

Subj: \* New Folder  
Date: 10/24/96 7:35:37 AM  
From: TSRO Tank

Please resume the Mystara discussion here.

--TSRO Tank  
Message Board Host  
TSR Online

Subj: Re:\* New Fo/96 11:18:35 PM  
From: TSR Bruce

<<You create cannon? So, you're into forgery? A man of you calibre? Was that spelling intentional, or were you just culverin your tracks? Sorry to bombard you with these puns, hope you didn't recoil in horror.>>

LOL TYGHOK! Good thing you're aiming to entertain, else we'd all loose sight of what's fun and really get bored. Let's not go ballistic with this barrage of puns though. :P

Bruce Heard

Subj: \* New Folder  
Date: 10/24/96 7:35:37 AM  
From: TSRO Tank

Please resume the Mystara discussion here.

--TSRO Tank  
Message Board Host  
TSR Online

Subj: Re:\* New Folder  
Date: 10/24/96 7:56:36 AM  
From: NHLT Rick

Mystara Folder #5! Well done everybody! Lets keep on rolling.

Rick

Subj: Re:\* New Folder  
Date: 10/24/96 9:37:59 AM  
From: Bargle1066

Yes! I am the third entry on this folder. I have beaten Amaldis, Bruce, Mystaros, and all. On a better note, we have only taken three months. #5 Woo Hoo!

Subj: New Subject  
Date: 10/24/96 9:58:45 AM  
From: Mystaros

OK. New folder, new topic. I assume everyone is tired of hearing about Darokin, as no one seemed to post any responses to my posts, except for Amaldis, who always seemed to find *\*something\** wrong with whatever I posted (though I've noted that I seem to do the same to him, as well). I'll try a new thread here.

What has everyone done with the Isle of Dawn? As I have noted in the past, I have developed numerous "homegrown" cultures for this region (including the Helska, Dunael, Daumancer, Danoia (AKA UiNeala), Caerda, Amancer, Asieri, Trikelians and Alatians, as well as the previously mentioned Thothians). Has anyone else developed cultures and civilizations to fill in the spaces? TSR products always put the Isle of Dawn in a cultural "vacuum", in which there were apparently *\*no\** natives former to the settlement by the Nithians, Alphatians and Thyatians; everyone from the Isle was from one of these cultures (or the more recent Norse colonies, but I digress). This never sat too well by me; thus, I developed new cultures and expanded on the written history of these lands. Has anyone else done so, and if so, what have you done? I am interested in hearing what others have developed...

Mystaros

Subj: Re:New Subject  
Date: 10/24/96 10:12:34 AM  
From: Bargle1066

I have the Dunael conquer a portion of the Isle of Dawn. More on this, later.

Subj: Re:New Subject  
Date: 10/24/96 2:32:28 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

In Heretic World, as far as the IOD goes, well, "Ya wouldn't recognize da place!"

First, we have no Alphatia. It's a myth, just open sea to the East of IOD. So no colonists came from there. Thyatian population overspill, including forced resettlement, covered most of the South. The South has some Minrothad Guild settlements as well, although these were largely for trade, and most were captured in the South Trade War. Rockhome was too populous for its rocky home, so close to 1 million migrated, over time, to north-central IOD. Some settlements came from the Northern Reaches lands as well. Norworld has cultural ties with the original cities in the north, although the Rockhomid migrations really gave the cities their bastardized Western flavor. People with Western roots are outnumbered by natives, but their is a mixed culture as well. Most interesting are the Ylari settlements in the Sunderlands. They are short on transplanted people, but long on converting natives into Kalimite fanatics!

Ah, yes, we have idigeonous (?) folk on IOD. Cultures range from Ethiopian, Adal and Western Sudanese in the open areas to Incan and Kongo types in the denser areas. The Western and Northern cities are long-migrated Rockhomids, so the cities have a Scots Common Army type militia, and deal with a slight intermix or grumbly acceptance with the natives. Wars rage constantly on the East Coast, away from Known World influence.

Politically, IOD is a powderkeg. Thyatian expansion in the South is colonial and causing conflict. The Cities in the West formed the Quorum, six Dukes (WestRoarke, Redstone, Sunderland, West Portage, Newkirke and Septem.) who select one of them to be Archduke over the west. The Sept. Duchy just fell by marriage to Thyatian control. The duke in Sund. died, and Ylari factions are itching for conquest. Ostland has tightened its relationship with cities in the NorthWest. And Ostland's conflict with the Heldann Freholds will probably pull Dunadale and its confederacy into the mess.

Sounds like fun.....

Subj: Davania/ TG Archipelago  
Date: 10/24/96 3:50:15 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

Has anyone ever done any expansion on the Southern lands called Davania? I have maps from the Champions of Mystara, one which includes the cities of Castelios and Garganin. Currently, I just note them as mysterious cities with trading outposts controlled by Ierendi and M. Guild merchants. Thyatian fleets never got there during the South Trade War (glub, glub...).

Forgive me if this is an ignorant or obvious question ... I obviously haven't read my quota of Dragons or Dungeons mags (though with all these tidbits I keep getting told about, perhaps I should start).

Also, which map has the Thanegoth Archipelago on it? Again, I just used it as the secret base for Guild shipping to the SouthEast.

Subj: Re:Davania/ TG Archipelago  
Date: 10/24/96 4:31:33 PM  
From: AMALDIS

Kastelios is a rich merchant city of Milenian origin. Garganin is a lost colony of Hule. The Thanegioth Archipelago is mapped in X1 Isle of Dread.

-Amaldis

Subj: Re:New Subject  
Date: 10/24/96 4:51:06 PM  
From: AMALDIS

<<Amaldis, who always seemed to find \*something\* wrong with whatever I posted>>

Heh, Heh. Read on.

<<TSR products always put the Isle of Dawn in a cultural "vacuum", in which there were apparently \*no\* natives former to the settlement by the Nithians, Alphatians and Thyatians>>

Actually, the Ylari are native to the Isle of Dawn. It says that somewhere in Gaz 2.

-Amaldis

P.S. Please remember (Mystaros and others) that these are not intended to put anyone down (Such as: "That was shameful Mystaros. You did not completely read pg. 2 of the mini adventure 'The Spindle' found within the Dungeon Master's screen. If you had you would have known that it could not be positioned....."), but instead to correct mistakes for those of you who are concerned by "canon" Mystara (which doesn't seem to be anyone who has posted in this folder besides me).

Subj: Canon Mystara  
Date: 10/24/96 5:05:33 PM  
From: Bargle1066

I prefer to be a purist. In fact, I prefer to know everything in advance, so my adventures never interfere with Mystaran cannon. Now, I create the cannon. This is better than voting.

Subj: Re:Canon Mystara  
Date: 10/24/96 6:14:40 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

Hey, we're not purists. We wear our Heretic World badge with pride. BUT....and I mean this with all sincerity..I like the thought and detail that has gone in to the design of this world. Yeah, it has some weird anomalies, but it also has Structural Integrity. Transplanting our Pikemen and arquebusiers to Mystara didn't make the world untenable.

Remember, I'm trying, as much as possible, to continue the heritage of Mystaran places when we set up the campaign scenarios. Thyatis may have an Austrian Hapsburg military and court, but it's culture and outlook are strictly Thyatian. That's what makes this so enjoyable for us wargamers.

Subj: Re:Davania/ TG Archipelago  
Date: 10/24/96 6:16:52 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

>Kastelios is a rich merchant city of Milenian origin. Garganin is a lost colony of Hule. The Thanegioth Archipelago is mapped in X1 Isle of Dread.<

Thanks Amaldis. Is there another map of Davania floating around somewhere I don't know about?

Subj: Immortals

Date: 10/24/96 8:00:06 PM

From: Telrathin

In response to Chandog21's question if a complete listing of Immortals and their priests similar to the format found in Faiths & Avatars would be appreciated, my response is I would love to see such a document produced and would be forever in that person's debt.

I was also wondering how Mystara might fit into the Planescape setting. I was flipping through Hallowed Ground at my local Hobby Store (it looks like an excellent project, I would suggest buying it to anyone who uses Gods in their campaign), and though it mentioned the deities from FR (of course) and Greyhawk, it didn't even touch on Immortals. Now I know this topic is a well traveled road, but I was wondering how the Immortals and Mystara fit into the planes. Should we consider Mystara a different dimension from the standard multiverse of AD&D, or have dimensions changed since the switch to AD&D? I noticed in the Glantri Grimoire they mentioned the "Demiplane of Nightmares" Which brings up another question: Are all dimensions being switched to "demiplanes", I really don't think it's even appropriate to change something like the Vortex dimension or even the Nightmare dimension into something as small as a demiplane. It takes away the mystique of being a complete alternate multiverse to just being a small pocket plane.

Tel

Subj: Re:Canon Mystara

Date: 10/24/96 10:08:59 PM

From: Nellisir

<<I prefer to be a purist. In fact, I prefer to know everything in advance, so my adventures never interfere with Mystaran cannon. Now, I create the cannon. This is better than voting.>>

<sigh> please excuse the pet peeve, but it's spelled CANON.

A cannon is a large, cylindrical object which shoots rock or metal out of one end (hopefully) with the intent of damaging something else (hopefully). So, unless you are busy inventing \*cannons\* for Mystara (check the Savage Coast, they may already have them there...)...the word is CANON, as in the "official" version of a book, belief, campaign world...etc, etc.

Thanks,

Nell.....the Canoneer...

Subj: Re:New Subject  
Date: 10/24/96 10:12:06 PM  
From: Mystaros

<<<<TSR products always put the Isle of Dawn in a cultural "vacuum", in which there were apparently \*no\* natives former to the settlement by the Nithians, Alphatians and Thyatians>>

Actually, the Ylari are native to the Isle of Dawn. It says that somewhere in Gaz 2.

-Amaldis>>

Good catch, Amaldis. That was a slip on my part. It does mention that in GAZ 2, but besides the fact that it mentions the Ylari were originally native to the Isle, it never mentions what happens to the people they were taken from (presumably, they were all absorbed into the Thothian population, in Canonical KW).

In my world, the Asieri are the descendants of the Oltecs slaves in the Dawn Territories during the Thonian Age (AKA the Age of Blackmoor), and the Ylari (or Alasiyani, AKA from the clan of al-Asieri, mutated over dozens of generations) are the descendents of Asieri taken as slaves by the Nithians beginning around 1400 BC. The Asieri live in the hilly plains of the Great Escarpment, east of the Stone folk and south of the Aranwood (wherein dwell the Aran Elves and things more sinister; no furry, friendly Phanatons in these woods). The Asieri are divided into two primary groups; the forest dwellers, who are sort of Pictish in outlook (ala REH Picts); and the plains dwellers, who are part Afghani, part Cossack and part Bedouin. The Asieri revere elemental forces (primarily Earth and Fire, especially the plains tribes; the forest folk also revere nature spirits, like the Tiger Spirit and the Snake Spirit). Their enemies include the Caerda and the settlers from Thyatis (who are slowly moving in along the rivers that pierce the Plateau). Altogether, it's an unfriendly place to be if you are not of the Asieri (or even if you are, and of another Clan).

Mystaros

Subj: Re:Immortals  
Date: 10/24/96 10:15:18 PM  
From: Nellisir

<<Grimoire they mentioned the "Demiplane of Nightmares" Which brings up another question: Are all dimensions being switched to "demiplanes", I really don't think it's even appropriate to change something like the Vortex dimension or even the Nightmare dimension into something as small as a demiplane. It takes away the mystique of being a complete alternate multiverse to just being a small pocket plane.>>

I think it's mostly up to you whether dimensions become demi-planes, so long as you keep the consequences in mind. If dimensions remain dimensions, then this creates a second set of "realities" with which to interact -- \*plane shift\* will not get you access to the dimensions of Nightmares, after all, though \*dimension shift\* will (if you create such a spell). I don't think there is a big problem, though, with calling them demi-planes instead. The size is probably the least important aspect of it all -- a demi-plane is just a plane in the Ethereal (and lacks a immediate connection to the Outer Planes). The Demi-plane of Shadow is, if not infinite in size, very nearly so -- large enough to contain an entire world. Big enough for ya?

Nell....The Planeskipper...

Subj: Re:New Subject

Date: 10/24/96 10:27:16 PM

From: Bargle1066

How about the Dunael? I have them living in Machetos from 125AC to 250AC. More on this is coming.

Subj: Re:Canon Mystara

Date: 10/24/96 10:39:51 PM

From: TYGHOCK

<<I prefer to be a purist. In fact, I prefer to know everything in advance, so my adventures never interfere with Mystaran cannon. Now, I create the cannon. This is better than voting.>>

You create cannon? So, you're into forgery? A man of you calibre? Was that spelling intentional, or were you just culverin your tracks? Sorry to bombard you with these puns, hope you didn't recoil in horror.

I know you fed the Parrot, but what did the Faulconet?

- Ken ;)

Subj: Re:Canon Mystara

Date: 10/24om: Bargle1066

It was a mis-spelling. I meant to say, we create the canon, which we do.

Subj: Dianechtii

Date: 10/25/96 4:25:19 AM

From: Bargle1066

Here is something I hope you really like:

#### The Lost Tribe of the Dianechtii

In 950 BC, a Nithian tribe, known as Dianechtii (after their leader, Dianeckett), ask Pharaoh Answarhotep X to colonize the Eastern Lands (Skothar's Jennite remnants). Pharaoh grants Dianeckett and his family conquest rites and off they go. As the twenty-five tribesman, with 400 slaves, starts to settle an abandoned and partially destroyed village, the aggressors (who destroyed the village originally) attack the tribe. In retaliation, Dianechtii (a priest of Pflarr) polymorphs their leader into an auroch. The attackers drop their weapons and bow down to the settlers, claiming they were sent by Ordana.

The original villagers were responsible for releasing an ancient beast (a mortal form of Tianecht, entropic hierarch and king of the Night Dragons 'also Synn's father) from a 250,000 year imprisonment in a mirror of life-trapping. The beast was released by a mysterious woman (Synn) from the village of Dunarten(the village that was settled by the Dianechtii). The beast (a black dragon unable to escape his mortal form unless he dies naturally 'in 12,000 years and if he were killed, he'd revive in a few rounds') entered the village of Belenine and leveled it. He killed the general and took his form. Then, he led his (the general's) troops to attack Dunarten. Dunarten was destroyed and three hours later, the general learned of the Dianechtii's prescence and led a counter-attack only to be transformed into an auroch.

That night, the auroch was killed in a celebration of salvation. To further the celebration, Dianeckett revived the dead villagers with the help of ten other priests of Pflarr. The Belanine told the tale of the beast who was trapped in the mirror of the ancients. According to the legends, Ordana gave the mirror to the Dunarten so they could guard the mirror and keep the beast imprisoned.

As soon as the auroch was killed, the ground began to shake and smoke started to form. Once the smoke cleared, a middle-aged black dragon appeared and the natives ran. At that moment, the priests (11) and wizards (9) joined together and cast a very powerful curse on the dragon. Tianecht was polymorphed into a human baby and transported well into the future.

The next few years were peaceful as Ordana worshipping neo-Jennites surrendered to the great vanquisher, giving a great kingdom for Dianeckett. In 880 BC, a feeble 110 year old Dianeckett achieved Immortality, under Ordana's patronage, as his first great-great-grandson was born (different condition on this quest). Again, in 500 BC, the Spell Of Oblivion erased the Dianechtii's memory of Nithia. The culture began to resemble the Ordana worshipping Jennites of pre-Nithian times. Dianeckett became Dianecht and the Dianechtii became the Dunael. At the same time, Alphatian expansion caused the Dunael villages(now clans) to have a conference. The vote was evenly split among the Dianecht worshippers and Ordana worshippers. The Ordana worshippers opted to settle the Isle of Dawn, while the Dianecht worshippers decided to stay.

The Dianecht worshippers were fighting a losing war and the Alphatians conquering Clan Mc.Logan in 320BC. They remained as slaves until 2 AC, when they were given to Thyatis as a truce offering. The Thyatians granted them land in north-western Thyatis. In 45, Laird Angus Matchetos of Clan Machetos was granted a barony (Machetos).

Subj: Bellar-Clarans

Date: 10/25/96 4:27:05 AM

From: Bargle1066

#### The Bellar-Clarans

In one town in Hattias,during 135 AC, three brothers(Bellor, Claurer, and Nutuen) ruled the town of Vanyaburg. This town was protected by Vanya and Tarastia from Thanatos and his hate spreading. Of course, Duke Johann Oberstarr of Hattias found the tolerance unbearable. He recommended that Vanyaburg's citizens be relocated to settle Ordania on the Isle of Dawn.

The Vanyaburgese came to Ordania and made an alliance with Earl Orgintetorix of Ordania. After a few centuries, the two cultures were inter-mixed and became one, the Belar-Clarans. Their happy reign would go on until 450 AC, when they missed their tribute for the fourth time

Subj: Dunael Conquest

Date: 10/25/96 4:28:23 AM

From: Bargle1066

#### The Dunael Conquest

The Dunael watched in horror as their cousins became more and more Hattian. At the same time, Princes of the Senate, Osbert Mc.Logan, made a resolution to have the Dunaese conquer Bellar-Clara. The vote was unanimous and the 73 year old Osbert led the conquest with great success. His son-in-law, Kempius Karamaikos, took over his (osbert's) Senate seat and later became Baron of Machetos. He cut taxes to promote growth in his state and the growth was so high, the Emperor made him a Count.

As for Osbert, he conquered Bellar-Clara and forced them to go westward for newer and greater hopes.

This is my history of the Dunael in a nutshell. What do you think?

Subj: Re:Dunael Conquest

Date: 10/25/96 5:43:59 PM

From: AMALDIS

Pardon my asking, but who are the Dunael? The people from Dunadale? As for Bargle's history, it was intricate but had a few parts that bugged me. First, and most importantly, the Synn's father thing was a little too far(although I have gone ALOT farther than that in my homemade world; I conveniently ignore this fact). Second the name Mc.Logan and other Celtic names bothered me. Are these descendants of people from Laterre or from Nithia? I also detected(maybe it was just me) a few political comments, particularly towards the end. Please remember that this is not a modern culture we are talking about. The merit of low taxes(or the lack of merit, depending on your viewpoint) on a modern society does not apply to Thyatis or any other Mystaran culture(with the possible exception of Serraine and Oostdok). Thyatis is not an investment driven society, and if merchants have more money they will most likely not invest it into the economy(this is one of the reasons that industrialism works, investors invest a large amount of their money back into the economy, which makes them more money), but spend it on luxury goods, bribery of political officials, or the arena.

-Amaldis

Subj: Re:Dunael Conquest

Date: 10/25/96 11:08:47 PM

From: TYGHOCK

I agree with Amaldis on the economic points. I love the economic side of nation (and City) building, hence my focus on trade routes that led our group into a Guild/Thyatian War. Nations' grasp of

Economic policy was just about non-existent (one courtier blazened his coat of arms with "Spend, and God will send"). Cities were better at understanding what effected them, especially cities run by merchants (witness Venice's pragmatic yet long term policies). But politics was still personal as much as national at this point in the RW.

However (forgive me Amaldis), I thought the nationality thing was fine (Celtic names, though?). After all, our world doesn't come close to Canon, despite my aims to keep Structural Integrity in our Heretic version.

I find these deeper design discussions facinating - please don't anybody feel chilled out of commenting. That includes all you silent listeners out there!

Subj: Re:Dunael Conquest  
Date: 10/26/96 12:04:39 AM  
From: Bargle1066

I'm sorry about ploitics. It's just me. Disregard that. Yes, I am a Republican. Cutting taxes can increase the local population and high taxes can lead to peasant revolts in those times.  
Thomas :Q

Subj: Re:Dunael Conquest  
Date: 10/26/96 9:22:12 AM  
From: TYGHOCK

Most ancient/medieval/Renaissance types fled to escape persecution (religion, race) rather than taxes. Taxes were very low, but so were services, both social and governmental (starvation in the streets was common, and it was a true blessing to find a government that kept order in a town!). You didn't have taxes as much as the "forced loan" from the bankrupt king, or the peasant revolt that broke down your door at night and slaughtered you for your excess wealth. Taxes mostly went to finance wars or the latest French fashions at court, not to help the people. How much of this differs from today, I leave to your judgement! : )

Subj: Re:Dunael Conquest  
Date: 10/26/96 11:21:15 AM  
From: Bargle1066

Mea culpa! Mea culpa! Mea maxima culpa! (For those pre- Vaticanese out there).

Disregard the supply side economics. The Dole/Kemp bit was out-of-line. I'm sorry. Feel free to throw out that part about the taxes. Please keep the names. Osbert is the name of an ancestor of mine who fought in Bannochburn, and was awarded the family coat-of-arms and castle for his service to King Robert the Bruce. The Logans are ancestors of mine, too. As for Kempius, do what you wish, though I like the name. The Dunael are the Celtic folk on the Isle of Dawn. Where's Mystaros when you need him?

Subj: Module Inventory, part I

Date: 10/26/96 3:47:38 PM

From: B1Bard

I posted this quite some time ago, but reading some recent posts, I thought some of you could use this again:

OK, here's what I've got...

There's really no '1st edition' D&D Mystara modules, because the first edition of D&D didn't feature a background world. Mystara really wasn't featured until the Isle of Dread was released with the first appearance of the Expert (light) blue book. This version of X1 had a blue cover.

When the next line of D&D boxed sets was released - the ones that were numbered 'set one, set two' ... and so on. (this was the series that went all the way to the immortals set) - Mystara became a fully integrated world in the game, and shortly after that, the gazetteers came out.

The reason I'm telling you all of this is because the original B1, 2, 3, and 4, and even X1 & 2 weren't set in any particular world. It was the expert (dark) blue book that put them all on the map from X1 (this was the X1 with the orange cover).

Enough pontificating, I just wanted to make sure that you were aware that the original set of B & X modules didn't mention Mystara - it was the dark blue expert book that tied them all together.

B1 - In Search of the Unknown

B2 - Keep on the Borderlands (I've seen British publishings with it titled "Caves of Chaos" - I think they're bootlegs, though)

B3 - Palace of the Silver Princess (original printing featured a *very* controversial picture of a princess stretched over an altar - it's worth several hundred dollars)

B4 - The Lost City

B5 - Horror on the Hill

B6 - The Veiled Society

B7 - Rahasia

B8 - Journey to the Rock

B9 - Castle Caldwell and Beyond

B10 - Night's Dark Terror - this is one of the 'British Flag' modules, and is designed to be a transition from dungeon crawling to outdoors stuff. It is an epic, but low-level scale adventure in eastern Karamaikos and IMHO is the BEST thing TSR ever produced. Allow me to reiterate - BUY THIS BOOK!

B11 - King's Festival

B12 - Queen's Harvest

BSolo - Ghost of Lion Castle

B1-9 (softcover book) - collects the modules B2-9 and links them into a grand campaign. Great place to start a Mystara campaign that links good adventures together. Even though B1 is included in the title, it's not in the book

cont'd next post

Subj: Module Inventory, part II

Date: 10/26/96 3:48:34 PM

From: B1Bard

X1 - Isle of Dread - two different covers, blue & orange; same material inside

X2 - Castle Amber

X3 - Curse of Xanathon

X4 - Master of the Desert Nomads

X5 - Temple of Death

X6 - Quagmire! - first appearance of the area where "Red Steel" takes place

X7 - War Rafts of Kron

X8 - Drums on Fire Mountain

X9 - The Savage Coast - duh...!

X10 - Red Arrow, Black Shield - wargame based on X4&5

X11 - Saga of the Shadowlord - expands the X1 map to the north

X12 - Skarda's Mirror

X13 - Crown of Ancient Glory

XSolo - Lathan's Gold - Outstanding detail on the Sea of Dread

XS2 - Thunderdelve Mountain

CM1 - Test of the Warlords - introduction of Norwold

CM2 - Death's Ride

CM3 - Sabre River

CM4 - Earthshaker

CM5 - Mystery of the Snow Pearls

CM6 - Where Chaos Reigns - time travel adventure w/ OUTSTANDING maps

CM7 - Tree of Life

CM8 - Endless Stair

CM9 - Legacy of Blood

All of the 'M' series are Mystara related, but hop around the planes, so they affect Mystara, but aren't really set there...

