decided to have Sparky wear the semi crown and James wear the warrior crown. We flew over the forest invisible and soon ran into a group of wandering specters. In hindsight we should have killed them all.

The Golden Twilight dropped us off as close to Love as she could and from there the party trekked up a hillside in search of the magnificent beast. Halfway up the hill someone alerted me that there was a group of undead following a ways behind us. I had my spell book open to a certain page, but beside that did not pay them much heed. As we ignored deer trails and climbed straight up the hill I often looked around for any sign of Love. Finally I spotted the creature- it

was standing near a human in full plate. I cautiously walked towards them and only half of my party followed; the rest didn't even notice I had turned. Cookies was behind me, but still by a few yards, and as I got closer to the figure my soul seemed to scream to myself.

I went back and rounded up as many people as I could, warning them of the morganti ahead. Cookies took the lead and met this undead as it came closer. My friend recited Elder Sorcery with determination and as he raised his hand in the air spent more energy in an attempt to cause more destruction. This enemy, now clearly a vampire, dueled him and from Cookies hand erupted a burning light. The vampire fell back, and then pushed forward with more force than before, slicing through Cookies shield, straight to his soul. As this happened I read from my book, directing my spell toward this monster. I ran towards Love and behind me the woman stopped. My spell had worked-- she was aligned with us.

I spoke to Love and asked for help. The creature replied that I should watch behind me, for the person I had converted was not on our side.

"What's your name?" One asked.

"I can't remember my real name," she casually answered, "But I am called Curves."

We were all taken back. I rejoined by group and stood next to this fiend, the one who, had Borden allowed her, would have finished my love. It took all control I had not to punch her in the face.

I felt powerless. There was so much I could do, but I knew that to act at all would jeopardize my entire party, for if I were to make a move Curves would have beat me to it. As a group we continued down the hill. For the safety of my party I made sure Curves lead. It wasn't long before she spun around and hit both Sparky and I with an attack I have seen assassins use many times. Fortunately I have learned to negate attacks of that sort and Sparky is able to prevent some damage from getting through, so still we both stood. But, by the time we had regained composure she was gone.

When we reached the bottom of the hill we saw another group of undead coming towards us. With them was Curves, Frost and Werek. While the party was still somewhat together Werek swung Ebonafter in an attack which would have killed everyone around him had I not used my crown to protect us all. As everyone continued to run I stopped and turned around to see Curves. She declared a duel and I came towards her with an open hand. She reconsidered her decision and quickly left. Behind her was Frost. I ran towards the dwarf and grabbed his staff with enough energy to destroy it, but, being a storm mage, he countered my attack. Frost proceeded to bombard me with spells, all of which I dispelled. When he had nothing left I rushed him, taking him down with swords Snickelfriz had given me.

After the commotion was over I was able to find most of my party, but three were missing, one of whom was Sparky. We didn't have time to do much before Curves and her minions came back. They had us slowly retreating but I had my spell book out, ready to disintegrate her head. I never had a clear shot though; James stayed in front of me and repeatedly killed the bitch. But

whenever she fell she rose again in a flash of light. They were using Necro-Life. I teleported us all out and back to the ship; it was a hopeless battle. On the Golden Twilight we met up with two of our missing party members, the other had been fighting alongside Curves.

We flew back to Lord Redway's camp while listening to the low murmur of arcane babble. Someone was casting a spell. We couldn't tell who, but we knew it was on the thought plane in the same way the horned horses communicate. Below us we could see a wave of light moving in on the Dark City. We informed Lord Redway of the creatures' progress and the spell they were casting. As we readied to leave a messenger from the Wizards Trade Order came up to the Lord. I tilted my head down to make sure that not only was my crown hidden, but my identity as well.

"The Dark City has signed a treaty with the Wizards Trade Order. You must cease your attack and destroy the beasts in the forest. We are going to dispel whatever it is they are casting"

There was so much I wanted to say and had he not been an innocent messenger, the man would not have been able to walk away. When I had had about enough Hu appeared. He told the messenger to send a message to the Wizards Trade Order expressing his distaste for them in a vulgar way.

We talked to Lord Redway telling him that he must continue his attack on the Dark City whatever the repercussion be, and that to attack the beasts would be a futile effort. He ignored us, and his troops marched on the other-worldly creatures.

We decided that the bulk of our party would return to Hostor to find what help they could while I try to find the green dragon. I wanted to know what spell was being cast by Love, Truth, and Justice; the only words I could understand were cresting and something like cleansing.

On the way there, however, we were attacked by Curves, Frost, Wall and various liches while James and Sparky also attacked us and each other. I teleported as many people as I could the rest of the way to Hostor while freezing any undead that got near me. When we all arrived I restored our minds and alignments and took the belated precaution of shielding our minds from further attacks.

Talys and I went immediately to the high level storm mage I know, the one that protected my family by claiming responsibility for our previous actions. We discussed with him what the Wizards Trade Order was planning and asked for his help. A nature mage interrupted us with a vision he had had. He saw that Lord Redway's army was marching slowly; they would not reach the three beasts before sunset and would be forced to camp. From Esterok Keep came the defiant Kerri Johani. He would not listen to the commands passed down to him and claimed that no samurai would. He rode down the river towards the City on a grand, wingless, golden serpent.

We waited.

Then it came. Love, Truth, and Justice finished their spell. I felt another spell being cast in response: dispel your arcane. There it was: a use for the word. For years I have had the word

cresting written in my book with no use for it. This is why I had it. I cast "Cresting" and my friend cast "Manipulate your spell" to change the target of the dispel. It worked. An enormous amount of energy was spent to dispel my spell. Then from another direction I felt another spell being cast-- "Cancel your arcane." Were this spell to get through the target would lose the ability to use arcane. My only thought was, "Balls out." I cast "Cresting" and he cast "Manipulate your spell." Then something tried to dispel my spell and my instincts told me to let it. But, something dispelled that. I felt a surge of energy so powerful that it knocked me back and spread to my children.

The original spell was cast and even from where I stood I could see a light explode over the Dark City. Another arcane spell was cast on the thought plane which I shielded. Two different sources tried to dispel it, but both failed.

We traveled to Celendil to see these gorgeous creatures gathered together with their horns touching. They then bent down their heads to touch the ground with their horns. Then they turned and ran off, disappearing into the air. The city was barren, only animals were left, and the cloud that darkened the city was gone. At the point they touched on the ground something had appeared. Everyone who could tried to identify what it was. With all of our knowledge we only knew that it was in the plant family and it was growing.

Broden still lives, but he is weak. The cloud is gone and my Only scarred him in ways we will never be rid off. He is in the sewers and on the run.

3251

Game Master Chris



Posted: Mon Oct 23, 2006 10:20 pm Post subject:

Chronicle

Thank you so much for this post Nell! Wow! Well done!

It is going to save me a lot of time and keep me from loosing my voice at the next couple of events. More power to you!

Christopher

3268

Game Master Chris



Posted: Sun Feb 11, 2007 11:36 pm Post subject:

2007 Season Preview

2007 Season Preview:

You may want to open up the Roekron Map below in a separate window before you continue.

http://www.fanwar.com/Images/FW_WorldMapFlat.jpg

Fifteen years have passed in Roekron since the destruction of the Dark City and the rebirth of Celendil, capital city of the elven empire of Andinion. But it has not been a settled fifteen years. On the contrary, things have changed in many ways in Roekron over the years that have upset many of the old ways.

Civil war has erupted across Roekron with devastating impact for many nations. Most notably Temnor, who after a prolonged war with Serpention finally feel when a crippling disease infected the nation and whipped out almost all of the fighting force. Dsesnor, Serpention and the Wizards Trade Order are now in control of the Drakes which rather than destroying they have chosen to continue to breed in thier effort to restore order to Roekron. Eionion and Andinion, the two elven provinces openly defied the Wizards Trade Order during the Fall of the Dark City and thus the Order sought to punish them for disobeying its orders. In response a civil war broke out elven against humans and Andinion and Eionion declared themselves Rebel Republics. This might have been massacre for the elves were it not for the Eionion suddenly revealing a massive naval fleet of Sea Elves who had joined their republic from a distant land and who now holds the Grey Cape. Rather than waste their energy on the elven provinces, Serpention turned on Temnor with all it's might and crushed them in the wake of the disease. Only Thunderwall remains as a stronghold of Temnor, impenetrable. During this fued Dsesnor itself had a civil war. Estorock Keep has left Dsesnor and become a Rebel Republic under the leadership of the aged Keri Johani, his son, the legendary Keri Seldo a Fenume who it is said "has the eyes of a dragon," and the Wu Clan Samurai who have gathered to them all the most notable and honorable Samurai under one banner. They have held of both Dsesnor, Blackspire and Amir (though Amir's attacks, by order of the Wizards Trade Order have been rather half hearted). Amir has remained in the Wizards Trade Order but as it is not a major military force has been able to keep out of most of the fighting and has grown in importance due to it's being one of the only Wizards Trade Order Nations west of the Wet Mountains. Oriri also declared itself a Rebel Republic but did not last three years past the Fall of Celendil for Blackspire came down on them like a horrible wave of chaos and without aid from Serpention they were completely overtaken. Some elves still live nomadic lives in the woods but the area is now known as The Blackspire Wastes due to the rampant destruction brought by the Blackspire Hordes who are believed to have also continued East into Teriock.

For a while Dagdeath seemed to be sleeping, or recovering. Andinion pushed back the forces some but mostly focused on rebuilding their capital, Cenendil. The seed that was planted by the one horned beasts quickly grew into a large Yanna tree (of the type that are only found in the Sacred Grove where Feanor first landed). This tree, like the others is sentient but unlike the

others radiates an aura within which evil beings cannot enter. She (the tree) calls herself Einandori and it is said she possess many of the restorative powers of her kindred though she rarely speaks to anyone, even Elven Nobles. The new Celendil has been built with the north side left open to the Celendil Forest such that Einandori does not become closed in and the city itself is a living growing place full of tree homes and palaces. Einion has also flourished with the aid of the Sea Elves. They are now one of the most powerful nations not in the Wizards Trade Order, rivaling Andionion who is worried that they will use their newfound allies to invade and take back the sacred grove as they have always wished to do. Old fueds between High Elves and Wood Elves have been rekindled and thus the two Repulics are no longer allied forces but independets. Hostor has been spared much of the devastation by Einion as well. The Sea Elf Navy kept Serpention from invading Hostor after the Fall of the Dark City. Hostor was blamed for the failure of the spell that was suppose to keep the beasts from casting the Elder Sorcery that destroyed the Dark City. As this was in open defiance of the Wizards Trade Order, Serpention declared War on Hostor in retaliation. The last fifteen years have seen little battle in Hostor however, as Serpention seems to have had it's hands full destroying Temnor, and it is only now, in the last few years that the Drakes have begun to be used to circumvent the Sea Elves and make new attacks. With Temnor gone, there is little keeping Dsesnor from making it's next move to make good on it's threats towards Andionion, Einion and Hostor that it made years ago. Hostor has been trying to unit Andionion, Einion and itself into unified nation to resist Dsesnor and Dagdeoths advancements but Andionion will not join with Einion due to the fear of the loss of the Sacred Grove and thier newly aquired Yaana tree in Celendil. Hostor has also tried to persuade Amir to join but the aged Lady Kiera Redway (the daughter of the still living but retired Lord Redway) refuses to take a side.

Estorock Keep has kept to itself as well, apparently seeing the wisdom of joining forces but not being able to bring it's people to that understanding.

Now, Dagedeoth seems to be moving again. It would seem that they have long awaited a pivotal point in the coming fueds and now would press their advantage. Long they have been working the the mountains of Svodlun in the Mithril Mines and now reports have come from the north that Krodogros is alive with the undead! Many of the Carakwaith of old legend have been seen in the old Dwarven stronghold and many theorize that Broden himself now sits on the thrown of Kraz-polar. Strange ships out of the north have been seen anchored in the Gulf of Fundrun.

For all the free people of Roekron a great sense of impending doom hovers...

but one light remains. A tall tree, growing quickly and steadily, oblivious to the chaos around her. Beneath her branches, peace is always to be found.

This is the middle Fifth Age- the age of Civil War.

3889

Pangolin



Posted: Sun Feb 11, 2007 11:48 pm Post subject:

Wow! Pretty exciting stuff. Any news on what happened to the Grey Isles party? Also, where

will this season's events be taking place? I would imagine one of the rebel areas, but it might be interesting to get a perspective from the other side...

3890

Mordecai



Posted: Mon Feb 12, 2007 12:58 pm Post subject:

wow chris held me captive there, good info to know. In case it matters for any pre season events, both my and Trevors' saurges (I was lvl 18 and I think he was lvl 13) retired into the service of Revan who I know wanted to get into Celindel very badly (ancestral home and all that...) if he has moved there than so have we, and in the off chance that my saurge has access to the Yanna tree (though doubtfull I know) I want him to use his Local Historian (lvl 12) to attempt to teach the tree all the history he knows, not expecting it to talk back jus talkin to it. Also what is the political climate in Einas Mien ? Is it part of Andinion? would think so.... makes me glad I'll be ressurecting my elf at season start.

3891

Pangolin



Posted: Wed Feb 14, 2007 6:26 pm Post subject:

Hey guys! This is out of game knowledge, but Talys's fish babies have hatched! Unfortunately, many of them, in their rite of passage, swam out to sea and either perished or never returned. So much for my "fish baby army" idea. There are six remaining, some male and some female. Their abilities range from almost fully human to almost fully Selkie. I can only play one, so if anyone wants to be one of my kids, please PM me and we can work out the details!

Also, I'm starting to look for good baby names. I've compiled a list of water and ocean-related names that I think would work well, but if you know any others, again, please let me know.

Male Names:

Kai - Hawaiian for "Sea"

Latimer - Anglo-Saxon for "Near the Sea"

Morven - English for "Child of the Sea"

Nalu - Hawaiian for "Wave"

Andreas - Greek for "Son of the River"

Female Names:

Evadne - Greek for "Water-Nymph"
Marisa - Hebrew for "Of the Sea"
Melia - Greek for "Nymph Daughter"
Moana - Hawaiian for "Ocean"
Morwenna - English for "Sea Wave"
Nami - Japanese for "Wave"
Thalassa - Greek for "From the Sea"
Ula - Celtic for "Sea Jewel"
Vanora - Scottish for "White Wave"

Names for Either Gender:

Araxie - Armenian for "River said to inspire poetic expression"
Dooriya/Doria - English for "The Sea"
Ivria - "From the other side of the River," language unknown
Mindel - Hebrew for "Sea of Bitterness"
Nirvelli - American Indian for "Water Child"
Ryba - Slavic for "Fish"
Sachiel - Greek for "Angel of Water"
Sagara - Hindi for "Ocean"

3893

Fenrir



Posted: Thu Feb 15, 2007 12:36 am Post subject:

Hey guys, anyone know what the political situation has become between the two elven nations, i know its a little tense, but does it look like it could go bad really fast?

Also what do you guys think of me playing one of Revan's kids?

3895

The Urban Philosopher



Posted: Sun Feb 18, 2007 3:44 pm Post subject:

wow, I think people should start diplomats now. I dont we could fight civil wars and Dagdeoth at the same time.

3922

Fenrir



Posted: Wed Feb 21, 2007 1:51 pm Post subject:

Huh? what was that last part you were trying to say?

3955

Mordecai



Posted: Wed Feb 21, 2007 3:35 pm Post subject:

I think he's trying to say that he doesn't think that the "good" countries (ie. hostor, andinion, einion ect.) or any country not allied with dagdeoth for that matter could survive both wars with each other and trying to defend against the might of dagdeoth. Ergo we need more diplomats. (way to state the obvious jake lol jka)

3956

connacht ironhewer



Posted: Sun Apr 29, 2007 4:27 pm Post subject:

War Drums

connacht was returning from the forges, smithing hammer at his belt and old master thorvald's praise in his ears. " Tis a fine bit o' work there connacht, ye'll be a fine smith one day, and do our hold proud." " Now run home lad, tis about dinner time and youl be wanting to show yer Da what ye made." thorvald rarely spoke more than 2 words together, so such praise was lavish by his standards, and made connacht swell with pride.

Making his way through the tunnels connacht help up the steel buckler he'd made, admiring it's

shine even in the dim cavern light and running callused fingers over the embossed ironhewer crest on the front. his father would surely be filled with pride, and place it on a place of honor atop the mantle. these thoughts spurred connacht on, he could hardly wait to be home. in his mind he could almost smell the rich stew, and hearthbread fresh from the oven, and taste the cool dark ale father would surely break out to celebrate his achievement.

The sound of the drums broke him free of his daydreaming. they sounded so foreign and unnatural, nothing like the deep, sonorous tones of the drums used to signal work shifts in the hall. It was harsh and guttural, like the footfalls of some fell and terrible beast, it was compelling, raw, and terrifying. It sent a chill up connachts spine and set the hairs on the back of his neck to prickling. he redoubled his already hurried pace, dashing headlong down the tunnel that would lead him home.

He barely caught sight of a shape in the tunnel ahead before he bowled straight into it, driving the air from his lungs. Time seemed to stand still for a moment as he looked upon the the scarred green skin, dark steel chain, and oddly red-dyed hands of the orc he had crashed into. Spotting the far more sinister red staining it's wickedly curved sword, he sprang into action, grasping the familiar weight of his hammer in hand he pounded on the orcs head like a stubborn piece of steel hot from the forge. the first blow dented in the creatures helm, in instinct granted by long hours over an anvil, his hammer quickly rose and fell again, and again, in a repetitive mechanical frenzy, the fifth blow shattered the helm, and some part of connachts rational mind grumbled about the shoddy workmanship, the sixth blow caved the side of the orcs head in like an overripe melon, the seventh served only to spray blood and bits of gray matter all over, dousing the young dwarf in a grotesque baptism. the instinctive action, the calm that had gripped him during those split seconds left him, the horror of what had just taken place overwhelmed connacht, the hammer fell from nerveless fingers as the bile rose in his throat and he retched violently, painful tears burning at his eyes and threatening to spill over and overtake him. wiping his beard off with his sleeve, and rubbing at his puffy eyes, connacht retrieved the bloody hammer, ambling hesitantly up the tunnel that would bring him to home and safety, those hideous drums pounding in his head.

It was not long before he came to another party of orcs, hulking brutes with dark plate armor and great imposing weapons. swallowing down his fear, young connacht raised his hammer in challenge and grasped the buckler in his other hand. " ho ho, this little stunter thinks its a warrior ashnak, lets have fun with it." with that the orc swung its huge axe at connacht. If not for the shield it would have cleft him in twain, but the shield caught the blow and held, the force of the mighty swing catapulted him backwards, slamming his head into the tunnel wall hard. his vision swam and his ears rang, and as the darkness consumed him, the last thing he saw was the orc advancing with a sadistic expression, rope in hand.

(i need some help from chris determining the actual location of ironhewer hall, dont want to step on any storyline toes here, the details are that it is a small holding (no more than 600 souls at the time of the attack, in the mountain highlands, built along the lines of a fortress, but later expanded through extensive delvings, it has productive mines and a good quarry, and while small was well known for the craftsmanship of its goods. this hold was likely independent and

not part of a greater dwarven nation. hope some of this helps, bear in mind this is just what feels right to me for my character, any of this is adjustable to fit plot needs. if any of you enjoyed this little tale, and would care to hear the rest of it by all means let me know and i would be only to happy to relate it. i thrive on the praise)

your humble servant

Brandon

4271

Mord



Posted: Mon Jun 11, 2007 4:45 pm Post subject:

This is only in game knowledge for me, but it is really interesting and has spawned a need for me to learn more about the history of/about and surrounding Ravenwing.

It was an average day, only recently the Tornadoes had massacred Amir Ford, but they had not passed and I could now continue on with my ambitions of becoming a priestess.

I was just sitting there on the road, camping, when a black cloaked figure approached me. He looked like he had a large hump on his back, he was quite intimidating and I was a little nervous.

He walked up and looked at me, without saying a word, I, being the Lawful Good elven lady that I am, greeted him with a simple "Hello"

He replied, "Have you seen her."

I asked "Have I seen who?"

He then said "Have you seen the Hobbit, she is a thief, she finds things, she steals things"

I thought upon this statement for a minute, what was he talking about, I don't know any hobbit thieves, so I told him, "Sorry, but I don't think that I know any hobbit thieves"

"well if you see her, let me know"

"How will I tell you," I asked?

"Just call"

"Upon what name shall i call you?"

"Just Call Ravenwing..."

He left me, it was a very intimidating encounter.

4364

dusk



Posted: Mon Jun 11, 2007 8:59 pm Post subject:

Am I going to get "raped" again?

4375

Mord



Posted: Mon Jun 11, 2007 9:04 pm Post subject:

So you also think it is you?

4377

dusk



Posted: Mon Jun 11, 2007 9:13 pm Post subject:

You don't know I exist, but yeah. No doubt about it.

By the way, who are you telling this to? Are you talking to people in the inn, in your guild, in your party? Who?

4379

Mord

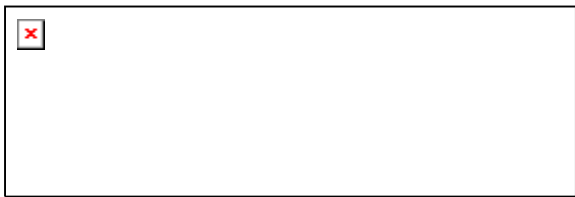


Posted: Mon Jun 11, 2007 9:16 pm Post subject:

no, this particular person doesn't, but out of game i do. i am just puttng it out there, have no permanent party, living on the road, not noticed my many, i geuss im probably just telling my Husband and kids, and will probably write it down after i get a lvl in reading and writing.

4380

The Artful Dodger



Posted: Sat Jun 23, 2007 10:29 am Post subject:

for beginning of story, see my previous 2 posts on this thread. It is included in the enformation told to lord Redway. In-game knowledge to anyone he tells.

Over the last fifteen years' break as an adventurer, I discovered the journal of one of Serpinton's Generals. In it there were mentions of a battle on their southern front and "dark men of Suthendion" which are described very much like Gibandi, though not in as much glamor. The Serpinton guard is putting extreme importance in not letting Gibandi's people travel north. It also speaks of the "teleport accident" that led to "a dark Suthendion Cheif" showing up and needing to be "dealt with." There is a section that speaks of the dwindling attempts by the Suthendion people to come north, and the likelihood that the patrols will not be needed soon as in the last fifteen years there have been few encounters. The last part of the log talks about the urgency being somewhat less now that certain "forces and factors of power have moved north" and that perhaps Serpention could now even expand south since Temnor is no longer a threat! The last part of the log was a security feature that curses anyone but the one who knows the code word. I failed the word and the log was incinerated.

4433

Game Master Chris



Posted: Sat Jun 23, 2007 10:18 pm Post subject:

The log

The Log:

Lord Redway has sent a copy of this message to the mages of Pinicle who have shared it with all guildmasters. Lord Redway has also sent a copy to Keri Johani who has shared it with the Royal Family and his Wu Clan Captains. Lord Redway has sent a copy to Nelorian and the Eines Mien Council as evidence of a need to consolidate power and form an alliance against Serpention and the Wizards Trade Order as well as Dagdeath. If you have connections to one of these groups, you can use the letter as In-Game Knowledge.

Christopher

4438

Pangolin



Posted: Sat Jun 23, 2007 10:23 pm Post subject:

Chris,

Are the fish babies well-connected enough to hear about this? (I know Keri Mariko is.)

4440

Game Master Chris



Posted: Sat Jun 23, 2007 10:24 pm Post subject:

Fish Babies

Yes, they will hear about it indirectly through Lune, though he will not be telling them exactly, they will overhear it.

Christopher

4441

dusk



Posted: Sun Jun 24, 2007 8:01 am Post subject:

They will also probably hear about it from Nym

4443 Lady_Rose



Posted: Mon Sep 03, 2007 8:36 pm Post subject: a message to lord redway.

my lord, it has been my pleasure to accompany an "employee" of yours, by the name of chaos, she was killed during a botched kidnapping by troops from temnor, a noble and her retinue, who wed relieved of their possessions prior (though also saved thier lives) they managed to track us down and ambush us, and in the ensuing melee she was killed. it was intended as a joke, the noble claimed, but her soul passed on as a result of thier unfortunate jest. i feel your loss as well and take it to heart, as chaos was also my lover. if my talents may be able to be put to use, to avenge her death and help to make up for my failure to protect her, please inform me how best i might serve. i await your instructions. if you require more information i can be contacted at the stags head inn, by the ferryman's

Cirril, guildmaster thief extroardinaire

4617 Lady_Rose



Posted: Wed Mar 05, 2008 12:26 am Post subject: Kerrowyn's Journal

NOTE this is OUT OF GAME information! This is not to be used by others!
this and all other posts are not ment to slander or hurt anyone or their characters, this is simply my character recording her personal thoughts.

Well Diary, today was certainly interesting! Today was the first day I attempted to go out and try to do Pelor's Good Works in this world. I don't think it went too badly....I had all my friends with me, so it was very comforting. The first thing we all did, was tried to get some drunk orc's out of a bar, boy did they smell! Our plan was to have Leaf run in and "shake down" a few of them to make them chase him out of a bar- while the rest of us we're outside waiting to knock them out if they caused too much trouble. Out of concern for Leaf I went inside with him, the orcs we're so drunk they wouldn't listen! We ended up knocking some of them out, and someone killed one! We we're supposed to NOT kill them! So the town guards showed up and threatened to kill anyone involved! I feel a bit ashamed to say I ran, but I was their trying to help, not be "involved" I told everyone to NOT kill them. This is something I must work on. After that we wen't to take on some Ogre's that were holding up travler's, that was purely terrifying! I hid behind Gremnir most of the time and tried to heal people.... I did score some good hits on the ogre's though! And Leaf searched alot of them and we got 30 gold! I'm proud to say we did the right thing and split it all among everyone, so we all got 2 gold. After that we took on what was supposed to be a snake, it was this massive monster with like 4 heads that regenerated, called a hydra! Luckily I'd decided to try the magic my parents taught me to Slow it, so I had a torch, and made a fire, I burned three of the heads to keep it from comming back. my magic didn't seem to work though.... I think the other adventurer's we were adventuring with explored the cave, but they didn't say that they found anything. I'm not sure they are the nicest people.....Grem went out with them to kill bandits, and got killed, and came back with all his gold gone! And just after that this hobbit girl started wearing chain armor- thats expensive! Its a little suspicious, Leaf doesn't seem to like her much, and Grem is rather wroth with her, I plan to keep a close eye on her, and the people she was with....something just doesn't seem right about them.....