DDA1-2 - Arena/ Legions of Thyatis

DDA3 - Eye of Traldar

DDA4 - Dymrak Dread

cont'd next post

Subj: Module Inventory, part III

Date: 10/26/96 3:56:01 PM

From: B1Bard

Dawn of the Emperors - Boxed set w/ Thyatis and Alphatia

Wrath of the Immortals - The best Mystara set you'll find, bar none - epic adventure involving the immortals, great wars, sinking continents, lots of great history, and a darn good lot of fun...

Hollow World - all takes place w/in Mystara

Champions of Mystara - Gathers the "Princess Ark" material from Dragon and made a set out of them... great stuff

The AC series of accessories includes some mini-modules for use w/ Mystara, but good luck finding them!

AC1 - Shady Dragon Inn was just lost of pre-rolled characters.

AC2 - The DM's screen was useful, but the vampire mini-module with it was fun.

AC3 - Dragon Tiles I - NOT a Mystara product

AC4 - Save your money...

AC5 - Dragon Tiles II - Revenge of Ruzek. Sequel to the first Dragon Tiles advneture... some of these were misprinted with AC3 in the corner and were supposed to be corrected with an AC5 sticker but not all of them were.

AC6 - Character record sheets

AC7 - Master-level DMs screen with a very bad adventure

AC8 - see also "Throat Wolf"

AC9 - Creature Catalogue

AC10 - bestiary of Dragons and Giants. I'm the only person I know who actually likes this product. go figure

AC11 - Book of Wondrous Inventions - see AC4

Also, if you can find them the TMs for Mystara (The Trail Maps - 1 & 2 again, good luck finding them) gather all of the GAZ maps and put them on HUGE wall maps w/ lots of neat marginal info...

The first two Poor Wizard's Almanacs are good, but not great... too much numerical data and not enough scenario information.

Recommended Top 5 -

B10 (see above)

X 6 & 9 - best if used together...

CM6 - Good adventure and great maps...

Wrath of the Immortals - You'll be busy for a LOOOOOOONG time playing that one

The B1-9 book, or better yet, B5 is good fun and includes outdoor stuff, too

This list does not include the 'unnumbered' modules that came out after the Rules Cyclopeda, or anything for AD&D.

B1Bard

Subj: Mystara video game

Date: 10/26/96 6:09:03 PM

From: Anodaewyn1

So, I walked into the depths of the Family Fun Center, and took a quick survey of the video games. I make my way through all the new and popular games, back into the darkness of the older games. And what do I see? A Dungeons & Dragons game. I could hardly believe my eyes. So, of course I swoop down in for a closer look. The game's title was "The Tower of Doom". And I see a familiar looking map in the background. Low and behold, the game was set in Darokin. My eyes were lit up through the many coins in my pocket, which were all deposited in that game. We killed black dragons, and displacer beasts to name a few. This game was the best I've ever played, so if ye happen to see it, play it. It is worth it very much. ::Bows, with a wide grin on his face::

Anodaewyn

Subj: Re:New Subject

Date: 10/26/96 11:21:36 PM

From: TYGHOCK

So the Ylari originated from the IOD? Fascinating. You're right, I looked it up in the Gaz. So my connecting Kalimite leaders stirring converts in the island isn't that far fetched! I actually did it to liven up the IOD and because the trade route runs right from Ylaruam to the IOD, so close contact seemed likely. And given an aggressive faith, and few areas to expand and cultivate converts, the IOD seemed a logical ideological battleground.

Subj: Archived Folders  
Date: 10/26/96 11:26:34 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

Anybody,

Where can I look to see the postings in the previous Mystara folders?

Thanks,

- Ken

Subj: Re:Archived Folders  
Date: 10/27/96 12:08:13 AM  
From: AMALDIS

The library has the old folders. I am not sure if they have the 4th folder yet.

-Amaldis

Subj: B1 Bard  
Date: 10/27/96 2:32:58 AM  
From: Bargle1066

Welcome back, B1. How was your venture? We're glad to have you back. Have you downloaded Amaldis's Net Book? You will be pleased.

Subj: Errata  
Date: 10/27/96 11:28:20 AM  
From: AMALDIS

Considering the size of some of the Net Book's articles(Alad3's history and the Immortals list) it is likely errors would seep in. One major error(BTW, it is all my fault) was the absense of 4 immortals from the list. Sorry. These are in the Net Book's format.

Brandan Earth-Mover    Matter    Initiate    Creating worlds

(Please note that the following immortals have other interests, but those interests are not mentioned in any Mystara product)

Nob Nar                    -----    -----    Halflings, Protecting the Shires, Halfling Masters  
Cobertham Shadowglint   -----    -----    Halflings, Protecting the Shires, Halfling Masters  
Brindorhin                -----    -----    Halflings, Protecting the Shires, Halfling Masters

-Amaldis

Subj: Comments, PLEASE  
Date: 10/27/96 11:31:05 AM  
From: AMALDIS

Once again the call is raised. Post comments, both complimentary and critical of the Net Book. Did you notice any serious errors, etc...? Those who have already commented are exempt, but I am sure that I have talked to someone(who was it?) that had comments, but never got around to posting them.

-Amaldis

Subj: Trail Maps  
Date: 10/27/96 1:32:33 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

Our group's intro to Mystara was a large wall map called the Eastern Countries, which had nation and population info on it. I guess this is one of the "trail maps" everyone's always talking about.

My questions are

a.) which trail map is the Eastern Countries? TM1 or TM2?

b.) What does the other map cover?

Thanks!

- Ken

Subj: Denagoth

Date: 10/27/96 1:33:32 PM

From: TYGHOCK

Where is Denagoth? What is it? Where is it mapped?

Subj: Isle of Dawn Question

Date: 10/27/96 1:36:49 PM

From: TYGHOCK

Following up on the previous IOD questions: anybody think there's room for a small Ylari effort for conversion on the island? Just a few targeted areas?

Opinions ?

Subj: Re:Denagoth

Date: 10/27/96 5:18:21 PM

From: AMALDIS

Denagoth is from X11 Saga of the Shadow Lord. It is north of Wendar.

-Amaldis

Subj: Re:Isle of Dawn Question

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Date: 10/27/96 11:01:32 PM

From: Bargle1066

I see that in areas around Thothia, but I always thought the Ylari were just Nithians after the Spell of Oblivion.

Subj: Re:Dunael Conquest

Date: 10/28/96 12:04:23 AM

From: Mystaros

<<Pardon my asking, but who are the Dunael?  
Amaldis>>

The Dunael are one of the cultures that I developed for my own campaign; and yes, they are the inhabitants of the Confederation of Dunadale (the Dunael are "Brythonic-Scots"; their cousins, the Danoia ("Irish") are the natives of the "Province of Redstone", the Caerda ("Scots-Gaelic") inhabit the forests of the Shadow Coast; and the Hinterlanders, or Kymrae, inhabit the jungles of northern Davania ("Welsh-Cimmerian", ala Howard)). I don't recall that the Dunael were ever mentioned in Canon, and I'm fairly certain that I made the name up myself, but Bargles posts make me wonder. However, the name "Dunael" seems to be a reasonable derivation of the name "Dunadale" (probably "Brown-Dale", originally found in module M5, "Talons of Night" by Paul Jaquays), so independent invention on the part of several peoples would not be unusual. Bargles history of the Dunael (via the Dianehtii, etc.) is quite unusual, though inspired. As to the Celtic nature of the Dunael vis a vis the MacGregors and other Crownguards, well, the land of Araterre is a "Parallel" of Mystara's, and numerous other names and places have parallels throughout the multiverse; I never let it worry me (if I ever get around to describing the Daumancer ("Normans"), the relationship between the Crownguards and Dunael will become clearer). My own history of the Dunael will follow in several posts hereafter; the first group will cover 3000 BC through 1700 BC; later posts will cover later history...

Mystaros

Subj: Re:Trail Maps

Date: 10/28/96 12:06:51 AM

From: B1Bard

TM1 was Western Countries

TM2 was Eastern Countries

They connect to form a map bigger than my college dorm room wall.

8)

Brant

Subj: The Early Dunael pt 1

Date: 10/28/96 12:06:54 AM

From: Mystaros

Prior to the Great Rain of Fire in 3000 BC, there were two major civilizations extant in the Dawn Territories; the most powerful was the Thonian Colony of New Thonia (little more than corporate owned and controlled plantations worked by thousands of Oltec slaves). This colony consisted of the Dawn Territories south of the River Kend (which bisects the modern County of Kendach)[Also note that the Great Escarpment did not exist at this time; it would be created in the upheaval following the Great Rain of Fire]. The second major civilization was the Giant Kingdom of Gandhar, which held the northernmost portion of the territories (precariously creating a political balance of interests between the Draconian Empire, the Free Dwarven Principalities and the Kingdom of Blackmoor). There were also isolated groups of Rock Men found in the mountains that now form the western edge of the Great Escarpment.

Then in 3000 BC the Great Rain of Fire destroyed the civilization of the Thonians of Blackmoor. With the end of support from the motherland, the Thonians were slaughtered by the Oltec slaves (some few escaped to the west and joined their brethren who founded the Taymoran culture). The Oltecs of the Dawn Territories reverted to a stone-age culture (these peoples are known as the Oltec Savages); they spread out throughout the territories obliterating any remnant of Thonian occupation (and any remnants of Thonian population, as well). The Giant Kingdom of Gandhar was also decimated by the catastrophe, and the Giants reverted to a more primitive technology. The Great Rain of Fire caused a planar "shift" (or, rather, the Immortals caused a planar shift in order to assist in the recovery of the Mystaran ecosystem); the Otherworld (known as the Spirit World by the

Ethengar and the Atruaghin Clans) was brought into closer conjunction with Mystara (this conjunction is stronger in some places than in others, notably on the Plains of Ethengar, the Isle of Dawn, the Isle of Ochalea and the lands of the Atruaghin Clans); the Oltec Savages were eventually contacted by the Spirits and the shamanic worship of these spirits formed the basis of the Oltec Savages religion.

Another notable event occurred in 3000 BC; seven clans of Elves passed through the Territories en route to the west (where they believed that they might find refuge in the unspoiled lands of Brun; they were wrong, of course). Three of the Clans (the Finadiel, Goristyr and Falador) remained in the Dawn Territories and settled among the remaining Giants of Gandhar; four of the clans (the Celebryl, Porador, Felistyr and Gelbalf) continued on to the west. The Giants and Elves were contacted by the Spirits, who saw in them a kindred "spirit" and love of life. A strange new society grew up between the two worlds; by 2700 BC, the Elves had removed themselves from Mystara entirely and founded new cities in the Otherworld; several clans of Giants had also done so by this time, most notably the Muroch clan (four cities were founded in the Otherworld; Findias by the Finadiel Clan; Gorias by the Goristyr Clan; Murias by the Muroch Clan; and Falias by the Falador Clan).

Continued...

Subj: The Early Dunael pt 2  
Date: 10/28/96 12:26:31 AM  
From: Mystaros

The movement to the Otherworld was spurred on by the migration of the Oltec Savages into the northern lands of the territories; though the Giants and Elves could have easily resisted any intrusion (being at this time not only magically more powerful, but also armed with bronze-age weaponry), the alliance between the Spirits, Elves and Giants would have been sorely tested by interference with the Human followers of the Spirits (especially when the Elves and Giants were more than

welcomed in the Otherworld).

In 2500 BC several clans of Dwarves and Gnomes migrated east across the Hardangar Isthmus; they bumped straight into the Giants and Elves of the north, were made distinctly unwelcome, and retreated to the south, where they settled among the newly-emerging Stone Folk. [This year also marked the foundation of the Empire of Taymor to the west; ruled by Priest-Kings, or Necromancer-Kings under the leadership of their overlord, the Eternal Emperor of Taymor, who ruled from the City of Night, Colhador on Hadas.] By this time, the Oltec Savages had settled over the entirety of the Dawn Territories. They built huge earthen mounds which were centers of worship (as well as the burial sites of the clan chiefs and shamans); they carved huge animal-shaped forms in the earth at points at which the space between Mystara and the Otherworld was "weak" (which were centers of worship for the totem in question); and they erected huge menhirs and stone circles at the major loci of these mystical points.

They were still in the stone-age, however, and had little reason to "advance" technologically, as population was still relatively low, and they had little competition (except from the Stone Folk and the new population of Dwarves and Gnomes, whom they gave wide berth). Then in 2400 BC the moderately peaceful lifestyle of the Oltec Savages was destroyed by the invasion of clans of bronze-age Antalians, who came out of the northwest across the Helskir Land Bridge; the Antalians were fleeing the depredations of the Beastmen of Urzud [this was the same movement of peoples that caused the Urduk Neathar-peoples to settle in the lands that came to be known as the Urduk Plains, in modern Sind].

The Antalians bring with them numerous clans of Faerie Folk; Alfar (AKA Sidhe), Sprites, Pixies and others also retreat across the Helskir Land Bridge, eventually to mingle with the Giants, Elves and Spirits. It is only through the interference of the Giants, Elves, Spirits and Faeries that the Antalians did not conquer the entire region; they were limited in their settlement to lands north of the Kendach Plateau (the Spirits had come to depend on the Oltec Savages as much as the Oltec Savages depend on them). Over the next two hundred years (with the sponsorship and active participation of the Giant/Elf/Spirit/Faerie Alliance), the Antalian clans began to assimilate the northern

clans of Oltec Savages; the Antalian/Oltec culture evolved and swiftly diverged from it's antecedents.

Not all of the Giants and Elves agreed with the foundation of the new peoples, or even with the basis of the Alliance of the Giants, Elves, Spirits and Faeries. In 2300 BC, during the formation of the new Human society, this group of dissident Giants and Elves, led by the Fomor Clan of Giants, migrated west across the Hardangar Isthmus. There they joined the forces of the Necromancer-Kings of Taymor, and learned the darker ways of magic and power.

Continued...

Subj: The Early Dunael pt 3  
Date: 10/28/96 12:29:17 AM  
From: Mystaros

By 2200 BC, the combined Antalian/Oltec people had evolved a new language, culture and society; they called themselves the Dunael (simply "The People", in the Dunael tongue). They were, at this time, a bronze-age society, ruled by chieftains and led by a caste of Druids (Danoian Druids are/were mostly male and either Lawful Neutral or True Neutral). They followed the ways of the Spirits and Faeries, but revered the Immortals as well (most notably Danoia (Terra), Cernuinn (Faunus) and Arduinn (Diulanna)). [Note that Danoia was the Patron Immortal of the Giants of Gandhar, and remains the Patroness of their descendants to this day]. In 2200 BC Finnegar, the Chieftain of one of the clans of the Dunael, and First King of the Dunael, led the battle against an invading horde of Fomorian Giants and Elves.

Backed by groups of Human warriors from Taymor and armed with Taymoran wizardry, the Fomorians and Taymorans were attempting to regain a foothold in the Dawn Territories (the Taymorans already had some minor colonies in the south, among the Oltec Savages on the modern Shadow coast). The Dunael, united for the first time under Finnegar, and allied with Giants, Elves, Spirits and Faeries from the Otherworld, were able to throw the Fomorians back across the Hardangar Isthmus. Finnegar went on to create his Golden Throne high in the mountains which now bear his

name (the Golden Throne, among other things, provides the person sitting in it with a clear view of anything within the horizon; perfect for watching for invading Fomorians).

The battle with the Fomorians convinced many of the remaining Giants, Elves, Spirits and Faerie that their presence on Mystara was as much a bane as a boon to the Dunael, whom they now considered "their" people; thus, they retreated further into the Otherworld, though a number of Giants remained on Mystara as guardians. These Giants were led by the Firbolg Clan, and they settled in the south central region of the territories (in the modern province of Redstone, right on the "gates" to the Hardangar Isthmus). From 2200 BC through 2000 BC the Dunael and Firbolg (with assistance from the Otherworld patrons) resisted several additional attempts on the part of the Fomorians to return to the territories, but none of these attempts was ever remotely successful.

In 2000 BC, the Empire of Taymor destroyed itself in a cataclysmic battle between the followers of Thanatos and Nyx which caused destruction of the Taymoran lands as well as the collapse of the Helskir Land Bridge. The resulting earthquakes and upheaval destroyed much of the infrastructure of the Dunael civilization, and collapsed numerous gates between the Otherworld and Mystara. The Fomorians, fleeing the destruction of Taymor, were able to take advantage of the chaos in the Dunael territories, and conquered much of the southern lands of the Dunael, including all the lands held by the Firbolg (modern Redstone, plus East and West Portage, Kendach and southern Westrouke). They then instituted a reign of terror that lasted for 400 years (2000 BC through 1600 BC). During this time they converted many of the Firbolg to their way, and through their magical power were able to keep the Otherworldly Giants, Elves, Spirits and Faerie from regaining a foothold in the Fomorian held territory.

Around 1800 BC, the Fomorians learned the method for the smelting of iron from captured Stone Folk and Gnomes (by this time the Dwarves of the High Land of the Hruka had died out; Kagyar had recreated the Dwarven race, but did not place any in the High Land). The Fomorians achieved even more success against the Dunael with the use of this new technology, but before the Fomorians could press this advantage to its maximum extent (the

conquest of the entire Dunael peoples), there occurred yet another invasion of Antalians from the north.

Continued...

Subj: The Early Dunael pt 4/End

Date: 10/28/96 12:37:34 AM

From: Mystaros

In the 1720's BC, whole clans of iron-age Norse-Antalians from Norwold took to the seas to escape the depredations of King Loark and his Great Horde (the Antalians of the Norwold coast had assimilated migrating Nentsun Reavers in the 2200's BC; the Nentsun brought iron working to the Antalians, among other things; but that is another story). These Antalians eliminated the advantage of the Fomorian and erode the Fomorian grip on the Dunael folk; the Antalians raided both the Fomorian and the Dunael indiscriminately, though the Fomorian were the richer targets. Battles raged across the land for over twenty years until 1700 BC, when a great battle was fought on the Western Plains (where now stands the Dust Reaches).

The Battle of Dust and Ashes raged for a week, yet none of the three armies ever gained an advantage over the others. The Fomorian were armed with ancient Taymoran wizardry and iron weapons; the Antalians were armed with iron weapons and grim determination; and the Dunael were armed with hearts of steel and Druidic magic, as well as what little aid they could acquire from their allies in the Otherworld. Then, during the height of a similar battle over a thousand miles away (the Elves of the glacier-haunted Highlands were resisting the attack of King Loark and his Great Horde), members of the Elven Shadowstrider Clan set off an ancient Blackmoorian Device. This Device (the mystical equivalent of an Atomic Bomb of massive proportions) set off a chain reaction of events, physical and mystical, that would end both conflicts and cause much death and destruction worldwide.

The Device set off a series of earthquakes and vulcanism that resulted in, among other things, the creation of the Broken Lands; the destruction of the Hardangar Isthmus (the Isthmus sank over a period of ten years, from 1700 BC through 1690 BC); the

raising of the Ostland Isles from the Northern Sea of Dawn (over the same period of time); the destruction of the Isle of the Serpent in the Sea of Dread (the modern Ierendi Isles are the remnants of Setu-Kha's isle); and the creation of the World Mountain in the Plains of Ethengar.

The Dust Reaches of the Isle of Dawn were created by the uplifting of the plateau that they now stand on; unlike the creation of the Ostland Isles or the sinking of the Hardangar Isthmus, the Dust Reaches were created very suddenly. The Battle of Dust and Ashes was ended most decisively by the destruction of all three armies in the sudden and violent creation of the plateau. Very, very few Antalians, Fomorians and Dunael returned home from that battle...

And thus ends the tale of the Time Before the Flood... and the end of the tale of the Early Dunael, Following will be the tales of the Reign of the People of Parlann, the arrival of the Sons of Nemed, the rise of the Tuatha de Danoia, and the invasion of the Milenians, which constitutes the Middle Period of the History of the Dunael, and the Ancient History of the Danoia of the Land of Aran. Finally, the Reign of the Lords of the East, the Reign of the UiNeala, the Reign of the Lords of the West, and the Time of Lost Lords will bring us to the current day; but those are tales for a later day...

Mystaros

Subj: Re:The Early Dunael pt 4/End  
Date: 10/28/96 11:31:52 AM  
From: Bargle1066

Good story, Mystaros. I admit defeat. You are better at Mystaran history than I am. I can't wait to read the rest.  
-Thomas :Q

Subj: Dunael  
Date: 10/28/96 11:33:51 AM  
From: Bargle1066

I got the name from you, Mystie. Just in case you were wondering.

Subj: Re:Denagoth  
Date: 10/28/96 1:41:07 PM  
From: TSR Bruce

<<Denagoth is from X11 Saga of the Shadow Lord. It is north of Wendar.>>

TYGHOK -- make sure you get a copy of the maps in X11. Other area maps unfortunately do not show Denagoth as designed in X11. It may take a little work making Denagoth fit in the current area maps (the ones that came out in Wrath of the Immortals for example). I can recall at least two different area maps covering the Denagoth region, other than the material that came out in X11.

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re:Trail Maps  
Date: 10/28/96 1:50:03 PM  
From: TSR Bruce

<<TM1 was Western Countries  
TM2 was Eastern Countries

They connect to form a map bigger than my college dorm room wall.>>

Indeed... TM1/Western Countries covers the western area of the Known World, from the western borders of Glantri to Ierendi on the west edge, to half-way across Ethengar and Mirothad Guilds on the east edge of the trailmap. More data tables were included on this map (Glantrian Horoscope, which I think differs from a later version published in PWA, a Solar Time Table giving a summary of time zones in the region, a calendar, currencies and change rates, dominant sea & wind currents, traveller's advisory, sunrise & sunset times, common travel fares, lunar calendar for Thyatis, road & trail conditions, travel speeds, navigable rivers, highest mountains, weather chart and seasonal trends)

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re:The Early Dunael pt 1  
Date: 10/28/96 10:45:29 PM  
From: AMALDIS

I think I've already said this, but in canon Mystara the Oltecs and Azcans were isolated from the Thonians and other non-Oltec descended cultures before the Rain of Fire. This invalidates a large part of your history for uses in canon Mystara. It is still very good though.

-Amaldis

Subj: Yet another...

Date: 10/29/96 6:05:16 PM

From: AMALDIS

Yet another Immortal missed in the Net Book. Sigh.

Eloyan Time ----- Escaping the Carven Oak

-Amaldis

Subj: Net Book reorganization

Date: 10/29/96 6:17:56 PM

From: AMALDIS

By popular demand(one or two people asked for it and no one is opposed to it) the Net Book will be contained within one file if that is at all possible(artwork, etc... would make it impossible). In addition, I was thinking of making the Net Book a .rtf file. Would this be a problem for anyone? Or should I upload both a .txt and an .rtf file(the .rtf containing all the extra goodies that .txt can not use)? The release of the next Net Book is not at a set date; it depends on when Alad3 and RLaRue finish their articles(and when I finish the Wendar article).

-Amaldis

Subj: Re:Net Book reorganization

Date: 10/29/96 6:37:52 PM

From: Bargle1066

I cannot wait.

Subj: Re:Net Book reorganization  
Date: 10/29/96 10:31:58 PM  
From: Duncan TKD

please post it in both txt and rtf format.

Duncan TKD

Subj: Re:Net Book reorganization  
Date: 10/30/96 6:27:17 PM  
From: Nellisir

<<By popular demand(one or two people asked for it and no one is opposed to it) the Net Book will be contained within one file if that is at all possible(artwork, etc... would make it impossible). In addition, I was thinking of making the Net Book a .rtf file. Would this be a problem for anyone? Or should I upload both a .txt and an .rtf file(the .rtf containing all the extra goodies that .txt can not use)?>>

Well, since I was at least one of those one or two people, I think it's a very good idea. :) Artwork, etc, should be contained in a seperate file, so those people who don't want it or can't read it shouldn't have to wait 10 minutes to dwnld it.  
Upload both a .txt. and a .rtf version -- my computer has periodic fits about .rtf, but it's alot easier for me....

<< The release of the next Net Book is not at a set date; it depends on when Alad3 and RLaRue finish their articles(and when I finish the Wendar article).>>

Can we get a tentative idea? A week? A month? I've got something half-written, and a few ideas cooking (FINALLY found that Creature Catalogue, right under my nose...).

Nell.

Subj: Re:Net Book reorganization  
Date: 10/31/96 11:19:58 PM  
From: AMALDIS

If you want it to be released sooner write that article. I am trying to have the Net Books have fewer articles, but more info per article. Once I get what I think is enough I will release it. It is based solely on articles available.

-Amaldis

Subj: R.I.P. folder  
Date: 10/31/96 11:21:30 PM  
From: AMALDIS

Suddenly a dark void appears in the folder, sucking all the imagination and creativity out of the posters. Left as little more than husks, these posters find themselves unable to post. Someone must fight it, and that someone is Amaldis. See the next post.

-Amaldis

Subj: Hail Louhi  
Date: 10/31/96 11:39:13 PM  
From: AMALDIS

When looking over the myriad cultures of Mystara it is an easy mistake to miss one of the real world's most interesting cultures that provided legends of magic, heroes, and gods. I speak of the Finno-Ugric culture that was the basis for the epic The Kalevala, or Land of Heroes. What would be the best place to put down the Finnish culture in Mystara(for it is necessary that such an exciting culture be put in Mystara)? North or Norworld? To the northeast of the Sylvan Lands? To the north of Esterhold? I would prefer that they be placed close enough to the Known World that it is possible for PCs to reach the area, but the Finnish culture could go practically anywhere. Also, Louhi's land, Pohja, could be placed north of whatever spot was chosen for the main Finnish area(BTW, Pohja has long periods of daylight and darkness according to The Kalevala).

-Amaldis

P.S.I just finished an edited version of the Kalevala and I highly suggest it for anyone who likes fantasy(which should be everyone here besides TYGHOCK).

Subj: Re:Hail Louhi

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Date: 11/1/96 6:04:50 AM

From: Alad3

My guess is that they'd be pretty close to some hungarian culture, which (as far as i know) doesn't exist on Mystara either. My preferred placing would be the Nentsun peninsula (i.e. N of Esterhold).

Alad3

Subj: Re:Hail Louhi

Date: 11/1/96 9:47:05 AM

From: TYGHOCK

>I just finished an edited version of the Kalevala and I highly suggest it for anyone who likes fantasy(which should be everyone here besides TYGHOCK).<

Hey!!! You're talking to the guy who studied Old English, Beowulf, Wulf & Eadwacer, Tristan & Isuelt, Sir Gawain & the Green Knight, Njorl's Saga, the Epic of Gilgamesh & Enkidu, Arabian Nights and Lord of the Rings! Don't forget that history is the recollection of fact in the glow of story-telling. Elves, Dwarves and Wizards are the stuff of facts embellished by bards and subconscious impulses. Part of the "magic" of the Druids was their ability to read, a skill that seemed magical to an illiterate culture! Asimov once said "Any technology sufficiently advanced is indistinguishable from magic".

I also read extensively in folklore and oral traditions, including controversial interpretations such as Bettelheim's fairy tale analyses. This is why, though a historical wargamer myself, I still find these discussions interesting!

I may not get very excited about a discussion of the saving throw required for a Lose-Your-Lunch spell by a 6th level Shaman, but hey - if I talked about the percentage & effectiveness of the arquebus vs. the crossbow by Moorish troops circa 1550, your eyes would glaze over, too.

"Arthur, I have decided to make you and your knights an example in these dark times."

"Good idea, Lord."

"OF COURSE IT'S A GOOD IDEA !!! " ; )

Subj: Re:Hail Louhi

Date: 11/1/96 11:59:22 AM

From: TSR Bruce

<<The Kalevala, or Land of Heroes. What would be the best place to put down the Finnish culture in Mystara (for it is necessary that such an exciting culture be put in Mystara)? North or Norworld? To the northeast of the Sylvan Lands? To the north of Esterhold? >>

My vote would be for Norwold. You'd have to be way up there somewhere to have an arctic sun pattern. There's plenty of space that's not really been detailed in the past, so their \*sudden\* appearance wouldn't conflict too much with what had already been established. The main differences with RW-Finland would be: 1) the lack of thousands of lakes, and 2) the presence of a major mountain range filled with feuding dragons. The latter is actually a good thing in the context of Mystara.

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re:Hail Louhi  
Date: 11/1/96 12:02:20 PM  
From: TSR Bruce

<<My guess is that they'd be pretty close to some Hungarian culture, which (as far as I know) doesn't exist on Mystara ... >>

Actually, a Hungarian culture \*kinda does\* exist on Mystara. It would be part of the eastern City States of the Savage Coast. One of these territories is inspired from Hungarian culture -- I'll check my files at home when I have a chance. (None of this was published.)

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re:Hail Louhi  
Date: 11/1/96 12:05:31 PM  
From: TSR Bruce

>> if I talked about the percentage & effectiveness of the arquebus vs. the crossbow by Moorish troops circa 1550, your eyes would glaze over ... >>

So TYGHOK, what about those arquebuses? Actually, I would be interested in a word on how they would compare to crossbows. Of course, this topic really belongs in the Savage Coast folder. Catch you over there if you're interested in this. :)

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re:Hail Louhi

Date: 11/1/96 9:24:47 PM

From: AMALDIS

<<My guess is that they'd be pretty close to some hungarian culture, which (as far as i know) doesn't exist on Mystara>>

Why a Hungarian culture? I think you are right about the north of Esterhold, but the Nentsun is a little too cold. While the Nentsun fits for Pohja(which is north of the normal finnish lands), the land of Kalevala could grow crops relatively easily(probably the southwestern areas of Finland is the area they were talking about). and is not appropriate for the Nentsun unless some magical condition existed.

-Amaldis

Subj: Re:Hail Louhi

Date: 11/1/96 9:27:12 PM

From: AMALDIS

In one of the stories Louhi steals the sun, which is an orb that provides light. Perhaps the Finnish areas are all far to the north, but the lands based on Kalevala are heated by the "sun", an artifact of Ixion(he needs a good Finnish name though). The Nentsun could work after all.

-Amaldis

Subj: Re:Hail Louhi

Date: 11/1/96 9:46:22 PM

From: AMALDIS

Here are some ideas about some Mystara Immortals worshipped in the Finnish area, and the names by which they are worshipped.

Thanatos:Hiisi-Evil, enough said.

Zirchev:Tapio-Immortal of the forests.

Old Man of the Sea:Ahto-Water. Lives in underwater palace.

Parltrakan:Ukko-Lord of the air. I couldn't think of a more appropriate immortal.

Unique Immortals:

Frost-Frost is Louhi's son, and even upon obtaining immortality, Frost is subservient to his mother.  
Tuoni-Lord of the dead. Tuoni is neither evil or good, and insists that all those who enter his realm never return to the living.(This can lead to some fun times as the PCs enter Tuoni's realm and attempt to save one of their friends.)

-Amaldis

Subj: Albino

Date: 11/1/96 9:53:13 PM

From: AMALDIS

I found another immortal. Very little info on him.

Albino Immortal(name unknown) ----- Albinos, ornate houses

-Amaldis

P.S.Sorry about all the ones I missed.

Subj: Re:Hail Louhi

Date: 11/1/96 11:18:17 PM

From: TYGHOCK

I'd vote to put it in Norworld. One, the population is sufficiently sparse. Two, it's cold enough. Three, Norworld needs some indigeneous cultural identity. Four, you don't have 1,000 lakes, but you do have that wonderful inland lake/river system between the Icereach and Wyrksteeth Ranges. Five and finally, it's not only close to Known World places, it's a happening place, being a target of so many expansionist powers!

I'm doing maps of Norworld, in 8 miles/hex, based on the 24mile/hex map in M2. I should be done in December. Stop me now if this has been done somewhere already!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! :0

Subj: Re:Hail Louhi  
Date: 11/2/96 10:23:56 AM  
From: TSR Bruce

<<I'd vote to put it in Norworld. One, the population is sufficiently sparse. Two, it's cold enough. Three, Norworld needs some indigineous cultural identity. Four, you don't have 1,000 lakes, but you do have that wonderful inland lake/river system between the Icereach and Wyrksteeth Ranges. Five and finally, it's not only close to Known World places, it's a happening place, being a target of so many expansionist powers!>>

Yep -- agreed entirely. Norworld seems to work best for me simply because it already has some established background. That makes it more interesting. Nentsun and that general region has not really been developped (at least not in my campaign) to make the insertion of a Finno-Ugric culture all that exciting there. Besides, I tend to think of eastern and far-eastern cultures for Skothar.

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re:Hail Louhi  
Date: 11/2/96 10:24:45 AM  
From: TSR Bruce

<<I'm doing maps of Norworld, in 8 miles/hex, based on the 24mile/hex map in M2.>>

Go right ahead man! That's gonna take several sheets of paper. :)

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re:Hail Louhi  
Date: 11/2/96 10:27:38 AM  
From: TSR Bruce

One more thing. If the sudden appearance of a new culture is a problem in Norwold, one could assumed they moved in from territories located well north above Wendar. They could actually have some loose historical or racial ties with Wendar. (???) Just threw a pie into the sky here. :)

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re:Hail Louhi

Date: 11/3/96 1:46:55 AM

From: AMALDIS

If it's in Norworld then the best place to put it would be in the northern part(north of Alpha) where no established culture(human culture that is; there be giants in them thar hills) lives there in a significant number(maybe a few woodman's shacks).

-Amaldis

Subj: Denagoth&Louhi

Date: 11/3/96 1:51:18 AM

From: AMALDIS

Denagoth and Louhi, any connection? In the Poor Wizard's Alamanacs it says that the human language of Denagoth does not resemble any known language. Could it be related to the Finnish type language? Perhaps Louhi is Idris(from X11 Saga of the Shadow Lord, a good module for those who like to adventure in uncivilized lands once in a while), or is one of Louhi's daughters. Hmmmm.

-Amaldis

Subj: \*\*\*\*\* Ho!

Date: 11/3/96 1:52:14 AM

From: AMALDIS

A name is clearly needed for this proposed Finnish area. What shall it be? Suggestions?

-Amaldis

Subj: Kaarjala

Date: 11/3/96 2:05:16 AM

From: AMALDIS

Thanks to the inventive and ever amazing QSamantha(those of you who have ever even glanced at the Greyhawk folder should be well aware of who QSamantha is), a name has been found for the Finnish type area. Kaarjala, which means something about a bear dancing(I can't remember what exactly it was), sounds just right. It is reminiscent of Pohja and Kalevala, yet is quite different. Now I go to pack my bags and saddle my horse. Kaarjala, Ho!

-Amaldis

Subj: Re:Kaarjala

Date: 11/3/96 11:51:59 AM

From: TSR Bruce

<<Denagoth and Louhi, any connection? In the Poor Wizard's Almanacs it says that the human language of Denagoth does not resemble any known language. Could it be related to the Finnish type language? Perhaps Louhi is Idris(from X11 Saga of the Shadow Lord, a good module for those who like to adventure in uncivilized lands once in a while), or is one of Louhi's daughters.>>

Placing Kaarjala -- definitely a great name for this setting -- in Denagoth is a good idea. At least it would bring a bit more depth to this long-ignored area of the Known World. The only problem however is that it is too far south for an arctic sun pattern. The general region of Alpha, or even across the sea north from Alpha would work better in this respect. There is no reason why you couldn't have this several different ways after all. Let's assume these guys migrated to this far norther region centuries ago (from ??? -- anyone). Then several splinter groups took off. Some when deeper inland, west across Brun I would assume. Another settled Denagoth, way south from the Alpha region. A few others crossed the frozen sea on the east to reach Nentsun and some lands to the south. The latter could be a more recent development with interesting twists, especially if one assumes an increasingly oriental population inhabits Skothar. If the Kaarjalans could cross eastward, then it should make no doubt Skotar peoples must have accomplished the same westward in the past (could it be that Ethengarians came from their ranks?), and could attempt to do it again in the future. Of course, now Kaarjalans have resettled this region of Skothar, which should make everyone's life interesting.

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re:R.I.P. folder

Date: 11/3/96 7:07:50 PM

From: B1Bard

Wow! I'm soooooooo glad we've got the almighty Amaldis to rescue us poor, dreary, unimaginative souls from the depths of despair!

LONG LIVE AMALDIS!

Subj: Re:R.I.P. folder

Date: 11/3/96 7:23:26 PM

From: TYGHOCK

>Wow! I'm soooooooo glad we've got the almighty Amaldis to rescue us poor, dreary, unimaginative souls from the depths of despair! LONG LIVE AMALDIS!<

Poor? I'm pretty well-off, I think, but by some definitions, I guess I am. Dreary? Dunno....you'll have to wake up my wife and ask her. Unimaginative? You've obviously never seen my tax returns.

Yea, long live Amaldis, and all who fuel the fires of Mystara!!

Subj: Re:Kaarjala

Date: 11/3/96 7:39:27 PM

From: TYGHOCK

LURKERS.....!

WELCOME to the Kaarjala Construction Club (KCC). Here at KCC we conjure up Cultures clipped from concrete countries and cobble them carefully into clear and cognizant creations. Come by and take a crack at it with us! Collaborate in the compilation of Classes, creeds, and chronology to craft a culture in its cradle! Contribute to the clever crucible of composition, cross cranial creativity with cunning co-conspirators, connive with covert critics, crass commentators and something else beginning with c.

P.S. - Kaarjala is cold.

COME ON!!!!

Subj: Re:Kaarjala  
Date: 11/3/96 8:48:19 PM  
From: AMALDIS

<<Placing Kaarjala -- definitely a great name for this setting -- in Denagoth is a good idea. At least it would bring a bit more depth to this long-ignored area of the Known World. The only problem however is that it is too far south for an arctic sun pattern.>>

I didn't mean Louhi's land(Should it be called Pohja like in the myths?) was Denagoth, just that Denagoth could have possible connections to Louhi(as you later said). Idris has always interested me because she only appeared in one product(as far as I know) made by TSR, yet was given some detail(unlike the albino immortal, who was only mentioned in GAZ4, and had almost no depth). Who is she? Why do the people of Denagoth worship her? It is those interesting tidbits in the various products over the years that gives Mystara such an appeal to me.

-Amaldis

Subj: Sound of Magic  
Date: 11/3/96 8:54:57 PM  
From: AMALDIS

Like in the Kalevala, the magic of Kaarjala is based upon song. If a person knows(and can sing) the origin of iron song, then he can heal himself of wounds inflicted by iron. Indeed, in Kaarjala myths, the entire world was created by the song of a very old man. Something interesting about song magic is that those who use it are much like everyone else, they farm the fields or do whatever to make a living. They are also able to use many types of weapons(though armor should be restricted). I'll try to work up some rules for the magic of song soon.

-Amaldis

Subj: Player's Option  
Date: 11/4/96 5:32:27 PM  
From: AMALDIS

What do most of you think about the Player's Option books? Do any of those rules apply to Mystara? In particular, do you think that the Song Mage would fit in for the wizards of song in Kaarjala? I'm not sure it is an exact fit, but it should be modified to fit with AD&D 2nd edition rules.

-Amaldis

Subj: Re:Player's Oprtion  
Date: 11/4/96 5:34:28 PM  
From: AMALDIS

<<but it should be modified to fit with AD&D 2nd edition rules.>>

Sorry for being unclear. I meant that the magic of song should be modified to fit with AD&D 2nd edition rules.

-Amaldis

Subj: Re:Player's Oprtion  
Date: 11/4/96 8:26:27 PM  
From: Nellisir

I'm not wild about Skills & Powers, I don't own Combat & Tactics (though a discussion online has prompted me to think about it), and High-Level Campaigns isn't bad, but Spells & Magic takes the proverbial cake, IMO.

However, I think the Kaarjalan song "wizard" could be more distinct than the generic songmage of PO: S&M. One possibility is to alter the abilities of normal wizards within Kaarjala (or native to Kaarjala) -- the sorcerer (or magician?) sub-class from Birthright seems to fit well here. From memory, sorcerers have access to the schools of illusion/phantasm & enchantment/charm (and I suggest divination also, in Kaarjala). (I forget if access to other schools is restricted as a specialist, or forbidden altogether). Maybe someone with the Birthright boxed set can enlighten us?

Getting back on track, here's a thought or two about the song wizard in game terms. Spells per day as a bard. Access to the schools of emchantment/charm, conjuration/summoning, illusion/phantasm, divination, and necromancy. Also, access to the spheres of charm, divination, protection. Lesser (1st-3rd level spells) access to the sphere of healing.

This creates (hopefully) a bare-bones class, flexible, yet not overly-powered in any single area. Priests of any sort command more spells (and healing), wizards control greater energies. But songwizards are vastly more effective in "personal" type spells, such as those that summon, control, charm, or ward away a creature or object.

Thoughts,  
Nell.

PS - Amaldis, unless I missed it earlier, a listing of your sources for this area would be helpful. I started in on one translation of the Kevala <sp> about a year ago, and made it to page 4 or 5. Horrible, Horrible writing. :( (confirmed by a second, independant, opinion...) If you've found something good, I'd like to read it.

Subj: Re:Player's Oprtion  
Date: 11/4/96 10:35:21 PM  
From: Silveras

I'd be cautious about how much Spells & Powers stuff I'd borrow. The complete series can produce some significant changes, and I am hesitant to advocate adding it to existing settings - in general, I think it works best in home-grown campaigns where the DM has intimate familiarity with the setting, and there aren't legions of people with all previous documents from that world to be upset at wholesale changes. (Kinda-sorta like Amaldis' emphasis on canonical materials, but far more.... zealous. :-) )

I don't think that there would be a problem using any of the additional schools from the Spells & Magic book; the Song wizard could make a good

The Combat & Tactics volume rewrites combat, but it also ups the abilities of combatants; I almost wouldn't want to use it without the Spells & Magic volume to raise the spellcasters. Skills & Powers I have a real hard time with - some of the class customizations leave me feeling unsettled. High Level campaigns I like almost all of.

I don't think that the Song wizard from Spells & Magic would be a problem, or any other of the new schools for that matter.

As for the Magician class from BR, they are considered dual-specialists in Divination and Illusion; the price, however, is that they can only have 1st level spells from other schools.

Naturally, a different wizard class could be created modeled on the Magician class - say with Conjunction and Enchantment spells only.

Just some thoughts....

Subj: Re:Player's Option  
Date: 11/5/96 5:39:40 PM

From: AMALDIS

BTW, apparently someone thought that Kaarjala existed in canon material from looking in this folder. Maybe it was because of the great name(and it is a great name, better even than Kalevala).

-Amaldis

Subj: A good Kalevala

Date: 11/5/96 5:49:22 PM

From: AMALDIS

The Kalevala I read was one edited by Ursula Synge(I have forgotten the title). It was designed either for juveniles or teachers of juveniles, but was excellent in portraying a feeling and was easy to read. It did not however have any "pretty pictures", but "pretty pictures" are not always a bad thing(they let me visualize much better). When searching for info on a historic culture or event I include the books for juveniles in my search because they tend to assume that the reader has no accurate knowledge of the subject(which in many cases is true) and have the facts prominently displayed, often in bold print(which is preferable, IMO, to reading through a long boring book for the same facts).

-Amaldis

Subj: Map Preferences

Date: 11/5/96 7:16:27 PM

From: TYGHOCK

As I am designing maps which will hopefully be of use for all Mystara's followers, I had a few questions.

- 1.) Does anyone have suggestions or preferences as to which mapping tool I use? I own Assist and 2 others (including one of the downloaded ones from here). What format would be most useful to Mystara users? I know of Digital Alchemy, Logicrucible, NBOS Fractal Mapper and Campaign Cartographer. Which would be most useful to users? Does TSR itself have a preference?
- 2.) What format is best...lots of small maps or a huge few in ZIP? A very shrunken JPEG?
- 3.) Should I put out color versions, or will people's printers work better with B&W?

I have no problem investing in the tools, as we use them in our campaigns anyway.

So, folks.....can I hear some opinions?

Thanks!

Subj: Amazons

Date: 11/5/96 9:42:33 PM

From: Duncan TKD

Is there an area of Mystara devoted to a society of Amazon women and if not where would one put one.

Duncan TKD

Subj: Re:Map Preferences

Date: 11/5/96 10:12:42 PM

From: Telrathin

1) I don't really care what mapping utility you use, but I heard Campaign Cartographer is pretty good.

2) I would prefer lots of small maps that can be fitted together to form a big one

3) Color is a definite bonus, there are a lot of cheap, good color printers out there.

My \$0.02,

Tel

Subj: Re:Canon Mystara

Date: 11/5/96 10:47:01 PM

From: CHURCH X

Two thoughts:

1) No guns in Mystara. Ever.

2) Bargle's true name was "Barcolomedes." The halflings just couldn't pronounce it.

my two coppers...

Church X

Subj: Re:Amazons

Date: 11/5/96 11:59:23 PM

From: TYGHOCK

I think you'd need either a wilderness or an island. The isolation could help explain their cultural development (men died of plague, no corruption of social values from outside, magical or chemical origin, etc.).

Both Ethengar and Atruagan Clans (heavy woods) offer possibilities. But I think an island is better. How about the islands down near the Serpent Penninsula? Thangia Island, or the Western Thanegoth Archipelago, or deep in the jungles of Yavldom?

I suppose they would belong to the Order of Saint Xena, or something like that (sorry..... : ) ).

Subj: Re:Map Preferences

Date: 11/6/96 12:05:45 AM

From: TYGHOCK

OK, anyone know where I can order a copy of Campaign Cartographer?

Anyone still interested in uploaded Norworld maps?

Anyone selling a copy of TM1?

Anyone offended by my Xena crack in the previous post?

Subj: Re:Amazons

Date: 11/6/96 12:25:08 AM

From: TYGHOCK

The two best historical examples of amazons I can think of....

In 1569, the Moriscos (Moors) of Spain rose in revolt. Turkish help never materialized, and Spain put down the revolt in brutal fighting. In 1570, the town of Galera was besieged. Short of defenders, the Moors formed the "longhaired" Womens Battalion. A Spanish mine blew out part of the wall, but the soldiers were driven back by the Moors, including the Womens Battalion. When the next attack carried the town, the Womens Battalion was said to be hurling insults as they fought street to street with the Spaniards, throwing stones from the rooftops. None survived.

In the late 1800's the British Colonial forces fought a war in Africa with the Dahomey, who armed women with muskets. The women were said to fight fiercely in attack and use their guns well (they had little ammo). They lost, but so did every native army, including the mighty Zulus.

The Kongo fought Portugese expansion in the 17th century led by a woman named nZinga. For 20 years she lost battles but kept her outclassed warriors fighting against the slavers.

Actual Amazons probably derived from Greek myth, from seeing the long haired, clean shaven fresh skinned warriors from other locations. However, recent studies seem to suggest that at times Scythian women fought and led on horseback with their men, so the legend may derive from that.

Bodacea in Wales, Zenobia in Africa, Margaret in England, Joan of Arc.....who said the amazons were all myth.....?

Subj: Re:Amazons

Date: 11/6/96 5:29:24 PM

From: AMALDIS

Ulimwengu is ruled by women, but is not an amazon society. The Thanegioth archipelago has women holding the highest office, but men hold all the others. The Kubitts are ruled by women, but men are still respected. An Amazon culture would probably be on Davania if anywhere, but I'm not sure that it would fit with the fairly PC world Mystara is (the most powerful ruler on the planet was Empress Eriadna, and the most famous and greatest of the Thyatian Emperors was Empress Valentia; BTW Eriadna is now in the planet, but is the most powerful ruler there).

-Amaldis

Subj: Re:Canon Mystara  
Date: 11/6/96 7:03:29 PM  
From: Kaviyd

>>Two thoughts:

1) No guns in Mystara. Ever.<<

Not outside the Savage Coast, at least.