4788

Lady_Rose



Posted: Thu Mar 13, 2008 3:53 pm Post subject:

Kerrowyn's Journal

Doing good is harder than I would have expected it to be Diary! Today we were sent after some "Dark Hero's" who were supposedly tryign to create a new Dagdeaoth- but they were little more than peasants with swords! Leaf had to announce to them that we intended to take them in for a "fair trial" and Grem tried to bribe them with food- neither really worked so we knocked them out and carried them to town. The guards just threw them in a cell to "tax them". We recieved no reward or praise, or even a thank you! Afterwards we decided to go help Lord Graywash- he was trying to clear out a mountain pass ostensibly to make a road through the mountain but we know he had another motive. He was giving rewards for orcs, ogre's and pesants- yet he didn't want them "touched". We killed the orcs and ogres with alot of wounds, but managed Shade managed to convince one of the orcs to become a friend of ours and help us....of course this was

after he nearly killed me, and shattered my shield. , then we ran into some friendly wandering mages who healed us. Then we ran into some friendly wandering mages who healed us. I warned them that Lord Graywash intended them harm, I am proud of that. Then we encountered the peasants. One of them, the only lady was not in her right mind. She was very frightened at his name and they tried to run. She kept clutching her "special pretty" which was a necklace and repeating that it was hers and no one could have it. We're pretty sure that's what Graywash is wanting. We all talked the peasants into running away to try to find someplace safe to hide, I spoke privately with the woman and advised her to bury the necklace in a place only she knows about and hide it well, fearing both for her safety when the Lord sends more people after her. and for the safety of everyone else should he get it. Grem was a bit of a dolt and touched the woman, even though we were told not to- but nothing seems to have happened. We've agreed to tell the Lord that the peasants were frightened and pushed past us. Next Grem, Mischeif and I went out with the other group of adventurers to slay a wolf demon. They are certainly a harsh lot but seem to be doing quite well for themselves. The potrang was wearing half-plate! I got lucky and Leaf found me some chain mail, that's the only way I could get new armor. But apparently the hobbit-girl and Potrang wanted to talk, Grem and I were very rudely asked to leave and when we didn't obey quick enough the potrang took his sword to his Lizard comrade! It was quite terrifying! Grem wanted to go attack him then and there but I held him back. We moved away off, but when I happened to glance back I saw the potrang hiding something, I only caught a glimpse of it, it was small, white, rounded and I saw a flash of black, possibly 2- like holes. I remembered that one of the other missions we could have done was to help the evil god Isogone find a relic....I wonder if they found it. Or perhaps it's a cursed item they have and that is what makes them evil. I simply don't understand how one could harm their friend, one they trust to watch your back- nearly to be able to have a minute alone! Why would someone do that?

OH! But I saw the most valiant person ever! He said he was a paladin- he was one of the few people able to damage the monster- he said that his god made his weapon magic as well as granted him magic. What a wonderful thing- to be filled with the good will of your God! I plan to talk to the Orphanage Matron tonight to find out more....Leaf will probably also know something....

4789

Lady_Rose



Posted: Tue Mar 25, 2008 9:52 pm Post subject:

Kerrowyn's Journal

Things are getting bad around town lately..... I was laid up sick today- so the guys went out adventuring today....apparently it was rather crazy..... Lady Grayson is going tax crazy again.....apparently her husband is up at Lady Echo's Manor.....who knows why he's up there, either a prisoner or lover....so she's taking her aggressions out on those of a lower status than her. Grem went after some funny fairy that was making people lucky and got attacked by and

assasin! And our potrang friends somewhat questionable brother got assasinated today because he was rebirthing people and not a registered life mage...Quite a scary day! I feel a bit bad however, because he rebirthed some of my friends for free- but how was I to know he's not registered?

OH! But on a good news side- I finally decided last week what I want to become, and took my first steps towards it! And it is so perfect because I can defend my friends, adventure, heal, continue my training with the sword, and serve his Hollieness Pelor! I have become one of his Paladins! I feel so infused with the light of his goodness, it is an amazing feeling. As soon as I began my training I learned how to heal those in need. What an awesome power to be granted to me! Every time I use it I cannot help but feel at peice knowing that my God is with me, and finds me a worthy vessle for his good works! As soon as I recieved this wonderus gift I had to use it in honor of Pelor- There were some traveler's that got waylaid outside of town and were in need of healing, so our party went out help them at my urging. I felt bad because while I was healing them theif apparently stole not only some of the items of the mage, but also stole from myself, Grem, and another of our friends. I was so preoccupied that I didn't notice, and though Leaf and Mischeif gave chase we were unable to apprehend him. Luckily I didn't have my gold on my person at that time, so I lost nothing, as did Grem.

And we may have made a new friend! There is a gentleman who was asking around, and introduced himself to Grem and I- apparently he is likewise getting fed up with the antics of that female hobbit- she hasn't just been targeting us- she's robbing quite a few people in a most dishonorable and cowardly way! He informed us that in retaliation for her crimes, he felt that she deserved to die and he planned to kill her as punishment. I wasn't entirely sure that was the way to deal with her- nor was I sure I could allow someone of such a nature to become a close part of our group. Yet surprisingly he did it in an honorable way. He actually announced to her what he intended to do, and his reasons, also he informed her companions of the same. We'll most likely allow him to party with us should he chose to, of course we'll have to get to know him and observe his actions, but it restores some hope that their is still good in the world.

4800

Creann_Lottorn



Posted: Tue Mar 25, 2008 10:37 pm Post subject:

Darral, the burning spirit's log

From the position of the stars its the early of spring. Not like the weather was leading us to beleive. There was a cold and piercing wind, the kind that doesn't care if you have a cloak on. It wanted to an succeded in chilling most to the bone. Enough of the weather.

I was in the inn this afternoon, what a crowd today. I was witness to some odd beings. An otter-man, a man-tis thing, a tiny lizard critter, and a horde of odd potrang. The potrang seem to gather once a week and yell and hoot about it. Not this week though , perhaps they are missing a

comrade. Perhaps I shall investigate that. I digress.

I overheard some of the crowds conversations about going out and seeking these Mage craftsmen. There was supposedly a horde of nasty diabolic goblins along the way. A large group of so called heroes were excited to go. I didn't hear much of success or disaster so one can only assume. They came back and from what I could tell empty handed. I wasn't sure of their intentions with the mages but whatever they were it didn't seem like a success to me.

This other large group of boisterous adventures decided to chase down a band of orcs. These orcs had an item of importance. They also were trying to get it to a band of ogres. Later they returned fleeing from the ogres with the man-tis in the lead with an odd lump in his cloak. Later in the inn I overheard some people complaining about the bug man and his horn. From what I remember mantis' don't have horns. Huh? Weird.

Later the guard "hired" mercenaries for the war. I have never seen a town empty faster than when they try round people up. This mute elf and vegetarian centaur were the best tax evaders ever.

I got excited to hear that there was a mysterious illness around. My first case I almost got tears in my beard. I found that it was rather localized to a ship from Celindil. When I approached the sick a street urchin cut them down. Out of pity, hate, or confusion I am unsure. I knocked him out and continued my investigation. I had a nice conversation with the dock master. He gave me some good information that pointed me in the right direction. But I needed to speak to the dwarf that the peon had slain. That's when I remembered one of the potrangs had an odd pigment to his skin. Something that I have only found in either vapores or ones touched by the elements themselves. Hoping for the latter I approached him with a request. Reluctantly he healed the dwarven man. At which point I was able to finish my investigation and curing the man. They got it from sarconian merchants. Also the dwarf was able to deliver his message to the thunder council.

If you have a runny nose, neusia, excess body fluid, easily angered and dizziness go to the Main Ingredient apothecary. They have what you need.

I had also heard of a hostage situation. Can you believe it two cases in one day, watch I won't have anything to do until next Tuesday. I was thinking about going in and talking my way through it but when I heard that Toirors were holding the man hostage, I decided to get a little muscle hired. So I found the biggest strongest and most well equipped person I could find and well I got a potrang. go figure. When we arrived I talked to the Toirors and found out all they wanted were some scrolls nothing unreasonable. Still can't give in to them hostage negotiation rule one. I lead them to believe I was getting their demands met but I was just letting "muscle" muscle her way to the hostage. After freeing him I realized that it was a fruitless venture except I can now put hostage negotiator on my resume. "Muscle" only asked for a small fee for helping which I granted, and then some. I do think I have made a friend. Which is good and bad in this business.

Well it was a good day busy but good. I guess I'll see what the week holds for me and until next time, remember a mystery is just a bit of knowledge you don't have yet.

Chronicled by: Darral, the burning spirit

Reading/Writing: 10



Posted: Thu Mar 27, 2008 2:31 pm Post subject:

From the "Diary" of Minna Kesh

There's some new additions to The List today.

1. The bug. We chased down some orcs today, easy prey. One of them had a magic horn. Probably why they were running so fast. The little mantis held on to it. I decided to let him. Dragons aren't something I like to involve myself with, especially dragons that have reasons to be mad at you. Still, it could get a good price. I could always squash the bug... but it can wait.
2. The lizard. I was on a job, being some "muscle" for a dwarf man. I was sent to fetch a potrang colleague of mine. The little lizard conked me on the head, dragged me off to Kali knows where. How I ached to snap his little limbs... but I've been around him long enough to know he doesn't die easy. So I stayed quiet, stayed polite, and asked for a helm in payment for the job. Everyone has a weakness somewhere, and when I find it, I'm getting some new lizard-skin boots.

Restraint. That's key. You grow up here in Mithil Grisodedin, you learn how to keep your head down. I've lived this long because I could spot trouble coming, and not be there when it arrives. Like the "recruitment" of mercenaries today. You get spotted by the Lightning Brigade, and that's probably it for you. Anything that draws attention to yourself, any reason for the higher-ups to notice you, is a bad idea. I may know how to swing a chain, and I might be tempted to crack some skulls, but there is a time and a place for that. So I stay out of trouble, and keep my List... so when I eventually get into a better position, I'll remember to pay all my debts.

Still, it's not as if I never get to have any fun. The dwarf man's job, for example. A couple of toiroars, who thought they could stand up against the Guild by taking a hostage. Well, toiroars never were too smart, were they? They just came at me, and I had no choice but to take them down. At least, that's how I remember it, and it's how the hostage will report it, too... if he knows what's good for him.

4808 Game Master Chris



Posted: Sun Apr 06, 2008 7:33 pm Post subject:

Palo Alto Junior League Posts:

Since the Junior League players don't use the Forums, I am posting some things from them and me for Adult League reverence.

Last year: defense of Menonas
LARP Adventure

Adam Wilson

February 4, 3:00 a.m.

Today began as normal as any day ever has. Wake up, dress, don't forget your sword and shield, go and get yourself killed by some unknown man-eating creature. And before they even let you have breakfast! Today the garrison leader said they humans, not monsters. That took us by surprise. Normally we were just fighting to keep our kingdom monster-free, much less fight for new land. But that was all the man would say about the goal. He said that both sides had a magic war hammer that gave their army strength. Our goal was to take their talisman while keeping them from ours. They would have field medics patrolling, out of range but ready to rush in and help some moaning blight who had had his eye put out and his leg broken. So comes the time of the battle. I will write more after the battle, should I survive.

February 4, 12:00 a.m.

Heavens above!! We thought that the battle would be a quick skirmish and that one side would have better things to do and withdraw. But no, hours and hours on end we fought. I don't even know why I am writing this, as the only memories it would bring back would be ones I would fight to keep out of my head. The whole battle was spread out between three battle sites. I was assigned to the third one. I did not know a single man in my battalion, but that was fine. Most friends one makes when lives like this have a tendency to die just when you are really starting to like them. I begun on the front lines, as my luck always sees to. Our battle site was at a small plain in-between two hills. We would come over one, they would come over the other, and we would meet in the middle. As we made our way down the hill, we couldn't see the enemy. Maybe they had forgotten their appointment. And then a man appeared through the mist. He must have been a messenger, coming to tell us that the battle was to be called off. But then another man appeared. And then another. Three more. Soon there was a whole army unfolding before us. I gripped my sword. We had never gone up against something like this. Soon they were charging down the hill, weapons drawn. Most of the men on the front line never had a chance. One by one, there was a wave of strangled cries as the men went down with a sword through them. One by one. I knew this wave was coming towards me, that I would be another of those men, overcome by this barrage of arrows, swords and spears. Not a moment too soon, I turned my head and saw a spear flying right towards my heart. Too late to step aside, I raised my flimsy shield in protection. The spear slammed into me harder than a Dyugonian worm

who's been starved for a fortnight. Knocked off my feet, spots penetrating my vision, I tried to contemplate what had just happened. I laid there for a few moments, and a medic rushed to my side and healed me just to be sure. But I had to play my part in this battle. I got to my feet and charged.

I don't know what happened next, but in a flurry of arrows and swords, I found the man who had hit me with the spear. I was still feeling dazed, but I swung my sword with all my might. My shield had shattered upon impact, but that hadn't slowed me down. Again and again I swung my sword, determined to get the better of this man. He was wearing armor all along his arms and legs, so that made it difficult. He had retrieved his shield, and had brought it up to block quickly. But I had learned to be wary of those spears. Incredibly light and sharp, they were the perfect close-quarters combat and long range weapons. I ducked and rolled and came up behind him. Without thinking, I ran my sword at him. He turned around just in time and hit the blade down so that my sword was in-between his legs. All ready to cut my head off, the man raised his sword. This time he wouldn't make any mistakes. But he had already made one. Simultaneous to the blade coming down on my shoulders, I raised my blade and drove it into his stomach. He dropped the spear and doubled over.

I thought about returning to our safe lines, but remembered our goal. "Steal the talisman and bring it back to our lines." I would return with the hammer only. Determination coursing through me, I ran up the hill. There were four guards armed with maces circling the tree they had but the hammer at the foot at. The only way would be to take out all four of them and rush out before any more came. But then I heard a hissing noise right next to me. I almost jumped out and up the hill, giving away my presence. There was a soldier who had walked right up to me. I saw the emblem and knew he was someone on my team. "You coming for the hammer too?" He asked in a hoarse whisper. I nodded. "You take two, I take two." He said. Again, I nodded. And without warning, he stood up and charged over the hill. I followed as fast as I could, but the soldiers were already aware of us. They drew their weapons in a classic fighting stance. I took my two out in a strikingly unorthodox fashion, the first one's mace stopped by my sword, making it swing around and hit the him. The second one I simply let him swing, ducked and stabbed upwards. The other soldier had already taken the hammer. I had never seen a magical item, and this one seemed to glow unnaturally. Without a word he took off, and I followed close behind. We got almost halfway to our lines when trouble hit. Six more soldiers had come up to take the shift of the incapacitated guards. We tried to walk by them, but they had seen our badges. They wouldn't let us back alive. Running as fast as I could, I tried to evade the troops chasing us so that the other soldier could get the hammer back. But it was no use. They knew who had the hammer and they were going to keep chasing until they caught us. And then there were soldiers in front of us. Knowing we were defeated, we both stopped. As they closed in on us, it occurred to me that there might be a way out. They were all around us, but in doing that they had thinned the wall of men that they had made. If we could just take one out before the others caught on. . . I didn't even tell my friend, just attacked the man directly to the right of me. The other soldier followed suit, making a hole in the circle for us to get free. He zoomed ahead of me, legs like a hare's. But a swipe from a sword had loosened it, and he dropped it without even noticing. Desperate, I picked up the hammer and used it as a shield to block an incoming wave of arrows. Nearly tripping over my feet, I ran towards the front lines. I could see where I had to be. But my concentration had diverted the figures of the men running

behind me, no—next to me. I stopped, turning to face the soldiers so savagely determined to kill me. Now they weren't all around me, but just in the direction I needed to go. I didn't see that 'till after I ran in to them, though. Luckily there weren't any swords pointing at me when I collided with them. Gasping and unbelieving, I tumbled over the front lines. I had made it!!! Minutes later and collapsed, and found myself where I am now. Oh, someone just knocked on the door. It must be time for luncheon. Will write more later!

notes by Christopher Melville

End of February

Traveled to Trolsund to hire an Elder Sorcerer from Pincile. While there, two Dwarves approached with a request to share information, they were both Morganti slain by an assassin who was later brought down and when his weapon was unforged, so we he! The Dwarves did have peices to some kind of ancient dwarven text.

They traveled back to Forgen, tried to explore the tombs, met a second Vampire and it defeated them.

In the Advanced League they traveled across the mountains to shrines of the Elder Goddess and got two Swords of the Elder Goddess.

They used the swords to go back down into the tombs and killed the vampire and his minions. They discovered the vampire had peices to the riddle too and was decoding it. They found a final piece. The answer was Dragon, they thought, but what that meant, they didn't know.

Saturday March 29th

They went up the mountain to drive back the evil from Svodlun (Orks at first, but at the top, Ogers and a Death Oger). They were captured by the Ogers and defeated.

Next, they went to help Reedmen attack Dagdeoth and free the city of Menonass but they met up with the Nergoth Elves and some of them entered their wood, thus starting a fued. They were later defeated by orks.

Next they went into the tombs to look for more clues. They found out that the Statue from before was missing and a door had opened with some stairs leading down. They investigated and discoved some skeletons. They killed a specter and found a piece of the riddle and then ran away.

They went to try to make peace with the Nergoth elves but were defeated.

In Advanced League they went up the Mountain and defeated the Death Oger and Ogers in short order.

They met with the Nergoth elves who were coming to attack the city and proved themselves worthy to use a Nergoth Blade if they were in grave danger.

They went into the Tombs and defeated a vampire and more skeletons and beasts as well as goblins. They discovered four doors, each with huge carving in it. One with a Dragon, one with a Black Stag, one with a Dwarf with two swords and one with a tumultuous ocean and billowing clouds. They tried reading the riddle but nothing happened. They tried hitting weapons on the ground but nothing happened. Finally, Stephen shouted Dragon, in front of the Dragon door and it opened. Out poured Dwarven Phantom Warriors who attacked them all. They killed the Phantoms but when they entered the room behind the door found nothing but a scorched stone

block about 2.5 feet long. They did lots of things to it, but had no luck. They opened some of the other doors using other words but with the exact same results. The brought some of the blocks out of the rooms and left guards in the room so that they don't have to capture it again.

Christopher

4824

connacht ironhewer



Posted: Wed Apr 09, 2008 4:32 am Post subject:

from the notes and memoirs of gremmir stonebeard. (level 5 reading and writing, counting tradeclothes but not costume)

after a long forced march my compatriots and i caught up to some thrice damned dagdeath orks and uruks , who were chasing after some people from amir, they fought hard, but with little honor or discipline, and fell before our blades like wheat before the scythe. one stuck me a goodly blow to the side that pained me greatly, until our paladin laid her healing hands upon me, quickly restoring me to fighting form. we saw them on thier way, and wished them the best after kerrowyn healed them of the wounds they received in battle. i am well pleased we were able to send those messengers on their way. we would do well to do all we can to aid the rebel republics, and can only continue to hope the light of wisdom and justice long missing from our lands can be rekindled by thier example. while our land is troubled, and certainly misguided, surely it is not beyond redemption, surely it does not deserve to fall beneath the shadow that is dagdeath, or the tyranny of the wizards trade order. they mentioned something of sending a reward once they reach their destination, all i ask of them is that they continue their efforts and keep fighting the good fight. upon our return we found that there was a hostage situation, we were attempting to talk with the hostage takers, a couple of desperate looking uruks who had knocked out and trussed up a life mage of some repute. a rather combative potrain id made acquaintance of in the past took both orks out rather quickly and suddenly, and then a couple of necromancers popped in from the etherial and attacked, i barely dodged a terror ball and engaged one, but he used a fear spell on me, not that it did him much good, as when i came back to my senses he was bleeding out, i applied first aid and then kerrowyn healed him. upon questioning , it turns out one of the hero's of amir had been caught and was facing trial . in temnor the whole court system is more a means of the rulers exercising power arbitrarily and entertaining the masses, rather than dealing in anything resembling truth or justice. it turns my stomach. acting quickly at this news i sent a new acquaintance, a magical being of some sort with the ability to fly, to announce that one was coming to champion his case, and fight in his stead, as the hero was quite old, and final death is a likely possibility for one in his situation.(to be continued as more unfolds.

4826

Creann_Lottorn



Posted: Tue Apr 15, 2008 10:12 am Post subject:

Some time has passed since i last noted my daily events. It was about a week ago. I took notice to Muscle the potrang acting kind of peculiar. She seems to be acting really weird especially around the hobbit thing. Speaking about the hobbit, i have a growing suspicion that she is a thief. She keeps disappearing and reappearing and i swear she was sitting right next to me and then she was gone. Then i heard a sound and felt her heat and then she appeared again. Definitely under further investigation. And that little lizard seems to be gathering a lot of attention. The guard keeps looking for him and i saw him hide in Muscle's shield but i won't tell. Keeping Muscle on my side is probably best.

Later I took note of the group leaving to go recover some livestock. I had a weird feeling about it and my own fear of leaving town kept me from going and warning them. They returned with an unconscious body and they called it the cargo. I followed them back to the group that hired them and no one was there. I thought of myself that this would be a really good place for an ambush and then i awoke just outside of town and i was told i died. For the first time i felt the cold breath of the reaper. I hope that was the last time i will.

Later I heard of a hostage situation involving a life mage again. It was an Urakiah. These two Urakiah had him hostage and they claimed they had an Ace in the Hole. It was so cold in the inn. Then i told Muscle to take the two out and then three necromancers showed up out of the ethereal realm. The Life mage was from Soriconia(sp?) and was being held hostage to get money for a Hero from the north. He had been charged with some bogus charge and the 500 gold would get him out of hot water. I heard someone tried to get this hero's position in the trials but i didn't hear how it ended. Possibly i will find out today.

Darral , the burning spirit
(10 lvl read write)

4837 Game Master Chris



Posted: Sun Apr 20, 2008 10:14 pm Post subject:

PALO ALTO Chronicles

(please note that chronicles are what players remember, not necessarily what actually

happened).

Advanced LARP Adventure of Yuri Levin

I was with a party going to head into the Dorven tombs at nightfall. Unfortunately we skipped supper so we were all feeling tired. The tomb came into my view. I can see it clearly because I am an Elf. I cautiously readied my throwing knife. I heard an eerie moaning sound coming from the tomb. I wasn't sure about this expedition after all we're only after a piece of torn parchment paper. I noticed the Hobbits were getting restless. A thought occurred to me. If I don't have any silver weapons, how am I going to defend myself? We slowly and cautiously entered the tomb. Suddenly out of the dark ahead, I heard a fierce battle shriek. One second I was scrambling right outside the tomb, another the entire party was being swarmed by skeletons. One dueled me. I had no silver weapons. I was completely defenseless. I was going to die.

After that little scrimmage, someone healed me. I was feeling grateful, weak but OK. This time I was much more cautious. I kept to the walls so I would be less visible to the enemies who most likely waited in the shadows up ahead. We came to a larger cavern and I was the third person entering the room. I could not see the ceiling but there were four statues in the room: the head of a dragon spitting fire, a black stag with oversized antlers, a Dwarf looking down with outstretched arms holding two short swords, and last, a waterscape. As soon as the first person stepped on the floor with muddy boots suddenly an arrow whizzed by and almost struck him near the right leg. Skeletons swarmed us yet again! This time I was luckier because I was keeping to the shadows. We searched everything we found including the statues. We found the missing half of the torn parchment paper off the of leader of the skeletons. We put together our knowledge and found a message inside the scroll: "I raised my weapons up to the sky Let my armies fall or fly I hit the ground and loose a fierce battle cry".

A fellow Elf walked up to the Dragon door and raised his spear up and yelled, " FIRE!" and smashed the ground with his spear. The dragon door opened. I was near the door so I was one of the first Elf's to see the open door. As soon as I saw the first skeleton coming out of the door, I lied on the floor and pretended I was a corpse. After I saw about 5 skeletons go by, I got up and I started to fight a skeleton. We slaughtered them. We couldn't have done better! Inside we found an engraving caved into the ground. It looked like something was supposed to go in it. We didn't know what, so we went out of the dragon door and we tried to open the water door. After a while we got the password! I think it was "Sea Serpent". However once we opened the door even MORE skeletons poured out. It was such a surprise that I even made it out alive! After we "dispatch" them, we found a plaque inside the door. A centaur and a human carried the plaque to the dragon door and set it down. The human yelled "FIRE!" and the door opened yet again. I think we were all expecting another horde of skeletons to come out charging at us. But we had already opened the door and all killed the Monsters living inside. The door opened again and they took the plaque inside. No sooner did they do that than a stupid hobbit opened the dwarf door. We weren't expecting it, so as soon as he did it most of us got killed then and there. But alas we survived. We didn't find anything in the dwarf door at all. We decided not to open the stag door, and put sentries up to guard the doors so we all went back to town. There I put 16 gold into the blacksmith and in return I got a full silver samurai set!



Posted: Tue Apr 29, 2008 9:52 am Post subject:

yup

I've been neglecting my reports lately. I don't know why but it seems that death makes you think a little more before you speak about some important things.

I was investigating this disappearance of a hobbit. He was supposed to be from a high level hero that was from the rebel republic. He came on a boat that was transporting Elvin wine to the city. The wine casks are long and odd shaped; you could almost put a couple of tower shields inside. Supposedly it makes the wine special that it touches that much wood or something. The ship was a small one master that the hobbit hired to take him here. It arrived two days prior to my investigation but was gone when I got there.

When muscle and I arrived the lightning brigade told us that no one would be allowed to investigate the area because the evidence could be damaged.

When they noticed it was I the lightning brigade gave us permission to investigate. One of the first things I noticed at the scene was an ornate barrel that was broken. I made sure that it was broken into not out of. Then I saw some footprints leading from where the boat was. It took two steps off then a shift to the side and then continued. I look from the barrel's point of view and noticed that a boat was in line if something was shot off the boat at the barrel. As if the man stepped off the boat something was fired or thrown at him he stepped back and then continued on his way.

Muscle and I went to the boat and it was haunted. It was a one masted ship that had seen a lot of bad weather. Some severe cold weather damage was apparent everywhere. This struck me as odd because we are in a near tropic zone. There was no food no wine nothing on board that showed signs of life. There was one pile of bones that seemed to have some decaying flesh on them. I recognized them as humanoid femurs. Just then a transparent ghoul came into our realm and gave us a fright but seemed preoccupied by something. I vaguely saw a hobbit coming out of the ethereal realm and then it all went black. Muscle woke me up telling me I died and that there was indeed a hobbit appeared and it killed the ghoul just after it killed me. The haunting seemed to be quelled and the hobbit's body faded back into the ethereal realm never to be seen again.

We returned to the scene of the crime to follow the footprints to a warehouse where there was a locked door. Muscle then did what muscle does best and she broke in the door. We checked briefly for traps and muscle entered. She narrowly dodged a poisoned dart and then I followed. There was a warehouse full of wine and nothing else. The clue trail seemed to end here maybe I can find more out later.

4862

connacht ironhewer



Posted: Wed May 14, 2008 7:13 pm Post subject:

hard lessons learned.

today i really blew it. heimdall curse me for a fool. in an effort to impress a mage school, (with the hopes of joining, to learn stronger magics to protect my companions.) i embarked on a fools errand. i should have known not to trust them when they started asking for people as trade, and doing magical experiments. but after concluding my trades with them i accepted a quest to retrieve an item. our journey up the ferry was fairly uneventful. we fought some swamp beasts with the aid of some friendly local kobolds. we killed a blackspire excavation team. and with the use of the map managed to unearth a large wooden chest. we should have known better than to unearth something a mage school didnt want to retrieve themselves. there was a skull on top of it, it looked human or elven, our goblin, bit of a dullard, smashed it against the chest. i identified the chest, it seemed to be sentient, lawful evil, and had the ability to teleport, presumably itself and others. we carefully carried it back to mithil grisodendin to the mages from stormwatcher tower. who gratefully accepted it, and cautioned us (after the fact of course) not to unearth it or disturb the chest. the bastards used me as a patsy, and i foolishly brought my trusted friends along. i identified myself and my friend kerrowyn, and it seems we have been cursed with some sort of haunt. having failed in common sense, i shall attempt to redeem myself in vigilance, i shall do my best to protect my companions from this foul haunt. perhaps hiemdall will smile upon me if i pass this test, and grant me the means to rid my companions of this curse. though he may leave it on me as a measure of penance and a reminder to be vigilant against subtle threats as well as the more obvious kind.