>>2) Bargle's true name was "Barcolomedes." The halflings just couldn't pronounce it.<<

But they can pronounce their own names -- and some of them are real jawcrackers!

Just my half copper. ;)

Subj: New Character Races  
Date: 11/6/96 9:38:52 PM  
From: TSR Roger

Hi, there. I was curious to know if anyone has been creating and using new types of player-character races in their Known World campaign area. If so, what sort of races are you using? Do you have an idea for a race that would be good to make into a PC race?

Subj: Re:New Character Races  
Date: 11/6/96 11:24:10 PM  
From: RLaRue

Roger,

A while back, I posted stats for Actaeon PCs in Complete Humanoids format. If your interested, I'll repost them. I think it was early in Mystara MB #3. I also made up a Thoul NPC for my campaign. What about a Pegatuar, Phanaton, Shargugh, or one of the Drakes as PC races. Anyone want to give them a try?

Rick

Subj: Re:New Character Races  
Date: 11/7/96 11:34:42 AM  
From: Zeiram666

>>one of the Drakes as PC races<<

Ever see "Sylvan folk", PC1? It had wooddrakes as PC's. Who wants me to translate that to AD&D?

Zeiram

Subj: Re:New Character Races  
Date: 11/7/96 5:30:09 PM  
From: AMALDIS

Personally I use the Creature Crucibles for interesting new races. There are plenty of opportunities for playing unique creatures there, and I don't see the need for making new ones or converting some of the monsters to PC races. If I was going to make one of the monsters into a PC race it would probably be the Faedorne or a Lightning Zombie(I have for a long time played with the idea of an undead race)

<<Pegataur>>

The pegataur was detailed in Top Ballsita.

-Amaldis

P.S.BTW, I converted the dryad and faun to AD&D 2nd stats and uploaded it into the library a long time ago. Check it out if you are interested.

Subj: Re:New Character Races

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Date: 11/7/96 10:13:41 PM

From: TSR Bruce

<< I don't see the need for making new ones or converting some of the monsters to PC races>>

Really?

<<If I was going to make one of the monsters into a PC race it would probably be the Faedorne or a Lightning Zombie>>

Ah, thought so. :)

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re:New Character Races

Date: 11/7/96 10:19:12 PM

From: TSR Bruce

<<Hi, there. I was curious to know if anyone has been creating and using new types of player-character races in their Known World campaign area. If so, what sort of races are you using? Do you have an idea for a race that would be good to make into a PC race?>>

Had been working on goatmen, primarily for the City States of the Savage Coast, but then there's no reason why they couldn't have spread from there. Not to mention the wierder \*greater\* turtles, a race of turtle spirits from the past.

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re:New Character Races

Date: 11/8/96 11:18:43 AM

From: Zeiram666

>>or a Lightning Zombie<<

Be interesting to make that under the Requiem rules...

::Zeiram cackles::

Zeiram

Subj: Re:New Character Races

Date: 11/8/96 11:38:28 AM

From: RLaRue

Zeiram said:

>>Ever see "Sylvan folk", PC1? It had wooddrakes as PC's. Who wants me to translate that to AD&D?<<

PC1 Tall Tales of the Wee Folk! That's where I saw it! Thanks! I started to wonder after I posted, but didn't have time to look through my stuff. I'd love to see a conversion, go for it. Post it when your finished.

Amaldis said:

>>The pegataur was detailed in Top Ballsita.<<

Doh! PC2 Top Ballista, that's two. So who wants to do the conversion for this one?

Rick

PS Come to think of it, I might have some notes on the Trent as a NPC race. I'll take a look and post what I find.

Subj: House names

Date: 11/8/96 12:05:25 PM

From: Alad3

In the Glantri box, the new houses were named after the ruling family, while the old ones were, as it was done in Gaz3 named after the houses siege. Why?

Alad3

Subj: Re:House names  
Date: 11/8/96 1:51:29 PM  
From: TSR Bruce

<<In the Glantri box, the new houses were named after the ruling family, while the old ones were, as it was done in Gaz3 named after the houses siege. Why?>>

Probably personal preferences. Actually, it would make more sense to name the Houses after the controlling families rather than their sieges, as was customary in RW-European history. For example, the House of Nassau refers to the Nassau family, not the Bahamas.

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re:House names  
Date: 11/8/96 11:34:30 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

House names should be the family names, but only if the family names have the proper noble "ring" to them. Merchants and other pretenders who bought into nobility (and other newcomers) often changed their family names to something more uppity, or even took the name of ancient dead families, to improve the appearance of their lineage. Look at England - it wasn't the Smiths and Millers as much as the Chathams, Gevernseys and Frothingwaiths.

Remember Tyrone Power pirating the old name "Orsini" for instant (and false) legitimacy in "The Prince of Foxes"? (a really GREAT movie, by the way!).

Even conquerors who rose from the ranks, once they got there, created new names for their dynasties...sometimes by a corruption of their FIRST name! (See the early Arab Conquest dynasties).

And how many cardboard townhouses are nailed together overnight in your neighborhood, and then given names like "Ye Olde Tudor Manors"?

So there CAN be some play in the names of "new" houses, historically speaking. The key is, it has to SOUND noble or powerful (or carry some authority/terror with it).

Subj: Beasts of Kaarjala  
Date: 11/9/96 10:39:26 AM  
From: AMALDIS

Here are some ideas(looted from the Kalevala or some other source) about monsters in Kaarjala:

Shadow Mages-Shadow Mages are a type of illusion which has some substance to them. They can be created by magic spells. Louhi is known to have some.

Kaarjalan Giants-Huge giants that most closely correspond to Frost giants, but they don't have a viking feel and they are a lot smarter.

Wolf of Mana-Hideous corrupted wolf that lives in the Forest of Mana, a gathering of dead trees.

Horse of Hiisi-aka Thanatos' steed. Equivalent to a nightmare with a couple extra powers.

Animals of Hiisi-various animals of Hiisi. Black hearted and foul, these animals are all very powerful.

Treblinkki-An offshoot of the Beastman race. Often used by Louhi as a personal army.

-Amaldis

Subj: Mystara -- respect at last!  
Date: 11/9/96 6:32:17 PM  
From: Kaviyd

Did anyone happen to notice that the recent Planescape "Guide to the Astral Plane" mentions the Brain Collector and a few other monsters that first appeared as part of the OD&D version of Mystara? Maybe the folks at TSR will continue coming around and realize that Mystara is the most important part of the multiverse after all. ;)

Subj: Re:New Character Races  
Date: 11/9/96 8:54:21 PM  
From: Duncan TKD

Go for it.

Duncan TKD

Subj: Re:Mystara -- respect at las  
Date: 11/10/96 11:52:01 AM  
From: TSR Bruce

<<Did anyone happen to notice that the recent Planescape "Guide to the Astral Plane" mentions the Brain Collector and a few other monsters that first appeared as part of the OD&D version of Mystara?>>

I did not know about that one. Thanks. I'll have to go check it out as soon as I get back to work.

Bruce Heard

Subj: Shipmages in Mystara  
Date: 11/10/96 10:23:15 PM  
From: OldGuard 1

I hope some of you noticed the Shipmage kit in the latest Dragon mag...

Having such a cool world for waterborne adventures gives The Known World a solid interest in this "profession." I wouldn't allow it as a class, as I still use this campaign as a Basic D&D world, via the 1980-81 box rules.

One shipmage I used as an antagonist a few years back had taken over a large galley and used skeletons to man the oars. Talk about a perpetual motion machine! When the players dealt the killing blow to his galley, the ship sank and the skeletons continued to row all the way to the bottom. Come to think of it, they're probably still scootin' along the bottom, since the mage perished and never canceled his last command.

The other rules/spells for this "kit" were very solid additions to most game worlds. Anyone tried them yet???

At your service,  
OldGuard 1

Subj: Re:Beasts of Kaarjala  
Date: 11/11/96 4:23:16 PM  
From: TSR Roger

The Treblink sounds too much in name like Treblinka, the WWII death camp. Maybe a slight name change would help: Triblinki? Terblinki? Otherwise there might be some unwanted confusion. Just a thought. Otherwise, the ideas were interesting.

Subj: Re:Beasts of Kaarjala  
Date: 11/11/96 5:01:33 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

How about a Trebble? AS in the trouble with Trebbles?

OK, maybe not.....

Subj: Atruaghin Braves?  
Date: 11/11/96 5:13:28 PM  
From: TSR Bruce

Hey, look what I found on the Internet!

- >These are the teams for the 1014 AC Super-Hardball finals:
- >Aguas: Seashield 49ers (Seashield was founded in 949 AC... and S.Franisco  
49ers is my favourite NFL team :)
- >Dawnrim: Alinquin Cowboys
- >Horken: Horken Dolphins
- >Lagrius: Lagrius Lakers (hometown Lago Springs, not the capital)
- >Meriander: Alchemos Oilers
- >Notrion: Aaslin Ravens
- >Surshield: Spearpoint Mariners
- >Blackrock: Skyfyr Bears
- >Floating Ar: Haaken Pegataurs (hometown: the little floating island of Haaken)

>Alpha: Norwold Wyrms  
>Thotia: Edairo Pharaos  
>East Portage: East Portage Packers  
>Ekto: Ekto Steelers  
>Trikelios: Trikelios Buccaneers  
>Qeodhar: Farend Whalers  
>Karamaikos: Mirros Knights  
>Aeria: Featherfall Supersonics

No comment. :)

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re:Beasts of Kaarjala  
Date: 11/13/96 8:41:09 PM  
From: AMALDIS

Terblink sounds good.

-Amaldis

Subj: Were-wolverine  
Date: 11/13/96 8:41:47 PM  
From: AMALDIS

Who sent me the were-wolverine for the Net Book?

-Amaldis

Subj: Arachnotaur Pt1  
Date: 11/15/96 8:42:26 AM  
From: Mystaros

I posted this critter in the SC/RS folder yesterday; thought I might drop it in here as well, as it could well be encountered in the Old World more likely than the New World...

Spider-Kin, Arachnotaur

Climate/Terrain: Temperate and tropical forest or subterranean

Frequency : Very Rare

Organization : Clan

Activity Cycle : Any

Diet : Omnivore

Intelligence : Average (8-10)

Treasure : M, Q (B)

Alignment : Chaotic (3% Good, 7% Neutral, 90% Evil)

-----  
No. Appearing : 2-12 (20-80)

Armor Class : 7

Movement : 12, Wb 12

Hit Dice : 3+1

THACO : 17

No. of Attacks : 1

Damage/Attack : 1d4 (Bite) + Poison; or webbing; or by weapon

Spec. Attacks : Poison, webbing, possible spell use

Spec. Defenses : Possible spell use

Magic Resist. : Nil

Size : L (6' long; 5' tall)

Morale : Steady (12)

XP Value : Normal: 420

Sorcerer or Priestess (3+1HD): 650

Wizard-King or Priest-Queen (5+1HD): 1,400

Arachnotaurs have the upper body of a human and the lower body of a large spider.

The arachnotaurs lower body resembles a pony-sized giant spider, usually very hairy and either black or brown in coloration. The spider body conforms in form to a normal spiders abdomen, thorax and eight legs. Each leg is about four to five feet long; two spinnerets are located at the end of the abdomen. The human torso sprouts from the section of the thorax at which the head would usually be found on a spider.

The upper torso and head resemble that of a human, with copper colored skinned and black hair (body hair is sparse on the human portion; very few arachnotaurs can grow beards). Their eyes are usually human appearing except for those who can become sorcerers

or priests; these specimens have eight eyes, similar to those of the aranea species of spider (four small, motion detecting eyes and four larger, human-like eyes, two facing forward and one facing each side). Arachnotaurs have very prominent if human appearing fangs.

Arachnotaurs speak Common and their own language, a descendant of an Oltec dialect (with many aranea borrowing words). Arachnotaur Sorcerers also speak a mystic tongue, related to their native language (which linguists may with difficulty recognize as being derived from the language of the wizards of Herath of the Savage Coast); Priestesses do not speak the mystic tongue normally, though they do learn it for informational purposes. The arachnotaur mystic tongue has a written form.

Continued...

Subj: Arachnotaur Pt2

Date: 11/15/96 8:44:58 AM

From: Mystaros

Combat: Arachnotaurs prefer to avoid combat when they are not in their own territories, but fight fiercely whenever their homes and families are threatened. They prefer to fight where they can use the terrain to their advantage; as they can easily move in their own webs or along walls and ceilings, they naturally prefer terrain that utilizes these abilities to the maximum. Arachnotaurs prefer to use swords, daggers, lassos, nets and blowguns (needles and daggers may be treated with their own venom, though swords are not); they will attempt to capture foes if at all possible, rather than slay them outright (captured foes are generally tortured, then kept alive in webbing for a period before becoming the centerpiece of a victory feast). Arachnotaurs almost never wear any armor, as it may inhibit their ability to move along walls and in their webbing.

Arachnotaurs have two natural attacks, their bite and their webbing. Arachnotaur venom causes no extra damage on the round injected, but if the saving throw is failed, it will cause damage equal to that caused by the initial bite every round for the following 1d4 rounds. During the period the venom is running its

course a victim will be incapacitated, being unable to attack and only defending at -4 penalty to armor class. Damage from multiple bites is cumulative, though the armor class penalty is not. Arachnotaur venom can be placed on weapons when treated with arachnotaur saliva (thus, it is usually impossible for any but arachnotaurs to utilize the venom; otherwise it becomes nonpoisonous on contact with air). Venom used on blowgun darts or needles will cause 1d4 damage per round for 1d4 rounds; there is enough venom in one "injection" to treat 3 blowgun darts or one dagger. An arachnotaur can inject venom up to three times each day.

All mature arachnotaurs can spin webs from the spinnerets on their spider abdomen. These webs have a range of 40', and can entangle an opponent with a successful to hit roll. An arachnotaur web strand can be cut with 2 or more points of cutting damage inflicted in a single blow or can be broken by a successful "open doors" roll. When opponents are outnumbered arachnotaurs will often work in concert to capture single opponents in multiple strands. An arachnotaur can "shoot" up to three web strands per day (whether or not a hit is successful, a strand will stick to anything in its path and remain an obstacle).

A few arachnotaurs are capable of becoming either wizards or priests (evil clans will have Sorcerers, good and neutral clans will have Priestesses). There will be one sorcerer or priestess per ten members of a clan; any individual group of eight or more will have a sorcerer or priestess leader. There will be one Sorcerer-King or Priestess-Queen per clan. Average Sorcerers and Priestesses have 3+1 HD and the spellcasting abilities equal to a 3rd level wizard or priest; Kings and Queens have 5+1 HD and the spellcasting abilities of 5th level wizards or priests. Some few are able to rise even further in level (up to 14th level wizard or 9th level priest), though normal Sorcerers and Priestesses will rarely be above 3rd level in ability.

Continued...

Subj: Arachnotaur Pt3/End  
Date: 11/15/96 8:47:32 AM  
From: Mystaros

Habitat/Society: Arachnotaurs build their lairs in the deepest and darkest sections of temperate and tropical forest; some clans may live in large cavern complexes underground. An arachnotaur clan consists of 40 to 80 adults, evenly divided among males and females; in addition to the adults, there will also be a number of noncombatant young equal to one half the adult population. A few clans keep large spiders as pets, though they are rarely trained in any guardian capacity; some Sorcerer-Kings may have watch spiders in their treasure rooms or guarding their laboratories.

While arachnotaurs are fairly uniformly chaotic in nature (vis a vis the rest of the world), their morality may otherwise vary according to clan. An arachnotaur clan will all be predominantly of one moral alignment; good and neutral clans will be led by the Priestesses of Yehm (Korotiku), while evil clans will be led by Sorcerers (who may or may not revere fiends and Immortals of the Sphere of Entropy, notably Enebaan (Masauwu) and the Dark Mother (Hel)). Regardless of alignment all arachnotaur clans are reclusive and attempt to avoid all contact with other races; as they have in the past been considered monsters and beasts by other intelligent races, they return the favor severalfold. The evil clans and some neutral clans will not at all be above using other intelligent races as food. The Yehm clans and the Sorcerous clans are inimical toward each other, and usually attack on site.

Ecology: Arachnotaurs are omnivorous, though they do prefer fresh meat (or rather, meat well fermented on the web, so to speak). The Yehm clans do not eat intelligent beings, but many of the Sorcerous clans consider humans and demihumans to be delicacies. Arachnotaurs are usually the dominant species in the region they inhabit; they compete with other forest races for space. Arachnotaurs will rarely inhabit forests that are home to elves or fairy races (some few Yehm clans have been known to cooperate with Chaotic Neutral Druids in the past, however). Arachnotaurs are sworn enemies of the aranea race of spider-kin; they also have a special hatred for the Wizards of Herath (arachnotaurs can detect an aranea even in human or demihuman form). Arachnotaur inhabited forests tend to be dark, brooding and overgrown; the terrain is remolded according to arachnotaur concepts of defense and aesthetics, replete with webs and other ambush points.

Arachnotaurs are not a naturally evolved race. It is believed that they were created centuries ago in emulation of the Manscorpions of the Savage Coast; some believe that they were created by the Wizards of Herath in ancient experiments. If so, the wizards decided that they were an unworthy race, and led a crusade against them; the race is believed to be extinct on the Savage Coast, though some may still be found in deep caverns. Arachnotaur clans are known to inhabit the Ugly Woods of the Alphatian Kingdom of Blackheart and the Dark Wood of Hule; some reports from colonists in the Hinterlands indicate that arachnotaurs may have spread to the southern continent as well.

Mystaros

Subj: Re:Arachnotaur  
Date: 11/15/96 11:08:48 AM  
From: TSR Bruce

Hmm... I see the SPAMMING monster is rearing its ugly head!

Bruce Heard

Subj: Spamming Monster  
Date: 11/15/96 1:59:14 PM  
From: TSR Bruce

...speaking of which...

What \*would\* be a spamming monster like in the world of Mystara? :)

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re: Spamming Monster  
Date: 11/15/96 10:56:48 PM

From: Mystaros

<<Hmm... I see the SPAMMING monster is rearing its ugly head!

Bruce Heard>>

OK, I give up. Just what is a "Spamming Monster"? And what does spam have to do with my post? Is this a reference to the mishmashing together of different critter parts to form a new critter? If so, I must say that is an ancient and honorable tradition, dating back to the ancient Egyptians and Assyrians; it was also quite popular during the middle ages, which is the default era for most frpg's (esp. AD&D). If this is the case, everything from the Pegataur through the Chimera and the Manscorpion would be considered "Spam Monsters". I thought I knew most of the gaming jargon after the last 15 or so years, but this referent has caught me by surprise...

Mystaros

Subj: Re: Spamming Monster

Date: 11/16/96 10:47:13 AM

From: TSR Bruce

<<OK, I give up. Just what is a "Spamming Monster"? And what does spam have to do with my post?>>

I was teasing you Mystaros. \*Spamming\* is jargon, anyone please correct me if I'm wrong, referring to the practice of posting the same messages in multiple folders (or repeating the same messages multiple times). Generally it's considered a no-no on bulleting boards. This has nothing to do with the creation of new monsters for role-playing games. No one is faulting you for the latter of course. Since I brought it up, I decided to be a little facetious about a \*spamming monster\* for Mystara -- possibly a silly creature that reproduces at a frightening rate, much like Star Trek's tribbles. This could play nasty tricks on Thyatian grain reserves, naturally. :)

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re: Spamming Monster

Date: 11/16/96 11:01:29 AM

From: Zeiram666

Best part is, when the monster is killed, it can be used as delicious gelatonized luch meat!

Zeiram

"mmm.... coagulated meat..."

Subj: Re: Spamming Monster

Date: 11/16/96 11:04:42 AM

From: TSR Bruce

<<Best part is, when the monster is killed, it can be used as delicious gelatonized luch meat!>>

SPAM, SPAM, SPAM, SPAM, SPAM! (sing with the appropriate jingle)

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re: Spamming Monster

Date: 11/16/96 11:56:49 AM

From: TSR Bruce

One more thing... any of you old timers out there remember the Temple of the Spuming Nooga?

Following the present thread we can make a quick modification to this venerable order and, presto, we now have the Temple of the Spamming Nooga! It is a clerical order headed by the Nooga, a powerful priestess commanding the temple's nuns (the Spamelites). She also wears the notorious Ring of the Spam, a magical item that spumes spamlings at will. The smaplings are tiny critters used as a source of food. But they must be eaten right away lest they escaped and reproduced out of control. If ignored too long, eventually, one will spawn a greater spamholder, a levitating, spherical creature with an eye, a wicked mouth filled with sharp teeth, and a score of small spamstalks on the top. (Having said all this, I'll duck to safety while I still can!) :)

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re: Spamming Nooga  
Date: 11/16/96 3:04:57 PM  
From: APVarney

Bruce, I think it's time you took a vacation.  
--AV

Subj: Re: Spamming Nooga  
Date: 11/16/96 9:55:32 PM  
From: Mystaros

Bruce, wasn't it you who once called ME evil?

Yow!

Mystaros

Subj: Re: Spamming Nooga  
Date: 11/16/96 10:30:48 PM  
From: RJNuttman

Methinks Bruce has been working a \*bit\* too hard :)

-- RJ

Subj: Re: Spamming Nooga  
Date: 11/16/96 11:29:29 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

Bloody Vikings.....er, denizens of the Northern Reaches.....

Subj: Re: Spamming Monster  
Date: 11/17/96 1:04:03 AM  
From: Duncan TKD

me thinks you eat Spam too much.

Duncan TKD

Subj: Re: Spamming Monster  
Date: 11/17/96 1:07:34 AM  
From: Duncan TKD

hmmmm. Spam, why did it have to be Spam.  
Maybe there is a Spam Golem running around your house Bruce.

Duncan TKD

Subj: Re: Spamming Monster  
Date: 11/17/96 10:45:42 AM  
From: TYGHOCK

Do you realize that SPAM spelled backwards is MAPS?

You knew I had to get maps into the discussion somehow, didn't you? ;D

Subj: Re: Spamming Monster  
Date: 11/17/96 10:47:39 AM  
From: TYGHOCK

Did you realize that SPAM spelled backwards is MAPS?

You knew I had to get maps into the discussion somehow, didn't you? ;D

Subj: Re: Spamming Monster

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Date: 11/17/96 2:17:52 PM

From: TSR Bruce

There! Finally got some of ya to post \*something\* in this folder! HA! So, I thereby declare myself Grand Master of the Knights who say \*SPAM!\*

\*SPAM, SPAM, SPAM\*

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re: Spamming Monster

Date: 11/17/96 2:23:47 PM

From: TSR Bruce

<<Maybe there is a Spam Golem running around your house Bruce.>>

Alright, a Spam Golem! I love it. What are its abilities? (We'll submit that to Dragon for their April's Fools issue -- entries due no later than January I think).

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re: Spamming Monster

Date: 11/17/96 4:43:32 PM

From: Zeiram666

How about a spam god? Hey, if slimes can have gods...

Zeiram, who realizes that there isn't much difference between ochre jelly and spam.

Subj: Re: Spamming Monster

Date: 11/17/96 5:32:31 PM

From: Renardois

How about undead spam?

Subj: Re: Spamming Monster  
Date: 11/17/96 9:46:05 PM  
From: Sequitur X

Mystaros,

Ignore Bruce, we do. Nice posts.

::recloaking::  
Sequitur X

Subj: Re: Arachnotaurs  
Date: 11/17/96 10:32:41 PM  
From: Mystaros

All Spam aside, what does everyone think of the Arachnotaurs? Are they a viable creation? Would you use them in your game?

What does everyone think of my posts? Are they a bit too much? Am I too enthusiastic? Why does it seem like my posts always seem to kill the conversation in the folder? Am I too academic?

Mystaros

Subj: Re: Arachnotaurs  
Date: 11/18/96 1:13:35 AM  
From: TYGHOCK

I think your posts are great, and the spider-guy sounds cool. The closest I'd get to using him is Louis XII (known as the Spider King), but that's just Heretic World's campaign-style. You put a lot of thought into what you write, and I think the effort is grand.