4881

Pangolin



Posted: Wed May 14, 2008 7:44 pm Post subject:

The chest was neutral evil by the way, not lawful evil.

4883

Creann_Lottorn



Posted: Tue Jun 03, 2008 12:18 pm Post subject:

the days

postybs js

4895

Game Master Chris



Posted: Sun Jun 08, 2008 6:30 pm Post subject:

New Type of Chronicles

New Type of Chronicles:

I have just started a new form of Historical Chronicling which I am calling the Photo Essay. If you have a digital camera (or phone with one on it) you can take pictures of the events that we do, note the basics of that quest, and then post the photos with captions stating what they were. An excellent way to do this is to just copy down the quests you do photos for from the white board and post that under the picture like this.

<http://www.postimage.org/image.php?v=aV2QKJtA><http://www.postimage.org/image.php?v=aV2QKJtA>

Local Mercenary accompanied by Urukk the Ugly and Trasli, attack Dwarven Strongholds along Stonehammer Hills in attempts to rescue stolen hobbit comrades.

OR

<http://www.postimage.org/image.php?v=aV2QLwmr><http://www.postimage.org/image.php?v=aV2QLwmr>

Elven Hero wielding Helionos and wearing Plate of Griffin House rescues Dwarven Hero and recovers Demon Slayer Sword.

A series of photos like this of an event would count as a chronicle for experience points adds.

4906

Game Master Chris



Posted: Sun Jun 08, 2008 10:53 pm Post subject:

Old Posts

Hello all FanWar Players:

I dredged up some old Forum Posts and I thought they might be of use to players since they have been asking about this stuff. Here it is.

Author Message Select

snx Posted: Mon Mar 13, 2006 10:41 am Post subject: Magic Items

hey all fanwar peole, i asked chris about this stuff and he said that you guys would know alot about it, so if you know anything about any of this pleez post it: korikon, oakenthen, merigrads works, neonorns crown, mirathulous, minimotos naginata and kumi bow, the Dark Gaurd, Lion Maw, the litch king swords, i also to find out what happened to gortakitak after celindil. Letesashi, Dagameties Flag o victory

Pangolin Posted: Mon Mar 13, 2006 10:55 am Post subject:

Isn't Lion Maw that biting shield that Tyson got after we killed the Boogeyman (along with the Chameleon Rod and Prismic Blade)? I think Cookies had it last.

Other than that, I don't know anything. Sorry.

Roscoe Posted: Tue Mar 14, 2006 2:15 pm Post subject:

I recall hearing about the kumi bow but I don't know where and if it was in game or not. About Dagameties I don't think I have the same one seeing how mine can't be used by warriors but the one I have is probably similair.

Game Master Chris Posted: Tue Mar 14, 2006 8:26 pm Post subject: Research done by the Hobbit Mafia

Hello Clay: (if you want this info ot be private just tell me)

The Historians and Informants have been working all week on this and have turned up very little on Merigrads works. The things they do know are as follows. Merigrad worked on many Magic items in a lost city known only as Merigoth the location of which is lost to time. Supposidly he worked on his items in a secret forge under Mt. Wizaste and was very reclusive. He is credited with making many of the Morganti weapons around today (along with the Dwarven Smith Hragnor). Merigrad supposidly made items called "Pathfinder" items that could locate things but you have no details yet. He supposidly made five such items, all of which were used by the Waning Moon Warriors in Amir during the second age. That's all they have dug up so far. Would you like them to keep looking up stuff on Merigrad's Works for next week or start on the next one?

Christopher

Pangolin Posted: Wed Mar 15, 2006 4:46 am Post subject:

Whatever Clay wants to research, I'll have Talys pitch in on hiring more historians and informants. I'm curious too!

By the way, (out of game) was Minimoto a PC? It sort of seemed like it from reading the history, but I could be wrong.

Jeff Posted: Wed Mar 15, 2006 6:45 am Post subject:

Sence were on the topic of magic items, Chris you know how i have that human Ranger Buenathor, who can weild Ebonafter(SP?) and is related to Broden, or something like that. I remember you saying something about there was a set of magic items that Ebonafter was a part of and that my dude can use thoughts magic items. I had Buanathor look for any information on thoughts magic items over his entire 25 year break, and i just wanted to know if he found any information on them.

-captian potato man

Game Master Chris Posted: Wed Mar 15, 2006 7:30 pm Post subject: Magic Items

Cora:

Taly's researches Merigrads works and finds out some interesting stuff. I will print it here and in the future if you want it to be private just tell me. Clay want's his info provate so I won't post what he finds out here anymore. It is up to you whether you are sharing your info.

Merigrad made five legendary Magic Items which were each used by members of the Waining Moon Warriors in Amir in the second age. There were six members of the Waining Moon Warriors and five of them used the legendary weapons, the sixth used a broadsword and shortsword, reportedly from Illionass that were powerful magic items as well.

The Five Magic items were called; Ravenwing (a Two Handed Longsword that supposedly held the spirit of a Dark Angel- but that is legend); Specter Shroud (a clock that allowed the user to go ethereal at will like a specter), Sudden Thunder (a Large Sheild with awesome Storm Mage powers), Merigads Familiar (a Spell Staff that bit people?), and Merigrads Fire (a Ring, reportedly used in the creation of magic items). The items were used by a Human, Dwarf, Centaur, Elf, and Hobbit- respectively. The sixth member of the Waining Moon Warriors was a human as well. The Waining Moons where critical in most of the battles of the second age as was the use of their items which supposedly could lead them where-ever they wished to go. The items disappeared near the end of the second age, along with the Waining Moon Warriors who have not been heard of since.

Merigrad also made a great deal of Morganti Weapons. It was rumored that he was working to create a perfect Morganti weapon and most of the Morganti weapons we see today were his cast offs. He reportedly worked under Mt Wizaste but no one has been able to locate this supposide Dark Forge, nor have many wanted to, considering what Merigrad made. It is said taht Merigrad founded the city of Merigoth where he did much of his work, but the location of such a place is lost to time.

Christopher

Game Master Chris Posted: Wed Mar 15, 2006 8:04 pm Post subject: Illionass Legacy

Hello Jeff:

Well it just so happens that a Historian from Illionass is in town and his specialty is in the Legacy of Illionass, the items you are researching! He is a human, in his late 70's and has been displaced by the takeover of Menonas by Dagdeoth. He tells you the following.

There are seven of the Legacy items, Ebonafter being the most powerful of them all. Ebonafter was made by Merigrad in the second age and it was the last of the seven. The other six were made by Lotorock, one of Merigrad's apprentices. They are as follows, in order of importance:

Ebonafter: the Morganti Longsword with Necro Elder Sorcery + other?

Auquaflame: a Dagger combining Storm and Flame Elder Sorcery

Lathen Tack: a Short Axe with vicious battle attacks

Necrolife: a Tower Shield that protected all others at the user's expense

Jerthed: a Short Flail of devastating power against undead

Eminence: a Long Spear critical in tactical attacks and charges

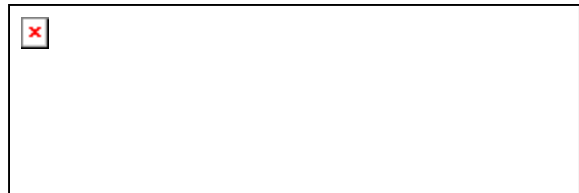
Northern Star: a Short Sword with Cartographer and other? skills.

This set of items gained added powers the more items from the set were being used by the same party. Thus if three of them were being used at the same time, each of the three gained additional abilities. They were used all through the second age in a great number of battles and have been lost and regained numerous times. The first to disappear for good was Northern Star which was given to the young prince Illion on his twelfth birthday. It had been predicted by the Oracles of the day that Illion would be a leader of great and powerful armies but it was not to be so. He reportedly was assassinated by Dagdeoth by a Morganti weapon at the age of seventeen. The Northern Star was never found. Eminence went missing near the end of the third age in many of the large scale battles of the day in the sleeping wastes and was never recovered. The rest have been kept by the Royalty of Menonas until recently. Jereth and Ebonafter were stolen from Menonas by the Dark City. Auquaflame is being kept by Lady Nonas, an Apprentice at Astengrad. Lathen Tack was being used to defend Menonas from Dagdeoth when it fell and it is still in the hands of the Illionass troops who retreated to Odilwatch. Necrolife is currently in Amir Ford being kept by a few of the surviving Royal Guard of Menonas who escaped.

That's it, enjoy.

Christopher

4909 Game Master Chris



Posted: Sun Jun 08, 2008 11:03 pm Post subject:

[More History](#)

[More History:](#)

I found a little more history I thought I would post.

"Game Master Chris Posted: Tue Apr 11, 2006 10:32 am Post subject: Chronicle of Estorock Keep March Events by Christopher

Our character began their exploration of Estorock Keep and the surrounding area with scouting missions into the Blackspire Mountains which have been more active of late. Blackspire has been relatively quiet since the third age but Keri Johanai takes nothing for granted and so regularly hires trackers and scouts to make sure that the Blackspire Pass remains open and that Sezolath (Watch Peak) is under control. The adventurers who took on this mission found bands of Goblins which they easily routed, gaining a fair number of throwing weapons in the process. The scouting mission would have been done but for an encounter on the way back in which they encountered a group of Orks who were well armed and lead by a very skinny dark cloaked figure who appeared to be lighting a fire atop of The Stepping Stone (the major peak between Sezolath and the Blackspire Pass. On closer inspection this figure appeared to be Skeletal! The adventurers tried to sneak past as the orders were to get information not destroy the threat, but they were run down on the banks of the Dugarion and all but two died, slaughtered by the Orks. Luckily, the Estorock ferrieman picked up the bodies and healed those who had survived and helped to transport them back to Estorock Keep for Resurrection. In town, many of the young Saumurai to be were busy gaining honor through duels and keeping the roads clear of thugs.

In the next few weeks several events unfolded for our heroes. One of the most interesting was the appearance of a strange group of apparently Insane Cultists who began to become more and more common throughout the city, often wanting to measure people heads! The law enforcement got into an argument with Serperton officials who claimed there was nothing illegal about these Cultists and therefore they should be left alone. Keri Johanai disagreed but has had trouble implementing a task force to deal with the Cultists until the proper papers have been filed with the Serperton Depot. Meanwhile the Cult has grown, some saying that the group is building some kind of shrine in the cemetery though no one who goes looking for the shrine finds it (some ending up dead having to be Summoned by the Necromancers Guild in order to be Resurrected). Certain of our heroes have encountered a strange Black Ooze which instilled a great amount of fear in them but was not heard of since. As this Ooze was able to take a humanoid form and showed up around the time of the Cultist, some of our heroes theorize that there is a connection between the two.

While these events have been unfolding, our adventurers have learned to be cautious of the Serperton Samurai who uses Sorikonian Helms to help with their Law Enforcement, forcing anyone who speaks with them to speak the truth only at all times, a dangerous situation not just for those with something to hide but also for those who do not get to ask the questions but must only answer them. Our heroes received an entreaty from a small town along the Dugarion that was plagued by Sea Serpents! Because of their high honor, our poor heroes were honor bound to take such a mission or risk being dishonored. They bravely defended the town long enough for one of their patron Goddesses to send aid in the form of more Sea Serpents who brought the massacre to a stalemate. Once again our heroes were resurrected and returned to daily life. Meanwhile, certain other adventurers were exploring a haunted Pagoda. The story of the haunted Pagoda falls to those who were there to describe, but what is common knowledge is that they discovered the tomb of a forgotten Shogun, lost to time, who had been promised something to keep his sleep peaceful but that the promise had not been kept. He was changing into a living dead, one of the dread Vampires that now control the fallen city of Celendil, The

Dark City! Thanks to the quick thinking of our heroes they fulfilled the promise and the Shogun sleeps again, the spirits of his guards no longer haunting the Pagoda.

Shortly after this, a group of Nomads from Amir came through Estorock Keep carrying a Black Coffin which emanated evil. Due to the bad weather (a Hurricane hit that week, killing some of our heroes) the Nomads had to camp inside the City. Keri Johana brought them into the Palace Gardens where he could monitor the Coffin and keep it from hurting Civilians. As it turned out this was a very good idea because, as those who had been charged with its protection discovered, it had come alive and slowly killed and absorbed any life forms in its vicinity animating them into more undead to continue its growth. Soon the heroes were overwhelmed with Apparitions! At this point Keri Johana brought in his Elite Paladins and Samurai who Exorcised those that had been taken by the Coffin and kept a watch on it from a distance where it could not harm anyone else. The next day the Coffin was removed from the City, taken into the East where it will be quarantined.

Several of our intrepid heroes who seem to have a knack for solving problems, discovered that Wu Senti and Wu Oblia as well as Solia Meni had died unexpectedly in an inn. Only Sori Enin has been able to be resurrected and she could not remember what had happened leading up to the deaths, having pulled a black stone when confronted with death. Our intrepid hero took on the mission with the knowledge that if they could discover how the Samurai died they would be paid the sum of 150 gold pieces and another 150 if they could prove it was murder. The story of the clever thinking and deduction of the small band of heroes and the strange virus their Herbalist identified is a story best told by those who lived it, but suffice it to say they discovered how these poor Samurai died and even who else was in the room with them though they could not tie these individuals to the crime and so only received the 150 as promised. They have not since done any further investigation though the Estorock Keep Guards now are keeping a tight watch on the other two Samurai who were in the room, Noe Cubai and Weehen Carak, two leaders of rival Samurai Clans.

The end of the month of March has brought about the Festival of Minamoto, one of the great Samurai of Dsesnors past. It is a tradition during this time to play the game of Minamoto, a Chess variant that involves honor and a hexagon based board and pieces. These matches continue through mid May when the final matches are held on the palace grounds, the winner of which gains a great deal of honor and is allowed to take the trial of the Fire Bird, hosted by the Sorikonian Martial Masters.

Much more has happened in Estorock Keep that is not common knowledge and so will not grace the pages of this article, you will have to discover them in the chronicles of those characters or ask them in person for all the other things they have discovered in this short time so far. And we have not begun to discuss the further elements of the world of Roekron, in Amir near the Dark City, in Pinicle or in Temnor. Such discussion could not fit in an article of this size, but suffice it to say that the wars continue, the Wizards Trade Order watches, and the Dark City expands, its Carakwaith and undead armies combined with those of Dagdeath and Werek, wielder of the Morganti Longsword, Ebonafter, and no-one likes to think about what is going to happen next...

Christopher

There, I did that one for you guys, now you need to pick up where I left off and start posting

your own stories so people know this stuff."

4910

Lady_Rose



Posted: Tue Jun 10, 2008 12:33 pm Post subject:

Kerrowyn's Journal

OOG knowledge unless you were there

I had the most spectacular experience! I feel that I have truly become a blessed paladin of my Sun Lord!

I GOT TO SLAY UNDEAD! I cannot even begin to describe the feeling of holiness I got from ridding this earth of those abominations!

I feel however that I must make a small confession- I experienced a certain amount of trepidation to face my first undead, yet I came upon them so suddenly that I had no time to be afraid. Myself, Gremnir, the lizard-man and the quick-fingered hobbit joined forces to investigate some mysterious disappearances near a sewer drain.

I found through asking around that some other's had checked this area out prior- it was our detective friend. Strangely when I went looking for him I encountered a Oger carrying his equipment who informed me that in no uncertain terms were there vampires near that sewer drain- while holding up four fingers. Well obviously he was trying to give us a hint, but not being entirely sure what his connection to the Detective is, I was slightly unsure what to believe. Upon arriving and descending into the drain we did in fact find several walking corpses- 4 in fact. I was rather unimpressed however, they seemed to be pitiful craven things, afraid of the light, afraid to come near me...they seemed to spend most of their time hiding in the realm of spiritis, which I can see into now thanks to Gremnir. These abominations seemed to prefer to hide and attack those who were unaware, I had to save the hobbit a few times. I know the Lizard-man took some wounds, yet strangely he required no healing, I attempted to heal him once and he gruffly brushed me off....I must keep an eye on this, it's strange.

And speaking of strange I noticed something strange and wonderful...the more of the vampires I laid to rest the more powerful I seemed to become! Truly I am blessed to be given such awesome powers. I have a feeling however that these powers do not come from only The Shinning One, but perhaps those Norse god's that my companions worship. Tis an odd thing to feel a power not of my Sun Lord interested in me, yet I do carry their blade in defense of my brothers.

On another odd note, we encountered a 5th vampire, farther back in the sewers- the hobbit lady noticed tracks as though something had been dragged. This vampire seemed to be much older, dressed in full plate which Gremnir identified as of Dwarven make. Upon slaying this one, when we attempted to divest it of its armor to find more about it, it teleported away. Consternated we found its coffin, and took a sample of the soil to be identified, where we learned it's of Svodlin...very strange to have undead from so far away....



Posted: Tue Jul 01, 2008 5:15 pm Post subject:

(Note: This would actually be two posts but it is easier to just make it one. Also these are technically the private journal notes of my saurage character Malkavus, and though they are written here, he would not share any of the specific knowledge. I've posted them for people who aren't at the events to gain a, or another, perspective and a little more flavor on the happenings that are common knowledge.)

My oh my, how displeased Father would be. It has been well over a Month since I've updated my core journal. Been keeping everything in my secondary and tertiary notes. Displeased indeed. Oh well at least it is being done. I shall begin with the events that occurred on the third day of the month of Junus, as dated in the Primary Global Dating System that Father taught Ventrus and I.

3, Junus

In an attempt to gain further knowledge about this section of the world I have begun a number of projects, The preservation of knowledge should be the utmost goal of any life form. So far the Creature Compendium (CC). The Animal Compendium (AC). The Journal for the Understanding and Preservation of Arcanum and Artifacts (JUPAA). And the Journal for Technological Advancement (JTA). I will henceforth use these as references in my daily journals to ensure that information is kept organized.

I began today with my brother Ventrus. It was our intention to spend the day in some form of exploration or another. To that regard we were fairly successful. Early on, say about mid morning or so, we encountered a dwarf (CC species: 01) by the name of Dural. He seemed to be an investigator of sorts and had a whole adventuring party that he partied with. He seemed happy to let us follow him about for a bit. I was excited as this was my first opportunity to closely study something for my compendium. Of note, he carried a strange instrument with him that he called a Hand Ballistae (JTA item: 01) and he had an animal companion, an Owl (AC species: 01). We quickly met up with his party and were off out the gates of city before I really knew what was going on. Thankfully I had a bit of time to get a good look at a number of the party members, though the only name I caught was "Muscle". There was a Centaur (CC species: 02), two Potrang's (CC species: 03) (one of which is the afore mentioned "Muscle"), a Cobben (CC species: 04) and later a Dolynx (CC species: 06). To note, I am under the impression that the Dwarf, Dural, has the ability to transform into an Ogre (CC species: 05). Whether this is innate in Dural himself, and aspect of his species, or due to some form of Arcanum or Artifact is still under investigation. On to the adventures of the day. We were on a mission to reach a city by the name of Thunderwall, though for what reason I have no idea. Of note, Dural seemed to

have some sort of fear of leaving the town even though he felt it very important to leave the town. Muscle fixed this though by bashing him upside the head and knocking him unconscious, then dragging him outside the gates. Once outside and out of seeing distance of the town he was revived at which point he became unnerved and wished to regain the town but did not know where it was. Muscle pointed him in the direction of Thunderwall (or what I believed to be the direction of Thunderwall) and said to go that way. Dural obliged. The reactions of the dwarf and the apparent connection between Muscle and Dural were most interesting to watch. I wonder if there is something deeper that I don't know about. Oh well, time to continue on. As we moved north from the town we encountered a group of creatures that I was told were called Orc (CC species: 07). As Ventrus and I hung back, we watched the fray as the party tore into these "ork"s, killing all but one. This one was left off to the side, which granted me the opportunity to study a living specimen. I felt a bit of pity for them, but such is the nature of the world. We progressed further north and encountered a group of lizard like people. They were similar in appearance to Ventrus and I but were smaller and apparently not nearly as intelligent. I lacked the opportunity to study them further though, as the party decided to find a way around them. I did learn though that they are called Kobold (CC species: 0). We continued on and met a party of Dwarven "Heroes". We passed them by without any incident. I once again lacked the time to properly study them. Thankfully I have already gleaned much information from the dwarf that is present. We then met a group of Ogre (CC species: 05) After a proper show of power (namely the using of much fire) we dealt with the ogre's. As I was a bit distracted contemplating the nature of the cobben's "Spirit Item" when these events occurred I cannot speak to the specifics. Very shortly after word we encountered a Centaur (CC species: 02) and an Elf (CC species: 09). I "got a bad vibe" as the saying goes. Dural and Muscle went off with these two new comers. And I progressed further into the mountains with the other potrang (CC species: 03) and the centaur (CC species: 02). Soon after the rest of the group caught up to us and we decided to make camp for the night. I believe we were waiting for Dural and Muscle to return but I was unsure. I felt that it would be a good time to study the physical nature of the party members and so did so. I lost track of time, but at some point in time Dural's Owl flew into the camp screeching. Some of the party members saw this as a sign to return whence we came, others decided to press on to Thunderwall. Ventrus and I thought it best that we follow the former. Namely for me because they had the Cobben (CC species: 04) with them. That is where this adventure ends.

Additional Notes: The cobben (CC species: 04) claims that his "Spirit Item" is a natural occurrence for all of his species. It appears that at birth each member of the race gains one and what it is, and what abilities it has are completely random. It also seems that as the cobben (CC species: 04) grows stronger in skill and wisdom, their spirit item also grows stronger. This raises many questions. He stated that the item is tied into his very soul. This would explain how he is able to summon it, and recall it, at will. But the questions lie in the very nature of the item itself. What would happen if it was struck with a spell of unforgetting? What if it was sealed in silver when the cobben (CC species: 04) tried to recall it. Is there a way to artificially reproduce the effect in a non member of the species? I have heard that some thieves have the ability to keep items with them when they leave their body. Must test some of these theories if I get a chance. Especially the unforgetting. I wonder if, as unforgetting unmakes enchantments, thereby releasing the soul within, it will separate that part of the soul from the main body, or just destroy that part of the soul. Can a soul be pulled apart into multiple pieces? I am beginning to digress

so I will leave my notes here for now and perhaps pick up this line of thought later.

25, Junus

Not much to report in over notes. The past few weeks have been spent updating my Animal Compendium while trying to scrounge enough silver that Ventrus and I can continue to eat. I have not had time to add anything of a non mundane nature to any of my compendiums. Thankfully I've bought some time to make today an exploratory one. Sadly Ventrus will have to remain behind today to earn money. On to the active notes of today.

Father would be proud. Today I journey to the fabled "Grey Isles" on a great three masted ship. I journey again with Muscle and now a new companion, a hobbit (CC species: 10). There were others with me but none really worth mentioning, though I did manage to get a silver shield from one of them. Its weight was incredible, thankfully I was not trying to use any weapons with it. On second thought, there was a mutant bat thing among them. It deserves further study. Though my skills are a bit weak to maximize the benefit of this trip, I will still attempt to gain all the knowledge I can. I have outfitted myself with as many things useful as I could think of. Long extra rope, torches, a dozen alchemical vials, and plenty of parchment and ink among other things. At first look the hobbit (CC species: 10) seemed most disagreeable. He was sickly and kept himself shrouded. As much as I wished to study his ailment, I feared catching it myself. He also seemed.... of a darker nature, not kind at all, not that it matters much in the end. I am happy to say though that as I was around him more I found him to be much more agreeable and... friendly? Perhaps that is not the word, but it is unimportant. As we sailed out I began to notice behavioral quirks in the hobbit (CC species: 10). I began to watch him much more closely. On our way to the isles we met up with an elven trade ship, but lacked the funds to trade in the things they were selling. Though I would gladly have given whatever I had, or even a companion, to acquire some of the Artifacts they were selling. At least there they would have provided a purpose other than pure annoyance to me. Oh well, I doubt the elves would have found such a deal equitable. As we came close to the isles a stray fog bank drifted across the deck of the ship. In a near instantaneous moment the ship was surrounded by swimming enemies. I believe they were merfolk (CC species: 11). In any case they attacked us. Thankfully the warriors and fighters among us were able to dispatch them quickly. Sadly no specimens were recovered for study. Shortly after that something very strange happened. Suddenly there were several mages on the ship, and another, empty, ship next to ours. They appeared instantaneously, and were demanding release of the ship to them. I personally was unaware of any arcana allowing them to appear there. Due to the moving of ships, I doubt it was a common teleport. My next guess would have to be something in the corrupted magical nature of the isles themselves. Regardless, a fight broke out and we were able to defeat the mages (Note: I am continually surprised at the violent nature of the world around me. There was nothing of this in father's libraries. perhaps this is why he sent Ventrus and I out to find our own way. How naive I've been. No more.) Once again, not enough time to collect proper data. This time we crashed on what appeared to be a rock. The captain went down below to take a look, and a good thing for him. After he went down spirits appeared. They seemed to be of the classification of "Haunt." Reenacting some tragedy that happened to them. Then they attacked. I had not really been glad of that silver shield before. Now it was my saving grace. It allowed me to jump ship

to the small bit of mainland where Muscle and the Hobbit had managed to escape to. There I hunkered down while Muscle dealt with any spirits who strayed our way. I would like to note that at this point I have noticed that the Hobbit is not what he appears to be. I have too little data at this point to make any full hypothesis. After this, a few things happen in rapid succession. The bat mutant thing pops up near us dead. Unsure of how it happened but I made sure to get a vial of blood samples and a vial of skin and hair samples, will keep these cooled in a bucket of sea water to keep the samples viable. then Muscle broke open a chest of which origin I have no idea. There were many shards of things, mixed potions and a few scrolls we managed to salvage. Muscle the Hobbit and I split up the scrolls between us and I filled the other ten vials full of the mixed potions. Will experiment with these later. Perhaps on some unsuspecting inn patrons so that I can get objective data. Will keep these with the blood samples. And finally we were attacked by large land based beastie creatures I was later told were called Wurms or Worms (CC species: 12). It was a long and arduous fight to get them off the ship so that we could move away from the isle. I tasted the bitterness of death for the first time in that fight. I must say though that if there were not such an inherent risk involved I would like to study the exact effect of dieing more. (Note to self: If ever presented with the opportunity to study something "PD"ing, don't pass it up!) From there we sailed home. The return trip was rather uneventful. But it did provide me time to reflect on the happenings of this morning.