For your fine work, tireless effort and meticulous consistency, I hereby nominate you for honorary membership in The Order of The Knights Who Until Recently Said Nee. Any seconds?

Subj: Re: Arachnotaurs  
Date: 11/18/96 11:15:26 AM  
From: TSR Bruce

Neeee! Uh... SPAM! :)

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re: Arachnotaurs  
Date: 11/18/96 2:31:47 PM  
From: RLaRue

Mystaros,

This is probably overdue, but most of what I have seen of your posts have been very interesting. Don't feel like your posts kill the board. I often feel like I'm yelling into an empty room when I post too. I think its the nature of the beast.

I for one enjoy reading everyone's post, even if they aren't relevant to me or my campaign. I'd like to encourage everyone to post your creative endeavors, "canon" or not. I post to share ideas, and enrich my ideas with everyone's feedback. I hope others who do, will continue, and those who don't will start.

Rick

Subj: Re: Arachnotaurs  
Date: 11/18/96 5:23:13 PM  
From: Telrathin

Mystaros, please do NOT stop posting on this board, I find your posts valuable additions to the discussions. Often, your posts are so detailed and well thought out, that I'm not exactly sure how to respond to them. Don't let yourself think that the board disintegrated due to your post, we all know who's to blame. . . Bruce, the evil overlord of SPAM! ;)

Tel

Subj: Re: Arachnotaurs  
Date: 11/18/96 5:27:58 PM  
From: TSR Bruce

SPAM! (evil giggles in the dark...)

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re: Arachnotaurs  
Date: 11/18/96 7:00:33 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

All this talk of spider-guys and Manscorpions makes me think a half-man/half-fly appearance by Vincent Price is in order, too.....

"Hhhheeeeeeeeeeeeeellllllpp meeeeeeeeeeeee!!! Cceeeceeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeellllll!!!"

And how appropriate the Arachnotaurs were first created...on the Web ! : D

Subj: dueling styles  
Date: 11/19/96 1:47:10 AM  
From: Daenan

Hail all and well met! I hope you can help me clarify a few things about the Basic Passes, Master Strokes etc as they appear in the Dragon Magazine, and also in the Savage Coast Online Sourcebook.

Several moves require that one fencer make a saving throw or flee. Does that apply to PC's as well? We play FR and there are a few character classes that are immune to fear.

It's often necessary to have the "villain" of the game of a higher level than the more numerous party. If they ever corner him, do I just "gouge the PC's eyes out" (Cavalcante) or "slit their throats" (Dominguez) because he's got even a decent THACO? Is there a save for any of the Death Moves or maiming attacks?

A part of me kinda likes that a relatively low (7th say) level character could just kill a 20th level anything with a single stroke (if he gets a lucky roll). On the other hand, who would want to be anything but a fighter with that kind of power (the lowest thaco RULES)! Doesn't this kind of unbalance things? At 7th level, I'd be specialized w/rapier, have devoted most (if not all) of my proficiencies to my fencing school. My thaco is 13 (probably less because I'll have a fighter's strength). Even if my opponent was in full plate and shield I'd have a 10% chance of just killing him outright with every swing (probably 3 per round)!

Is this right?!

Subj: Re:dueling styles

Date: 11/19/96 6:37:55 PM

From: Telrathin

I have one answer that will probably fix both of your problems. The schools, as I believe was stated in the article, are very secretive about their special maneuvers. These maneuvers can be stolen by enemies if they merely see them performed, and you don't want to have every practitioner of fencing to be able to gouge anyone's eyes out. Something as dramatic as slitting your opponent's throat is not something you do in public where everyone can see. If the villain's life is in serious danger and s/he is alone with the adventurers, s/he might try to slit one of the PC's throat, but s/he wouldn't do it to every set of opponents s/he ever met. If s/he did, every master duelist of his/her school would want a piece of him/her for revealing their secrets and dishonoring the school.

The same would go for your PCs. If they performed a death move every chance they got, in no time flat they would have an 18th level Swashbuckler fully proficient in their fencing style taking them apart with the very same move they had been abusing.

Hope this helps,

Tel

Subj: Re:dueling styles

Date: 11/20/96 12:29:26 PM

From: TSR Bruce

<<I have one answer that will probably fix both of your problems.>>

I think you did just that, and very well, Tel. Couldn't have put it better myself!

Indeed, chances are that if someone goes around killing dueling opponents with special moves, not only other fencers will want to discover for themselves what these techniques are, at the user's expense naturally, but all sorts of other glory-seeking trouble-makers will seek out the user to defeat him in any way they can, just to make a name for themselves (just like in the old west). These special moves were designed to be used essentially against a long time, hated, personal foe, not just any opponent however powerful. Wasting such techniques upon an insignificant foe would be an insult to the special technique and the school that taught it. It is an art form and something very personal to its user. It's more about drama and flair than combat effectiveness.

Bruce Heard

Subj: 1996 Products

Date: 11/21/96 12:03:10 PM

From: RJNuttman

I happened to be glancing through a friend's RPG retailer catalog, and was amazed to see so much stuff lined up to be released for the Mystara line in 1996. In addition to the already-out products like "Mark of Amber" and the two other CD adventures, I saw a few more CD titles lined up. The only title I can remember right now is "The Iron Ring." (It had product #s, too, but my memory again betrays me!)

Bruce, is there anything about this product floating around TSR HQ that you're able to give us, or is it "hush-hush?"

While I can't say I cared for the way the "PC" parts were portrayed, I DID find the NPC speeches and background music helpful. The sound effects also added a lot to my adventures. Was "Iron Ring" supposed to be like this as well? Any idea what the premise of the adventure was?

And... hey.... If Bruce can't give us any information, what do the rest of you Mystara fans think the adventure would center around? Investigation of the Ring's activities? Infiltration? Maybe the PCs are \*captured\* by the ring, and the adventure centers around their efforts to escape...?

I'll have to take another look to remember those other titles...

Cursed by a memory like a rusty steel trap,  
RJNuttman

Subj: Re:1996 Products

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Date: 11/21/96 12:25:26 PM

From: TSR Bruce

<< Bruce, is there anything about this product floating around TSR HQ that you're able to give us, or is it "hush-hush?">>

Nope, nothing hush-hush here. Sadly, Iron Ring was neither written nor released. Nothing's floating around to be scrounged! Sorry. Everything that you've seen on the market is it as far as published Mystara products go. :)

<< Was "Iron Ring" supposed to be like this as well?>>

Yes pretty much.

<<Any idea what the premise of the adventure was?>>

No. I'll have to do some digging here. I'm sure there was very little done in this regard. The best you'll get is perhaps one or two paragraphs-worth of material. I think it had to do with a sequel to the original adventure involving the Iron Ring sect.

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re:1996 Products

Date: 11/21/96 3:29:36 PM

From: RJNuttman

:::sigh::: Oh well. Thanks for the information, Bruce. Guess I'll just have to write my OWN sequel...  
:::rubbing hands together and grinning maniacally:::

Subj: Orc Wars

Date: 11/21/96 4:54:34 PM

From: TSR Bruce

Anybody remembers the beer & pretzel game in the old Orcs of Thar Gazetteer? Anybody ever tried it? :)

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re:Orc Wars  
Date: 11/21/96 6:11:53 PM  
From: RJNuttman

I've got GAZ10, Bruce... but the people in my group \*threw\* the pretzels at me when I suggested playing the game!

RJN

Subj: Re:Orc Wars  
Date: 11/21/96 8:12:10 PM  
From: TSR Bruce

<<the people in my group \*threw\* the pretzels at me>>

...but they kept the beer. Not so dumb! :)

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re: Arachnotaurs  
Date: 11/22/96 11:43:35 PM  
From: Duncan TKD

Most often Mystaros I can't think of the right words that describe these good articles.

Duncat TKD

Subj: Income/Finances  
Date: 11/24/96 12:10:31 AM  
From: TYGHOCK

WELL, since everyone here died and went away (or went to the Red Steel folder - check it out!), I have a few questions.

How does everyone compute the income levels for the rulers in Mystara? In our Heretic World, finance is one of the three critical components to gameplay (Religion and Dynastic politics are the others). What is the Emperor's income? How is it computed? Do you care in your worlds? Again, in our setting, players are either rulers or generals/admirals fulfilling their rulers ambitions. Nobody's playing the out of work paladin on a street corner in Bayville, looking for treasure.

Any royal accountants out there? If not, how do you handle the issue?

Subj: gazetteer/module trade??

Date: 11/26/96 2:07:37 PM

From: FreddiePal

Anyone interested in 'trading' copies (xerox would be fine) of Mystara/Known World out of print material, ie. gazetteers, modules, etc., by mail? I am trying to expand my sparse Mystara world, which i love, but entered way too late to obtain even the basic core material.. I don't even have a good map, or a copy of the Rules Cyclopedia! :(

Please let me know, respond to screen name FreddiePal

Mystara lives! :)

Subj: By the way...WHY?

Date: 11/26/96 2:23:25 PM

From: FreddiePal

What is the story .. WHY in the (known) world did TSR do away with Mystara? Seems like a ridiculously unintelligent move on their part, it is a rich world with a lot of source material and a devoted following... and plenty of room for expansion... Anyone know? Any rumors that they might reinstate it? Or at least put old material back in print?

Subj: Re:gazetteer/module trade??

Date: 11/26/96 4:40:32 PM

From: TYGHOCK

Welcome! The best start is the Dawn of the Emperors set, which includes Alphatia and Thyatis. Around here, I can buy a copy at KayBee Toys for \$ 5.99!

If you want, send me your address and I'll pick you up a copy....anything to encourage expanding the use of this fine world setting.

Subj: Wrath of the Immortals?

Date: 11/27/96 7:10:23 PM

From: JCodling

Anyone here have a copy of Wrath of the Immortals that they would like to sell? Please email me if you have one available.

Thanks,

Jim

Subj: Happy Thanksgiving!

Date: 11/27/96 11:31:52 PM

From: RLaRue

Happy Thanksgiving!

I hope everyone has a good day.

Rick (who probably has more to be thankful for than he realizes)

Subj: Happy Thanksgiving!

Date: 11/28/96 11:11:22 AM

From: TSR Bruce

I do not mean to ignore this folder, but I've been awfully busy these past several days. I'll have to catch up later. Hope you all have a Happy Thanksgiving.

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re:By the way...WHY?  
Date: 12/2/96 8:13:38 PM  
From: Kveldulf

Two reasons:

- 1) It was connected (at least in their opinion) to the now-poleaxed D&D game.
- 2) So it could join the other settings with richly detailed backgrounds and devoted followings (Greyhawk, anyone?) that now lie on the scrapheap of gaming history... although to be fair, considering that they can only support so many product lines at a time, old ones have to move aside if new ones are to be released and supported (it still pains me when new settings like the milieu for Birthright get more and better support than was ever available for old favorites though).

Subj: Hollow World  
Date: 12/3/96 6:47:33 PM  
From: Wyrmkln

In the Campaign Classics section of Dragon Magazine, how about a Hollow World article?

Subj: Question: In OUR Mystara...  
Date: 12/4/96 1:00:12 AM  
From: TYGHOCK

Okay, new topic.

What's currently happening in everyone else's version of Mystara? What's new and exciting on your international horizons?

In OUR Mystara (and remember, our Heretic World is a no-magic, Renaissance campaign game):

1. Frederick I of Vestland (The Good) is well loved but has no heirs. Loving his wife too much to divorce, he will proclaim his nephew, Erik Du Gruffin, as successor. Erik is the only son and crown

prince of Soderfjord! While a good choice, it is fraught with peril. There are bastard sons in both families. Soderfjord is more backwards, and forces may resent the union of two crowns. Both nations have a defensive alliance with Rockhome, and this union may make Rockhome uneasy. Ostland won't like it. Frederick is of the Ruthenian faith, as Odinites simmer.....

2. Henry, Archduke of Thyatis and crown prince of the Empire, marries for a 2nd time to Felicia, daughter of the Grand Duke of Karimeikos, Grimwald the Grey. Grimwald is an ambitious sort, wanting independence and expanded power to his Immortalist church, but has a warlike brother in Kelvin and Thyatian greed to contend with. Will his barons approve the high dowery, or.....

3. On the Isle of Dawn, the Duke of Sutherland died. A Kalimite rising occurs, encouraged by Sultan Mujim III of Ylaruam. The Sutherlands are one of six duchies in the Quorum, a loose confederation that rules the colonized Western half of the Isle. War is almost certain.....

4. Thyatis took control of the Duchy of Septentriona through an odd twist of inheritance. A new 17 year old Duchess of S, Lania Du Grey, is embarking with an imperial fleet to take possession. As colonists, she is shipping out with thousands of tax revolt prisoners! Adventures, anyone...?

5. The Minrothad Guilds have voted out their 12 year Chancellor, Richard. Who will rule in his place, and will he renew that long, clumsy and unfinished war with Thyatis over trading rights.....?

6. A Hattian princess sails north to marry a Heldannic prince. Ostland is not amused at this fusing of Vanyan powers. Heldann may move on Norworld. Ostland needs to counter, but how? It's new young King is unmarried, and looks to WestRourke or Thyatis for a bride or an ally.....

These, plus some underhand stuff by East & West Portage, a few tax revolts in the Empire, and some impending marriages/deaths, make for exciting prospects come February!

Anybody else got good stuff cookin' ?

Subj: Re:Hollow World  
Date: 12/4/96 5:16:58 PM  
From: L Ghaleon

You would be better off airing that voice in the DRAGON Magazine folder...

Subj: Esterhold  
Date: 12/4/96 6:36:40 PM

From: TYGHOCK

Any modules/articles out there dealing with Esterhold (other than the original Empires' set)?

Subj: Apologies all

Date: 12/4/96 8:03:42 PM

From: AMALDIS

Sorry for not posting for such a long period of time. I recently "upgraded" to Win 95 and my computer has had fits everytime I went online(I was able to successfully download the Savage Coast Orc's Head book though).

-Amaldis

Subj: Re:Question: In OUR Mystara.

Date: 12/4/96 8:19:38 PM

From: AMALDIS

I have not been playing on Mystara recently and have instead begun an exploration of the Westerlands in the world of Anduras(my homemade campaign setting). While these were not designed specifically for a Mystara campaign, here are some ideas from my Anduras campaign:

1)Ice Age:As a minor Ice Age begins the assorted nations scramble to survive as crops become harder to grow and less rainfall occurs in most areas. The southern nations are bombarded by repeated invasions of northern "barbarians"(In my campaign the men of the Northlands have invaded the southern areas in huge numbers. The kingdom of Ilgrund valiantly stands as a buffer for the Runelands, but it is obvious to all that they can not last for much longer)

2)Lava Demons:In return for the sacrifice of a specified number of sentients, evil creatures known as Lava Demons break open the earth and create huge rifts of lava that heat the area.

3)Magic Lost:Magic has been altered, and now works on the spell points system of Spells&Magic with a major difference, all magic must have a power source, which can be an artifact or other device that contains great power. Because the ancient magic of dragons is unaffected, numerous human students of dragons have appeared, a large number of whom learn at the feet of the "great dragons."

-Amaldis

Subj: Re:Question: In OUR Mystara.

Date: 12/5/96 11:39:31 AM

From: RLaRue

I posted some of what's planned for my campaign a while ago. I believe it was referred to as the "Forgotten One" campaign. It ruffled a few "purists" feathers due to it's interpretation of the Old One/Immortal connection. At the moment, my players are in the middle of Night Below, which I placed north and east of Luln in Karameikos. We've been playing it so long, that I have set up a few side adventures to get a change of pace for a little while. It's a good adventure, don't get me wrong, especially for someone like me with too little time on my hands for doing everything from scratch as I would prefer. But it is long (at least for my players who seem to take twice as long to do anything :)) Anyone interested in reading a campaign journal based on it can find it in the Stories, Journals and Logs section of the TSRO library. It's called (fittingly enough) Mystara Campaign Journal. None of my players had ever played in Mystara before, and I hope to introduce them to more of it's uniqueness after Night Below. Up till now, the campaign has been completely within the borders of Karameikos, and for the last 4 or 5 game months the party has been adventuring within about a 30 mile radius. At the end of NB, I might have the party exit the underdark farther north, within Aengmor (sp?) or maybe the Broken Lands. I am also seriously considering working on fleshing out the southern continent. Does anyone know of any published information on it?

Rick

P.S. As I wrote this, the mail came, and GAZ 3 Principalities of Glantri arrived. I now have all of the GAZ series! Ya-Hoo!!!!!! Not bad for having only started searching around May of this year.

Subj: Hule

Date: 12/5/96 11:01:32 PM

From: Mystaros

For those interested, I have posted a five part listing of the Immortals of Great Hule in the Savage Coast/Red Steel folder. Rather than draw attention to myself and invoke the wrath of Misafir (who, in addition to being Patron of Thieves, Minor Chaos and Mischief, also happens to be the High-

Muckity-Muck Executioner of Those-That-Spam-on-a-Thursday), I have decided to simply mention that you might want to check it out...

Mystaros

Subj: Re:Question: In OUR Mystara.

Date: 12/5/96 11:09:58 PM

From: Mystaros

Erm, wow, where to begin...

I think I'll save some money by writing this all out on my WP, then post it later. However...

Basically, there are major differences in what happened in the WotI, especially as regards Alphetia and Thyatis (both still exist; Alphetia is in civil war, while Thyatis is simply disintegrating). The Crater (and the Western Broken Lands) does not exist. The Hattians are the BAD Germans (Nazis), while the Heldannic Knights are the GOOD Germans (Junkers, Old Nobility types); both are on the move. Great Hule is more like Sauron's Mordor than the Ayatollah's Iran (though the culture is similar to that of Turkey and Iran). Most of the differences are cultural and historical, rather than modern and current. More later; my girlfriend tells me it is getting late. How can that be, as the sun hasn't come up yet? :)

Mystaros

Subj: Re: Pantheon of Hule

Date: 12/6/96 9:59:46 AM

From: RLaRue

Well done Mystaros! Your posts continue to be interesting and detailed. I have yet to use Hule in my own campaign, since adventures so far have been within the borders of Karamaikos. Your posts have sparked my interest, and I think I will do a little research on Hule. Any suggestions on where to begin?

BTW, I promised a post on the Treant PC race. I have not forgotten, and I'll try to post it by the end of the weekend. We're not playing this weekend :(, so I guess I'll have time to finish it.

Rick

PS If anyone has read my Mystara Campaign Journal (64 people have downloaded it), I'd love to hear your comments, by E-Mail or in this folder. :)

Subj: Re: Pantheon of Hule  
Date: 12/6/96 10:34:18 AM  
From: Mystaros

First, if you don't already have them, pick up modules X4 and X5; this is where Hule first came into the picture. Then there are details on Hule in Dragons # 172 & 173 (Princess Ark Adventures; must haves!). There is scant detail in the Red Steel and Savage Baronies boxed sets, and probably little more in the Savage Coast download (I don't know, though, as I'm not about to download it at 2400). Then, of course, you can also check out the next series of posts I'm about to start that will detail the History of Great Hule and the Temple of Chaos (in the RS/SC folder). Naturally, none of it is "Canon", but I'm sure there are a few good ideas in there somewhere...

Mystaros

Subj: Re: Pantheon of Hule  
Date: 12/6/96 8:15:48 PM  
From: RLaRue

Thanks! I have X4 on hold at my local dealer, and I'll have to dig through my Dragons to find those issues. I'm looking forward to your posts.

Hey! Normally when you post something big, it seems to slow down around here. Maybe, since it's already sloooooow, it will have the opposite effect. ;)

Rick

Subj: Noble NPCs/Events  
Date: 12/8/96 2:57:09 AM  
From: TYGHOCK

In Heretic World, two of the most useful devices in our campaigns is a system for creating complete families of all noble NPCs, and a random event system which generates conflicts.

In most of our campaigns, players take the roles of generals or admirals, carrying out the wishes of their ruler. Sometimes, they play the ruler as a military leader, but only if he/she actually leads the army/fleet. There are two players who chose to be rulers, but that is the exception.

Therefore, Mystara in Heretic World has a setup that allows noble NPC character traits and random events (with a little creative umpiring) to develop into potential military situations. The world runs itself, and based on what occurs, the players decide which potential situations they want to convert into tabletop wargame campaigns. For example, last session, our system generated several potential scenarios. We had a choice of gaming the conclusion of the Ylaruam civil wars, Rockhome's sporadic campaigning against Ethengar, the Sind invasion of Autragan, or the Naval trade wars of Thyatis vs. the Minrothad Guilds. The group opted for the latter naval campaign - though if we'd had enough Moorish troops painted, we might have done Ylaruam! As it was, we had a long, nailbiting, sometimes confused and dulsitory war with plenty of twists and turns. It was so much fun (though exhausting), the group then did a quick sequel of Heldaan vs. Ostland. The other campaigns were decided by die rolls or left as yet undecided.

The two keys to the system are the Noble NPCs, and the random event generator.

I will detail both systems in following posts, as I believe even non-RW gamers may find them useful. Since it seems very few gamers play rulers, here's a auto-mechanism for rulers and events which can help shape your world (always with a little umpire discretion, of course). Enjoy!

Subj: Blackmoor!!!!

Date: 12/9/96 8:59:38 PM

From: Telrathin

The market department at TSR has finally listened to us!!!!!! The next in the Odyssey series will be on Blackmoor, only under some new name, like Fall of The Comet or something. Thanks to all the people at TSR who made this possible.

Tel

Subj: Re:Blackmoor!!!!

Date: 12/10/96 1:28:03 PM

From: RJNuttman

Hooray!!!!!! This is one aspect of the Mystara line that I've been trying to find for years with very little success. I'll mirror Telrathin's thanks to the people at TSR, and all those who've pushed for the re-release of the product line.

Thanks again!

RJ

Subj: Re:Blackmoor!!!!  
Date: 12/10/96 6:50:49 PM  
From: MagianChua

<<

The market department at TSR has finally listened to us!!!!!! The next in the Odyssey series will be on Blackmoor, only under some new name, like Fall of The Comet or something. Thanks to all the people at TSR who made this possible.

Tel>>

Ah, finally, something i can sink my teeth into :)

Chua:)

Subj: Ongoing Story  
Date: 12/10/96 8:22:44 PM  
From: RLaRue

Sheesh, it's dark in here. Hang on, let me light a lantern. :::Footsteps:::, ::::sound of match being lit:::  
Aaaah, that's better. A little dusty too, but no matter. Um, I had a strange idea while walking my dog, so I'm gonna torture you with it. I'd like to try a variation of the Question of the Week. It goes like this...

I start a story, you guys and gals finish it. Simple. Everybody plays, nobody makes fun of anyone else's idea and nobody changes what's gone before. You get one post and then you have to wait for somebody else to add to it before you can go again. Nobody finishes the story in one post (i.e. and everybody died. The End), and you can only add one major detail per post. It can be as detailed or

as simple as you want, but it has to be in the form of a story. I know it's a little hokey, but it might be neat to see what all of us working together can come up with.

Here goes...

In the past months, Terra, mother of the earth, has become increasingly concerned by events taking place in the wild places of the Known World. Convinced of their connection, but unaware of the cause or meaning of the events, she has begun to...

Now it's up to you. That or we can go back to sitting in the dark.

Rick

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story  
Date: 12/10/96 10:57:31 PM  
From: Duncan TKD

she has begun to think that it will soon be time for great heroes to immerge and fight a terrible if not ancient evil that will once again walk abroad.

Subj: Re:Blackmoor!!!!  
Date: 12/11/96 10:59:40 AM  
From: BZuber5988

Uh, guys . . . I hate to be a party pooper, but . . . I'm not so sure this upcoming "Tale of the Comet" is a Blackmoor product. A spaceship crashing to earth and bringing techno-magic with it certainly sounds like our Blackmoor scenario (and if it isn't after all, it certainly would be a useful product in a Blackmoor campaign). But the blurb in the novel description of "Tale of the Comet" mentions the "comet" crashes down near the village of Aston Point. I went back to my old Blackmoor modules (the DA series) and the FSS Beagle crashed nowhere near any village, let alone one called Aston Point. It crashed in the Valley of the Ancients, a desert valley inhabited by four-armed sand people.