Later the same day,

An exploratory mission is leaving soon and I have decided to join them. The group is basically the same as before, and so I cannot pass up this opportunity to study the Hobbit further. We went to the swamps east of town. While we explored the swamp I think I finally landed on exactly what the hobbit is, sort of. He appears to be some sort of vampire (CC species: 13). The effect is not perfect though. He lacks the aversion to silver and his physical features are not as distorted. Conversely he does appear to be highly affected by sunlight and shows a need to feed. This would explain many things about his behavior and aversion to others. He seems to have an affinity with Muscle though, and has no aversion to me. I vaguely remember him saying something about bad blood, though I don't know if he was referring to something figurative or literal. In either case it gives me a chance to further study him. If only I could find a way to get some samples from him and experiment with them. Oh well, I'm confident that the opportunity will arise at some point. Within the swamp itself we discovered some kind of beast that I am currently naming "Swamp Beast" (CC species: 14) for lack of a better term. It appears that some of our companions were downed in this fight. Not surprising, considering that the beast's teeth were sharp enough to go through most armor and it's bite seemed to have some kind of poisoning effect. Without close inspection I could not tell whether it was a venomous effect, a bacterial effect, or something else. Nor was I able to closely study the effect on the host body. A near failure to acquire data here. In an attempt to acquire this missing data some of the party decided to use our fallen comrades as bait (why not, they were not doing anything else). This was very effective and I had the opportunity to study their attacking and eating habits in action. After a little while we prepared to leave when we realized that we left a companion behind. I (under some protest) was sent with others to bring him back. No reason to leave him behind. The two who came with me could fly and so came in and lifted out the body. It seems I served no purpose in being there, so why was I sent? I cannot say. As I turned to return to my companions a figure appeared in front of me and challenged me to Duel. An interesting effect

these duels. It seems that the challenger positions himself in such a way that it renders the other party incapable of escape. I must study this effect later, perhaps there is a way to make it ineffectual... Regardless, my calls for aid fell on deaf ears, it appears that my companions were busy with some goings on of their own. This enemy combatant cut me down with a single blow. Once again I tasted the bitterness of death. At least, I believe, I am beginning to gain a better understanding of what death means. In time I felt it was necessary to leave my mortal shell behind and wander the spectral paths. I awoke later that evening in the guild of mages surrounded by Muscle and the Hobbit. Perhaps they are even better companions than I had guessed.

Addendum notes: The Hobbit needs to be studied further while he is still around. He appears to be only partially undead and I wonder how this is even possible. Must gain a deeper understanding of this.

Do not forget to run full tests on the potion mixtures sometime in the near future.

4944

Game Master Chris



Posted: Wed Jul 02, 2008 4:39 pm Post subject:

Chronicle

Chronicle:

Excellent chronicling Doug. I don't know how many Ranks in Read/Write etc. you have so it is hard to gauge the amount of exp gained from this post, but I would say at least 2. As a note, the boat stopped on the shore to salvage a sunken ship, not because your boat crashed their. But if that is what your character thought was happening, that is fine, just wanted to clarify.

Christopher

4948

Mordecai



Posted: Wed Jul 02, 2008 6:52 pm Post subject:

Cool, I've got 3 lvls in read write and 2 in historian. I heard somebody say something about crashing on a rock, and thought they were talking about us. Oh well thats what Malkavus

remembers.

4951

Game Master Chris



Posted: Thu Jul 03, 2008 10:09 am Post subject:

Junior and Advanced League

Junior and Advanced League Chronicle (from the end of May- please note that it was not the Keep of Hragnor that was retaken, but a keep in the Stonehammer hills).

"Player: Quinn Morgan (age 9.5)

Character: Nniuq Nagrom, Paladin (level 6)

Dictated to Mountain Cat Scribe

``Retaking the Keep"

It was a warm day in Spring when we set out through the Stonehammar Hills to retake the Keep of Hragnor. We were an army from Forgen and when we arrived there were four ogres, eight orcs and one troll wandering around outside the keep. The door was broken, so we went inside and were followed by the ogres, the orcs and the troll.

I am Nniuq Nagrom, a combat medic. An ogre attacked me and I do not know how long I lay there, unconscious. Then the TROLL gave me enough strength so I could wrap up my wounds. It surprised me that the troll would help me because trolls usually do not heal others.

Then I healed as many people as I could. I was trying to help a hobbit life mage, when unfortunately an arrow shot me in the back. Then the troll healed me a second time! The troll continued to fight until he defeated all the ogres and orcs by throwing boulders at them. At the end of the battle, he ate most of the orcs but left the ogres.

We thought the troll might have been enchanted, so he was killed and we brought him back to Forgen. We knew we could bring him back to life if he turned out to be a king or a prince. The Storm mage was able to identify his bones and it turned out he was just a regular troll, just past his maturity rate. He might have been raised by a Paladin which I am training to be.

With the help of this mysterious troll, the army from Forgen succeeded in retaking the keep."

4956

Game Master Chris



Posted: Mon Aug 04, 2008 10:01 am Post subject:

Werek and the Skull Demon

Werek and the Skull Demon:

In the evening light the two main armies formed up, Lord Longrass and his son Peter, and Werek, his body Guard with the infamous Shang Gou hook swords, and his best Urukai division. As they passed the camps of the Rebel republics, many of the rebel troops looked as though they were ready to join Longrass in the attack, but once they saw Werek's banner at the lead, there was stony silence and even drawing of blades. Longrass urged the Rebels to join with them to defeat the Skull Demon but none of the troops of the Rebels would do so, Keri Yi Ti going so far as to say that any who rode with the Vampires begotten would be Dishonored. Werek also refused to ask the Rebels to join, instead continuing to brood in silence, his newly acquired flaming short sword already drawn and Ebonafter slung over his back.

They reached the valley of Reedmen by midnight. They had to pull back a bit and make camp on the Menonass plateau out of range of the strange Magical canceling effect so they could plan with full use of their skills and mages. Unfortunately, they did not have long. Soon, the effect began to move towards them, and they knew they must act immediately. Werek rose and ordered everyone to form up for an attack. When Longrass asked what the plan was, it was then that Werek's rage seemed to boil over. He seemed to consider for a moment and then said, "Lord Longrass, you are to take your division, and attack in full force against this foe. I want to see what I am up against." Longrass is said to have drawn his sword and shook with rage, but in the end, he formed up with his son and best warriors and led the attack in full force, without any of Werek's division or Werek himself. It was a slaughter of epic proportions. They rode off into the dark and though they outnumbered the foe 20 to 1, the undead were unstoppable, and the more they pressed the attack the more they were cut down and slain. Longrass engaged the Skull Demon itself but with no means to harm it ignored him for a while and then promptly skewered him on its bone sword several times without so much as a backward glance. Longrass used Armor Wound at first, but soon ran out and finally was struck through the chest, slain with a single blow, Peter as well.

It is said that at this point something in Werek snapped. He had been watching in mute contempt the carnage below and many of his troops laughed at the demise of the "pathetic humans" but as Longrass fell he suddenly rose to his feet and drew Ebonafter staring at it long and hard as if looking for his reflection in its black empty sheen.

"All wrong." He said, "It is all wrong." And then to his troops, "Form up! We take the beast now. Defensive formation only. You cannot harm them, any of them, as you have seen. So don't

bother trying. Parry, Brace, Disarm, and keep me from the others while I kill the beast. Move now!" He seemed suddenly to be in a great rush, "And may we be remembered as something great!"

Wereks division moved in with the grace and skill of an elite task force. The undead attacked, but instead of attacking back, his troops did as they were told and simply negated the attacks, defending fiercely, and keeping the undead off Wereks back while he approach the Skull Demon duel wielding Ebonafter and the Dragon Tallon. Ebonafter seemed to to have gone dim, but there was still fear in it, and Werek seemed to think it still might work against this foe, and began the dance. Werek made the first attack and would have Morganti slayed the thing were it not for it Avoiding the attack! Werek seemed deeply troubled by this new development but set in to fight. Werek delivered several more blows that wounded the best with the Dragon Tallon, but it was plain the thing was Regenerating it. Then werek took the Skull Demons sword across the chest and Avoided the slay but took a horrendous wound that left blood across his entire body. He seemed to staggar from the damage but kept his feet. The wound would not heal, but Werek continued.

THE battle lasted almost twenty minutes it is said. Wereks division kept the other beast at bay while Werek continued to fight the beast. He landed at least one Morganti blow to the best and even a Morganti Hack to the creatures face, which didn't seem to Regenerate. This seemed to only infuriate the thing, who had already been pummeling Werek, who only remained in the fight due to two Leg Endures, and a Body Endure. The beast tried a savage Mana drain that is uncertain of it power, though it is said that many of the Urukai NEAR Werek at the time, lost a mana! His Silver armor saved him, and he fought on. And then, he Endured his left arm. He is said to have dropped Ebonafter at this point, and taken Dragon Tallon only in his right. The beast brought it's sword in on him and he struck it upwards with the blade as it chopped his head clean from his body. The sword stuck in the beast side, and though it bled profusely, it is said to have yanked the weapon out and thrust it down the severed neck of Werek and left it there, burning.

The Urukai pulled out as best they could, and only half of them returned, along with only three of Longrasses troops.

5024

Game Master Chris



Posted: Tue Aug 12, 2008 10:45 pm Post subject:

Fall of the Skull Demon:

Fall of the Skull Demon:

I cannot post this in detail, hopefully someone will do so in character, though so many characters were destroyed in this battle I do not know that there is anyone left to tell the story...

Two days ago, a small group of young adventurers (read Junior League) went into the the

VaNenen forest and recovered some ancient, first age Elder Sorcery objects. The objects create a field that holds things out when positioned geometrically. They found 4 of them and put them around Randwin to protect it. This saved Randwin!

All the rebel forces outside Menonass gathered there to protect Randwin. The Magic Null-Field did pass through the elder sorcery object shield, but apparently it didn't let the Skull Demon or its minions in. So, they decided to launch a counter attack. They set up to rush the demon, with ALL the rebel troops, who would distract the Rorges and other undead to the party could deal with the Demon. To do this, they took the Phoenix dagger from Pebbles. Just before they headed out they met Werek's Bodyguard outside the field. He carried The Dragon Talon. He gave it to them and then left. They attacked the Demon and in a long bloody battle managed to kill all its respawns though 4 PC died and over 50% of the best of the best of the rebel republic forces from all over died as well (many due to the fact that a careless hero THREW the Phoenix dagger at the Demon, who promptly picked it up and started massacring with it!). They did manage to disarm the thing and finally kill it completely. The sword, it turns out, is called Soulbane, and has many abilities, chief of which is the fact that anyone killed by it gains the wielder's curses permanently! As they puzzled over this, they began to realize that players who had died in the battle could not be resurrected because the Null-Field is apparently a curse on the Skull Demon and now, everyone it has killed has this curse. They tried to consolidate the bodies to reduce the effect and over the course of the evening discovered that it was not the bodies that created the effect, something else was going on. Finally, around midnight they discovered that the spirits were all missing from the bodies, though the sword seems to make that impossible. By the next morning (too late) they discovered that the spirits had all become Haunts (this being likely a second curse on the Skull Demon). Luckily, they DID have the presence of mind to put the Skull Demon's remains in the field created by the 4 elder sorcery objects and so when it turned into a Haunt, it is still contained. However, all the rest are now floating around with 100-200 foot radius Null-Fields moving with them! The effect of the Null-Field is now no longer limited to that region but is becoming like a random occurrence all throughout the region as these Haunts now seem free to roam. No one can see these Haunts, if Haunts they be, as all have the Null-Field, and no one seems to be able to do anything about them, for the same reason. As Haunts they are like to respawn indefinitely, unless "solved" which seems unlikely given that they cannot be seen, heard, or spoken to!

Needless to say this has caused a great deal of havoc across Roekron! People are speaking of it all across the land with murmurs of awe and terror. All across the north, people's magic fails suddenly and they run screaming in all directions. Shrines, suddenly fade, and circles of protection suddenly collapse. Should one of these Haunts decide to enter a town, nothing can stand in its way to anyone's knowledge and the devastation could be huge. Currently (and this is the only positive so far) no one has actually been attacked by a Haunt of this type, so perhaps, they are non-combative or at least not interested in fighting yet.

A few other important notes. The Bodyguard of Werek showed up at Menonass and is following Lady Nonas around now, apparently guarding her! She also has TWO Ebonafters now! The Phoenix Dagger and Dragon Talon were returned to Pebbles, as Nenieve, Elias, Acabani, and [James Paladin], all were killed by the Skull Demon and now apparently are Haunts with the Null-Field.

More later, and I hope those at the battle get to tell a blow by blow, it was a wicked battle and a great Summer Season Finale! Wow!

Christopher

5026

connacht ironhewer



Posted: Wed Aug 13, 2008 9:27 pm Post subject:

The fall of the kensai

as written by ariland , guild vassal to elias.

after consulting with the leaders of the various republic troops. my lord and his party decided on a full frontal assault. putting all their eggs in one basket. such decisions are a bit over my head, but i imagine they felt it was their best chance at defeating the demon. as we set out i noticed an odd sort of calm pervade my liege, as if he knew the role he was to play in this, and accepted it. he approached the battle as if he knew it would be his last. i cannot pretend to know his mind in this, even i who have studied under him, and know the way of the kensai. even to me this sort of serenity and resolve is source of both envy and awe. as our party made to leave randwin a large armoured figure awaited us at the door, anticipating a fight i loosed my blade, drawing the tsuba an inch clear of my sword in preparation for a sudden strike. i let the blade slide back into place as i noticed my master had not touched hand to sword, and rather seemed to recognize the figure. it carried two fearsome shang gou hook sword, and a flaming short sword. my lord approached alone through the barrier around randwin, and spoke to the figure, i caught the works werek, avange, and a few others, im not sure precisely for what reason, but the figure gave the flaming sword to elias, presumably to fight the demon. as the battle began the republics best and brightest engaged the demons minions, a pair of large undead armoured beasts of some kind, i was warned that magic would not work on them, only healing them, much in the manner of rourges, and that nothing else could harm them either. those that engaged them used delaying tactics, brace and armor wound and the like, keeping their attention focused away from defending their master. darting ahead of the party, my lord challenged the creature to a duel, which it avoided. he challenged it again and again, clearly not wanting to face a kensai in his element. closing he struck the demon a pair of swift blows, in quick succesion, one to the arm and one to the side, the short flaming sword biting deep and searing the things flesh. the demon retaliated with a mighty slash, which was deflected by a well timed parry with a dueling katana. the flaming blade darted forth again, seeking to peirce the demons heart, but the demon deflected the blow with its massive bone-sword. at this point i noticed something terribly wrong, the short sword. while fearsome in his hands, saw relatively unfamiliar. the strikes were neither as quick nor as sure as those i have seen him make time and again with his dueling blades. the demon wheeled back and slashed furiously, opening a terrible and mortal wound to elias's chest, nearly splitting him in half. on the verge of death a soft of mad fury filled elias. his blows rained like a summer monsoon. he spun and twisted in the dance of steel, fire streaming

behind the blade in great arcs. myself couldnt follow the blur of steel, but i saw the demon bodily hacked limb from limb. torso pouring out blood in gouts, my lord handed me his weapons, to carry back to his family. he gave a stiff bow, effort lining his face, and looked me in the eyes. "my sister, you must look after her. i feel my time has come" i strained to hear his words over the din of battle. no sooner had the words left his lips than the light left his eyes and he fell slumped to the earth. and then the demons body began to pull itself together.....

5028

connacht ironhewer



Posted: Tue Sep 02, 2008 12:04 am Post subject: elias discussions with sorikonian martial masters

(this is the email transcript of elias's roleplay with the sorikonian martial masters, as scribed by an accompanying wu clan samurai, it is available to rebel republic alligned people within the area of estarok keep. bear with me through some of the parts that are ooc discussion)

1. i would like to go before the sorikonian martial masters once more, not to ask for anything, but to offer them a gift. more precious to me than anything material, an idea, perhaps a bit of wisdom, gleaned from my meditative retreat in the off season. (diplomat lvl 3

" the duty of any honorable government is to see to the needs and wellbeing of its people.to keep and enforce laws that promote said wellbeing. that duty is in fact the sole reason for the existence of any honorable government. when laws are passed that benefit only those in power, when those who rule work to serve themselves rather than the greater good, they have lost sight of their purpose. . if a republic feels its government is not acting in its best interest, it is it's right and responsibility to profess these sentiments, and if said government refuses all reasonable accomodaion and redress for such grievances, then it is the responsiblity of such a republic to cast off such a government. i urge all of you, to look long and close upon the actions of the wizards trade order, particularly in there dealings with the hobits of hostor, and there frequent failures to oppose both dagdeath and the dark city. i in return for my gift i merely ask that you take the time to consider my words, and the pathways of thought they lead you down. thank you for your time most esteemed martial masters. i will take my leave."

id you want to continue the role-play with ellias and the martial masters?, as i would next like to bring up the letter by master allios shepton (al sharpton?) incedently my characters namesake.

would like to continue some role-play on the Sorikonian Martial Masters. They tell you that Allios Shepton left the order in the Third Age as he was not able to stay neutral. He was something of a renegade and while some of them agree with you on sighting him, the others see this as further proof that you are of the same ilk and are a treasonous man to be brought to justice.

elias: there is something very dangerous in anyone having absolute, unquestioned power. if the

people have no right to think, to ask questions. if the government is accountable to nothing and no one, then tyranny has taken seed and but awaits a strong rain to bloom forth and engulf the land. law is a beautiful thing, it governs my life, my daily rituals, my exercises to bring body and mind into harmony with spirit, my meditations, these things give my life fulfillment and meaning. but wisdom tells me that law can be perverted. if law is passed, for and on behalf of a select few rather than the people as a whole, there is the possibility of corruption. and if those people cannot object, and are imprisoned or worse if they do, it is not just possible but nearly inevitable. no man is so virtuous he can decide the fate of all. if merely thinking and stating these thoughts is an offense worthy of the destruction of my eternal soul, i have pity for all of you, as neutral arbiters, the king may one day tell you to do something you cannot abide by, something that is against your very being, and you will have to decide, as i have, whether or not your honor, and your principles are worth risking your life. (diplomat lvl 44)

The Masters listen and consider. They mostly feel that though no one is above the Celestials, the King is put in place to rule, and that should the people decide to object to his rule, all law would dissolve. He must be obeyed, so long as he does not take himself for a Celestial. The Arbiters of Sorikonnia do involve themselves in seeing that he does not do that, but otherwise, who are we to question the king. Others feel that a kind can only rule if the people run the country and so the king has a duty to mind them, but he may do so how he pleases.

Christopher

but by taking away peoples meanest of rights, of speech. of thought. of taking any who may dissent and breaking them down or killing them. is he not taking upon himself the rights of a celestial, to play god to his people. by objecting to the rule of one, i am not objecting to lawful rule. i am suggesting there be a lawful course for citizens to follow when a king is not fulfilling his obligation to them. given no legal means to rebel, given long enough abuse the people will rebel anyway. better to give them a legal and honoroube means to seek a leader with their best interests at heart, than to allow resentment and injustice to burst forth in anarchy. this is not outspoken rabble, but whole republics that object to his actions enough to speak up. perhaps it would be wise to listen to their words.

as for myself

these are the tenets of bushido.

1. rectitude, rightness of practice and principle. forthrightness, integrity.
2. Courage, the will to act, when fear would have you waver, the will to do what is right, despite personal cost.
3. benevolence. to act in the interest of the wellbeing of others. to be charitable and altruistic.
4. Respect. to regard highly those people and principles that have earned your regard and let your actions reflect such deference.
5. Honesty. to speak only truth. as your heart and mind hold it to be. to not deceive, even with words spoken true.
6. honor, the responsibility to uphold these tenets and the right to be acknowledged for it. a measure of a beings adherence to these ideals.

7. loyalty: unswerving faithfulness to something greater than oneself.

8. wisdom: the gaining of knowledge, understanding, and intuition, along with the ability to apply these qualities judiciously, through reflection(the noblest means) imitation(the easiest means) and experience (the bitterest means). to do that which is right, but unpleasant and difficult. to avoid that which is easy and pleasant but wrong.

all my life i have upheld these tenets, as i shall continue to do so. the one who would command my loyalty must as well. (this is a partial transcript, more will follow on request)

5030

Game Master Chris



Posted: Mon Sep 08, 2008 7:36 pm Post subject:

Important Events of Note:

Important Events of Note:

I just wanted to post some important developments that might have been missed by players. I cannot state any details, as that is something players are suppose to talk to each other about and try to remember, but I will at least fill people in on political developments and wars.

(1) Forgen troops invaded Svodlun and now control southern Svodlun. They captured Krodigros with the help of the Nerigoth Elves and several Life Mage Pacifists. Lord Stonehammer agreed to free all Hobbit Slaves he found during this campaign. Shortly after this victory, he was arrested by the Wizards Trade Order and held in Forgen for plotting to join the Rebel Republics. Several heros continues to attacks in Svodlun and investigated a disturbance in the Gap of Sentris and then went to Krodigros where they met the Angel/Vampire still guarding the castle of Krodigros. The killed the Angel/Vampire which was using a Morganti dagger, and the creature PDed, having 683 Deaths already.

(2) Later that day, a rebellion erupted in Forgen, in which the common people rose up against the Wizards Trade Order regent who had taken the thrown from Stonehammer. Stonehammer was released by the rebels who had made many allegiances with Rebel Republic forces and took back the city. Unfortunately, the Regent was able to incapacitate Stonehammer while they were fighting and teleport him away. The regent teleported himself out shortly thereafter. Through the use of an Elder Sorcery Crystal Scrying Glass given to one of the young ladies in the party by an Elder Goddess shrine, they were able to locate Stonehammer who was hidden aboard a merchant ship. Messages were sent to the Rebel Republics with a description of the ship and instruction to intercept it.

(3) The high Priestess of the Elder Goddess, still in a trance, was on the verge of dieing when a group of heros from Celendil traveled up the Celeroth and delivered a potion made by the Elven Sorcerers of Celendil which was designed to give her sustenance and keep her alive. Apparently

it worked, for those she is very frail, she still lives.

(4) Two Elder Platinum Dragons have been outside of Mithil Grisodedin for the past two weeks. Locals feel this has to do with the upsurge of free willed undead in the region. Stormwatcher mages have gone to speak with them. The mages have not said what they have discovered, only that the dragons were casting major Elder Sorcery.

(5) A huge creature was brought back from the big battle in Menonass. It is a size 10 humanoid. It takes size 40 to carry it. The creature is dead, and cannot be resurrected, so far as is known. Lady Nonas has Identified it and calls the creature a "Titan." She said no more, but order the creature to be buried ceremoniously just to the north of town, much to the dismay of the Nature Guild, which wanted to study the being. Nonas has order that anyone who disturbs the creatures resting place will be brought to her "personal" justice.

5033

connacht ironhewer



Posted: Wed Sep 24, 2008 11:48 am Post subject:

id overheard that the wizards trade order was to receive a caravan shipment from temnor, and the rebels want the goods acquired. i scouted the general area the rumor placed it at, and found some tracks, a good deal of peasants, moving at an odd pace, as if carrying a heavy burden, a set of wagon ruts, and a few scattered tracks from what looked like a child's foot, though the impressions were deep and had a ferrous tinge, indicating the child was wearing heavy armor, possibly a hobbit but the tracks were too narrow, and hobbits rarely wear iron shod boots. this seemed likely to be the caravan i was searching for, so i took to the air and followed the tracks. it wasn't long before i spotted the caravan. a wagon pulled by a large number of slaves. in temnor they like to call them peasants, but the chains gave lie to that. I could call a bear a kitten all i like and it would go on being a bear. i also saw runetail, a famed assassin i knew from my time in the wilds of temnor, and a young potrain i didn't entirely recognize. also i saw the goblin gnash, apparently hired to guard the thing. (have to go, will finish this post when i return)

5043

Brick



Posted: Wed Oct 08, 2008 11:01 pm Post subject:

hey everybody, it's austin, i was hoping someone could give me an update on recent events in

fanwar, hope to see you all soon

5048

Mord



Posted: Wed Oct 22, 2008 12:12 pm Post subject:

A story... in the head of Stormgard... only those who saw what happened will know exactly what is going on in game.

I love using those of weaker minds! Those who haven't embraced their minds as their most powerful weapon. Look at me, I can own nothing, but I always seem to live through the battle in some form or another, ever time things get hairy, they also get cold... very cold... That damned assassin, it was fun to use him. Make him get me to my friend, that one, Hobbit, Dwarf, not sure, he thinks he is Human. Its funny. He is a powerful ally however so all is well. Anyway, back to the assassin.

His name I do not know, for it is something of little importaince to me. He and I have gone on many an adventure together, and he is powerful, and that is why he lived. I knew he would be able to get away ok, it was not something that worried me. I however had no plans of killing the one called Muscle, she is a friend, and she would 'kill' me. That is fun of course for the power is much greater when I die, but I see her more as an ally than an enemy.

Anyway... we went to the camp outside of Amir, I in the shape of a wolf, Gnash and the Asassin flying above, attempting the "Death from Above" tactic that seems to work so well. It didn't. Gnash is mine, he listens to me and I told him that when he hits the ground he is not to get up. He listened, kinda. He waited long enough for me to get into the camp to find Muscle, dead, being teleported by a scroll from the Assassin. It almost worked.

I and three others failed to dispell the scroll, but seconds before it was done, a powerful storm mage was able to stop it. There were many many gaurds, they seem to have realized that I was not there to fight after I tried to dispell the scroll and left me alone. The assassin, in his Magically induced berserks, seemed not to notice that I wasn't helping, and he ran, ran like all who have ever killed me have done. He ran fast and far, doing his best to get away.

Now, I am with those who tend to be rational with their decisions, those who think, and continue to think all the time. Those are the people that I like to be around, and they are still willing to do what is needed to get the job done. Which I can truly appreciate! Now all I need to do is get evolved!

5057

Mord

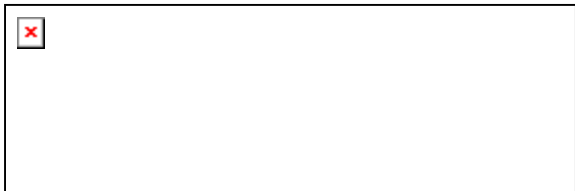


Posted: Wed Apr 01, 2009 11:46 am Post subject:

Grey's First Adventure:

Was a good today today...mostly. First i met a knome who's name i can't currently remember. He is very well equipped, and he help me to get a sword and shield to fight with. We decided to go east, the nature mage doesn't like Orieri so we went for an adventure. On our way out into the desert we met up with so annoying bandit people who wanted to steal our money, the only problem..we had no money. Of course they didn't believe us though, so we had to smash them like bugs; was fun. After we kepted walking for a little while it started to get oddly cold. Cold no bother Grey but we were in the desert. The cold seemed to be moving around us at random..i couldn't figure out why. Then i saw one of them. With a pop it came into the world, he about same size as me for now, with similar shape, no weapons...just claws. One of them had a battle staff and was tring to kill us, he kept swinging deadly blows. ne such deadly blow just missed my back as i fled...then i realized my friend to whom i still owed a debt for my weapons was still back there, o i started back, then my friend and that odd bird creature came flying and i followed them. Now we camp, in the desert, i don't know why, but is fun. I am just happy that the little adventure made me stronger, i can't wait to be as big and strong as the rest of my kind.

5181 Mord



Posted: Wed Apr 15, 2009 9:49 pm Post subject:

This be my Gnome who still needs a name.

My First Drake...on my second ever real adventure!

The gods smile upon me this day. An amazing feat i have managed, i slew my first DRAKE!!! Was all to easy, not even in a class and we get attacked by a Psionic Drake on our way down to the Mecca do make a delivery. Don't even ask about the delivery, that was nasty, and much less important.

The drake was tricky you see, it was in the form of an injured griffin floating in the water, our amazon friend who's name continues to escape me every time i try and think of it helped the poor creature out of the water. No sooner is the infernal beast upon the deck of the ship and it

reverts. An amethyst scaled drake stood before us. I charged through the legs of my comrades in arms letting arrows flt at the drake like rain. When i got close, i shot an arrow at it that would have killed the beast had it not blocked it. Once near, the beast used it breath weapon on us, mana draining us all for 8 mana! Most of the party hit dropped dead on the spot, but not me, i fought on! Shooting arrow after arrow at the beast as it circled around us. As it started to charge in a final attempt to destroy my, i caught it in the stomach with on final blow, killing it instantly! Was a fine day on the ocean, until i got eaten...damned invisible spiky cat drakespon!

5204

Mord



Posted: Wed Apr 29, 2009 11:40 am Post subject:

Written in Grey's journal, lvl1 Reading Writing lvl 2 Historian

My First brush with death.

Today was not the best day for Grey. I went off on a dnagerous mission to protect an out-post a couple moves outside of Oriri, that was my first mistake. First it was easy, just watch as the orks traveled by, then they attacked, again, they were easy enough to deal with. I only took one damage, we had no healing...(my second mistake). Once the orcs were taken care of it was back to recon. We were re-inforced by a group of journeymen from town. They were fairly useless, but its okay, fodder is fodder no? We were set upon by a group of i don't even remember what, i think they were Ogres and humans but i very well may be mistaken. They came at us with full intention to attack, weapons drawn, marching forth with a purpose. Two of them came at me, both seemed to be fairly powerful, one snared my leg in place while the other threw javelins at me for 3AV0. It was a massacre, we were destroyed, and all for a measly 8 gold...

5215

Mord



Posted: Wed Apr 29, 2009 11:55 am Post subject:

Another entry in Grey's Journal, LVL1 reading Writing, LVL 2 Historian.

Today I Showed My Strength:

Today was good...very good. It was a simple choice of what to do when listening to the

Inkeeper about what was going on around town today. He informed us about a group of hill giants out around that needed to be taken care of, and there were some Ogres that were helping some criminals. I and a coben decided to take care of the Ogres. Personally i don't mind criminals as long as they leave me alone, but ogres posed a bit of a challenge and i was up for the task.

The journey out was uneventful, we met nobody on the way. Once we found the group we were looking for it was obvious that it would be a challenge. There were two Ogres, one of which was fairly formidable looking, and with the ogres were accompanied by 5 or 6 humans. With me i had the coben and two young heroes who were not meant for much other than fodder. Before i knew it all my companions had been dropped to the ground, i checked the coben and found he was dead. I pulled him away from the fray of the battle and then it was on. I took down almost all of the humans and the weaker of the two ogres easy enough. Some of the humans were healed to consciousness and then were dropped again with single swipes from my sword. Most of the poor saps failed to protect their legs.

Then there was only me and the Ogre barbarian. He started swinging for 3 hack after he went berserk. I took one shot to the leg and then destroyed him with several hits to his arm, cleaving through his armor as i went. The brute hit me in the leg with a painful swipe, breaking my leg in one fell swoop. I hobbled along, with one final stab in the chest and hit the bastard right in the chest, dropping him to the ground.

This was my day of victory, the day i proved to myself that i can hold my own, even though the Ogre may have been stronger than i am.

5216

Mord



Posted: Tue May 05, 2009 9:40 pm Post subject:

Excerpt from Grey's journal, lvl1reading writing, lvl2 historian.
More Ogres in Esteroch

Today was fun. I met a new friend, I don't know his name, just that he is a lvl1 archer with flying...but he looks like a regular human...is a little odd but okay, he is a good fighter and thats all that matters. I convinced a little human to take me out to some ogres on the road to Iseseniton. I gotta say, there are a lot of Ogres around here, but I like it, they are good practice and make me strong much faster! Anyway, it was the flying human, 3 walking humans, and Grey, we went off, running into nothing on our way. When we found the ogres they were not alone, they were accompanied by 2 urikai. This was going to be fun. As the ogres advanced the three walking humans scrambled and were taken out in short order by the ogres and urikai, too bad for them, but not my problem. Now the fun began. I charged at the urikai first, the group had spread out and it made it much easier to get rid of one of the urikai and ogres fairly quickly with the flying human's help. One of the ogres made the mistake of dueling Grey! HA! It was so much easier to get him out of the way when I didn't have to worry about his friends healing him

and attacking me! Now there were only two of them left, one ogre paladin, and one of the urikai. The urikai was a coward, at times he would attack but mostly he kept back. It was a hard battle though. The paladin kept healing himself when I got a blow past his shield, Eventually the human hit the urikai in the side with an arrow and I charged at the ogre taking two hits from his sword before I dropped him to the ground. In the end we won, making the flying human and myself 5 gold apiece. Was a successful day for Grey, now he just need to get a little stronger, then he will be unstoppable! Maybe if Grey fights that Moaroke the Breaker guy everyone was talking about up in the wet mountains he will be strong enough to go into a class, I am thinking about barbarian, assassin, or life/flame mage...not sure which is the best though. What would mommy do?

5217

|Akneo841



Posted: Wed May 27, 2009 10:00 am Post subject:

Journal Entry: Malfurion Stormrage Part 1

I've gotten a hold of a small notebook, i have decided to write a small journal of sorts. To start, My name is Malfurion Stormrage. I travel with my twin brother Illidun Stormrage. We have become inseperable throughout our years of childhood. As elves we have been together for a long time. as we both came to age we started to seperate in interests. Illidun more toward dark magics and I toward the more balanced druidic magicks. over the past few months I have been indulging in the wonders of druidic magicks. I eventually came across a mongoose that took a fancy to me. i spoke with him about manythings and he became somewhat of a close friend. Now Charles, his name as said by him, follows me around and helps with mundane things in reward for a safe place to live and a good sturdy shoulder to ride on. after a few weeks with charles i started to realize that Charles could help with more than just mundane tasks and so i started taking him into the field. Charles suprired me by whispering into my ear things that were happening behind me. I grew more dexterous in combat and could sometimes even dodge multiple blows that would have surely hacked my limbs off. Charles and I have become some what of companions rather than just friends.

Journal Entry: Malfurion Stormrage Part 1 End

5221

|Akneo841



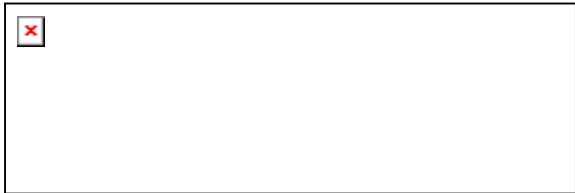
Posted: Wed May 27, 2009 10:15 am Post subject:

Journal Entry: Malfurion Stormrage Part 2

A portal was opened to another planet, although i didn't stay there long. A group of fellow adventurers traveled to the town of pinnacle, a hobbit town. There were many mage Guilds around and i hope to enter one, one of these days. there was a large trial at pinnacle and many of the master mages were part of that trial. Apparently a women had killed a man. Although she admitted to killing him she stated that the man did not PD because of her, for that was the fault of the mages. As the master mages could not leave the trial the mages giulds had many tasks to deal with and the were paying a pretty hefty amount. there were quite a few rooms where spells had gone awry. We took care of the rooms and for a reward i recieved a magic ring. I may pay a mana once per encounter in order to invoke flame touch. Later that day we took a boat down the coast to deliver some supplies to a town. we were being paid of course. We were attacked by pirates, but their plan backfired. we ended up in control of their ship and we towed it behind our to the port. we encountered a storm but it was easily taken care of. a group of merfolk cleared the pat for us for the rest of the way. the return trip was made with little to deal with except the storm.

Journal Entry: Malfurion Stormrage Part 2 End

5222 | Akneo841



Posted: Wed May 27, 2009 10:35 am Post subject:

Journal entry: Malfurion Stormrage Part 3

Royalty, bleh, blasphemy if you ask me. people taking control of people just because the have a hint of rose in their blood. Today as we were taking care of pests in 'their' city. The 'queen' or 'princess' came to us for some reason. Her gaurds looked well armed and i was concerned for the safety of my party. i hailed them, not impolitely i might add, and questioned them briefly. they answered rudely. Only after i had 'insulted' them had i realized that she was royalty. For the sake of our party we all knelt but alot of the damage had been done. we each had to fight to keep our honor. Her guards were our challengers. I took up a longbow and a few arrows. In less then 10 seconds the gaurd was on his knees. poor fellow, didn't stand a chance. we were

eventually let off the hook. i hope that we 'entertained' her 'majesty' during her little escapade around town.

Journal Entry: Malfurion Stormrage Part 3 End

5223

Akneo841



Posted: Wed May 27, 2009 10:56 am Post subject:

Journal Entry: Malfurion Stormrage Part 4

Today....what to say....it was interesting. We went from enemy soldiers who would destroy us to trolls which we killed fairly quickly. An enemy faction set up a blockade outside of town and the town was paying heros to go and deal with the side roads. 100 gold pieces for the group that can get it done. We set out careful to not come across any patrols or anything and when we arrived we found a company of soldiers milling around. we engaged them in combat and wiped them easily. although to our suprise another group of soldiers arrived out of the nearby tall grass. I was incapacitated so I don't know how the battle wen t from there but I do know we won. i was awakened and we decided to take on the other side road. I sent Charles up first to investigate. They had a troll with them. That was what i thought to be the major threat. unfortunately for me and the rest of the party i was wrong. the enemy soldiers had a death knight with them that would weave spells of pure death and slaughter our group. Forunately, a man in our group who illidun and I have Befriended escaped with his life and came back with law enforcement. We were rescued and revived. We later decided it was too dangerous to return and decided to look for other things to do to keep us busy.

There were rumors of trolls attacking a nearby village. we decided to investigate. When we arrived a group of villagers filled us in that there were in fact trolls that had decimated their village and they want us to get rid of them. One villager in fact offered a magic weapon that had been in his family for years. We accepted and we continued onto the village. before we arrived I had Charles scout ahead. There were three trolls and one huge thing, my guess another troll, patrolling the village. i set up a wilderness aspect inside the town next to the trolls. Myself and the life mage from our party had bought scrolls of slay before hand. Unfortunately we could only kill trolls with fire. fortunately they were all asleep. Our companions, the life mage and flame mage, snuck up to the trolls and used the scrolls of slay to instantly kill them. they then continued to set the trolls on fire. as soon as they finished with the third troll the fourth arrived back in town. our whole party charged forward and took the troll by complete suprise. we took him down easy and set him on fire. As for the reward for the quest it was a magical axe. As i returned to town I got it identified. the axe had some intruiging powers to it. For free the wielder may turn into a hawk or a bear. and for 2 mana they may turn into a hill giant or a war troll. the axe also had spellturning and disarm. fortunately it would be great for me to wield.

unfortunately it may not be used by mages.....oh well maybe illidun would like to use it.

Jounal Entry: Malfurion Stormrage Part 4 End

5224

Mord



Posted: Thu May 28, 2009 8:02 pm Post subject:

I don't remember the date...but it was a busy day...

Today I helped some wizards take out the trash. Was a very interesting bit of work. They offered good pay and I was looking for something to do so it all worked out well enough. The hobbit mage told us that we were to kill goblins until he could dispell the elder sorcery in the middle of the room, there were a lot of goblins, but they die easy so its okay. After that we went into this weird room full of ghost things. They were all doing random stuff and completely ignoring us as long as we left them alone. We were supposed to bring out a hobbit mage who had started this weird spell. When we woke him up...well I don't really know. Just know that my party was full of retards. They let the hobbit get killed and he had to com out not only alive but completely awake. The worst part about this room was that every time you hit one of the ghosts, they weren't affected by that weapon anymore! I would hit one with my sword and when it got back up I couldn't kill it again! It was scary. We were told that that room needed to be sealed off and dealt with later when the elder mages weren't busy. It was just to dangerous for us to try and deal with it. The last room...well that was the worst one. It was supposed to be a training room. Go in fight some stuff that isn't supposed to actually deal damage and then go out. The only problem is that the idiot flame mage who was supposed to be testing a new spell set the room to a lethal setting full of nasty monsters. I was walking through trying to figure out how to find the missing and supposedly dead flame mage when someone said something that activated the dark troll. What a bunch of punks! I was right next to the troll and it killed me in seconds. I had no chance! I was rebirthed and then we were told that that room was obviously to dangerous for us. We were paid either three times our level in gold or given a favor from the mage school of pinical. I think I will take the favor...maybe I will ask to use the room to train. It is hard for Grey to find a good fight these days that will make him stronger.

5226

Mord



Posted: Thu May 28, 2009 8:14 pm Post subject:

More on that busy day...

Well after the mages were done with us I had some free time and ventured through the portal to Crestfall. In Crestfall I met a bear, I don't know his name, but he is as big as I am, though not nearly as strong. I asked about something that I could do, something that would be worth my time. I was told about a giant spider in a cave up the mountain a ways. Well giant spiders tend to be as common as giants in my world, so I figured maybe this one was in need of some practice too. My new polar bear friend and I went up the mountain to the cave where we found three large spiders and the giant spider we were told about. The polar bear was killed fairly quickly, though he took one of the large spiders with him, biting it with his massive teeth as it beat him to the ground. Well the rest was up to me. I hit one of the remaining spiders with my javelin, dropping it instantly. I hit the other large spider with a boulder, knocking it out as well. All that was left were me and big daddy. It was a fairly simple matter, one boulder in two hands, I had to hit the giant spider but two times before it was dead. After making sure that the rest of the spiders were all the way dead I searched the cave. In it I found a couple of bodies. One of which had an interesting artifact in its pocket, that is for another time however. So I took that two bodies I found and the body of my fallen friend and went back to town. On the way back I was jumped by a group of thieves. They were quite annoying. First I scared them, having two eyes and all. I tried to make the one who still had a weapon drop it by holding a boulder I had found over the heads of his two "friends." He didn't drop his sword. I threw my boulder at him and chased him away. When I got back the thief who had been hiding hit me with a flash packet. What luck. I woke up to find all my belongings intact, the thief hadn't wanted the die apparently. I gathered the bodies from the cave and my bear friend and returned to town, reporting the bandits and turning the dead bodies over to the authorities. It had been dark in the cave and I decided to get a torch and return....

5227

Mord



Posted: Sun May 31, 2009 10:16 am Post subject:

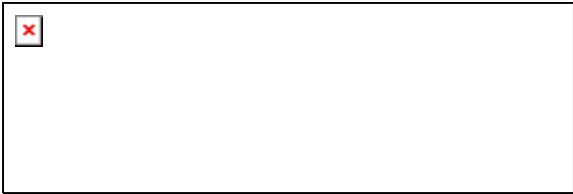
How Gray became Miss Gray

Well it all started with that die I found on the dead body in the cave. It looks like it's made of condensed fog and when I try to see if it is magic I get this really odd feeling like it is.... Well I had mostly forgotten about the dice on my way back to the cave. As I went I saw one of the Wyrms that had been reported on the mountain. It saw me and I was barely able to track around and find another way into the cave. I cleaned the cave of all spider remnants and got rid of the webbing. The smell of burning web is something that still burns my nostrils to this day. I was sitting in the cave when I started looking at the die again. I had a scroll of lvl16 identify that I had gotten from a friend and I identified the die. I didn't learn much other than it was part of a

set. I was messing with the die when i had the idea to roll it. So i did...as i it was rolling across the stone floor i had an odd feeling that i could spend mana, i had two left so i spent it all. I rolled a 2. Suddenly i felt extremely nauseous. The dice had done something to make me feel sick, originaly i had thought it mabbe a result of spending the mana i had. I wen't to lay down and noticed that i had seemed to have grown breasts...WHAT!!!! ow did this happen? When i checked myself i realized that the dice had completely changed me into a woman!!!

5231

Akneo841



Posted: Fri Jun 05, 2009 9:05 am Post subject:

Journal Entry: Malfurion Stormrage part 5

Today we decided to go and find out what these harpies attacking the caravans were all about. As sson as we left the town we were challenged bey bushi bandits looking to gain a little bit of honor. They didn't last long. When we arrived the harpies were indeed there. We took care of the harpies and after a squawl amongst our party we headed back to town. From there we heard a rumor going around that a group of ogre samurai were challenging travelers who pass by. Illidan and I figured we could take most but we would need some help. We met up with a friendly giant accompanied us on this quest. We also had a man named Mr. Black accompany us on this quest. I've grown to like Mr. Black and his ideals i have helped him get off his feet when he was poor but now I realize he was only poor in funds, but in mind he is prosperous. When we arrived we were instantly challenged by the ogres to one on one duels. the giant seemed to be fairing well enough and illidan held his own. Charles and I knocked out opponent after opponent intill the ogres lay at our feet. As for Mr. Black...well he didn't do so well and couldn't even take on one.

As we left for town a group of Dagdeoth soldiers attacked us and incapacitated the giant accompanying us. Illidan went down as well as Mr. Black. the soldiers ran from something and I continued to heal our party. a man on a griffin came by and helped ressurect our fallen giant. after a few communication barriers we figured he was a soldiers after the dagdeoth troops. we pointed him in the right direction and he flew off.

As we arrived in town I began talking with Mr. Black. he is quite the amazing man. His ideals derive from peace and prosperity above all. he swears by unification. He has ideas to start an organized group named the Black Hand that is dedicated to the unification of the land. after hearing these intruiging stories told by this man both illidan and I offered our services in anyway we could.

The next thing that happened was with the reports of a white drake nesting up in the mountains nearby. We went and looked around only to find disgusting drakespawn. creatures that should

not exist. we took care of them only to have the drake herself come down to fight us. a warm breath hit me and I passed out. I awoke in town to find that our party had retreated.

A man from that party however found a small map that leads to something or another. Both illidan and I were invited to go on this quest and we headed out for the destination. That is where I am now on the road to this "x marks the spot"

Journal Entry: Malfurion Stormrage Part 5 End

5236

Mord



Posted: Sat Jun 13, 2009 11:36 pm Post subject:

Now we meet a Ronan:

Today Grey couldn't really figure out what to do. There just wasn't much to do. We were told of battles in Orieri and assistance needed up north, but I didn't really want to go anywhere. We heard about a samurai ronan that was accepting challenges for honor outside of town. A friend and I decided to go and challenge this ronan. We were informed that he was 9th in a class at least and felt he would be a great challenge for us...well maybe for me. We made it out and found the man with no problems. As we spoke and he readied himself for the fight I noticed a black spell stone in his hand. This bothered me. I told him that I felt it would be dishonorable to use such a stone in a duel for honor. That to end the duel based on one shot that was granted by a magic item would be "cheap." He told me that if I wanted him to fight without it he would, but I would then have to fight without boulders! I wasn't so sure about this, I liked using the boulders, I was still fairly new to them. In the end he dueled my friend first without so much as a formal challenge. The two battled it out for a time, neither doing much in the way of damage until the ronan decided that that duel wasn't worth his time and bowed out. He approached me again and I dropped my boulders and challenged him to a duel for honor following the terms we had previously agreed on. He accepted and dueled me. It began slowly at first. He called chi strike and I moved out of my brace forgetting he still had the ability to do 6AV0 vitals. I blocked that first strike and decided that he was not going to be allowed to hit me with any AV0 mana drains. We swung at each other for a time and then I charged hitting him until he called Defy Death. At this point I ran as fast and hard as I could until he went down. After I felt safe to turn back I saw him on the ground. I walked over to where he lay but before I got there he rose. He stood, removed his helm and congratulated me. We spoke for a minute and parted ways, saying that next time we met he would have to fight harder still.

5243

Mord



Posted: Sat Jun 13, 2009 11:36 pm Post subject:

Ogre Samurai

When we returned to town from our battle with the ronin we were informed of a clan of ogre samurai outside of town dueling people. I decided it would be fun to take them out and was accompanied by a pair of brothers. When we reached the clan all we had to do was mention honor and we were all in separate duels instantly. It was quite funny actually, in the time it took me to take on 3 ogres, get knocked out and stand up to take on 3 more, the other three people in my party had dealt with the same number. I like the ratio. I must say that dueling ogres is a good workout. On our way back to town we were ambushed by what I was told were dagdeath troops. They had a necromancer with them who instantly hit me with his nasty death ray. It really wasn't fair. I woke with a flash to a griffin with its claw on my chest and wing in the air above its head. It told us it would follow the troops and handle them and that we should return to town. We did what we were told.

5244 Mord



Posted: Sat Jun 13, 2009 11:46 pm Post subject:

God Today Was busy:

Well today we couldn't really figure out what we wanted to do. There just really wasn't much going on. There was another ogre samurai clan outside of town and we decided that they would be fun to fight for honor. So we did. This clan was much more well off than the last one we fought. These ones were higher in a class and better outfitted, there weren't as many however. Our party versus their party, an honor for each member of the winning party. We were outnumbered but I was up for the fight. It was a fairly long battle compared to most I have been a part of. It became very spread out and hard to follow. In the end my party was victorious and none of us died as far as I remember. Was a good successful battle. On our way back we encountered some Kobald samurai. They looked as if they were going to attack us so I threw boulders at them. We fought for a while nobody really winning for the most part. Suddenly one of the Kobalds, apparently their leader, called a halt to the fight and gathered his men. He was talking to my friend from the Minimo clan. It was interesting to realize that these were a local patrol, I guess they should watch how they approach, there is a fine line between being ready for a fight and looking to be attacking.

5245

Mord



Posted: Mon Jun 15, 2009 10:33 pm Post subject:

100 Kobolds and some Orks and Urikai

Today wasn't over after we fought the ogres. Swe got bored and decided that we would walk to Amir Ford, it would be easy to get back through the portal after all. Well we were walking through the woods heading along the river to Amir when we came across a group of Kobolds around 100 strong. It was on. I started throwing boulders and swinging my sword like crazy. I hit and stabbed smashed all day. There was a group of pesky archers that kept coming after me again and again. I had to keep the life mage close at one point while I killed a few of them and scared them away. Near the end of the battle I noticed a woman flying around the battle shooting 8UB penetrates at the Kobalds. As I got close enough to examine this woman I saw that she was wearing samurai garb. On one hand she wore a claw and in the other she held her bow. She wore no colors. It looked as if she had once worn an emblem, but has removed it since for one reason or another. With the woman's help we won...though it took a very long time. If only we had had Elwiked...hope thats how you spell it...with us to get any money that had on them. We continued on our way to Amir and the elf Coben looking lady said she saw som Orks and Urikai. I said to point in the direction I should throw a boulder. She did and I threw one. This battle was much shorter. We showed them hiding was of no use and they attacked. All of them went down with little enough resistance. None of my party went down in this battle. Was mush easier to deal with than the Kobolds.

5246

Mord



Posted: Sat Jul 11, 2009 12:34 pm Post subject:

entry in Grey's Journal: Today was a day for epic Rolls of the dice...in more ways than one

Today i decided that i was going to roll the blue die i have again, I rolled a new number, it was a 6! suddenly i was teleported far out into the ocean. As i fell from the sky i smelled a stinky smell of roton eggs and say red stuff bubbling out of the water below me and turned black. I hit this rock taking 13 damage. This "island" of sorts continued to grow beneath me as i stood there

wondering what to do next. I stood and thought for a while when i saw a boat out at sea.

The boat seemed to glide toward me. There were no oars, no sails, and it seemed to be barely touching the surface of the water. On the deck of this boat stood four froglike creatures. They dove off the boat into the water and shot out landing on the island and braced. In response, i braced. They started throwing spears at me for one AV0. I threw a boulder for 6UB at them, it missed and went into the water hitting something that sounded kinda like a whale.

The spears started to pull back toward the frog thing. I stepped on one, picked it up and pulled as hard as i could. One of the frog things came flying through the air at me. I used my sword and its own spear to catch it, "killing" it in the process. The other three looked kinda nervous at that point. We stared each other down for a few seconds when the one i had "killed" got up and jumped into the water. Moments later it jumped out landing on the hot part of the growing island seeming to have been hacked across half its body...something was hungry in the water.

The three still living frog things jumped into the water and got onto their boat as it moved away from the island. I stood for a moment thinking when a fissure opened up in the middle of the island in front of me. The heat should have burned but it didn't really bother me too much, i reached slowly towards the glowing red stuff when it reached up and touched my finger.

At this point i had a vision of a giant of a giant. This huge humanoid man with a flaming sword at his side, he had a flaming beard and fiery red hair. He was sitting on his throne, tossing little rocks at a small island in the middle of the ocean, suddenly he kicked at the island and the vision ended as i went flying through the air. I went fast over the blue of the ocean, over a small span of land and then i saw an orange pool. I was falling into the pool at the center of the island. As i fell i was hit by a ray that shot from a gold dragon that was flying by, it hit me and i was suddenly as light as a feather. The dragon barked at the griffons around the mountain and motioned to me a couple times until they picked me up. As the griffons bore me down toward the ground the dragon said something in a different language and i felt a tingling on my right leg. I had grown scales on my leg!!!! I nodded my head toward the dragon and thanked it for its gift.

On the ground i was questioned as to why i had been flying through the air and was heading for the volcano. I was forbidden to use the die again until i knew everything there was to know about the die. Was a very interesting day, now i will have to learn more about this giant of a giant who saved my life. In the end i have found that it was the Gor of the Fire Giants who saved me, Surtur. Now i have a debt that must be repaid to him.

5250

Mord



Posted: Sun Jul 12, 2009 11:02 am Post subject:

the fall of forgen...

It was a fateful and evil night. We were teleported into the City of Forgen with the intent to investigate the darkness around Nergoth. We found ourselves in the midst of battle with nothing to do but fight our way to the city gates where we found Lord StoneHammer and his Honor Gaurd. They were doing a grand job of defending alone but the killing was easy and the opportunity ripe. I stood there in front of the gates as they discussed among themselves how they would go about defending the city. They decided that we would fight from the palace gates and defend from there. So it began...the fall of forgen.

Most of the creatures that we encountered were easy enough to deal with, if only the necromancer with us had half a brain and even a touch of skill. The only way to kill these things was with a terror ball and that lasted only about five minutes before the unhealable aspect wore off. We had no real trouble defending for a time when out of the darkness came a feeling of fear in my soul. Something out there had Morganti...something out there wanted to die.

I found the creature alone and we fought, i was able to hit it and as i hit it with the "killing" blow it hacked my sword arm...as the creature was respawning i used the scroll of excorsism in your ROR i had gotten from the paladin who came with us. When i was done i took off my armor and removed my shield, reverting to my full size and picked up the two handed morganti broad sword the creature had been wielding. As i went out into the battle to decimate those pathetic troll creatures and anything else that got in my way, lord StoneHammer called to me. To much i have listened to ElWicket. If only i had continued out into the fray, maybe then forgen would have emerged victorious...