Is anyone from TSR around? Drop us hints if this new product truly is set in Blackmoor or not. Even if it isn't, I think I'll buy it for ideas on a Blackmoor campaign anyway.

Delarius

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story  
Date: 12/11/96 4:42:33 PM  
From: Qamlynch

All the signs of evil's resurrection are there: Strange stars in the sky, clouds that seem to war upon each other, small magics that seem to go ever so slightly awry....the omens speak of something unsettling.

Subj: Ongoing Story Update  
Date: 12/11/96 10:33:38 PM  
From: RLaRue

This is great, I thought I'd post what we have so far. Keep them coming.

Hey! Where's Mysteros, AMALDIS, Bruce, TYGOCK, Nellisir, Alad3, Telrathin and all the rest? I'd like to see what you guys have to add!

The story so far...

In the past months, Terra, mother of the earth, has become increasingly concerned by events taking place in the wild places of the Known World. Convinced of their connection, but unaware of the cause or meaning of the events, she has begun to think that it will soon be time for great heroes to immerge and fight a terrible if not ancient evil that will once again walk abroad. All the signs of evil's resurrection are there: Strange stars in the sky, clouds that seem to war upon each other, small magics that seem to go ever so slightly awry....the omens speak of something unsettling.

Who will be next?

Rick (who's enjoying this way too much for such a hokey idea :))

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update  
Date: 12/11/96 10:48:08 PM  
From: Mysteros

In the past months, Terra, mother of the earth, has become increasingly concerned by events taking place in the wild places of the Known World. Convinced of their connection, but unaware of the cause or meaning of the events, she has begun to think that it will soon be time for great heroes to immerge and fight a terrible if not ancient evil that will once again walk abroad. All the signs of evil's resurrection are there: Strange stars in the sky, clouds that seem to war upon each other, small magics that seem to go ever so slightly awry....the omens speak of something unsettling...

And then, one day, a priestess of Terra and her party, adventuring in Wendar, come upon a dying Paladin, who recently defeated a great Black Dragon in battle. Mortally wounded in said battle, the Paladin entrusts the priestess with a scroll he captured from the Dragon. The scroll, he says, was being delivered by the Dragon to the Dark Land of Denagoth; the scroll case bears the seal of the Princess of Fenswick...

Mystaros

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update  
Date: 12/11/96 11:48:59 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

In the past months, Terra, mother of the earth, has become increasingly concerned by events taking place in the wild places of the Known World. Convinced of their connection, but unaware of the cause or meaning of the events, she has begun to think that it will soon be time for great heroes to immerge and fight a terrible if not ancient evil that will once again walk abroad. All the signs of evil's resurrection are there: Strange stars in the sky, clouds that seem to war upon each other, small magics that seem to go ever so slightly awry....the omens speak of something unsettling...

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Upon opening the scroll, the priestess finds...nothing! The scroll is, or at least appears to be, blank. Certain that a hidden message is contained somehow, somewhere within, she gathers the greatest minds in Wendar to penetrate the mystery. Meanwhile, it is noticed the unreliability of magic has progressed to greater level spells. Failure is still sporadic and quirky, but concern grows. Reports arriving from the borders of Wendar speak of dark, short shadows thumping through the forests in the night, to the low, murmuring hum of an almost inaudible marching song - or is it just those odd clouds again...?

Subj: Sloooow...

Date: 12/12/96 10:07:49 AM

From: Mystaros

<<Hey! Normally when you post something big, it seems to slow down around here. Maybe, since it's already sloooooow, it will have the opposite effect. ;) >>

Well, I guess not :(

Where is everyone? Hello!?

Mystaros

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 12/12/96 10:19:10 AM

From: RLaRue

For days, all attempts to decipher the scroll failed. On more than one attempt, a misfired spell almost destroyed the delicate parchment before its secrets could be learned. The priestess reasoned that obviously, the person who sent it and its intended recipient could unlock its hidden meaning, but neither were likely to share their knowledge. Frustrated, the priestess urged her companions to try and recall anything that might help them. The mage, Tarquin Varis, from Karamiekos, believed he had once heard a rumor from his mentor about a wizard who was a master of concealment and deception. If he remembered correctly, he lived in a crumbling tower, high in the mountains near Wendar. Supposedly, the tower was magically hidden and protected by concealed traps and invisible guardians.

Next...

Rick

Subj: Background?

Date: 12/12/96 11:10:06 AM

From: RJNuttman

I'd like to join the fray, so to speak, but know very, very little about Wendar and Denagoth (aside from where they are, that's about it).

Where can I find some information about these two areas?

Has two kopecs to rub together, just itching to throw them in,  
RJ

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story  
Date: 12/12/96 1:15:24 PM  
From: Qamlynch

Three parties were formed. The first travelled back to the site of the Paladin's battle with the Black Dragon, to learn more about the two combatants. Perhaps a lair could be found, or friends of the Paladin? The second began a search for the wizard who might be capable of unlocking the secrets of the scroll. But where to find such a tower? And a third hearty band set forth to the borderlands, to investigate and - if necessary - destroy the shadow armies in the night forests.

.....?

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story  
Date: 12/12/96 8:30:12 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

To seek out the first, it was decided that Questin Julianus, Thyatian-born Paladin who earned his fame in the bitter reaches of Norworld, would lead the foray. Bred from the military colonists, his father was a naval quartermaster in Oceansend, his mother native-born and too early dead. (It is rumored she may have had Elven blood). Somehow, a greater calling pulled the young Julian from the iron, leather and hemp of his father's world to find his true calling. Taking the name Questin Julianus, his fame in the hills of Norworld extended to significant experience with dragons - though how much is legend is unknown, given embellishing bards and the quiet nature of this paladin. Recent years have led him to Wendar, perhaps a calling from his mother's uncertain blood.

For the second.....

Subj: Re:Background?

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Date: 12/12/96 9:20:25 PM

From: RLaRue

RJ,

Don't be shy, jump right in! Try looking in the Almanacs, but I don't think there's a whole lot on Wendar and even less on Denagoth. Wendar is a forested nation made up mostly of elves and humans, while Denagoth is mostly goblinoids and a few humans. Both are wide open for new information and adventure opportunities. I'm not completely familiar with them myself, so I'll do some research and get back to you. In the mean time, feel free to add to the story, if you don't feel comfortable with the location details, stick to characters or plot or whatever. This is for everybody, not just people who know everything there is about every part of Mystara. I'm looking forward to your contribution, and I'll try to find some info asap.

Rick

Subj: Re:Davania/ TG Archipelago

Date: 12/13/96 1:42:26 AM

From: Avenger341

Try the D&D Rules Cyclopedia.

Subj: Re:Module Inventory, part I

Date: 12/13/96 1:46:59 AM

From: Avenger341

Could never find B10 - Not even at Gen Con '95.

Subj: Re:Module Inventory, part II

Date: 12/13/96 1:50:52 AM

From: Avenger341

What "Unnumbered Modules"?? Such as?

Subj: Re:Mystara -- respect at las

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Date: 12/13/96 1:55:43 AM

From: Avenger341

Long Live MYSTARA!!!!!!

Subj: Re:1996 Products

Date: 12/13/96 1:58:02 AM

From: Avenger341

I think I remember that the Iron Ring was run by The Black Eagle. King Stephan's bro.

Subj: Re:gazetteer/module trade??

Date: 12/13/96 2:00:39 AM

From: Avenger341

Long live Alphatia - the non-sunken one!

Subj: Re:By the way...WHY?

Date: 12/13/96 2:04:46 AM

From: Avenger341

Birthright? Bah Humbug!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Bring back Greyhawk.Oriental Adventures,Mystara.

The good ones are going the way of Al-Qadim.

Subj: Ongoing Story Update

Date: 12/13/96 8:04:35 AM

From: RLaRue

The story is coming along great. I'll post a compilation of all story additions later today. Keep them coming, the story is just getting started. Thanks to everyone who has contributed so far, and remember, you can post as many additions as you want, you just can't do two in a row.

Rick (looking forward to the rest of the story)

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update

Date: 12/13/96 8:21:00 AM

From: RLaRue

An Ongoing story of the Known World of Mystara  
by Duncan TKD, Qamlynch, Mystaros, TYGHOCK, and RLaRue

The Story so far...

In the past months, Terra, mother of the earth, has become increasingly concerned by events taking place in the wild places of the Known World. Convinced of their connection, but unaware of the cause or meaning of the events, she has begun to think that it will soon be time for great heroes to emerge and fight a terrible if not ancient evil that will once again walk abroad. All the signs of evil's resurrection are there: Strange stars in the sky, clouds that seem to war upon each other, small magics that seem to go ever so slightly awry....the omens speak of something unsettling...

And then, one day, a priestess of Terra and her party, adventuring in Wendar, come upon a dying Paladin, who recently defeated a great Black Dragon in battle. Mortally wounded in said battle, the Paladin entrusts the priestess with a scroll he captured from the Dragon. The scroll, he says, was being delivered by the Dragon to the Dark Land of Denagoth; the scroll case bears the seal of the Princess of Fenswick...

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For days, all attempts to decipher the scroll failed. On more than one attempt, a misfired spell almost destroyed the delicate parchment before its secrets could be learned. The priestess reasoned that obviously, the person who sent it and its intended recipient could unlock its hidden meaning, but neither were likely to share their knowledge. Frustrated, the priestess urged her companions to try and recall anything that might help them. The mage, Tarquin Varis, from Karamiekos, believed he had once heard a rumor from his mentor about a wizard who was a master of concealment and deception. If he remembered correctly, he lived in a crumbling tower, high in the mountains near Wendar. Supposedly, the tower was magically hidden and protected by concealed traps and invisible guardians.

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For the second.....

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update  
Date: 12/13/96 12:47:02 PM  
From: Duncan TKD

The second group of heroes would be led by the Ranger Dalros Eveningstar an Alfheim born Elf. A ranger so skilled in tracking that it was rumored that he could track a druid in his own grove. With him, he took two mages one of earth and one of air. On there way toward the rumored location of the Wizard's tower they encountered an elven priest of Diamond.

Subj: Story Note  
Date: 12/13/96 1:29:40 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

By the way, this story creating is a GREAT idea! I do a lot of writing, and this sounds like a real kick.

One note, though - my knowledge of D&D is suspect. You say magic, I think rabbit. I once thought a paladin was a new generic pain relief capsule. History, classic fantasy, I can do. But I don't want to make a mistake and ruin our story.

So if I stumble and write something not kosher please feel free to correct me ('No, you'd need a NINTH level cleric for that!!!", etc.).

Otherwise, I'm finding this very entertaining.....

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update

Date: 12/13/96 1:56:04 PM

From: TYGHOCK

Upon spotting the party, the priest fled quickly into the forest. Hurrying through the dense but familiar underbrush, and taking several impossible detours, he halted to rest by a small dark pool. Certain he had escaped his pursuers, the priest bent his lips down to the cool still water....and saw above him the reflection of Dalros!

The startled priest rolled back to a sitting position. Facing him was the smiling ranger, hands on hips, nodding.

"You would have done better going left at the split Oak tree".

"Y-You... you know this land?"

Dalros extended his hand. "I am Dalros Eveningstar. Hail. We mean you no harm. We come....."

"I KNOW why you have come", exclaimed the priest, wiping his lips as he stood, "it is YOU who does not know!"

Dalros could tell the priest was shaken at being followed so easily. But why was discovery so terrible a fate?

Composure returned to the priest's demeanor. "I am Zzeffen" he said, his back straight with dignity, "and ranger, you know not what you face....."

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update

Date: 12/13/96 5:36:46 PM

From: TSR Bruce

And a third hearty band set forth to the borderlands, to investigate and - if necessary - destroy the shadow armies in the night forests. (...)

The leader of the hearty band, a white centaur of uncanny beauty, went by the name of Alabastea. Tall but graceful, she dominated the rest of her band of elven hunters. Many years ago, the elves had come to accept her as an equal and often as their leader. Despite Alabastea's amused smiles, the elves persisted in believing she was part elfin and centaur, or perhaps even of distant unicorn breed.

Together, they left to seek out the brooding darkness in the woods. Late that night, they reached the camp of the shadow armies. "Pfeh!" said one called Silver-Brow. "Goblins... Look at their gait. Smell the air. Despite their dark and long outfits, they don't fool me."

At the center of a large clearing lay a goblin camp. Doused under a pale moonlight, hundreds of ragged tents formed a rough circular pattern around a central pyre. There, on a large rock overlooking the fire's reddish glow, stood their shaman. He raised his arms, shook his gri-gris, and began a long chant. The fire's smoke grew thicker and darker as the shaman's wail grew louder and more desperate.

The smoke began to swirl above the shaman, growing bigger and more threatening. Suddenly, it formed a shape, at first merely two glowing eyes, but then followed the head of a monstrous being. It was the head a dragon, as dark as the darkness of the deepest caverns with strange bluish shades.

It slowly turned and gazed at the elves' hiding spot. Everyone grew silent, trying to hunker down behind the bushes as best as they could. All except one. As if in a dream, Alabastea stood her ground, proud and defiant in a halo of light. She stared back at the face of darkness.

Next...

Bruce Heard

Hi... I'm back! Cool idea that on-going story! :)

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update

Date: 12/13/96 10:47:15 PM

From: TYGHOCK

"Stop thief !!!"

The constable's men darted throughout the town, scurrying like lightsnakes hurled from an exploding crystal. Two sweaty troopers turned down the small dark alley, only to come face to face with the tall female warrior. The combination of beauty and power, leaning boldly on her sword, stopped them in their tracks.

"Ha..have you seen a thief go in here?" one of the troopers finally blurted. The other could not tear his eyes from the fiery hazel eyes, the shock of auburn hair against chainmail, the lithe yet taunt and sunbronzed legs....and the glinting edge of her veteran blade.

"I kill thieves" she said simply, tossing back the flow against her mantle.

"Who..who..who else is....?"

She gestured into the shadows; out stepped two Elven archers and a gruff, well-armed dwarf.

"My associates..."; predicting the question choking in the trooper's throat, she answered "And we're here on business." She gave her blade a slight twirl on the last word, a gesture the alert trooper could not fail to miss. Carefully, he backed out of the alley, dragging his mesmerized partner by the shoulder.

"Well, if you see anyone....stole the gem right out of the ....well, if you....well.....c'mon, Gaerth."

As the footsteps faded, the warrior turned to her associates. "Okay. Let him out."

The two elves walked back to the chest and, holding their daggers ready, flung it open. The dwarf looked down solemnly.

"Empty" was all he barked.

She shook her head. "Impossible! You watched carefully, didn't you? Maybe Questin was right.. ....no, no, nobody's that good..."

"I beg to differ, pretty lady.." the voice behind her caused her to swing into action. In a single motion her blade had stopped inches from the thief's throat.

"Careful, lass" spoke the frozen rogue, displaying no fear in his words. "Your friend....what'd you call 'im, Questin... I wager he wants me alive."

She withdrew the blade slowly, staring at the strange thief. Average height, unassuming dress, as non-descript a face as any crowd could produce; his success at his chosen profession was little wonder.

"You are the one called Hazkakel?"

"Good lady, you have me at a disadvantage....and you are..?"

The elves stepped forward and took his arms. She stepped forward to examine him. "You? You robbed dragons? I don't believe it."

"Hey, don't take my word for it...ask the dragons". With a shrug, he shimmied down through the elves' grasp, and raced down the alleyway to the street.

"It was almost fun knowing you!" Hazkakel shouted back to his captors. He was in mid-laugh as he turned the corner to freedom and....right into the vise-like grasp of an armored hand.

Hazkakel looked up at the hand's owner. "Questin, I presume?" he asked as casually as possible, unable to pry himself away.

Questin smiled. "Leonia, instruct our new member". One push hurled Hazkakel back into the alley.

Leonia smiled. "Now" she beamed "we need only a wizard".

"For what? What's the job? What's going on?" Hazkakel was getting a little worried. "Why exactly do you the likes of heroes like you need the likes of me?"

Gurmstahl the dwarf stepped forward and pressed Hazkakel up against the wall, until the thief could smell the hot mushroom breath. "Because" said the deep monotone "you steal from dragons."

next....

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update

Date: 12/14/96 1:05:12 AM

From: RLaRue

Still elsewhere...

Delleia, priestess of Terra finally caught up with Dalros, but Tarquin and the others still trailed behind. She arrived just as the priest's composure began to slip again. Spotting his fear on the his face, she looked accusingly at the ranger. Dalros stepped back and assured her he had done the priest no harm, and was as baffled by his terror as she. The priest, by now breathing hard and sweating profusely, warned "You must turn back, if you get involved, it will only make things worse!" Delleia was very confused. The priesthoods of Terra and Diamond had always been on decent terms, something else was obviously wrong. Kneeling beside him, she laid a reassuring hand on his shoulder. For a moment, he seemed calm, but his fear quickly returned. "You must relax" the priestess said, "I am in the service of Terra with orders to find the cause of the recent troubles. We can work together if you will only tell us what is wrong." "No, you must turn back, I cannot speak of it with outsiders" Suddenly, the priest lashed out and kicked Delleia in the gut and rolled away from her. Dalros jumped at the priest to prevent his escape, but what he grabbed was not an elven priest. In his place was a rapidly transforming gold dragon. With a gentle nudge, the ranger was thrown back. The dragon turned and said "Please, more is at risk than you think. Let us handle it. I do not wish to battle you, but I will." The others were rapidly approaching, and having spoken truthfully, the dragon spread his wings and leapt into the sky. Fearing the worst, Tarquin began readying a powerful spell, but Delleia, still doubled over and gasping croaked "No..., no.. let him go. We must find the tower and its owner before we try to solve this new mystery." Dalros climbed to his feet and sighed "I think things just got a lot more complicated."

Next...

Subj: Re:Mystara -- respect at las

Date: 12/14/96 3:29:50 AM

From: Kaviyd

But on the other hand -- the Dragon Annual #1 did not mention Mystara at all!  
But at least we can't complain about the cost of the last three Savage Coast releases -- unless you have a very slow modem.

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update

Date: 12/14/96 12:04:47 PM

From: TYGHOCK

"Are you sure the wizard's meeting us here?" the red points Grimwood's ears betrayed his impatience. He looked around nervously, rubbing his slender hands, while the rest of the party sat by the still-recent fire. From their spot on the hill they could see the shadows cast over the small town in the valley below. A cooling wind swept through the sparse underbrush. The fire became more pronounced in the fading light.

"Hmph....an impatient elf". Mused Gurmstahl, tracing the etchings on the helmet in his thick hands. "Lifespans for ages, and he's in a hurry." The dwarf shook his head and grunted.

"Peace, brother" said Arrowheart, warm and smiling beneath his cloak. "He will be here soon."

Questin stared silently into the growing fire. Hazkakel was whistling something to his left. Leonia pulled her cloak around her tightly, yet the wind whipping by occasionally bared her strong legs to the thief's quick gaze. Leonia caught the look and returned one of grimness. "Look again and die, worm".

"Good lady, I was merely acknowledging your fine muscle structure. By Loki, your limbs are as tight as the hemp ropes on a Thyatian war galley. You must agree, my dear paladin?"

But Hezkakel's comment had set the voices going again in Questin's head. Over and over again, like a half-remembered dream: The hemp is drawn taut like this, you see, Justin? Always look for the amount of tar deposit between the strands. That tells you the age and usage. Never buy a coil that....Justin? Pay attention, boy. Get those mother-dreams from your head - this is business! Justin! Are you listening?

"Are you listening? Questin!" The warrior's words finally snapped him back. Leonias motioned toward the dark brush on the left. Grimwood's bow was drawn and ready. Questin rose and addressed the darkness.

"Boldo.....show yourself before you get shot." A further rustle, and out tumbled the stout halfling, banging his lute noisely against a branch. "Sorry, my friend. Always good to practice ones' skills, I say."

"Halflings", muttered Gurmstahl, "Wonderful."

Boldo made an exaggerated bow. "Boldo Fiddlecake, at your service. A pleasure, I'm sure. Questin, I got Ôim! Just like you said!"

"Well done, my friend. Take us to him."

"No need.....we are here." the voice boomed from the rocks to the party's right. All swung in unison to face the flash of light and sound before them. Boldo beamed with delight. "Fellow heroes, may I present...."

next....

Subj: Story Note  
Date: 12/14/96 12:30:42 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

OK - first oops of many.....

In the mother dream by Questin, his father should be calling him JULIAN, not JUSTIN. Mea culpa.

RLaRue, when you compile, please edit the name mistake I made. Thanks.

By the way, nobody owns any part of this story. If anyone wants to fill in the description of the wizard and his apprentice, please go forward. This is an exercise in creativity, after all!

Thanks!

Subj: Re:Story Note  
Date: 12/14/96 12:50:58 PM  
From: RLaRue

Don't worry about little errors, I'll try to catch them when I compile and edit the whole story. Pointing them out is good, cause I'll keep a list to help me.

I agree that no one owns any section of the story. As a matter of fact, I think it adds more of a challenge if different people work on the same section. Then not only do you get to read a cool story, you have to really think about how to add to a direction you may never have thought of.

I'm really happy with the amount of support this thing has gotten, but there is always room for more people.

RJN asked about info on Wendar and Denagoth. Try looking in X11 Saga of the Shadow Lord for info on both. Anyone looking for info on the Princess of Fenswick look in Prinicalities of Glantri or the newer box set.

Things are looking excellent, and the story is progressing nicely. I can't wait for the next installment.

---

Rick

Subj: !! Suel Lich !!

Date: 12/15/96 10:38:44 AM

From: LivingLich

DOES ANYONE KNOW HOW TO BECOME A SUEL LICH, IF SO PLEASE E-MAIL ME ASAP

LivingLich

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update

Date: 12/15/96 6:53:50 PM

From: Qamlynch

Smoke and flame surrounded Alabastea. The elves fired back, but their arrows went right through the smoke. Alabastea seemed engulfed. Then one elf fired at the shaman, hitting him in the shoulder. Another fired a magic light arrow, attempting to brighten the sky. Several others ran forward and through cloaks to smother the fire, whiel their allies fought bitterly. Many fell, but the fire went out. The light magic kept the dragon in check, but still powerful. The shamanhand finally lowered. With a roar, the dragon fired his breath, killed two more elves, and vanished in a whirl of smoke. Alabastea fell battered and exhausted on her side. The remainig elves picked her up and fled into the forest, while those who dosed the fire paid with their lives to cover their leader's escape. Somehow, all felt the defeat (for it was a defeat) could have been worse if the dragon had stayed. But how to proceed now....?

next

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update

Date: 12/15/96 9:35:09 PM

From: TYGHOCK

"No need, no need to present me, little one, I know everyone here just fine, fine". The wizard rambled in a talky, half-distant style. He stood reasonably tall and plain, with blue robes and a flat

brown hat. Yet he seemed to jerk his head quickly and frequently, as one who was constantly looking for something he had just misplaced. Beside him stood a small brown-haired female apprentice, followed by a large, round tan pig with items strapped to its back.

"Well well well, good, well met all. No no no need to get up, truly".

Leonia gave him a quizzical look. "Um...we're all standing."

The wizard darted a quick curious look to her. "Ah,....well, and your point?"

Hezkakal slowly shook his head. "we're all gonna die....".

"Good good question...I can look into that one, just, just a minute here.."

The wizard turned to the pig and began to thumb quickly through a small book on its back. He tossed some dust into the air and muttered something to himself. The apprentice moved to assist. A moment later, the pig grunted, and the apprentice backed away. The wizard turned.

"Sorry. Not clear right now. Anyway, well met all yes yes. Is the light too bright?"

"Well the wizard sure isn't", Hezkakal's disgust was spilling over. He turned to the apprentice. "How did we wind up with him?". The apprentice bowed solemnly. "The master knows many things."

Hezkakal gestured to the mage. "Has the master got a name...I mean, one that he doesn't have to look up?"

The wizard smiled. "I know all our names dear Hezkakal...including mine. I am Seven."