5252

Game Master Chris



Posted: Mon Jul 27, 2009 1:33 pm Post subject:

Political Map Posted on the Home Page

5258

Mord



Posted: Tue Jul 28, 2009 9:48 pm Post subject:

AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!! NO MORE BLACK STUFF PLEASE!!!!!!

today was....interesting to say the very least. We were trying to figure out something to do when Yuck tells me that she wants to study a fire troll. Im like...okay, lets do it. W were thinking about how to get to the nearest dagdeoth division and decided that i am huge, lets all hop on Grey and she can fly super fast and get us to Randwin in less than two hours. so we go. At first was pretty simple. Some skeletons, a battlebones, orks and urukia, and of course, the one lone fire troll in the group.

The battle was pretty straightforward, brace, throw impathic rays for 14AV0 and kill everything. Was a pretty easy battle untill the stupid deathknight showed up. thats when we decided to terror ball the stupid troll and high tail it out of there. The battle was just getting to tough and the death knight was throwing around death rays like toys and hitting me with slay and yeah...was just time to ditch. I don't really know how, but at some point in that battle i died...was weird....i just....can't seem to remember what happened next.

According to Yuck and Mercy, i was flying super fast from some big scary thing with Morganti that was flying after us when we left with the Fire Troll, i don'e really know, i just know that i would love to get my hands on a Morganti sword ande rip appart some of those unks that took forgen, they would deserve it afterall.

Well...now we have a fire troll in the garden at the house, is kinda neat if you ask me.

Mord



Posted: Tue Jul 28, 2009 10:05 pm Post subject:

Shoulda stopped with the Fire Troll...but no...

So Mercy used her infromant and inkeeper levels to find something that wold be fun, and profitable to do. well she found out about some caravans that had been being taken by some flying undead. It was an interesting thing to try and figure out.

So the hunt began, we flew over to where the caravans were being taken out and found nothing because an army had recently been through there. Well we saw a spirit returning from the swamps to be resurected and decided to ask it if it knew anything. Well it didn't, all it knew was that it got eaten by a dragon out in the swamp.

Well...being who we are, we went to ask the dragon weather it had seen anything of the Undead around that had been attacking the caravans. Well the dragon said it would anwer our "riddle" if we answered his, so he asked and i had no idea but Jherend got it with fire. So the dragon told us that there was a little village up toeards the Golden Mountains where people were seeming to go insane. the only thing we could thing of to explain insane people was that they were being mana drained to death. Time to go investigate.

Well as we got close Mercy say something go under the Inn on the etheral plane. Well...it looked like we had found our Undead. We went down and talked to some guy who said he worked at the inn, looked to melike he was charmed...turned out i ws right, we removed it and got jumped. Out came a bunch of spectars, bunch of punks led by a wraith.

So we fought on for a bit, untill the vampire came out. Thats when it got nasty, the they were all hitting me with knockouts trying to drop me fast, so i backed my way up against a tree so i could see them coming. At this point the vampire was there with them, and a vapiric Goblin thing. Well i was sitting there with my scroll of warded rebirth in hand ready to kill the vampire when it came into the real world, only problem, it charmed me as i killed him, so now i am stuck helping him after he respawned. Not cool.

So that was pretty much the end of the battle as war as that goes. Next thing i know im on sentry duty with Mercy as a spectar to help me when i hear this familiar voice. I didn't really know where it was from or anything, but it showed me that i was charmed somehow. At this point it all goes really fuzzy...i remember dropping my sword for some reason and after that i don't remember anything except that mercy and i were going as fast as possible away from the god forsaken village. I'll have to return sometime soon, to repay my debt to that vampire and all his minions...Excersism in his ROR will work quite well...just gotta go get a couple of them that are lvl 22+

5260

Game Master Chris



Posted: Fri Jul 31, 2009 12:47 am Post subject:

Political Structure of Roekron and A Brief History

Hello all- posted the Political Structure of Roekron and a Brief History on the Website- here is the direct link

<http://fanwar.com/Political%20Structure%20and%20Brief%20History%20of%20Roekron.pdf>

Christopher

5261

Mord



Posted: Tue Aug 04, 2009 10:07 pm Post subject:

anyone got a size 10 half helm laying around?

So i was bored and there were some blackspire troops attacking from the north, well i took Coben chick i know up to take care of them. Then, if we were up for it, we were gonna go up more north and kill some Dagdeoth troops, gotta keep in shape after all. So we go up and draw pretty much an entire army onto ourselves.

there are a ton of ogres and Urikai and orks and a couple trolls even. Is insane. So we go in and i kill everything in sight, easy pray, and i even got some XP!!! we all we are searching for them we are set upon a second wave. I guess the people in charge didn't like me wasting half their army. So they send in a group with an Urikai flame mage.

Now during the first battle i got knocked out, and then i got up and wasted everything again, this is becoming a very not good trend. So i am killing like crazy throwing impathic rays for crazy damage and killing ogres no problem when all the sudden someone gets behind me and knocks me out. Well...this isn't good. I am standing up, i see the flame mage and as i kill him...he hits me with a ball that bursted my head...well shoot...not again. So coben lady tries an fails to get to me to rebirth me so we can waste the rest of the army, and no im up in Dagdeoth, probably charmed, not that its needed. Wouldn't it be nice if they just take my word, then i can use one of the scrolls of Missle Dissarm next time i see morganti and go kill that bastard vampire near the wet mountains, and any dagdeoth or blackspire troops i see in the precess.

5262 Mord



Posted: Tue Aug 18, 2009 3:43 pm Post subject:

This is three posts in one...all from the point of view of my gnome

Meeting the Steel Dragons:

So today I learned some very interesting things...for one...i learned that the world is crumbling...so here's how. The innkeeper told us about a couple steel dragons that had been

spotted to the south. Nothing on the board really interested me so I decided to go talk to the dragons. Well the way out to them was pretty straightforward and simple. One small encounter with a merchant who had next to nothing and I was there. Well when I met the male dragon he thanked me for the snack and ate the human who had decided to come with me. Well the dragon asked why I had come and I said I just wished to talk. I know dragons are very knowledgeable beings and had a couple questions for him if that was okay. He said it would be fine and brought me up the mountain a bit to sit and talk. I told him that I noticed his world was in a very chaotic state. His simple reply to that was that the world is crumbling. He said that forces that were are no more and that the world was crumbling. He told me that it was a good time to be him. He said that these portals would probably be seeing a lot of traffic in the near future and being that the only one still "open" is at Amir Ford, well that was why he was there, to watch and enjoy. He then said something in gibberish and I suddenly had this driving urge to go and find him a magic item and bring it back to him.

The Copper Dragon:

Well today was interesting. I went on a mission to try and clear out this tomb with these random people I met. On the way, right outside the tomb we met a copper dragon. I wasn't too worried and was just gonna walk on by as he was messing with my companions but he made me stop with elder sorcery. Well now his fun began. He started looting all of the people who I was with, taking all their magic items and such. He is a copper dragon after all. Well anyway, after he took all he wanted from them he came up to me and asked if I cared. Well...would you deny a dragon? I thought he was asking if I cared if he looted them as he did so I said no, then he killed the party. Oops...well at least he was nice enough to "bring them to life." in exchange for him letting me keep my bow, he was going to have a snack of one of my companions. This is when I made my biggest mistake. On our way I overheard that at least one of them was part of the Gold Claw Clan, so I told him he could have his pick of any not of the Gold Claw Clan. He asked me what this gold claw clan was and I told him. I said it was a samurai clan headed by a Gold Dragon named "Burning Claw Shining Wing." He seemed very interested in this particular dragon and asked where the clan was...I was dumb enough to answer him straight out. Well he left in a hurry, dropping a couple swords, one of which was magical, I picked that up real quick.

So we went into the tomb, met a slime that was using a circle of protection as a trap and took three of our friends, too bad... one of them was Gold Claw. We then went into a room and found a statue of an angel, I read magic on the statue and was asked a riddle, I don't really remember what the answer was, but the riddle was simple. I apparently got it right because I then received three blessings, I gained +2 tier, I got scouting for women and I could heal 2 pain damage per encounter. Very useful. Well we continued on to the only room we could get to without passing the slime and its trap. In this room was a half circle of a room that was split with a 15 foot strip of lava. On the other side of the lava was a statue holding a wooden sword and tower shield, this thing also turned out to be magic, it woke up when I checked and "killed" me a couple times, then it threw me in the lava which really did kill me. Well I got resurrected and all was well.

The worst part of my day...

So I had a bad feeling about what had happened with the copper dragon, so I went down south to where the Gold Claw Clan was based, On my way I say 5 dragons, the gold and glass who I knew were around, and then a green, a blue, and a copper...o crap. From the distance at which I was watching it looked as if the gold dragon and the glass dragon were fighting 2 on 3 with the green, the blue and the copper. It didn't look to be going very well either. I watched as the glass dragon went down and the gold dragon found himslef alone fighting three other dragons. As I drew a little closer to the battle I encountered a group of people whom were just hanging around on the road, they seemed to be waiting and one of them recognized me. He had a tatoo on his forearm with a gold, a white and another gold stripe on it I think it was. Well he asked me what happened to my arrow, (the one I had that could slay a dragon or drake) and I told him it was destroyed. I told him it was a nasty thing that should never had been made. He strongly disagreed. Well we talked and he said I had been one of them before, he said many things that I didn't really understand, then he used black dragon breath on me. When I woke up he said it didn't used to work on me, he didn't really know why it did now but that it was to bad. He also asked if I was gonna stand there or go and try to help, he had a good point there. This whol ordeal was my fault after all and he somehow knew that. Well I walked on, trying to get up close to the dragons and get them to talk it out, maybe I could do something, but as I drew closer I stopped making any progress. I seemed to be walking but not getting anywhere. It got cold and out of the shadows came this creature, just black, it battle roared and I ran of course, it chased me all the way back to the people on the road. Well this is lame, now im stuck. As I turned back to watch the fighting I heard a cry of Final Fury from the gold dragon. The blue and green dragon disapeared instantle and as the gold dragon went in for a claw to the copper dragon it seems he may have disapeared as well. As the gold dragon died 30 or so people jumped out of the brush and started ripping the two corpses on the ground appart. With a pop the green and blue dragon came back and started to decimate the people, the blue dragon hit them with its breath but 2 got away and hit it with their evil arrows. The green then performed an instant undead hunter and bowed out and died. Now standing there was a demon looking thing covered in chains mana draining the crap out of the dragon killers. The man I had been talking to shifted into a where boar and rain in to try and help.

5263

Mord



Posted: Wed Sep 02, 2009 12:43 pm Post subject:

This is my gnome, he has a birth mark of an owl on the left side of his face. Name is a coruho.

So the other day i wsa in my homeland of crestfal and the gaurd was trying to get some help taking care of some recent gang activity in Port Reinhart. Well, we didn't really know what else to do so thats what we did. Well we went out and ran into a group that calls themselves the Alpha Ravens. This was a big mistake. These were amazons of some sort who ewre throwing

6UB darts and 8AV0 vitals impale. Needless to say i died. Well the polar bear that was with us tried to save the minetaur but that didn't work very well, in the end i had to just go and get re-outfitted by the guys that sold their ship that day.

Well next we decided to go and try to help this lady out with a haunting problem she seemed to be having. Well when we got there we saw her husbands spirit messing things up all over her house, was pretty lame. He wasn't very nice. Well we talked to the wife and found out he hung out at a bar a lot and that we might be able to find out more about what happened there. Well at the bar...the Porpousing something or other....we found out that the man hung out with a Courtezean man a lot. So we went to the courtezeans guild. After spending about 150 gold out of the rich boys pockets and spending 80 minutes with thhe man and one of his associates we convinced him to make a "house call." He really didn't like the dead mans wife, they kept getting in fights and such and the husband got really mad whenever she threw something at the courtezean. In the end we decided that the wife killed the husband after finding him in bed with the courtezean, may his spilit rest in peace, and never throw another flame ray at me.

5265

Mord



Posted: Wed Sep 02, 2009 1:52 pm Post subject:

Goblins and more gangs:

Today was pretty fun. But it was also a sad day, apparently lord Raeghnheart was assassinated, don't really know too much about that but its to bad for sure. But anyway, i met up with some other low level people today and we went hob goblin hunting, was pretty unevenful but it got me some experience. We then heard about some gangs that were supposed to be being taken care of, so we went out and looked to deal with some gang activity. First we met up with some boring highwaymen of sorts who made us pay a toll to get across their "turf." In the end we took them all out and got the gold back. Next we ran into a group of shadow monkeys. This is one of the 5 major gangs in port lately and we were happy to take care of them successfully. We were almost ready at this point to head back to the inn and be done for the day, but we decided to go looking for one more group og "gangstas." We found them. It was another group of shadow monkeys, these ones however were much more...capable.... We fought them and they kicked our butts for the most part. I tried hitting the leader with a couple arrows but it didn't have any effect on him. Needless to say he killed me. The thron was able to live through it all by running away, on his way back he took me and the other people to the life mages guild to be resurrected. was pretty amazing defeat we suffered.

5266

Mord



Posted: Wed Sep 02, 2009 2:29 pm Post subject:

today we fought a dark troll and defended Athena

Okay, well first there was this dark troll that was wandering around outside of town, so we went out to "talk" to him and get some major experience, only one of us was in a class. Well we fought very bravely and for quite a long time. The original plan was really simple, the lady elf with the sword of the elder goddess that i had gotten earlier would hit him with a death ray and i burn him, easy right? Wrong, she couldn't seem to hit him, i tried to hit him with a scroll of empathic ray but just missed. So we fought and fought and fought and failed so i decided to go back to town to try and get my own scroll of death ray and do the thing myself, but as i was about to buy the scroll the rest of my party came back into town and said after they ran so did the troll, was pretty lame. The only good thing that came of this entire experience was that i was now second in a class and could get shock touch.

Now i was ready to accompany an elf who i had met before apparently to the temple of athena to defend it against the followers of the new gods. Well it was a pretty simple defense, shoot arrows and throw my flame ray at the attackers until they hit the ground, as a whole the attack went quite quickly. Before the battle i put a gem worth 25 gold on the altar, during the battle i offered up one of the humans i killed, and at the end of the battle i gave her a magic sword, some chain mail and a regular sword that i had gotten off of one of the centaurs i had killed, he was throwing a death ray at people.

As we were standing around after the battle, cleaning up really, i had an odd sort of vision:

I saw a woman in bed, she seemed to have some severe wounds and be dying, though the wounds didn't seem to be the reason for her dying. Standing over this woman was another woman, a woman with a spear and a shield that had a symbol of athena on it. The woman who was seemingly dying started to speak. It was a long speech, a poem of sorts i think. She spoke of many sets of three, she spoke of the door in the fog whatever that is. This woman spoke of many things but most of it made no sense to me. I don't know what it means but whatever it is it must be important. She also talked a lot about sets of three coming and going and winning and losing, was really really confusing!!!!

5267

Mord



Posted: Wed Sep 09, 2009 2:14 pm Post subject:

First we did something simple today

So we were looking to go out and do something simple as far as adventures go so that we could get a couple experience and be a little stronger before attacking the troll again. So we went out to attack some orks and Urikai. Getting there was simple enough with no encounters, and in the begining it seemed like the whole encounter would be simple enough...didn't work out that way though. They slaughtered us, i took one of them down, vur in the end they destroyed us simply enough, was lucky that the life mage was able to get away so he could ressurect us all afterwards.

Well, after the pitiful defeat we decided to try and go after them and maybe kill a couple of them in revenge. Well, i don't remember much, was pretty boring though, not much happened, i got the Urikai to give me back a couple of my arrows though, that was sure handy. Then they ran off cause nothing was happening and our life mage was etheral and scaring them. Pretty much was a fruitless adventure, accept that we then got the experience we needed that we felt comfortable fighting a troll.

The Troll...

This was a much more interesting and easier adventure that was much more fruitful monetarily. So this troll was kinda mean last time we met him so we decided that we were gonna kill him. We all got ahold of scrolls of magic resistance storm and a warded scroll of flash packet each so that we could take him out. Was a simple manner really, he threw his elder sorcery at us but it didn't hit anyone luckily. Well after not very long one of the hobits i was with hit him with a flash packet and i was able to get up close and search him, hence the monetary benefit of this encounter, an easy 45ish gold and 2 scrolls of rebirth was a great find for me.

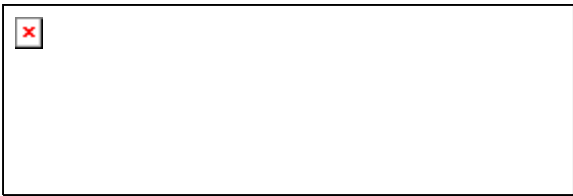
Now what?

Well there was something weird going on with the new gods, some kind of force wasd making them and the elder godess's magic items not work all the sudden. I did an oracle asking Athena if she knew of any item that would help me to [defehhttp://naparpg.forumup.org/posting.php?mode=reply&t=55&mforum=naparpgat](http://naparpg.forumup.org/posting.php?mode=reply&t=55&mforum=naparpgat) the new gods. I had some trippy vision and saw an orb in the center of a shrine, don't really know what it is, but decided to find out. Well now was the perfect opertunity right? Right now when their awesome items weren't working, the perfect time to avenge some of the fallen temples of Athena i saw in a previous vision. It was an epic battle. The people in the temple had hired a

war troll and a couple death ogres to help protect the place. At first it seemed like it was a hopeless attempt, especially when a dwarf among our number started attacking us, that was not cool at all. But whatever, in the end I was pretty much the only one left alive and rebirthed 2 of the people I was with, a goblin and a hobbit. Well we were about to leave when I asked if they wanted to go for it and win this time, they were all for another try. Well it was hard work but eventually we were able to drop both the ogres and get into the shrine itself where we fought 30 human followers of the new gods. After the fight I took apart the shrine and found inside it the orb I had seen in my vision. I identified it and found nothing much except that it was blood, though it was certainly magical, as was the altar. I unforged it and decimated the altar to finish the revenge. I think sometime soon I'll have to go and find another one of those orbs and give it to Athena so she can know more about them.

5268

Mord



Posted: Sat Sep 19, 2009 8:41 pm Post subject:

This is my first day back from being a freakin zombie:

So today I went with my coven friend to who had been a zombie with me for these last months to her homeworld of Crestfal. It was fun. We heard that Drake hunting was legal again and that there was a strong reward for them when turned in with spirits intact. So we went drake hunting. In Crestfal I am a nature mage now, I must admit it is fun. I do more damage with my mage lore balls than I do with a boulder and tree form is fun. When we went drake hunting I was able to find a green drake and kill and bury it and bring it back to town. I think next week I'll have to go back to the merka and see what else I can find...now that I am a guild master.

We then went out to help some cyclops that had become trapped in the swamps. We went out and found that they had been hacked up by a bunch of trolls. Well we got to kill a troll...and I studied one... I think it was on the way to these trolls that we met up with a were-frog that bit me...bit me a lot I mean. was interesting to say the least.

Last but not least we went out and fought a bunch of Kobolds and ogres that seemed to have caused a cave in, that was pretty fun, killed them all with not too much of a problem.

5272

Doors The Dwarf



Posted: Thu Oct 08, 2009 4:36 pm Post subject:

account of Doors the Dwarf lvl 5 reading and writing

today me and my bros went out hunting with some elves the gave us three tests to tell if they wanted to take us the first test was a test of alignment. we all passed it with no effort. the next test was a test of stelh and we had to get to a place without the elves seeing us and if they did and we got there alive anyway they would take us. in responce to this two people turned into animals and ran away. the mage cobben and me were stuck to try our luck running. me and the cobben ran to the river and snuck through some trees and tha mage ran out and swam through the river while i hid in a bush. usucsessfully, for being a dwarf it is hard to sneak around, so anyway they saw me and i ran. they shot at me but i legged it and no arrows hit me and if they did they would just bounce right off due to my suped up armor. anyway we all grouped around the bridgeand the elves noticed that the mage was missing. they went looking for him and they spotted him swimming through the river and they shot him right as he got to the bridge. they said they will take him if we all passed the third test which was a combat between us. i was ic balled pritty early but the other people fought and powned and then i defrosted and took down the last guy. they were impressed and took us all. we tracked around and saw a group of about 150 black dogs with eyes and tounques that had green flame and (one i think had antlers) this might not me true i forgot. anyway we began to engage them and my friend began to fight us all of a sudden. i then took of my helm just in case i was next. anyway we fought and when we struck down what looked like the leader all the wolves dead or alive dissapered. then we pressed on and we learned that one of the elves didn't cheak in. we were puzzled and set out to find him. we travled through the forest and came accros a black beast with black fangs and claws and wherever he staped patches of dead grass was leaft there. we were cautious but i knew we had to kill it so we bum rushed it and killed it before it could take a swing. we were happy at our victory and our group decided to follow the foot prints and we came apoun and area filled with dead grass and trees. we stood there wondering what this could mean. then we saw a black similar to the one we killed earlyer. it held a elven head in it's mouth and when i saw it i thought it look like the missing elf but i could be wrong. the beast charged at us with morganti and our people scattered and one guy hit it with a lucky blow and killed it flat. it dissapered into thin air and we breathed a sigh of releaf and headed for town with a smile on our faces.

5273

Doors The Dwarf



Posted: Sun Oct 11, 2009 11:10 pm Post subject:

account by Doors the Dwarf lvl 5 reading and writing

Well.....today was epic

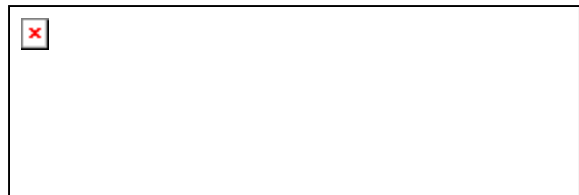
We started out the day with a trip into the froest to kill morganti beasts. On the way there we encountered some elves, nothing huge but we got to the forests edge and prepared to go inside. We walked a little bit and we began to see the trademark sign of the beasts, which are dead footprints and dead trees. We continued on and were attacked by 10 or so beasts and we killed them with little trouble. We walked a little longer and we kill a few more. we walked a little more, and by now we are deep into the forest, and we were ambusedh by 10 or so beasts and we killed them and we were ambused again and again. by now there were beasts everywere attacking us from all sides. one i saw come right out of a tree!! After killing all these beasts and haveing more coming we decided to leave and come back later.

Then after that i went out with some people to say sorry to the demi-god for helping to kill him while he hunted a great evil. We hiked to the forest and began to track him. when we found him we went close because one of us followed him and i wanted to make amends. some dogs attacked me and i told them i didn't want to fight i just wanted to say sorry for killing their leader. they stoped atcking me and the horned god reached out to me and i blacked out. i awoke at the edge of the forest not remembering anything and headed for home.

Separate account of Razorfoot the hobbit's day lvl5 reading and writing

My day was good and bad today. First we thought we should go and kill some ogres. We got powned i was flying with darrel's knoblain (don't know his name) and he got killed and i fell and died as well. When i got back to town i was pissed. my grieves were gone and my spidersilk robes were gone so i got my people together and we went back out meet some orks and urk-hai killed them fast because i was pissed and continued traveling to the ogres. We got there and reped them this time and searched the area and found my robes and grieves so i was happy. then we went to the mage who sold magic items and El Wicket went in alone and while we were outside waiting we were attacked by orks and uruk-hai and we killed them. When i finally got inside i bought a short sword of lvl 4 tracking passive magic and he said the flaw was that it attracks krakens, and when i got back my grieves were gone!!! so i was like uggggggggg!!!!!! El Wicket chased after him and found that the centaures droped them so i was happy. Oh and due to PDing i gained 3 extra levels. YAYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

5274 Game Master Chris



Posted: Mon Nov 16, 2009 12:24 am Post subject:

Merged Threads

osted: Tue Sep 15, 2009 9:59 pm Post subject: Another One Bited the Dust!!!!

RazorBeard

/lvl 1 reading and writing/

Today, in reaponce to my brother's vision me my bro and (James' Gnome i don't know his name) and a few others went out to destroy the last temple to the new gods in the area. When we arrived we saw the norm. Hired help and followers at the front. We saw a troll paladin that had a flaming sword, few ogres, one was a necrmancer, and some uruk-hai. We fought them and took down many but the paladin was tuff one and the death oger killed my friend (james' gnome) luckaly we had a scroll of rebirth. The storm mage made it hard as well. But in the end we defet them after an epic fight with the paladin. Then we took the orb too the temple of Athena to get rid of it but it cracked and human blood ozed out and destroied the alter. We then felt a strong sence of evil. then a human that looks, oodly enuff, like Aries. He had his two "Spartin" guards that had like three respawns and a skeleton. We fought a hard battle in which the "Spartins" were extremely hard to kill. When i finally killed one out of it's respawns when i looked up to see Kramor getting mana drained i rushed to help but knew i would be to late. But i saw that it went to mana drain him but it touched the symbol of Athena and was instant ly excercised. I rush over with mana potions and gave them to him and he told me that he was one mana drain away from death and that Athena had saved him.

After that we ganged up on the weird Aries thing and got rid of it. Then all the priests of Athena cheered and thanked us for defending the temple. About a few hours later, after the battle i saw someone com to me with spider silk robes and a mage lore silver sshort sword with a mana in it. I asked what are these for? He said that it was from a passed friend. (I learned that it was Jemes' gnome) Then i had this weird fealing and i randomly gained the knowlage on how to shock touch things. I feel bad about my Gnome friend, but at least i know that he is with his loving god.

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Mord

Hedge Knight

Joined: 14 Mar 2007

Posts: 113

Posted: Sat Sep 19, 2009 8:31 pm Post subject:

you also got a ring of selectve mage lore for arrows that when you use the arrows for staff touch

whatever you do through them is done to you instead. Handy if you want a bunch of extra mana from arrows and preped them all, but otherwise not much use.

"When you have it - creativity that is - what do you have?" - David Perkins

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Posted: Tue Sep 15, 2009 9:37 pm Post subject: Giant Rape of the Day

Doors

/lvl 1 reading and writing/

Our plans were a success today. we defeated the people holding Gray the giant. Oh, i see you don't know of witch i speak. Well i guess we would have to go back to three days ago. Me and my party set out to free our friend Gray. We treaked out to were the camp was and were attacked by a patrol of 5 giants a dark troll 3 ogres and 2 uruk-hai. we killed the ogres and uruk-hai easlly enuff but our thief and life mage were so terrible that the mage was affriad of being hurt even though he had pasafism!!! and the thief couldn't hit anything with his flash ball and ray. We had to get him 3 feet away to hit his first giant, in which of course we kill pritty quick. We eventually killed the rest and continued on but not after i was jumped and had my shield sword and helmet melted.

Then we came apoun the acctuall encampment and saw a huge pile of logs about the size of our giant. we tried to distract while Kramor my good friend and paladin to Athena stelthed to the pile. While i fought a stom mage came behind me and ice balled me and a death ogre with a death ray waited untill i defrosted and killed me. Kramor told me later, because being dead it's hard to see what is happening, that he tried to get me but 100-250 orks and uruk-hai rushed down th hill and my friends ran. luckaly they didn't bury me so i got to town safley. Anyway, today we tried again but this time we mind controled a giant to move the logs and the boulders underneth while the rest of us fought hard to keep th giants in cheak. when the giant moved the last stone we rebirthed the giant twice and flew away with our new friend safe with his brave friends.

Anyway, that is my tale to you for today for tomorrow is a whole new adventure.