"I asked your name, not your intelligence score at the school of magic."

The wizard looked puzzled. "What does my score matter. I scored very high indeed, but I fail to.."

"Your name is Seven?" interrupted Leonia.

"I just said that, didn't I Jen?". The apprentice nodded. "The master was correct as usual."

"That's it, I'm outta here, deal's off!" Hezkakal's march into the darkness was cancelled by an iron gauntlet. "Let me go, Questin! I joined to rob a dragon, not get killed by some flukey number!"

Questin smiled. "You have no faith in Master Seven?"

"I have more faith in the pig. HIM we can at least use for bacon."

Leonia smirked "Maybe Seven can feed us all and turn YOU into sausages."

The wizard grew alarmed. "Good Leonia, I cannot use magic except to help and defend. I could never harm living things, except as I just..."

"QUESTIN!!" screamed Leonia, her eyes afire. "This is YOUR doing! YOUR stupid code!! If you picked this mage to match YOUR silly theories, you ARE dooming us!"

Gurmstahl stared at the Paladin. "Clumsy halflings....confused mages....What is our plan, Questin Julianus?"

The paladin sighed, still holding tight to Hezkakal's arm. He gestured to Seven. "Wizard, take us to our appointment. Once we get the Terran priestess and our grooms and horses, I will tell you the rules of our mission. And Hez, make sure your assistant steps through the portal with us."

The thief gave a puzzled look, but before he could speak, Seven had opened a portal and the party began to leap through it. No one seemed to notice two extra forms leaping through in the sequence. Seven nodded to Jen, who escorted the pig into the ring of light. Then, with a final furtive look around, Seven turned...the wrong way... the suddenly spun back and leaped through the portal just as it closed.

The fire burned quietly alone in the windy hillside.

Subj: Re:Noble NPCs/Events  
Date: 12/16/96 12:26:03 AM  
From: TYGHOCK

Um, in the interest of focus, I'll be posting my info on Noble NPCs and random events in the Red Steel and Savage Coast folder. This ties in with my other diatribes there about voting Cortes and taxes and colonies and other Real World stuff, and it keeps this folder clean for the Ongoing Story.

For all you lurkers, we've left Dalros and Alabasta stranded out there, plus Questin, and there's still the Duchess of Fezzwig, people around the scroll, etc.

Plenty of avenues there, folks. C'mon, throw in a twist or two.

TYGHOCK (who's hopelessly addicted to developing characters and creative writing....)

Subj: Kaarjala pt1  
Date: 12/16/96 3:06:33 AM  
From: Mystaros

A while back Amaldis proposed a new land based on the Kalavala of Finnish myth and legend. Well, here is what I have developed; please note that I have not read the primary source itself, and have used only references to the primary source. I have also fit the land and peoples to the Mystaran campaign that I have developed. Hope you all find this interesting and useful...

#### Kaarjala, Land of the Saamari

Kaarjala is the northernmost realm of Norwold, found in the swampy lands between the Kaarjavi River to the north and the Vaaranavi River to the south (the "Landsplit Rivers" of module CM1). Much of the swamp and marsh is actually open lake, though there are only three great lakes: Kaarjasi on the north, Vaaranasi on the south, and Pojaarasi to the west. Kaarjala itself has a population of around 150,000 regular residents, plus about 50,000 irregular, nomadic inhabitants (see the Vaarana, below). The sole "city" of Kaarjala, Kaarja (population 12,000), is found in the clear lands between Kaarjasi and Vaaranasi. The

Kaarjalan people are known as the Saamari (Kaarjala is the name of the kingdom, not the people); they are descended from a Neathar-Oltec group from the far western lands of Hyborea.

Long ago, the Saamari were a nomadic people of the tundra and taiga of Hyborea, having settled into the lands emptied by the Beastmen in 2400 BC. The stone age Saamari thrived for several centuries in the vacuum left by the Beastmen until 2000 BC, when a group of Taymoran nobles, fleeing the destruction of their empire far to the south, arrived and conquered much of the territory of the Saamari.

This new kingdom, called Azidhaka by the Taymorans, and Tuonaar (Land of the Dead) by the Saamari, was founded by both nosferatu and vampires in an effort to build a new undead society. For the most part their efforts worked, though the hungers and evil of the vampires often ruled rather than the caution and neutrality of the nosferatu. Tuonaar effectively ruled much of Hyborea for 200 years until the Elves of the Sylvan Realm, led by Ilsundal, attacked the kingdom and destroyed much of their power (containing the evil of Azidhaka was one of Ilsundal's many duties given to him by Ixion during his quest for Immortality). The new (nosferatu) rulers of Azidhaka, known to the Saamari as Tuoni and Tuonetar (titles, not actual names; "King of the Dead" and "Queen of the Dead", respectively), purged the land of its vampiric residents and rebuilt their kingdom along more neutral lines (Nyx had convinced Ixion to give her people, the nosferatu, another chance). Many of the Saamari clans were freed from their slavery and left to their own devices. The Elves then retreated into their own lands, and began a long period of isolationism. This would remain the status quo for over a thousand years.

By 500 BC Thanatos (known in Saamari lore as Hiisi, Lord of Evil), had successfully seen to the destruction of the Nithian Empire, far to the south. He then decided to turn his attentions to the kingdom of Azidhaka, which had long ago purged his own "people", the vampires, from their ranks. Over several centuries, he inspired the most powerful lieutenant of Tuoni and Tuonetar, Lubarshalla, to become one of his followers; eventually, she rededicated herself as a vampire and began to form a new cult to Thanatos in Azidhaka. In 300 BC she led a rebellion against her king and queen in an attempt to found a new dynasty of vampires.

She failed, and fled with her followers into the Hyborean wastes, where she had built a citadel named Pojaara...

Continued...

Subj: Kaarjala pt2

Date: 12/16/96 3:10:58 AM

From: Mystaros

Luvarshalla, who renamed herself Lovaara during her rebellion, was originally born into the Saamari and was transformed into a nosferatu in the 16th century BC. One of the main arguments Thanatos used to convert her was her native cultural differences; most of the Saamari nosferatu had turned to her side and became vampires, later to follow her into the wastes. This is the reason Pojaara is distinctly more Saamari in culture, rather than Azidhaki. It was also during her rebellion that she was cursed by Nyx to lose the beauty that her undying nature had granted her (she had been renown as the greatest beauty in all Hyborea); thus, she is known both as a great beauty and as a wizened crone (she is able to use illusions to hide her ugliness, but not from the pure or bold at heart; she also finds it to her advantage at times to utilize her hideous nature). Lovaara is thoroughly evil and vile, a willing tool in the hands of Hiisi/Thanatos.

From her new citadel of Pojaara, Lovaara rebuilt her power; within 100 years she began to conquer many of the surrounding Saamari tribes, in order to use them as a power base to eventually reconquer Azidhaka/Tuonaar. To assist her, Hiisi sent several tribes of his Beastmen worshippers (known to the Saamari as Hiisi, like their patron; mostly trolls and ogres), which to this day form the core of her armies (they reside in a land near Pojaara, called Hitolaa). The Immortals of the Saamari, Paava (Ixion), Kuu (Valerias), Aato (Protius), Ilmaatar (Diulanna) and Ukko (Odin) inspired a number of heroes to lead the battle against the Pojaarans and Hiisi. The war dragged on for decades, and eventually into centuries; Lovaara found that it would not be as easy to conquer the Saamari as she thought. The chief heroes of the Saamari during this period were Vainamoinen, Ilmarinen and

Lemminkainen (all three of which eventually achieved Immortality); numerous other heroes also struggled against the Witch Queen of Pojaara (and today are the Exalted servants of their respective patron Immortals). The tales of this time form the basis of most myths of the people of Kaarjala, and are found in the Saamari sacred tome (simply known as "The Kaarjala").

Though the war had raged on for almost two centuries, the great heroes lived on much longer than normal men, and could see that the battle would eventually go against the Saamari. Thus they decided to retreat to the east, beyond the Icereach Range. Not all the Saamari decided to retreat; many clans and heroes stayed, to fight on against Lovaara and the forces of Pojaara (they felt no anger at those who were retreating; they felt that should they fail, it would be best that some Saamari survive free elsewhere, rather than not at all). Vainamoinen led the Saamari east across the wastes of Hyborea and over the Icereach Range to the land between the rivers. The journey took a whole generation, and it was the grandchildren of those who first set out on the migration who settled in to the new lands (ca. 0 BC). Vainamoinen saw to it that they were well settled in, taught them new techniques of dealing with their new home, revealed the Saamari Runes to the shamans, and then embarked, alone, down the river toward the sea (and into Immortality). The King of Kaarjala traces his bloodline to that of Vainamoinen; many of the nobles of Kaarjala trace their bloodlines to the other heroes of The Kaarjala...

Continued...

Subj: Kaarjala pt3

Date: 12/16/96 3:14:27 AM

From: Mystaros

The Kingdom of Kaarjala remained peaceful and more or less unremarkable for hundreds of years. The Frost Giants and Ice Giants of Frosthaven were trouble, as were the native Beastmen tribes, but the strong Heroic Tradition of the Saamari dealt well with any troubles stirred up on those fronts. The Heldannic (Antalian-Norse descended) tribes remained mostly south of the

Great Bay, and had little contact with the Saamari; the Ashtalan (Oltec descended) tribes were mostly confined to the south and west of the Icereach Range, so they too, were of little concern. Then in the mid to late 600's AC, clans and tribes of Vaarana (Saamari for "nomads") began to swarm over the Icereach Range. Swift on their heels came hordes of Hiisi, spurred on by their dark mistress in cold Pojaara.

The stalemate between the western Saamari and Pojaara that had lasted for over eight centuries had been broken by the alliance of Lovaara with the wizard Moorkroft and his followers (who had conquered the Sylvan Realm in 600 AC). The power of the Saamari in Hyborea was shattered; the clans and tribes of Vaarana that fled into Norwold were all the remaining free peoples of the Saamari in the west. The Saamari of Kaarjala united with their cousins against the might of the Hiisi and Pojaarans. A great battle was fought on the banks of the White Bear River, just north and east of the Arch of Fire (640 AC). The Witch Queen herself attended; the entire might of the Hiisi and Pojaaran army (along with their local Beastmen and Giant allies) was lined up against the unyielding wall of the Saamari (with their allies, Elves from the Foresthomes, Dwarves from local delves and Halflings from a land far to the south). The battle raged for days, neither side willingly giving so much as a foot. The Saamari forces, however, began to be pushed back. On the third day, four figures appeared among the Saamari; legend has it that it was Vainamoinen, Ilmarinen and his Wife of Gold, and Lemminkainen returned to help turn back the dark tide. Inspired by their appearance, the Saamari pushed the Pojaaran and Hiisi line back, until the dark forces broke. The Witch Queen herself was harried back over the Icereach Range, though the Saamari were unable to continue pursuit into Hyborea. The great heroes of Saamari myth have not been seen since the Battle of White Bear River.

After destroying the remnants of Pojaaran and Hiisi forces in Norwold, the Saamari from the west decided to return to their nomadic existence, settling only during the summer in Kaarjala while roving the forests and plains of the north, following the reindeer herds during the winter months (most are, by tradition, citizens of Kaarjala and own lands there, which they farm during the short growing season). Thus, a differentiation grew up

between the older Saamari of Kaarjala and the new Saamari, who are referred to as the Vaarana, or simply "Nomads". The social differentiation has grown during the last few generations, to the point where a number of Kaarjalan Saamari view the nomadic Vaarana with disdain, as "barbarians". This cultural schism comes at a time when the Saamari are beginning to be squeezed by outside forces, boding none too well for the future of Kaarjala and the Vaarana...

Continued...

Subj: Kaarjala pt4/End

Date: 12/16/96 3:25:00 AM

From: Mysterious

Over the last hundred years the Vaarana, expanding to the south, have come into conflict with the Heldann (themselves pushed north by the Thyatians of Oceansend and the Knights of Vanya). The Heldann view the Vaarana as little more than savages (the Vaarana have maintained their shamanic tradition, while the Kaarjalans and the Heldann have turned to more formalized, priestly faith). The relationship between the Ashtalan and the Vaarana is even less friendly; they typically attack each other on sight. The relationship between the Kaarjalans and the Vaarana and the Kingdom of Alpha is strained, as the majority of the populace of Alpha is made up of Heldanners; King Ericall has also made claims to the kingship of all of Norwold, which does not sit well with the long established Kaarjalans or the nomadic Vaarana. Then, of course, Lovaara and the forces of Pojaara have not been idle these four centuries; Hiisi have been more commonly encountered on the western borders in recent times than ever before, and strange magics have been seen practiced in the very capital itself. Rumors of an alliance between Lovaara and the Shadow Lord of Denegoth have been flying across the land, and there are strange movements in the lands of the Frost and Fire Giants. Dark times are coming for the whole north, and it seems it might well be time for new legends of new heroes in the ancient Kaarjalan tradition...

Well, I hope that these posts are somewhat inspiring, and are useful to those who read them. I would like to thank Amaldis (wherever he is), without whom Kaarjala would not exist. BTW, in the first post in this thread I misspelled the Finnish tome; it is, of course, the "Kalevala". A few other side notes: Lovaara is actually an amalgam of Louhi AND Lovitar (ouch!). While she has not attained Immortal status, she is on par with the Exalted beings of the cosmos, though her personal power is limited in scope by the watchfulness of the various Immortals watching out for Immortal action (Exalted using Immortal level powers on the Prime Plane are very much frowned upon); thus, she must mostly rely on her minions and mortal magics. The Kaarjalan Saamari are, of course, Finns, while the Vaarana Saamari are inspired by the Lapps. A quiz will follow, so please pay attention... ;)

Mystaros

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update  
Date: 12/16/96 2:17:45 PM  
From: TSR Bruce

The gloomy call of hunting horns echoed in the forest as the elves ran for their lives. The goblins were sounding the hunt. Wiping his forehead of mud and blood, Silver-Brow spat, "What in the Elysium did you think you were doing? You almost got all of us killed."

"I had to find out what we were up against," responded Alabastea. She got back on her feet and kept fleeing with the elves.

"Well, I'd say we're up against a bigger piece than we can swallow. I could have told you this the moment we arrived" argued Silver-Brow.

Jumping past a gully, Alabastea continued, "That's all you saw? Then our companions died in vain. Fortunately, I did see what I needed -- more specifically WHO is behind these goblins. I could sense the powers at hand. And this matters most. We must warn the others at once."

Like the throbbing roars of drunken ogres, the horns bellowed near the elves. The howls of angry wolves joined in the clamor. The goblins were catching up, barking orders and calling each other as they searched the woods for the fugitives.

"Quick! Follow me this way!" said Alabastea.

Next.

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update  
Date: 12/16/96 4:08:27 PM

From: RLaRue

After the encounter in the forest, the group was more subdued. No one wished to come into conflict with the Kingdom of Dragons. Since finding the dying paladin, Delleia had assumed the black dragon he battled was a rogue, living outside dragon society. Now, she was not so sure. Regardless, now was not the time to second guess. Without a better explanation from the dragons, she must assume the worst and proceed as planned.

Dalros led the way confidently and the group soon left the leafy confines of the forest. As they moved to higher elevations, the wind picked up and the temperature dropped considerably. Even the added exertion of the climb was not enough to counteract the chilling mountain wind. Dalros, well seasoned by a life outdoors seemed to ignore it, but the rest of the group were beginning to suffer greatly.

"Dalros, we must find cover. The wind and cold is too great, I can't feel my ears anymore." Delleia shouted over the howling wind. "Forgive me my lady, my magical cloak lessens the effects of harsh weather. I sometimes forget others are not so fortunate. I will look for some shelter." Conditions continued to worsen and many in the group began to lose feeling in their extremities and suffer the early symptoms of hypothermia. Try as he might, Dalros could find no adequate shelter.

"Delleia, something is wrong. I am no stranger to the mountains but I am unable to find shelter for the group. And the weather... temperatures at these heights are known to drop rapidly, but this is unheard of. It is as if the mountain itself were against us! Can your Immortal grant us any help?" Dalros asked beginning to show concern for the first time.

"There are spells I could cast, but I do not have the power to include the whole group. We must seek another solution." Delleia yelled into the wind.

The group was beginning to gather around Dalros and Delleia, but Tacis straggled behind. The cold seemed to be taking a fierce toll on the young warrior as he struggled up the rocky mountain pass. The howling wind whipped his cloak about madly, revealing his scarlet tunic below. Silvarin, an elven archer started back down to help him when a distant rumble began. All eyes in the party desperately searched for the source of the noise. As if at once, their eyes locked on a mass of stone and dust hurtling towards the weakened young man. Tacis, desperate and frightened vainly tried to cross the last few yards and reach safety, but the cold had sapped his strength. He moved as if trapped in honey. The roaring stone was closing rapidly, only a few feet from Tacis' position, but his companions were too far away to help. Horrified, the group prepared to witness the death of a trusted friend. Suddenly...

Rick

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update

Date: 12/17/96 7:42:38 AM

From: TYGHOCK

Shaking off the effects of passing through the portal, Leonia caught the scurrying thud of some emerging form scampering nearby. Instinctively she rolled to a defensive position behind a barrel, spun around to a prepared crouch, and paused. No lighting. No spells. It wasn't a magic attack; the intruder was not being aggressive - yet.

To her left, Arrowheart motioned silently to the storage shed across to her right. His bow was in his one hand, and by complex signals with his long fingers on the other, she knew Grimwood was taking the far left flank near the stables. They had done this many times together, so many that Leonia need issue no commands. Like a single animal, the four fighters, Gurmstahl behind her guarding their backs, advanced on the shed.

Questin and Hezkakal emerged from the portal just in time to see the synchronized attack. In a flash of armor and a rushing yell, it was over before Jen had fully pulled the large pig through. Leonia lay atop her foe, his arm pinned by her knee, her sword at his throat. The elven archers closed in. Leonia shook her hair back and stared down in surprise at her captive. "You!" Wide eyed beneath her, the trooper, mouth open, could do nothing but smile. She returned a grimace. "You're lucky to be alive."

"I'd say he's lucky to be where he is" chuckled Hezkakal, "he may never get that close to you again." Leonia leapt off the fallen trooper and sheathed her sword. Boldo helped the trooper to sit up. Leonia let out a Pah! from her lips. "What are you doing here?" The trooper stood, trying to gather all the dignity he had recently lost. One look at Leonia however, and his face seemed to soften as butter in the sun. "Sweet, beautiful lady...." he began in a lilting tone, "I....I am Gaerth, and I...and I..."

Herzkakal's laugh split through the air as Seven tumbled from the portal. "HAH! By Immortal Valerias, he is smitten! Haw-haw! Lady steelface, you have an admirer! A gutsy one, too! This fellow followed us from the town, and dove through a portal to his peril! Hah! See, see what bravery your legs can inspire!"

Leonias rolled her eyes as Boldo picked up the scent. "The songs are filled with the tales of what love can do! No obstacle is too great, no fear too pronounced. Hear, and I will sing you a story..." Gurmstahl grabbed the lute before the halfling could swing it forward off his back. Boldo looked back in disappointment. "Good fellow, do you have something against bards?". Gurmstahl didn't move. "Not good ones". Boldo shrugged and stopped pulling, at which the dwarf relinquished his grip.

Gaerth looked around at Questin. "Sir, I am strong of sword and mind. I am young and skilled. I-I win all contests at the barracks."

"That'll scare the dragons." scoffed Gurmstahl.

Gaerth straightened and turned to Leonia. "And sweet lady, I would walk through FIRE for you." The dwarf patted the trooper on the back as he walked sadly by him. "You will" was all he said.

Seven conversed with Questin, who still held tightly to Hezkakal's arm. The thief tried to act casual as every attempt to free himself met with failure. The paladin's eyes lit up as a light approached from the woods. Horses whinnied in the distance.

"Hail, Celentia Mera. We are honored." The priestess walked forward to him. She seemed middle aged to older, thought Hezkakal, with grayish hair and a look of experience on her weathered skin. Yet something in her voice and gait suggested great reserves of strength and energy. Her tone was calm.

"All is ready, Questin Julianus." She looked down at Hezkakal without reaction.

"Very well. Boldo, gather everyone". The halfling raced off to call in the others. "Hez, Seven, dearest Celentia, we will now lay bare the tasks we face. May those who favor the good protect us."

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update

Date: 12/17/96 10:45:06 AM

From: RLaRue

Suddenly... the falling rocks began to hurtle away from the rock face. They arced up and away, crashing to the ground some two hundred yards distant. Tacis looked up in disbelief. He had thoroughly expected to be dead by now but instead all he received was a light dusting of debris. The rest of the group rushed to their friend's side amazed and delighted at the turn of events.

"Amazing! In all my years I have never seen anything like that. Your prayers must have been answered my lady." Dalros blurted excitedly. "My prayers are always answered Dalros, but this miracle was not my work or Terra's." Delleia responded just as amazed.

"No, It was mine!" A booming voice declared from the darkness. "State your business or turn back."

The startled group spun about looking for the source of the voice, even as they drew their weapons.

"You will not find me bold ones, and if you did your weapons would do you no good. Again, for what purpose do you disturb my home?" The voice responded from a different location this time.

In the excitement, no one had noticed that the wind had died and the temperature had returned to normal. "Show yourself so that we may talk face to face." Delleia said "We come on urgent business and seek the aid of a powerful mage said to live in these mountains."

"Why should I aid you?" the voice interrupted.

"We have heard that the mage we seek is a master of concealment and illusion. We have a mystery for him to solve. If he can." Delleia countered, trying to bait the voice.

"There is nothing found I cannot hide and nothing hidden I cannot reveal." the voice declared arrogantly.

"Then am I to believe you are the mage we seek?" the priestess asked believing she already knew the answer.

"You are clever child, but I am more so. I will hinder you no longer with illusions of wind and cold or falling rock, but you must pass my other defenses. If you can survive long enough to find my tower, I will help you." and the voice was gone, taking with it part of the landscape that had been illusion.

"I knew something was wrong." Dalros mumbled.

Tarquin looked grim. "Delleia, we are in great danger. Whoever this being is, he commands great power. His illusions were so convincing that none of us even suspected. Had he not redirected the avalanche, I have no doubt Taxis would be dead. We must beware!" he cautioned.

"I agree." Delleia said "As if traveling through the mountains at night is not dangerous enough, we must doubt our very senses also. I refuse to turn back, but I will not hold it against any of you if you wish to return to the forest and await my return." The group was silent, no words need pass between them for all knew there was only one real choice. "Thank you my friends, and bless you all." the priestess smiled.

"Well, I say we put some distance behind us. We are obviously getting close if we merit the mage's attention. I say we stay on the trail and keep our eyes open." Dalros said as he sheathed his blade and moved up the trail. The rest of the group nodded and took up their positions.

The group moved into night, thankful for the bright moon casting its silvery light on the rough landscape. Before long, the ranger returned from scouting ahead to report that the trail had died off, and they must back track to find another route. Three times in all they were forced to retrace their path and try another. Discouraged and frustrated, they stopped to discuss their options.

"Forgive me my lady." Dalros pleaded "I believe we have gone as far as this pass will take us."

Continued...

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update

Date: 12/17/96 10:47:22 AM

From: RLaRue

Continued from last post

"Are you sure?" Silvarin asked "Couldn't this all just be another illusion?"

"No, Dalros is right, I have been using my magic to detect such things. The mage would have to be an Immortal to fool the spells I've used." Tarquin said trying to prevent Dalros from acting on his obvious anger over Silvarin's question. It had been a reasonable question, but Dalros' pride saw it as an insult. The party did not need internal battles at a time like this.

“Well then what are our options?” Delleia asked. Even the normally stoic priestess was beginning to show frustration. “Why don’t we rest awhile. In a few hours the sun will rise and things may look differently.” There were no complaints, so the group settled down beneath a sheltered overhang to rest.

No more than a few minutes had passed when...

Rick

PS Sorry, I intended for this to fit on one post, I didn't know it was too big until after I started posting.