Posted: Tue Jul 14, 2009 8:58 pm Post subject: Commy's Story Of Bandits

(only to be used as in-game knowledge for those who seek info.)

As I, Commy the thief of the Flying Zebras walked on to meet these "bandits", we met two "strange" men. One of the men asked what my clan was doing out here and after a few of my fellow members were finished explaining to him that we were here to find these bandits, he asked if he could ais us by identifying any magic items that we had. He claimed that he can tell any and all abilities or flaws in that item. I sensed that something was wrong here, but foolishly

one of my friends fell for it. He took off his shield and gave it to the man. He told us that he was going to do a ritual to figure out everything about this item. As we were waiting for the man to return a man popped out of nowhere and started to run away from us. One of our members started to chase him, but oddly as the strange man returned my friend stopped and came back. I suspected that some sort of spell casting was involved here. As I kept my distance from the man he called one of my clan leaders over to talk to him, oddly enough he listened. As me and our barbarian stood to guard one of the men while the others in our clan followed the other. As the barbarian was keeping watch on the man I crept over and looked around where this strange man appeared from. To my surprise I found that there was a sort of ritual place here. I went back to the barbarian and looked over towards our friends and saw that the man was on the ground I figured that he attacked us and I looked over to the barbarian and he had already knocked out the other man. Out of nowhere a bunch of people came out and started to attack us. We moved around and dealt with these other people, but I of course stayed back and made sure everything was ok. (Commy laughs and kinda stutters)
Anyway as I looked towards the major battle I realized that one of our members was attacking the rest of our clan I didn't like how this was turning out because somehow the men started getting back. So I being the smart one out of the group, (Commy straightens up) I decided to leave and go get help. When I started to leave I realized that the barbarian was leaving too. Well we escaped with little trouble, but strangely when we got back to town we spoke with the Krane Klan Law Enforcement they didn't care much about my friends, but what he seemed to be interested in was if we hurt or robbed these "bandits". And somehow we ended up in jail. Eventually my clan found us and we were bailed out. And that is my story.

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Creann_Lottorn
Squire

Joined: 16 Feb 2006
Posts: 80

Posted: Mon Jul 20, 2009 6:10 pm Post subject: Love the post

Seriously Great Post!

This kind of thing can go under Historical Chronicles, That is where we post things like this and Chris will if, you include your level, character name, and any levels in read/writing, story telling, and maybe a historian might give you bonus exp. Keep it up.

"Don't see my deception as a character flaw, picture it as a philosophical choice."
So says the Book of Creann!

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Posted: Sat Jul 11, 2009 5:51 pm Post subject: flying zebra clan

The Flying Zebra, is a new clan thats here to help for the better of Roekron.

Clan leaders: Jericho, Darco, Lerroy "Doors"

Members: Bonewall historian, Largo, Vageta, Arrow, Caboose

"Flying Zebra is currentaly stationed in Orieri, and are willing to except any willing to be members or anyone wanting to help of any class.

As a true neutral clan we are here to keep the balances of Roekron, so no other side may over run the other."

Darco.

*** (out of game) this topic will be done by Jericho, Darco, Lerroy "Doors"***

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Posted: Tue Jun 02, 2009 9:37 pm Post subject: Delete this topic.

Yepz.

Last edited by Mr Black on Mon Jun 22, 2009 12:01 pm; edited 2 times in total

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Roscoe
Cavalier

Joined: 07 Feb 2006

Posts: 330

Posted: Wed Jun 03, 2009 11:03 am Post subject:

I don't know if this thread is going to stay but I'm going to express some concerns with your 'family.'

The black hand does not seem like a very good symbol for you group going with symbols that are associated with black and hands. Black is usually seen to be of a darker or more evil origin and the hand is often symbolized as dominating over someone forcefully which doesn't go with your general idea of how you will go about things.

Another point is that I'm pretty sure dagdeoth uses the black hand as their banner which will send peasants running in all directions and other unwanted reactions.

The best way to do something in fanwar and most things is to do it so secretly that people don't really know that you did anything at all. Like it becomes a legend that everyone 'says' happened but people just say that it's a story. I have a few of those and we can think in our heads "I was there, I know it was real" but it is too dangerous to put it out there that you did something or you are trying to do something.

Hopeless Romantics are only hopeless in the eyes to those who don't believe in Romance.

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Mr Black
Serf

Joined: 30 May 2009

Posts: 2

Posted: Wed Jun 03, 2009 1:39 pm Post subject:

The name is not a concern.
However if the dagdeoth use it as a symbol then there might be a problem.

As for doing it secretly, that would be completely counter productive.
At the moment the Black Hand is not anything but a guy with an Idea and two elves that want to help him.

I simply wanted a forum where I could record the happenings and make the plans for the next playing session known beforehand.

And It's not as if the forum's flooded with topics, so I'm hardly in the way.

But, like I said---if the black hand is there banner then changes will have to be made. And if the Black hand had any dangerous Ideas then we would be doing this secretly.

But like I said---this is really just a place to put down the plan for the next session, keep track of gold, ect.

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Mord
Hedge Knight

Joined: 14 Mar 2007
Posts: 113

Posted: Thu Jun 04, 2009 10:41 am Post subject:

the other day we saw dagdeoth troops, their banner was purple hands

"When you have it - creativity that is - what do you have?" - David Perkins

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Akneo841
Serf

Joined: 26 May 2009
Posts: 7
Location: Willits
Posted: Fri Jun 05, 2009 9:13 am Post subject:

Hello this is Malfurion, some of you criticize the symbols and names of this organization, but I assure you that we are people that are all for the unification of the land. We help promote a prosperous life for all. although we are a new group that is just starting to get off our feet, we ask you to give prosperity a chance and give us a chance to make that prosperity happen.

I am proudly part of the Black Hand and I am proudly supporting peace in this land

Fanwar Battle Plans

Plan A: Attack!!

Plan B: Kill It with Fire!!!

Plan C: RUN AWAY!!!

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Roscoe

Cavalier

Joined: 07 Feb 2006

Posts: 330

Posted: Fri Jun 05, 2009 7:38 pm Post subject:

I am not criticizing anything. I am just putting out a warning for your safety. Many people have tried this same thing and I have seen many people have fallen by morganti wounds for less. It is a cruel world, a world where truth has a very hard time getting out. I am giving this to you for your safety, if you want to proceed then more power to you I was just using what I know to your advantage.

Hopeless Romantics are only hopeless in the eyes to those who don't believe in Romance.

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kain

Peasant

Joined: 11 Dec 2007

Posts: 23

Location: South Lake Tahoe

Posted: Sun Jun 07, 2009 4:59 am Post subject:

yes he is right but don't forget the old saying " the light comes befor the darknes." so step lightly in theas dark times you never know when it will blow up in your face. BUT i like this it might get some good storys going if you do just good things with every one and every thing. if you have a strong lvl player as the leader and people than you can stand up to a morganti sword and more..

"Try not only do or do not there is no try and that is y you fail" yoda.."some times the bravest thing of all is hope"brave saint saturn..

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dusk
Cavalier

Joined: 13 Feb 2006
Posts: 234

Posted: Thu Jun 11, 2009 11:32 am Post subject:

I think this is a great idea, and I really do support it. However, I also think the name should be changed. I understand why you would want black, becuase it is your name, but it has a terrible connotation. When I first read the title of the thread I immediatly though it was going to be an evil mafia of assassins and thieves, and this is the same thing anyone else would think. With that name you will only attrack evil people looking to join and scare away any decent people.

Nell

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kain
Peasant

Joined: 11 Dec 2007
Posts: 23
Location: South Lake Tahoe
Posted: Fri Jun 12, 2009 4:58 am Post subject:

ok yes so true when you call your self the black hand. I rember command and conquer in that game the black hand aka black hand of nod thay are a big grup of people that are trying to do the right thing that thay think is right but some people don't like it and try to fight back to stop them.

“Try not only do or do not there is no try and that is y you fail” yoda.. "some times the bravest thing of all is hope" brave saint saturn..

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Posted: Tue Dec 11, 2007 8:13 pm Post subject: fanwar in South Lake Tahoe

I have been trying to do fan war in Tahoe but it is not that simple. I am only doing the simple things like capture the flag and magic. I don't have a lot of swords to work with But it works. So if you have any advise on how to be a better gm please help.

My fan war character is lv10 necro 5th in all the rest of the mages

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Fenrir
Page

Joined: 09 Jul 2006
Posts: 66
Location: Monterey/St. Helena
Posted: Wed Dec 12, 2007 1:14 am Post subject:

South lake tahoe huh... Mordie and I sometimes go up there durring the summer. as for being a better GM, read a few fantasy novels and see how the twists and turns come about. a few generic quests are fine to think up, stuff like Trolls in the hills. But also try to have at least two underlying stories that the party might learn of that could take them on a grand adventure, or something they wish that they never found out about.

"Of course you fight fire with fire, you fight everything with fire." - Jaya Ballard
"Incoming!" - Enemies of Revan

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Roscoe
Cavalier

Joined: 07 Feb 2006
Posts: 330

Posted: Wed Dec 12, 2007 11:24 am Post subject:

I agree but it also seems like you are giving exp ay to freely (by looking at your characters lvl). The lvl of your character (35th) is huge in fanwar I have seen only a few in my four years of playing (that were actually player characters) you might want to look at what you are doing when giving exp. Twists are always good and keep the players interested basic hack and slash only goes so far until it starts getting old so have some problems based missions with riddles and stuff that shies away from fighting some times presenting a variety of options.

Hopeless Romantics are only hopeless in the eyes to those who don't believe in Romance.

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kain
Peasant

Joined: 11 Dec 2007
Posts: 23
Location: South Lake Tahoe
Posted: Wed Dec 12, 2007 5:56 pm Post subject:

Well I have been playing fan war at sebastepol for 6 years so I did not all of that xp from South Lake Tahoe. And thank you fenrir for the help I don't have to a lot of swords
But what I do have is enough to use for fan war.

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kain

Peasant

Joined: 11 Dec 2007

Posts: 23

Location: South Lake Tahoe

Posted: Wed Dec 12, 2007 6:02 pm Post subject:

Hay fenrir can you tell me some of the fantasy novels you were taking about! I have seen a few but don't know what to get.

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Fenrir

Page

Joined: 09 Jul 2006

Posts: 66

Location: Monterey/St. Helena

Posted: Thu Dec 13, 2007 2:04 am Post subject:

Try, "Magician: Apprentice, Magician: Master, Silverthorn and A Darkness at Sethanon" all by Raymond E. Feist. I think these are good starting books and are part of a saga, so you aren't left hanging in the wind. The original Shannara Trilogy is a good great one, "The Sword of Shannara, The Elfstones of Shannara, and The Wishsong of Shannara". I would also recommend reading some Spy thriller books, like the Bourne novels. I recommend the novels because the movies are different.

Also think about what you truly think a good villian would be, a Overlord with a vast host of minions (not to hard to work with), a shadowy manipulator (could be very difficult depending on your world), or is it a league of people who do the above.

"Of course you fight fire with fire, you fight everything with fire." - Jaya Ballard

"Incoming!" - Enemies of Revan

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kain

Peasant

Joined: 11 Dec 2007

Posts: 23

Location: South Lake Tahoe

Posted: Thu Dec 13, 2007 4:21 pm Post subject:

hay say hi to Chris for me just say brandon from tahoe sed hi

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kain

Peasant

Joined: 11 Dec 2007

Posts: 23

Location: South Lake Tahoe

Posted: Thu Dec 13, 2007 5:37 pm Post subject:

thank you for the fantasy novel Ideas i will go and find them to help me with the games for the fanwar games!

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Fenrir

Page

Joined: 09 Jul 2006

Posts: 66

Location: Monterey/St. Helena

Posted: Thu Dec 13, 2007 9:39 pm Post subject:

Glad to be of service

"Of course you fight fire with fire, you fight everything with fire." - Jaya Ballard
"Incoming!" - Enemies of Revan

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Game Master Chris
GM

Joined: 05 Feb 2006
Posts: 595
Location: Ukaih, CA 95482
Posted: Sun Dec 16, 2007 12:19 am Post subject: Better GMing

Hello Brandon:

Nice to know you are playing FanWar up there. I don't have time for a lengthy post but here is my two cents for better FanWar. The major thing to consider is getting players to want to play. You have to make it fun, or people don't bother coming. Most people do this by power gaming (i.e. isn't it cool you are so powerful). I don't recommend this, I recommend deep structure of rollplay and storyline, with the occasional tasty magic item to keep things spicy. One of the nice things about magic items as a way to buff up characters is that they are easily removed if they become a nuisance to the plot. Characters can have cool magic items that make them awesome to start and then once they are higher lvl, they are useless, or they are destroyed. You can't do this with lvling up characters though, once they lvl, they lvl. So be careful with that. Keep the fun in the center, and do the type of adventures your group is into. Feel free to do lots of battles and capture the flag, but don't give xp for that, it degrades the meaning of xp. Don't kill players too much, that way, when they do die, it means something. Start making weapons all the time. The more stuff you have, the more people get into it because there is more variety in the game. Lastly, to be a good GM you must have no vested interests in the game, you must never give your own characters xp. when you GM, you must always play them as NPC's so that the players trust that you are doing the adventure for THEM, not for YOU.

Christopher

"All the works of man have their origin in creative fantasy. What right have we then to depreciate imagination." Carl Jung

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kain

Peasant

Joined: 11 Dec 2007

Posts: 23

Location: South Lake Tahoe

Posted: Wed Jan 23, 2008 1:35 pm Post subject:

sweet i will try that all. um when will you come to tahoe

Last edited by kain on Fri May 29, 2009 7:04 am; edited 1 time in total

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kain

Peasant

Joined: 11 Dec 2007

Posts: 23

Location: South Lake Tahoe

Posted: Fri May 29, 2009 7:13 am Post subject:

ok people i will be hosting my own fan war june 13,16 and 23 so if you all can try come plz come it will be grate for a vet in fan war to come and show all the new players the best way to play the game

"Try not only do or do not there is no try and that is y you fail" yoda.."some times the bravest thing of all is hope"brave saint saturn..

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Posted: Fri Apr 17, 2009 11:09 pm Post subject: Siege Weapons?

I was wondering if Fan War has ever made and used siege weapons for the game, I've been looking at some siege weapons recently (both real and safe ones and thought that it would be awesome to see some of these weapons in action. And though it is kind of redundant, I've also

found some short range siege weapons that could work in small areas, and could easily fit in a car or storage container... trailer. Here's a link, though it is for a different game, it will be found at the bottom of the page. Anyways, I was wondering 1, if they are allowed, 2, what would the rules for them be, and three, if there aren't any rules set in stone, if anyone could give an idea of some rules that could be included. So come on people, let's hear it for the ballistae, trebuchets, scorpions, etc.

<http://forums.rule7.co.uk/Topic81535-11-2.aspx#bm81663>

WEAPONS! Apply directly to the heart!
WEAPONS! Apply directly to the heart!
WEAPONS! Apply directly to the heart!
WEAPONS! Apply directly to the heart!
WEAPONS! Apply directly to the heart!

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Mord
Hedge Knight

Joined: 14 Mar 2007
Posts: 113

Posted: Fri Apr 17, 2009 11:21 pm Post subject:

in the past, we have used a cannon, was pretty cool, just a ball and a tube and a sling shot thing. It dealt major structural damage to ships and if it hit you it was 30UB or something insanely high like that. Was really neat. We have ballistia, but they are not very commonly used and i don't think they deal any structural damage. Its an archer skill if you want to find out more just check out the rule book.

"When you have it - creativity that is - what do you have?" - David Perkins

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Game Master Chris
GM

Joined: 05 Feb 2006
Posts: 595
Location: Ukiah, CA 95482
Posted: Wed Apr 22, 2009 10:28 pm Post subject: Siege Weapons

Hello All:

Thanks for the pointers James, saves me a lot of time.
Ballistae are in the rule book.
Catapults aren't but function the same way, they just fire Boulders instead of Javalines.
Trebache is the same as Catapult, just more damage and sometimes Detonate.

The deal with siege weapons is that we have nothing to siege. You never used these types of weapons against a single target, and that is what FanWar is all about, so they don't really serve a purpose in In Game events. OUT of game they can be very useful, but firing a boulder at a couple of heros is stupid, they just move... Walls can't move, which is why a catapult is cool.

Yes, we do still have a functional cannon, but the Elven Sea Navy is gone so it isn't used in game much. Talk to other players if you want more info on how Siege Engines works in game

"All the works of man have their origin in creative fantasy. What right have we then to depreciate imagination." Carl Jung

Posted: Sun Jun 10, 2007 5:46 pm Post subject: Summer Events Arrangements

Hey everyone, Rose and Connacht here (jeanine and Brandon) Just looking at the calander of upcoming summer events and realizing how much gas this is going to be costing everyone, particularly since not all of them are campouts. We thought we'd see if we could do a foreign exchange program of sorts. We've got our own place in Willits (about 20 min from ukiah) and thought that we'd open up our house for some people to stay at during the 3 day ukiah events and we were wondering if anyone might be willing to have us stay w/ them some of the time in exchange during three day events in St. Helena or Sebastapol. Go ahead and post back or give us a call at (707) 459-3743.

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Game Master Chris
GM

Joined: 05 Feb 2006
Posts: 595
Location: Ukaih, CA 95482
Posted: Mon Jun 11, 2007 6:20 pm Post subject: Three Day Events

Hello all:

I just thought I would note that the three day events are not intended to be required for you to do all three days. If driving the long distance is hard for you, just come one day or not at all. The purpose of moving about is that we spread out the player base, not that we use a lot of gas.

Christopher

"All the works of man have their origin in creative fantasy. What right have we then to depreciate imagination." Carl Jung

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Pangolin
Cavalier

Joined: 06 Feb 2006
Posts: 516
Location: Sauvant le monde avec la puissance de la poésie
Posted: Mon Jun 11, 2007 7:31 pm Post subject:

All the same, I'd like as many people as possible to be able to come, so I am also opening up my house for lodging between Windsor events. The actual house is pretty small, so you'd probably have to camp in my yard, but hey, that's still better than driving a lot or not coming at all.

"Use your brain, or I'll use it for you." -Enyalie

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connacht ironhewer
Peasant

Joined: 04 Oct 2006
Posts: 28
Location: willits, CA
Posted: Thu Jun 14, 2007 9:05 pm Post subject:

We'd really like it if we could stay over there, but on our end of things the only issue is that it would be INCREDIBLY helpful if we could have access to a functioning electrical outlet, otherwise we'd have to bring an ungodly number of oxygen tanks. Would that be possible?

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Pangolin
Cavalier

Joined: 06 Feb 2006
Posts: 516
Location: Sauvant le monde avec la puissance de la poésie
Posted: Fri Jun 15, 2007 7:02 am Post subject:

No problem, we've got plenty of electrical outlets. I'm sure one or two people could stay inside, especially if I slept outside too. I was just concerned that if everyone wanted to be in the house, it would be extremely crowded.

"Use your brain, or I'll use it for you." -Enyalie

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Creann_Lottorn
Squire

Joined: 16 Feb 2006
Posts: 80
Posted: Fri Jun 15, 2007 9:49 am Post subject:

hey cora is it chill if nell and i camp out in your yard.. and maybe tyson and andy.. and clay and kristy

"Don't see my deception as a character flaw, picture it as a philosophical choice."
So says the Book of Creann!

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Pangolin
Cavalier

Joined: 06 Feb 2006
Posts: 516
Location: Sauvant le monde avec la puissance de la poésie
Posted: Fri Jun 15, 2007 9:51 am Post subject:

Yep, the whole crew is welcome. I'd prefer if people brought tents, since I don't know if I'll have enough for everyone.

"Use your brain, or I'll use it for you." -Enyalie

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Pangolin
Cavalier

Joined: 06 Feb 2006
Posts: 516
Location: Sauvant le monde avec la puissance de la poésie
Posted: Mon Jun 18, 2007 12:18 am Post subject:

Hey guys! There's a few things I want to go over before Fanwar on Tuesday.

It's a pain in the ass to set up tents in the dark, so please come to my house in the morning before Fanwar or during the lunch break to set them up.

Directions to my house from 101:

Take River Road Exit
Go West on River Rd
Turn left on Olivet
Turn right when it dead ends on Guerneville Rd
Turn right on Vine Hill Rd
About a mile up, address is 5225 on the right (the first house in the driveway)

Directions to my house from Riverfront Park:

Take East Side Rd north
Turn right on Windsor River Rd
Turn onto 101 South
Follow above directions

We'll be providing breakfast. What do you guys want to eat? (You're on your own for lunch and dinner; I think we'll be going out to dinner anyway.)

Chris, you're also welcome to stay at my house if that's easier for you.

"Use your brain, or I'll use it for you." -Enyalie

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Pangolin
Cavalier

Joined: 06 Feb 2006

Posts: 516

Location: Sauvant le monde avec la puissance de la poésie

Posted: Mon Jun 18, 2007 12:28 pm Post subject:

Also! Bring your own towel if you're planning on showering, because we don't have enough for everyone.

"Use your brain, or I'll use it for you." -Enyalie

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Lady_Rose
Peasant

Joined: 09 Oct 2006

Posts: 44

Location: willits Ca

Posted: Sat Jun 30, 2007 2:32 pm Post subject: saint helena event arrangements

hey, jeanine and brandon here again, just checking to see if anybody is doing for the saint helena event what cora did for the sebastopol event. we have several of the ukiah crew, that are interested in coming but cannot afford to get a hotel or drive to st helena every day of the event. if your able to open your yard to us it would be greatly appreciated. feel free to email us or post , thank you

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Game Master Chris
GM

Joined: 05 Feb 2006

Posts: 595

Location: Ukaih, CA 95482

Posted: Sat Jun 30, 2007 3:29 pm Post subject: Events Changes

Hello all FanWar Crews:

There are a few changes to the summer FanWar schedule and I want to inform everyone so spread the word.

-(1) We cannot use Riverfront Park for FanWar anymore. The Park Office doesn't want us there so we have moved back to Ragel Ranch Park in downtown Sebastopol for Sebastopol events.

-(2) The event that was going to be on the 28th of July has been pushed up a week and will be on July 21st and Ragel instead (I will be out of town the weekend of the 28th- sorry for the inconvenience).

-(3) Saint Helena Events this comming week and in August will be at Crane Park in downtown Saint Helena instead of Bothe State Park (there is a high parking fee and Bothe is hard to reserve. They also just barely tolerate us there so best not to push our luck).

For more information on all of this go to

www.fanwar.com/calendar.htm

or

www.fanwar.com/FanWarBulletin.htm

See you soon!

Christopher Melville

"All the works of man have their origin in creative fantasy. What right have we then to depreciate imagination." Carl Jung

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Lady_Rose
Peasant

Joined: 09 Oct 2006

Posts: 44

Location: willits Ca

Posted: Thu Jul 19, 2007 10:15 pm Post subject: Bodega camp out

Hey everyone. Just posting that Brandon, Ken and I would like to go to the bodega dunes campout. However so far its just the three of us going which makes it a little out of our price range. Is there anyone who'd be willing to share a camp-site/ needs a chaperone? Please let us know, you can call us at home at (707) 459-3743 or on our cell at (707) 972-6617 please let us know A.S.A.P as if we can't get enough people to go we proolly can't come.

5280

Roscoe



Posted: Thu Dec 17, 2009 1:31 pm Post subject:

The re-awakening

So many memories, so much hard work gone. All of my research, my efforts and findings, just disappearing because of such a simple thing. Dam my mortality, the mages said they could fix it, could prolong it, but that was just a delay and now, the ultimate silence is to come...

“It was the best we could do, I’m sorry for the loss of so much, but you sacrifice it for the gain of endlessness. I hope I don’t have to wait too long for you my love.” A voice? This isn’t how I imagined the great end to be, are the gods playing tricks on me? No, this is different, my hearing, it seems so much better than before. Where did that voice come from? I know that voice, so many hours with it, but who is it?...

What’s this? Like some new strange vessel, it is... weird. I can’t feel my wings, oh it doesn’t, I mean I don’t have wings. What a strange form, I try to open its eyes, I mean my eyes, but they’re so heavy. Well he, I mean I have arms and legs, this is so strange, I need to rest some more...

“Korin get up! We have to help Master with his research remember? Why are you so lazy?” Korin? I know that name, it’s his, I mean my name. Why do I feel rushed, oh I see, this master isn’t known for his patience. So many memories, but which are mine? Oh I see, both, but this is strange. I’ll have to figure it out later, master is waiting...

“Korin, I would like to speak to you alone.” This is strange, at least that is what my body is telling me.

“Y-yes sir.”

“I know that you are going through something that no one can explain but there is something that you must do.” Going through? But how does he know, he, I, don’t even know. Oh I should reply.

“Do something sir?”

“Yes, I regret to inform you that you will not be allowed back into the tower, not for a long time.” Not able to stay? Both of us, I mean I, have been here so long, what have we, I mean I, done?

“But why sir?”

“I know it’s hard but you must make a new beginning, find the world again. Once that is done you can submit back into the tower, but only then. I know you have wanted to see the world any way and it is the best teacher, be careful Korin, I will be waiting for you.” I have done this already, I mean I did, wait but he, I mean I haven’t yet, this yearning to see the world, so new but at the same time old. I must prove myself to master, but haven’t I done this? No, I will prove myself and return when it is right.

“I understand master, I will not let you down.”

“I wouldn’t expect anything less from my star pupil. Now it is time for you to go, some small provisions have been set aside for you, take care. Oh and you will be teleporting.” I guess this is the start of a new beginning, the new combining with the old. I will return and find that voice, it

is so pleasing to here.

5282

Game Master Chris



Posted: Sat Dec 19, 2009 12:52 am Post subject:

December 6th, By Kim - Palo Alto Advanced League

Today was my first day as a part of the adventurer party on Pinnacle. At first, It was difficult to see the authority directing us; not only were there many adventurers milling about, it turned out that the man (Lord Embarcarious Petrafloutous) was very small - small even for a hobbit. There were many tasks set out for the day, many of them involving law enforcement. One in particular, however, caught my eye - there was a haunted house that had recently become active, and the charge was to investigate what was going on. Votes were taken, and soon enough we were off to start the investigation.

The house had an unpleasant aura to it, and could be comparable to the feel of something cold and slimy sliding down your back. Nevertheless, we entered it. Being a hobbit house, the majority of us had to stoop to avoid bashing our heads in on the ceiling. The room that we entered was a living room. And though it seemed that nobody had been inside the house for a very long time, there were two cups of tea sitting on a table - still warm, even. A few of the adventurers decided to drink the tea; personally, I stayed back, suspicious as to the shenanigans that appeared to be up. Luckily, there were no harmful effects from drinking the tea that I could see. With that, we headed up to the bedroom.

The bedroom was absolutely tiny, and only a few of us could fit inside it. From the back, all I could hear from inside were heavy footsteps followed by the sound of a creature's yowling. Afterwards a huge ghost-like cat walked out, followed by those that had been able to squeeze inside the room - most of the latter somewhat scratched up. We proceeded into the kitchen, which was fortunately large enough to contain us all. The kitchen cupboards were completely filled with teapots and saucers, as well as an abundance of tea leaves and an empty jar of Old Toby. Some of the party members started making tea; another started perusing the cabinets. A side door then opened up for no apparent reason, and we were faced with another ghost.

This ghost was of an old hobbit woman. She seemed to take an immediate liking to one of the hobbits in the party, leading him off and talking to him in a genial manner. What she said, we could not fathom; her speech was silent. At last, she walked away from him. Her cat had leapt up onto a chest that sat against one of the walls in the room, and she faced it and began stroking it. As we watched, the form of the cat became dimmer and dimmer until it was just an outline; her hands began to pass through it. In a sudden movement, she stumbled backwards and started many of us. Frantically, she made motions that spoke of fighting off some other being - the being, however, was invisible to us. Within seconds, she flew backwards as if she had been pushed. When she hit the floor, she faded away as the cat had done.

Being that the old ghost seemed to be particularly fond of tea, several people quickly began to brew another pot. Sure enough, the ghost and her cat materialized again as if nothing had happened. This time, we noticed a mark on her chest. I have never seen anything like it - the mark was a roughly human-sized hand print, but it was neither bloody nor bruised. Instead, the area looked as if it had been withered away or aged further than the rest of her body. When the hobbit that the ghost had taken a liking to managed to bring her attention to it, she froze and gazed at it. Moments later, she went absolutely berserk.

She touched several of the people closest, and they all crumpled as they came into contact with her: they had been mana drained. The ghost tore out the door and started rampaging through the village, going after the innocents wandering about the roads. In the chaos that followed, the cat ran out of the village and vanished; it would seem that the ghost vanished as well. Everybody trooped back into the house to make another cup of tea.

The ghost and her cat materialized again, once again as if nothing had happened. The exact same proceedings that had happened previously began to come about again; it was almost as if time had been looped or had become stuck - as if there was something wrong with the continuous reenactments that had caused them to repeat endlessly. Once the old ghost lay sprawled on the floor again, the party searched the house.

It was then that somebody found a trapdoor in the middle of the floor. It was tiny - hobbit-sized, like everything else in the house. The hobbits in the group slid down, as did an elf child that had somehow ended up coming along; nobody else could fit in. What followed, I am not entirely

sure. All that I know was that there were scuffling and thumping sounds from down below, and that one of the hobbits emerged carrying an ancient sword.

Once another pot of tea had been brewed and the hobbit lady appeared again, the hobbit carrying the sword - who also happened to be the one that she had taken a liking to - slipped the sword into her hands as she began attempting to ward off her attacker. As she faded that final time, the creepy aura that pervaded every inch of the house faded as well, leaving only a residue of them. When we exited the house, the hobbit that had found the sword stooped to pick it up.

As we made our way back to the mage academy, I mulled over what had happened. Perhaps the mystery would be solved if we knew who had attacked the ghost-woman, but the attacker had been invisible to us in some quirk of the time loop. The only hint was the withered handprint that tattooed her chest. I thought back to the lessons that my mentor had given me, trying to come up with an explanation. After some time's thought, I recalled asking her why she looked so much more wrinkly and old than she should for her age. My mentor had replied that, years ago, they had gone to find some being called the Lady of the Dark woods, and that as they departed from her, they each found themselves aged twenty years beyond their time. It seemed possible that perhaps the Lady had attacked the hobbit - although I could come up with no reason as to why.

Soon after I came to this conclusion, we reached the mage academy. Lord Embarcarious Petrafloutous had gone to teach classes, and instead there was a mage by the name of Lord Brim Tiposius to receive us. He sat and smoked a pipe as we explained what had happened at the haunted house; the hobbit then gave him the sword to identify. It turned out to be a Sword of the Woodland Spirit, and not merely old but absolutely ancient - dating back to the first age. The sword provides one with a familiar - which was most likely why the cat had been a ghost with the old lady as well - but it is impossible to let any animals come to harm when it is in your possession. The hobbit took it back, claiming it as his own.

After voting on which task to pursue next, we found ourselves face-to-face with another of the mages. Her name was Ebony. And her's was an interesting manner; she seemed not altogether present, even more so than the most inattentive of daydreamers. She told us to look for several items: a helm and a greave, both ornately crafted; a brown wand; and two horns, one large and one small, with animal carvings on them. She also mentioned a box - a box that we were not to

open, lest there be consequences.

Once she finished listing the items, the world blurred. There was a sliding feeling, and a feeling of movement; within moments, the world fixed itself and we found ourselves teleported into a group of merchants or bandits. Startled, they leapt to their feet and scabbled for their weapons. Equally startled, we rushed at them in a disorganized fashion. The battle was brief. At the end, we had the helmet and one of the horns.

There was that strange blurring, sliding feeling again. When the teleportation settled, we could see a cluster of humans. They were barbarians in the sense of their chosen class, by the look of their dress; but they were also barbarians in the basest sense of the word. It was bad enough that they had several hobbits on the ground, and that they were kicking them and beating them until the poor hobbits were bruised, bleeding, and even unconscious - but it was the barbarians' expressions of glee and enjoyment that was more horrific than anything else. We rushed the group again. The ensuing battle was once again brief, as most of the barbarians had either been caught off guard or had fled. After pursuing those that had taken flight, we also had our hands on the greave. The teleportation spell activated and whisked us away once more.

Expecting to be dropped in the midst of another congregation of people that would not take well to our appearance, several of us - myself included - held our respective weapons at the ready. Much to our surprise, however, we were dropped inside a small library. As we confusedly looked about in an attempt to figure out what was going on, the patrons of the library shushed us nearly in unison and then went about their business. Bit by bit, we all scattered and started wandering the library, looking for something that might account for us being dropped here. A half dozen or so of our number went straight to the front desk.

The man working at the front desk seemed as confused as us, and rightly so - after all, he hadn't seen us come in. One person, after asking the librarian, determined that we had arrived at End Street, South End. A couple of people asked if books on a couple of particular subjects were available, namely necromancy and a history of haunted houses. While I waited in line to see the books, there was the sound of some sort of fight in the background; I paid it no heed until one of the adventurers raced up to the desk and said, "We need Security".

As it turned out, somebody had found the other horn. It appeared that either somebody else had stolen it or the finder was trying to claim it for his own, although it was difficult to make out what had actually happened. Once the whole mess was sorted out with some help from the librarian, we were taken by the teleportation spell again.

Once again, we popped into existence amidst people that did not take kindly to our sudden appearance. Battle ensued; I was struck down very quickly, and spent most of the battle wavering in and out of consciousness. Once it was over and the wounded had been healed, I saw that we had gotten our hands on the box that we had been forbidden to open - and according to one of the elves, several people had not heeded the warning and had in fact opened the box, which resulted in those people turning into ash and dust.

We teleported again soon afterwards. This time, we ended up back at the Mage Academy with Ebony. I do wonder what she wanted with the items; it was futile to guess at her motivations, however, mysterious as she is. Everybody handed over the items that we had retrieved, and Ebony briefly disappeared. When she returned the items were gone, but she held two swords. They were made of solid silver. She explained that the swords would be put in the armory for our use. At that point, several people asked questions of her. The Sword of the Woodland Spirit was brought up again; at that point, Ebony mentioned that the lady was in some way haunting the sword, and that the hobbit was due to go insane.

The hobbit paled, and asked how long it would take for the insanity to set in. "Time is difficult..." Ebony replied. "Perhaps four.... hours? Four....seconds?". After determining that the ghost had been friendly to him in the house, Ebony declared that it would be four hours. Voting on the next task was carried out, and it was decided that we would try to track down a couple of missing students. The students, it seemed, were previously thought to have been rivals, and had dueled with each other in the past. Upon investigation, however, it turned out that perhaps they had been romantically involved. The last sign of them within the school was a room covered in scorch marks from what was possibly some kind of battle, and an open window. They had been tracked so far as the slums in the poorer part of town, but had not actually been found yet.

Some of the adventuring group made their way down to the slums to continue the investigation;

I did not come, instead choosing to peruse a few books that could possibly be useful. Once the investigators returned, I was told that the students had been found in the den of a giant spider, both of them bound in cocoons. Most likely, the animal was one of the many that had gotten loose from a collector. In any case, the spider was killed and the students cut out of their cocoons and healed.

Upon our return to the task room, we discovered that the teacher there was Melissa the Scald. There were quiet groans and whimpers from several of the other adventurers; while I had not yet met her myself, others had, and it was clear that she was unpopular. It quickly became apparent that her temperament was of a rather disagreeable nature, and that she was prone to violent outbursts. She also had a flaming whip that, while it had no effect on her, would set alight anybody that accidentally brushed against it - or somebody that elicited Melissa's wrath and ended up on the business end of the whip.

There was a problem with kobolds in a nearby village that Melissa was apparently keen to have solved, and so she gave us a choice between either going after the kobolds straight off or training with Sir Marcos in the battle arena first. Naturally, we found training preferable. The training started with a knighting ceremony; Sir Marcos and the newly appointed knight then put us through our paces in group strategy as well as how to fight with and defeat individual types of weapons and shields. Afterwards, it was decided that we probably only needed half of the group to defeat the kobolds due to the training that we had just received, and so half of the adventurers were sent off by Melissa to destroy them.

Some time later, we were summoned back to the task room. Of the original group, only one person remained. Melissa made an expression that was probably as close to a smile as she could manage, and asked if the adventurer was the one lone hero that had returned from a successful attack. Quivering with fear, the adventurer replied that they had lost. Melissa's smile vanished, and it seemed that she spent a moment trying to control her temper. Seconds later, she swiftly lashed out with her whip at the survivor and set him on fire. He fell to the floor screaming and moaning. Melissa announced that anybody that tried to heal him would get the whip as well, and then she sent the remainder of us to fight off the kobolds.

The kobolds were viscous, bloody little monsters and proved difficult to , but nevertheless we were successful in our attempt to beat them back. Melissa was pleased at the good news, and

allowed us to douse the previous survivor and heal him. The next task was our final assignment: To track down a ram fighter that had previously disappeared, and rescue him if need be.

The distance to walk to get to his farm was long, and there were several battles along the way. Despite them, everybody managed to reach the ranch more or less intact. After inspecting the house, it became clear that the hobbit had been missing for some time now; animals had pilfered the food in his house, and there was a layer of dust over everything. We could find no sign of a struggle; the only thing that was out of order was that his door had been hanging open. We proceeded on to the pastures.

There were sheep and rams contentedly grazing inside the pasture, though they were not the only animals there. Naturally, several other species of animals grazed or basked in the sun, mostly of a common variety - but there were also two giant creatures that looked rather like armadillos. They were very docile creatures, and went about grazing amongst the sheep as if they hadn't a care in the world. Several of the other adventurers - namely the women, unsurprisingly - took to following the giant armadillos around, cooing over them and threatening to cut down anybody that tried to kill the creatures. When the giant armadillos walked out of the pasture and up a mountainside, they followed, which resulted in everybody else tagging along.

Up ahead, a part of the mountainside began to shift. A boulder rolled away from the cliffside, revealing a huge cave. Out of the cave stepped a creature even larger than the armadillos; there were whispers naming it as a cave troll. The cave troll summoned the giant armadillos and placed them over a dish, at which point he began milking them. The cave troll seemed calm enough, so several of the bolder members of our party carefully made their ways towards the troll and attempted to speak with it. The cave troll did not seem to be able to understand our language, and we could not understand its language - if it even had one. Events proceeded in a downhill fashion, and soon enough the troll was rolling boulders at us and trying to make us run away. The armadillos were safely sitting within the cave, and a few of the adventurers sneaked past the troll and entered the cave as well.

I don't remember anything after that. The world suddenly became utterly black and dark, and I felt as if I were drowning or as if a great weight was pressing down upon me. When I awoke, I was back at the mage academy. A mage informed me that I had died and had been

resurrected; most of the rest of the adventurers had returned in order to retrieve a fire rod, and had already set out. Anxiously, I awaited their return; at long last they did, crying victory to the rooftops. A couple members were not there, however; they had been trapped inside the cave, and were unable to get out due to the boulder being in the way. One can hope that they find a back way out, otherwise they may well be dead at this very moment.

Night fell. It was impractical to continue trying to carry out the tasks when we were blind in the darkness, and so we remained at the academy and went our separate ways for the night. I still wonder about the ghost woman in the haunted house, and what had befallen her - if the Dark Lady had indeed killed her and why she had done it, or if another unknown being was running amok. Perhaps I will send a letter back to my mentor to see if she knows anything about it; in the meantime, I shall continue to fight for Pinnacle and see what turns up.

5283 Game Master Chris



Posted: Sun Jan 10, 2010 11:42 pm Post subject:

Palo Alto January Event Chronicle

By Kimberly Tailor, Palo Alto League Historian,

I have never seen so many people die as often as they did today.

The morning began normally enough. I had just gotten wind that the adventuring party was active again, and rushed to the meeting spot with all due haste - but I was too late. Lord Embarcarius Petrafloutous quickly explained that he had sent them to deal with an irksome group of Uruk-hai that had been roaming the countryside; with that, he sped out the door on his way to teach his classes. I waited in the now-empty room for their return, silently inspecting my katana for any sign of rusting or other damages that might require fixing. To my satisfaction, I found no obvious flaws.

Within an hour or so, the adventurers returned, laughing and joking with each other about their easy victory. It is interesting, to be divided about your opinions; part of me was sore that I had missed a good battle, and another part was slightly taken aback at their easy dismissal of murder. Battle should be a test of skills and strength, not a chance to shed blood.

As Lord Embarcarious Petrafloutous re-entered the room, the adventurers' boisterous behavior wound down until the little hobbit could make himself heard. There was a quick run-through of what needed to be taken care of; in the end, roughly half of the adventurers went to train as mages of various sorts. The other half of us set out to explore a sea cave that had recently been exposed by an extreme low tide. After all, who knows when this kind of chance might return?

At first, we proceeded unmolested by any sort of territorial or violent creatures. Later on, we happened upon a dozen or so creatures. They flew like birds, but didn't seem to be so; I heard the word "Skybeast" thrown around, although it wasn't clear what kind of beasts they might be. Other members of the party quickly ushered us through the area upon the appearance of an undead skybeast, warning everybody not to provoke them. What happened next, I'm not entirely sure. Maybe the beasts changed their minds, or maybe somebody decided to bother them anyway, but quicker than you could snap everybody took off running and fled from the skybeasts' grasping claws and grating cries.

Two people that I know of fell behind. One barely escaped. The former two marked the first deaths of the day, as we could think of no feasible way to rescue them without causing more fatalities. We trudged on.

Slowly, the air took on a softer, cooler quality. Little breezes tugged at our clothing and hair, tumbling around us in bursts. A briny tickle of a scent came in with them, and eventually the sound of waves beating rhythmically against the cliff reached us. At long last, we stood at the foot of the coast! A quick search for the entrance to the caves took place; we found it, but it was somewhat sobering. The path lay on a ledge that was barely the width of a human's foot. Despite it, we cautiously began to inch our way down, conscious every step of the way of the drop that awaited us should we misplace a foot.

To make matters worse, another flock of skybeasts glided over to us. They began heckling us, nudging at our limbs and shields. Luckily, they seemed more curious than angry, and we passed by them - and the cliff path - unharmed.

I wonder how intelligent they are. I wonder if they knew what was coming, and were trying to send us back; at the time, they seemed merely inquisitive, and maybe that's all that they were.

On the other hand, the merfolk that swam up to us as we reached the bottom of the cliff definitely meant to warn us (after, of course, establishing that our purpose was not for ill). “The cave is haunted,” they said. “We don’t go in there,” they said. Of course, we didn’t listen.

And at first, everything seemed fine. The cave felt perfectly empty aside from us adventurers and the merfolk that had ended up following us, and no presence similar to the one at the haunted house lurked there. One of the party members set about searching the cave; no rock was left untouched. As the rest of us kicked up dust and talked to the merfolk, a change in the atmosphere stole over the room. It was so imperceptible that nobody knew of its arrival until the air seemed ready to pop like a burst drum.

The haunting creature - some sort of shadowy undead being, it turned out - lashed out with its dual blades at the chief merfolk, both of which had silver spears. Both of them were caught unawares, and both went limp as they died upon its swords. Within moments, the two chieftains rose again as animated skeletons. They attacked us with a frenzied fervor and everybody stumbled back, causing a boiling rush of activity in the cave. Some people then scrambled for the cave walls and protection; some recovered themselves and began to fight back. In the midst of all the chaos, the lone searcher hauled aside a rock to reveal a twisted, aged human-sized skeleton (completely inanimate) equipped with weaponry and a shield.

As soon as the searcher pulled away that rock, the shadowy haunt whirled to face him and began to close the distance between them. The searcher’s face turned pale; he grabbed the skeleton’s equipment. The shadowy creature hurled a death ray at the man as he rocketed towards the cave entrance- the spell missed by inches. As if on cue, all of the adventurers followed suit and poured out of the cave after him. The merfolk, on the other hand, stayed and fought with the creature. I very much doubt that any of them managed to escape alive, such was the wrath of the haunting creature.

Loot in hand, we traversed the distance back to the Mage Academy, thankfully without any more hostile encounters. That’s not to say that we didn’t have any hostile encounters upon returning to the Academy, of course. When we returned, we found Melissa the Scald waiting for us. Curtly, she announced that not a single mage applicant had passed; with that, she sent us to deal with the cave troll that had so troubled us last time. Not everybody went - in fact, most people stayed behind - and between the fact that people were petitioning to be allowed to re-test and that the troll had killed hordes of people previously, I can’t blame them.

The journey to the cave troll’s home went smoothly. Upon arriving, we found that neither the

troll nor his gigantic armored beasts were in sight. In all likelihood, they were inside the troll's cave - after all, the entrance to his cave was sealed shut with a boulder. Meanwhile, a few wild beasts roamed the mountainside and didn't seem to take especially kindly to our presence, so several people went to chase them down. Nearly everybody else attempted to entice the troll from his lair - namely by banging on the boulder, smacking it with their swords, and yelling taunts so loudly that the gods themselves must have had to cover their ears for fear of becoming deaf.

Eventually - a long eventually - the boulder shuddered, and everybody was pushed flat onto their backs. We scrambled out of the way as the cave troll rolled away the boulder and thudded out bearing ammunition in the form of giant rocks. Left and right, he began tossing them; his armored lackeys fetched them back.

For the benefit of anybody that would like to stay alive in a battle, I suggest that you take this to heart: Never forget to protect your back. While I was distracted with avoiding what was in front of me, I forgot to guard against what was behind me - namely one of the pesky little beasts that had been roaming around earlier. It hit me directly in the back of the head, knocking me into an insensate state. The world swam and blurred in front of my eyes; sometimes it turned completely black. Shapes moved around me - big, indistinct shapes.

When I came to, I found myself trapped within the cave troll's home - and the door was shut, with the troll blundering about inside. As inconspicuously as possible, I patched both myself and my still-living companions up as best as could be managed under the present circumstances. Then, we waited. The wait was long; it was tedious, and absolutely nerve-wracking - especially since we crouched beside the broken, bloodied, boulder-torn bodies of the same people that had walked up to fight with us. As soon as the cave troll finally opened his door again and stepped out, we bolted, every bit like rabbits running scared.

I think the three of us were the only ones that made it back alive. I rushed off to the resurrection room, anxious to see that my fallen companions returned to the world of the living. The others were sent to protect a few local farms from goblins, or perhaps orcs - or something like that, anyway. The important thing is that they came back in once piece, unlike those that went to deal with the cave troll.

Upon returning to the meeting spot, we found Lord Brim Tiposius waiting for us. As always, he puffed a pipe and blew the occasional smoke ring as he went through the list of remaining tasks set for us. In particular, he tried to persuade us to aid him in investigating some kind of Entish

disease - a mold or a fungus of some kind, from the sounds of it. To be perfectly honest, it didn't seem like the best of ideas to me. After all, if the disease was capable of transferring to humanoids, then between that and the Bends we would probably all turn into kudzu. That's not to say that I was about to make the smartest of decisions - voting to explore the mysterious Darkness Zone, namely - but it seemed to be the right thing to do. It was, after all, the sort of thing that my mentor had sent me to investigate.

Surprisingly enough, sufficient people also voted to explore the Darkness Zone to put the mission in motion. Lord Brim Tiposius dispatched us to Jonas Stormshank, who was sponsoring the exploration; he explained that he wanted us to look at the leaves on trees both inside and outside the Darkness Zone to figure out if the place was expanding, contracting, or doing anything else of interest. As soon as he mentioned that he would arrange passage with Ebony, that strange loss of reality associated with teleportation descended upon us, and we found ourselves at the Zone's edges.

The Darkness Zone was aptly named. In front of us and stretching as far to the left and the right as we could see, there was a towering wall of night that looked solid enough to grab in your hand. We could see absolutely nothing of what was behind it - not trees, not grass, not any sign of whether or not something moved inside it. We glanced at each other uneasily, hoping that somebody else would go first. After a minute of waiting a few brave souls jumped the river and immediately disappeared like wisps in the wind, completely swallowed up by that gaping darkness. We waited, tense as bowstrings ready to snap - nobody came back out. However, nobody heard any sounds indicating that something had gone wrong, either. I weighed my chances, and then vaulted over the river as well.

I could see nothing. Absolutely nothing. My sight was bound by a black blindfold that I could not feel; my own hand, when I waved it in front of my face, was lost to my vision. Around me, I could hear the pattering of many pairs of feet. Did they belong to our companions? Or did they belong to nastier creatures that waited to devour any fools that stepped into the night? I drew my katana.

Blindly, I began to feel my way along the edge of the river. At each barest sound, I spun and raised my katana; most often, whatever caused it did not come my way. Once, though, something - I don't know what - came within a hand's breadth of me. Luckily, it passed by quickly. Some time later - probably a minute, although time dragged out to make it feel much longer - I stumbled into something soft and fleshy lying on the ground. I knelt and touched it; whatever it was felt like a hobbit. I grabbed it and hauled it over the river and out of the grasp of

the darkness. It was, indeed, a hobbit; one of our companions. He was wounded. That meant that, unless another of our companions had mistaken him for something else, there was something unfriendly skulking inside the Darkness Zone. I healed him, and then plunged back into the night.

It hadn't been but a few seconds when several creatures converged upon me. Sightless as I was, I didn't have a chance. They took me down noiselessly, and I assume that they dragged me away in my unconscious state. I awoke to somebody healing me, and was surprised to find that I could see now. The lighting was very dim - like starlight, almost, though it was harsher than that - but only for about ten feet or so. After the blindness of the previous darkness, even that small bit was a blessing.

I stalked away from the dump site, katana in hand, still using my ears almost as much as I used my eyes. Dim shapes swelled from the cohesive blanket of black, then merged back into it seamlessly. They were the shapes of hobbits; of humans and of elves, centaurs and dwarves, all of them companions. There were also shapes that seemed to be goblins, although I cannot be sure - I avoided those - and one shape that seemed humanoid but which I couldn't put a name to. Around it were several of my companions; the lot of them were crouched in fighting poses, and they traded blows with the creature. Its technique was almost hypnotic, and I paused to watch it defend itself expertly from its attackers.

As I stood there, for no reason that I can discern, my katana suddenly shattered in my hand. I watched in horror as the blade cracked into several segments and fell in shards to the ground; I held nothing but the katana handle, which crumbled into pieces as well. The cave troll hadn't scared me - none of the battles we had fought and died in had scared me. Not even the Darkness Zone, strange as it was, had shaken me. But this - not having the weight of a weapon in my hand, not being able to fight off anything that might come to destroy me - sent my spine tingling and my limbs trembling violently. Terrified, I tore over to the tree and hugged the trunk, trying to meld myself into it and avoid notice.

Once the initial panic faded, I remembered the entire reason that we had come here, and reached up to touch the tree's branches. They were bare of any leaves at all, and were nothing but dry, skeletal remains that hadn't bothered to submit to gravity yet. Slowly coming back to my senses, I saw that at least the immediate circle of darkness had stopped churning with the signs of battle and instead my companions seemed to be kicking at spots of turf. Cautiously, I made my way over to the man that rented out extra weapons. The price was effectively slavery, but I couldn't not pay it - I couldn't not have a weapon of some kind with me.

About half of our group jumped the river and moved onwards in the sunlight; the other half of us proceeded in the twilight of the Darkness Zone. Along the way, we checked trees that we came across, and found that some of the trees inside the Darkness Zone had leaves on them. That meant that either the Zone was growing - or, as the elf child so astutely observed, that it was moving. We never got a chance to find out.

We - or at least, those of us traveling within the Darkness Zone - were attacked once again. Everybody that was within my eyesight went down quickly, and I was wounded in short order as well. The idea that everything became black as I descended into unconsciousness is an interesting notion, since everything was black anyway. Perhaps there is some connection there - between death and the Darkness Zone.

I woke up to find Ebony staring down at me with her unnerving and disconcerting expression. Of all the things I could have woken up to, why did it have to be Ebony? Something about her manner makes my skin crawl over my bones in the most uncomfortable way. Blinking, I sat up, and Ebony turned her gaze on somebody else. Apparently, given the chatter of my companions, I and at least four others had died. But how? I was sure that my wounds had not been fatal. Looking around, I saw that everyone that had traveled within the Darkness Zone was wounded at the very least: patches of their skin appeared to have been scraped off, leaving naked and slightly bloody flesh. I wonder if those wounds will heal or have healed - I would not be surprised in the least if, like morganti damage, the skin did not grow back. It seems to be in the nature of the Darkness Zone.

We told Ebony about the trees, and proceeded to decide on the next task we would carry out was. The consensus was to investigate cases of suspected arson in a nearby village; I did not go along. In the time that they were gone, I stared blankly at the wall, trying to pull myself back together after the latest adventure.

My companions returned bearing the body of a hobbit. For perhaps the first and last time in known history, we were lucky that Melissa the Scald was present (Ebony had slipped out

earlier, and Melissa had entered upon the adventurers' arrival). They explained to Melissa that the hobbit was the one causing the arson, except that it had been a huge, phoenix-like creature before. Once they dealt with it, it reverted into the hobbit form. Melissa recognized the hobbit as being one of the students previously at the school, although it sounded as if he had not been a flame mage.

Of course, the downside of having Melissa receive us was that she sent us out to try to deal with the cave troll again. The cave troll adopted a new strategy: it opened the door to its cave but a crack and placed its thickly-armored pets in front of that gap, and stuck a pole arm out so that it could take us down. The archers attempted to shoot arrows into the cave, and I think that that's what eventually drew the cave troll out. At that point, everything went back to its normal order. The troll rolled boulders at us, and many people died beneath them. Eventually - finally - I think that somebody managed to take it down and set it alight. Between the cave troll coming out and all of us trooping back to the Mage Academy, I can recall nothing.

So many people... so many people died. I wouldn't be surprised if everybody had died at least once today, or if some people had died at twice or more. We're lucky that we are stationed at the Mage Academy and have access to resurrection. Otherwise, nobody would have survived this long. Hopefully this will continue to be the case - I suspect that, after stepping foot in the Darkness Zone, things will only get worse from here on out.

Summary of the possibly important bits:

The Darkness Zone is expanding, moving, or both.

The Darkness Zone might be linked to morganti in some way or another, although the connection may be roundabout.

There is some kind of shadowy wraith-like being in the sea caves.

Somehow, a non-flame-mage hobbit managed to become endowed with the ability to turn into some sort of phoenix or other fiery creature. It might be important to find out how and why.