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update

Date: 12/17/96 12:10:11 PM

From: TYGHOCK

The party had gathered around Questin and Celentia. Her torch and the moonlight cast long shadows against the few structures nearby - the stable, the shed, a small barn and a well. Two grooms tended to the horses off to the left. In the night sky, strange clouds seemed to creep toward the moon.

“We are on a mission, divined by the Immortals, to seek a cause for many disturbing events.” The party hung on his every word. Carefully, he related all that had occurred. The loss of small magics, the scroll, shadow armies - all sat silently absorbing the tale, their unblinking faces bathed in torchlight.

“Many groups of heroes have set out. We are one of them. Our task is twofold. First, we must seek to learn all we can of Sorat-Sym, the fallen paladin. Where he came from. Where he rests today. Second, we must seek out and find the lair of the slain black dragon. Although the dragon is dead, the lair may still be guarded. We must seek any and all clues to the scroll, and the secrets behind it.” Questin drew a deep breath. In his chest, the sensation of obstruction returned, as it did whenever he spoke of his rules. He swallowed hard - swallowed past what always seemed a huge lump near his heart.

“We must understand and adhere to the rules of this mission. First, we are pledged to aid and supply comfort to all who may be in distress, orphaned or abandoned”.

Grimwood stared at Hezkakal “Well, that explains why he’s polite to YOU.”

Hezkakal didn’t look over; he just kept whistling, putting his hand into his pocket.

“Second, we do not seek to kill. We kill in defense, and if we must, those who attempt to trap us or stop us on this mission - but only if there is no other way.”

Hezkakal tossed a bag at Grimwood’s feet. “What’s this...?” the elf asked. The thief just whistled.

"Third, we are not here to steal indiscriminantly. We seek items to help us solve this mystery. Our rewards come at the end of the mission. There will be no looting."

"Hey!" cried Grimwood, "This is Arrowheart's purse!". The other elf reached frantically at his waist for the missing object. Hezkakal shrugged. "If you want yours back, you could apologise."

Grimwood's dagger was drawn and ready when Questin shouted "ENOUGH! Hez, return the purse." Without blinking, the thief tossed another pouch just out of the reach of the furious elf.

"Hez, you must listen. These rules apply especially to you. We may need your skills to gather items from the dragon's lair. This is why I returned the gem and took you into my custody from the town."

"As if I wasn't going to get away myself."

"Hezkakal, I am giving you a chance at redemption. Help us, and your name is cleared, and the path of truth lies before you. But if you take items we do not need, you imperil us all."

Hezkakal finally stood up, letting out a sigh of disgust. "You do not fail to amaze me, paladin. I imperil you? You, with the impossible codes, the wobbly wizard, the tiny tunist, and the lovestruck novice? Look, I'm me. Just what I appear. I have no need for your codes, your friends, or your causes. The only path I'm getting on is the one back to town - starting tomorrow morning."

Leonia spit on the ground before him. "Seven, why don't you just turn him into a worm and we'll be on our way?". Questin smiled at the wizard, and turned to Hezkakal. "Well, Hez? Tell her. Tell her why Seven won't act. Tell her why you are so brave in the face of this wizard."

The thief's face grew concerned. "Spare me your tricks, paladin."

"Should we ask your assistant?"

"On top of everything else, a delusional paladin, too. I work alone."

"Maybe it's time you introduced us. After all, she...a she I believe?...has been with us all along so far."

Continued on next post...

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update

Date: 12/17/96 12:12:14 PM

From: TYGHOCK

(Continued from previous long winded post...)

Hezkakal was backing away from the group, looking suspiciously from side to side. Suddenly, he stopped and smiled. "Oh, I get it. Nice try, Questin. But nobody believes you." and he pursed his lips. "And you can stop your whistle signals, Hez. She is contained and can't respond...right, Seven?" The wizard scratched his thin beard "I just told you I did, didn't I?". Jen bowed. "The master is most correct and skillful. She is trapped."

Questin stepped forward to Hezkakal. "Seems your protection is gone, my friend. And part of your courage, as well. Don't worry, no harm will come to her. Now, why don't you introduce the last member of our party?"

next...

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update

Date: 12/17/96 1:34:18 PM

From: Qamlynch

Back at a Terran temple in Wendar, several priestesses went on with their prayers. They didn't notice the overcast sky that quickly appeared. From outside their temple window, a dark smoke cloud built up. Suddenly animated, it dashed through the window and began to rumage through the temple. One priestess, alerted by magic, rushed in and thought it was a fire at first. When douse fire magic didn't work, she summoned the others who came running. The cloud, angry and frustrated, poured out through an opening in the roof. What could it mean, the priestesses wondered. The high priestess responded "it was looking for the scroll".

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update

Date: 12/17/96 2:50:04 PM

From: TYGHOCK

Seven flipped wildly through his book, while Jen did her best to hold the large pig still. "Blast, blast, I know I know it, you know, but I know I need to know how I know it...do you...Ah, here it is!" The wizard raised his thin arms and chanted something quietly. Jen remained bowed in silence. A soft blue haze began to build just beyond the party near the stable. As it shimmered into focus, all could see within it a small young halfling female, in plain dress but adorned with many bracelets and rings. Her chin length dark blonde hair swished back and forth as she looked frantically around for an exit from the haze. "Ah, I knew I knew it, yes yes well done, well, here she is." Questin stepped up to the haze and beckoned Hezkakal to stand near him. "Seven, remove the haze, please". A simple nod, and the blue fell away like poured water. Able to see out again, the startled halfling gazed up at Questin, then quickly to Hezkakal. "It was a hold spell" said the thief tenderly. "You're okay, Mer. They mean us no harm ...for now." "I am Questin Julianus. Welcome." An iron-clad hand was extended. The halfling rattled her bracelets. "I know. Merry RoseWater. Hez, are you all right?" "Yes, Mer. How much do you remember?" She moved to the thief's side. "It happened right before the priestess came. I could hear everything, Hez. I just couldn't see or move." She lowered her head. "I'm sorry". Hezkakal put a hand on her

shoulder. Questin bowed. "It is a pleasure to finally meet you, Merry RoseWater. Welcome to our mission."

"More halflings" muttered Gurmstahl, who turned his head and, seeing Gaerth, shook it harder.

"So that's how you robbed us" glared Grimwood. Hezkakal sneered back "I picked your purses as you entered the portal. Your fine elven senses missed it - it was a manual job. I could've done it blind."

"Let's test that". Grimwood's advance was stopped by the calming hand of Arrowheart.

"But the chest escape WAS magic" reasoned Leonia. "THAT I'm certain".

"THAT you'll never know." Hezkakal turned back to Merry.

Leonia peered at the paladin. "And how long have YOU known?"

Questin returned to Celentia's side. "I only SUSPECTED from the alley encounter. I felt a presence, and could almost see a light distortion in a dark corner. I KNEW when Merry failed to cover her footfalls with sound and imprint corrections around our fire. I guessed the form to be small and light, but as the imprint looked to be halfling, I couldn't tell if it was male or female".

Boldo smiled at Merry. "You see, he's as good as his legend. I know all his songs, by the way."

Questin continued. "Grimwood and Arrowheart sensed it, but Merry mimicked Boldo's movements pretty well. When Boldo came along, the elves dropped their guard."

Arrowheart appeared ashamed. "It won't happen again, Leonia, we swear." Leonia nodded.

"The real slip was when Hez objected so strongly to Seven. First, any party welcomes the services of a master mage." Seven bowed to him as Hezkakal rolled his eyes. "Second, one mage could detect the presence of another's magic, and Hez needed to distract that - hence the vivid attack. And finally" Questin's eyes pierced directly into the thief "No one as clever as Hezkakal irritates a mage without having some form of protection about him. Otherwise, he spends a few days wizening up as a goat." Seven cocked his head. "Actually, Julianus, I prefer turtles. You, see, I put them in this little box here, and..."

"Cast towards him and you answer to me!" Merry stepped defensively in front of Hezkakal, glaring at the twitching wizard. Jen walked to her and bowed. "The master harms no one without cause."

"Well, the master's still an ass, if you ask me, and I don't intend to get us killed while he's busy looking up Ôdragon' ". Hezkakal put his arm around Merry. "C'mon. We're going back in the morning."

(continued next post...)

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update

Date: 12/17/96 2:51:17 PM

From: TYGHOCK

(Continued from previous post.....again.....)

"Yes," Questin called after them, "Think about it, sleep upon it. Think what you have to gain if you stay, and lose if you go. We will talk in the morning."

Celentia tapped Questin's shoulder. "Are you so certain they will be here at dawn?"

Grimwood took up his bow. "Shall we guard against their escape?"

Questin shook his head. "We have no prisoners here, Grimwood. Only volunteers. If they are meant to stay, they will. Now everyone get some sleep."

As he removed his armor, the heaviness of fatigue engulfed him. Questin heard the sweet voice again: sleep, Julian...go to sleep, my little hero...drink deep your salvation and protection...I will sing for you...

Subj: Maps, Maps, Maps

Date: 12/17/96 4:15:14 PM

From: Hotelsun

does anyone have addresses inwhich I could get a Large Map with the nations labled

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update

Date: 12/18/96 3:12:23 AM

From: Mystaros

Night had fallen in Thyatis, and Camilo Tullius was getting ready to close up shop. A sage by nature and a dealer of antiquities by trade, Camilo had little understanding of the ways and means of adventurers, rogues and heroes, though by necessity he dealt with many who were so recognized.

His establishment, found in an old temple once dedicated to a forgotten Immortal, was well known and often frequented by the upper crust of the great city, though the past few years had been trying times. Even the well to do customers of his emporium had suffered from the vagaries of war, politics and taxes. He was thus very surprised to find not one, but two customers who were as yet browsing in his boutique. Having already dismissed his assistants for the night, he decided to request that the customers return the next day...

"Ahem, gentlemen? Good evening. I am terribly sorry, but I was about to close up for the night. I hope you don't mind if I ask that you return upon the morrow? I will be more than happy to

be of service to you then..."

The first of the men had been looming over one of Camilo's latest acquisitions: an ancient Nithian censer from the tomb of Queen Nennaya-Sherat. A golden bowl supported by a three headed serpent, no larger in size than two hands high and one wide, it was the best specimen he had had from his latest shipment out of the Emirates. The man continued to tower above the object; he was a tall, gaunt figure dressed in Ylari finery, with knotted hands that betrayed a strength his frame otherwise would not.

"Sir, I assure you, if you are interested in this most exquisite example of early Nithian craftsmanship, I vouch that I shall hold it for none other than yourself! Tomorrow I shall set aside a goodly portion of my day that we may discuss the intricate nature of the early Nithian rituals and the significance of the object you see before you, but I am afraid that evening has fallen upon us and I must retire. Perhaps you might care to join me for an early luncheon and we might discuss..."

Camilo started as the man turned to him with the swiftness of a cat; he saw dark, deep-set eyes in a long oval face that bespoke age long weariness. He felt an overwhelming lassitude fall upon him as the mans' arms with their long, gnarled fingers reached out toward his throat. Camilo barely noticed as the fine garments the man wore seemed to rot from his very body and turn into tattered, yellowed bandages...

"<<No, Shma-Uai, I think not...>>" said a voice from a darkened corner of the room. The third man, forgotten, spoke with a hushed voice that brooked no argument. The being called Shma-Uai, reaching toward the enthralled sage, halted, and turned as if noticing the other man for the first time. Bandages hung from the rotted form of the Nithian mummy as it stared, seemingly in disbelief at the shadowy figure. The ancient one hissed as it sucked air into its long-dead lungs.

"<<Ashadairan... is this a shade I see before me!? You were drowned under the waters of the dark seas long ages ago...>>" answered the embalmed figure, in the same dead tongue.

"<<Nay, oh servant of Death. Mother Night enfolded me in her ebon arms ere the final Doom and saved me from the fate you and your ilk brought upon our land. That you were allowed to remain untended to is an error that I shall correct. Prepare to join

your mistress in whatever dark plane her soul rots in, oh vile servant!>>"

continued in next post...

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update  
Date: 12/18/96 3:17:58 AM  
From: Mystaros

Continued from previous post...

The man waved his hand through the air; from his fingers sped bolts of green energy, arcing toward Shma-Uai. They struck the bandaged figure full on, and where the bolts touched him burst forth pulsing green flames. The mummy howled as the green fires spread over its whole body, consuming it in a fit of fury. Dark magics, lost for millennia to the knowledge of men, coursed within the flames that swallowed Shma-Uai. Entropic energies swirled; cast upon itself, the forces of death and destruction wreak havoc without thought, and the fiendish force that gave unlife to the withered being came to be its own undoing. Green wisps of darkness swirled about the figure as it fell into the dust from whence it came.

Camilo Tullius awoke as though from a deep sleep. Casting his eyes about, he first saw the pile of dust and ash where moments ago stood the terrible figure of death. He then looked to the shadows where stood the man who had saved him from a horrible fate. "Who... what... what was that thing? Who are you?" he said, quietly, as though afraid of his answer. He leaned toward the censer, to see if it had been harmed; he did so automatically, without conscious thought.

"You may call me Darius," answered the man "and I would not touch the censer right now, if I were you. It is extremely sensitive to the type of energies released by the magics I just used, and I could not vouch for your safety should you come into contact with it." He stepped lightly from the corner, seemingly flowing across the floor, to stand nearly toe to toe with the confused and frightened sage. He turned from Camilo and lifted the censer from its pedestal.

"But, the energies..." stammered the antiquarian.

"... are harmful to the living, yes. But then, you see, I am at no such disadvantage..." said Darius, as he raised the heavy censer in his hand. He gazed across the golden bowl, into Camilo's eyes. Darius grinned widely at the stunned man, the draconian visages of the censer accenting the long, white fangs of his smile...

Subj: Just wondering...

Date: 12/18/96 3:21:48 AM

From: Saroso

Hi everyone!

Great place you got going here. I was just wondering if anyone here has ever given any thought to combining some of the ideas of the Birthright campaign with Mystara - especially if/when the PC's start gaining dominions. Any ideas on how that would go over?

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update

Date: 12/18/96 11:26:21 AM

From: RLaRue

No more than a few minutes had passed when a sharp "CRACK!" split the night. Before anyone could react, there was another... and another.

"Take Cover!" Dalros yelled diving behind a large boulder, "We're under attack!"

"From where?" Delleia cried as she joined him, "I see no enemy."

"Look around us!" he said pointing to the ground. Splintered arrows lay strewn about.

The attack continued for several minutes. The only warning the group received was the hiss of an arrow in flight, followed by the inevitable "Crack!" before a broken arrow would appear on the ground.

"Can you see where they're coming from?" Tarquin yelled from his own hiding place. "Even if they're invisible, would should be able to see them after the arrow is loosed"

"I will try to get a better look." Silvarin moved catlike from his concealment towards a spot outside the overhang. He crossed no more than a few yards when a sick thump heralded the appearance of an arrow in his lower back. Without a sound he fell face first onto the rocky ground, unmoving.

"SILVARIN!" Tacis tried to run to his friend's aid, but Tarquin held him back. "Wait, I will go. My magic will protect me." Reluctantly, Tacis agreed.

With nimble fingers, Tarquin removed a small piece of turtle shell from one of the pouches he kept at his belt and began whispering an odd chant. His words seemed unintelligible to Tacis, but had definite results. Holding the turtle shell before him, Tarquin's voice raised above a whisper and the component faded into a soft bluish haze that quickly surrounded the mage's body. Tarquin stood as if oblivious to the danger and calmly walked towards his fallen comrade. The attackers could not resist such an easy target and trained their invisible missiles on the mage. To everyone's astonishment, not a single arrow touched him, but fell broken a few feet from the mage. As he moved closer to Silvarin, the bluish haze embraced the injured elf as well. The deadly rain of arrows could not penetrate the protective field of Tarquin's spell. Kneeling by the elf's side, Tarquin checked his friend's vitals

"He still lives, but I am afraid to move him. If he is to live, this attack must end." Reaching into his pouch again, Tarquin pulled forth a small vial. "Delleia..., some light if you please."

Delleia removed an arrow from Dalros' quiver, blessed it and uttered a simple prayer over it. "Shield your eyes Dalros" she warned as daylight burst forth from the arrow's tip. "Fire this into the air towards our attackers." she advised the ranger. Dalros did as he was bid and the arrow sailed into the night sky, illuminating the area in a bright halo. Off in the distance, shapes could be seen moving amid the rocks.

"My thanks, I believe I now have a target." Tarquin unstopped the vial and poured its contents into his palm, kneeled, took a pinch of rock dust and sprinkled it into the mixture. Stirring the two with a finger, he began to chant again. This time more rapidly and much louder. His voiced raised to a shout, a swirling vortex appeared above the distant shapes. When the icy-blue vortex had stabilized, Tarquin slapped his palms together and the vortex thundered to life. Great egg sized balls of ice began to rain down on the terrified shapes. Tarquin had centered the spell on the largest mass of attackers and death rained down upon them. The survivors ran for their lives, leaving their dead and wounded comrades amidst the slowly melting hail.

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update

Date: 12/18/96 1:33:20 PM

From: TYGHOCK

For some sleep came easily. Gurmstahl snored, Boldo smiled with happy mind-music, and the elves rested in their usual state of readiness. Leonia's whippet shape curled up comfortably, dreamlessly recuperating strength. Gaerth dreamed of Leonia. Celentia prayed; Questin remembered. Merry lay on her back beside Hezkakal, looking up at the swirling black clouds that seemed to eat the stars from the night sky. Her emotions raced through her like those hungry clouds; concern for Hez, anger at being defeated, interest in the paladin's mission, and wonderment at Seven's wizardry. He seemed so...incompetent. Yet, that could not be. She had felt his magic, and it carried the gentle

strength of the parent, lovingly holding the petulant child; able to crush in an instant of anger, but knowingly sturdy and careful. It was an impressive feeling. Merry wanted to know more. She looked over at Hezkakal. It was he who had raised her, abandoned or orphaned or lost or whatever she had been in that sorry infant past. He, the thief, who had provided, by his craft, the food and shelter, the very clothing on her back. He, the rogue, who made the effort that kept her alive. Did he know she would show such promise in magic, such an aura, such ability? Was the thief merely gambling on future gain? Merry had an image in her mind; the tattered rogue hiding in dark corners, cuddling a frightened infant against the cold night rain. Of all things, she knew this one clearly - Hez cared about her.

Merry rose. It was windy, and the sky was growing darker. She saw a small light over by the wizard's camp. She walked toward it. The wizard lay on his side, breathing lightly and almost motionless. Were it not for the gentle rise and fall of his chest, he seemed hardly alive at all. Jen was wide awake, sitting beside the sleeping pig, reading studiously from the book on its back. Without any show of alarm, Jen looked up at the approaching halfling.

"Welcome, Merry Rosewater".

Merry felt at once the power surrounding this trio. Jen smiled as if in acknowledgment.

"The master knows many things. Study is always required."

Merry could not control the words bubbling out. "Will he teach me? Will he, Jen?". Merry had always been proud of what she learned by herself, from what she had gleaned and observed and read and stolen...and sometimes just somehow knew. But faced with this magic, she knew, like a blinding revelation, that there was more for her to learn. Here, at last, were answers. "Ask him to teach me, Jen. Please."

Jen startled as the sky around them suddenly went bereft of starlight. The pig reeled up, book flapping, and squealed. Three cloaked husks raced toward them, screaming. A horrible cry ripped the dark air, answered by a clash of steel and a blood-chilling shout:

"GOBLINS!!"

next.....

Subj: Re:Just wondering...

Date: 12/18/96 1:35:33 PM

From: TYGHOCK

From what little I know, some of the Birthright stuff sounds interesting. Be sure you check out the Red Steel and Savage Coast folder - dominion discussions have come up.

What is it about Birthright you feel could be transplanted?

Subj: Re:Just wondering...  
Date: 12/18/96 2:47:39 PM  
From: Mystaros

I've done some fiddling about with it, but haven't gotten anywhere with it, really. In my campaign the Legacies of the Red Curse from the Savage Coast work more like the Blood Powers of Cerilia than the "official" Red Curse (Legacies and Afflictions are seperate, though it is possible that a character with a Legacy would have the attendant Affliction, if Cinnabryl isn't available). Mostly it is a matter of style (less comic book superheroics, more mystical), though the mechanics are somewhat different. I feel that the old Dominion rules of D&D had a lot of effect on the Domain systof BR, and I feel that an adaptation of the two would be really useful for a Dominion based campaign, but most of my games are swords & sorcery adventures rather than political intrigue (a result of the desires of the players in the area rather than any lack of desire on MY part). I have been working on a "Scions of the Immortals" system for use in my HW Traldar games; "Children of the Immortals," campaign ala Hercules, etc. Haven't had a chance to use it yet, but I'm hoping to start up a campaign in the Traldar territories soon...

Mystaros

Subj: Re:Just wondering...  
Date: 12/18/96 3:36:12 PM  
From: Telrathin

<<I have been working on a "Scions of the Immortals" system for use in my HW Traldar games; "Children of the Immortals," campaign ala Hercules, etc. Haven't had a chance to use it yet, but I'm hoping to start up a campaign in the Traldar territories soon...>>

I'd be very interested in a copy of your notes and ideas on that in my game, I have been thinking along the lines of that for some time now and would like to see some other DMs' input on the merging of Birthright and Mystara (two of TSRs best settings IMHO)

Tel

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update  
Date: 12/19/96 10:49:01 AM  
From: Qamlynch

The priestesses met and discussed the attack. Clearly, the attackers were singling out devotees of Terra. No one who worshiped Terra was safe.

Where is the scroll, asked one priestess? "It is safe in good hands" was the reply. The high priestess thought it safer that no one else knew who held the scroll.

We must send a party to the lands of the princess of Fenswick. And discover what we can. But no terran priestess must accompany them. With a gesture, the high priestess summoned in the adventurer.

next....

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update

Date: 12/19/96 4:30:50 PM

From: TYGHOCK

Gaerth sat up half awake to the furious sounds of battle filling the pitch-black dark around him. He was unused to the experience. The troopers practiced emergency drills maybe once a year, and never in conditions like this. A brilliant light went off in the sky near the shed. As he shielded his eyes, he could see Jen gesturing toward the fireball, Merry's bracelets shimmering on her flailing short arms, and Seven on the ground behind them. Three hooded figures were shrinking away from the light. Had he heard right? Goblins? He had never actually seen one before.

The clash of steel and warcries seemed everywhere. Still, he sat, as if half in a dream. Was this real? A cloaked figure lunged from the darkness toward him. He froze seeing the face: green skin, huge misshapen nose and jaw, drooling from decrepit yellowed teeth, charging with a oddly bent sword.... Fffwp- fffwp! The sound of two arrows raced through the air, and the horrible face fell forward dead, inches from his sword and shield. Gaerth sat staring at the twin shafts protruding from the quivering back, like a patron seated at a play. It all seemed so unreal to him.

Cries of pain echoed in the distance, near the stable. A second goblin leaped toward him, the long tongue whipping across its face, its eyes enlarged with bloodlust. How odd the poleweapon looked, he thought, as it fell toward him...

Suddenly the poleweapon was caught in a loud CLANG inches from his head. From the fading fireball he saw the flash of chainmail as Leonia tumbled past him after parrying the blow. The goblin turned and screamed something strange at her, lifting his weapon again. But Leonia had landed in a crouch, and in a single motion sprung forward, driving her sword into the goblin's midsection before the polearm could swing down. An inhuman wail spewed forth with the gurgle of putrid blood, and the goblin fell backwards as Leonia rolled away and stood again in an instant.

"FIGHT, DAMN YOU, FIGHT!" she screamed to him, and raced off as the light faded from Jen's fireball. He turned and reached for his sword. A second light, like twin bolts of lightning, shot out near the shed. Gaerth saw Seven, standing with arms outstretched, drive the three attacking figures

airborne across an open field as easily as one might fling an empty melon rind. Merry was running away from Jen toward the stables where she and Hezkakal had camped. The stink of goblin blood filled his nostrils as he lifted his sword and shield and hurried after Leonia.

There was a light glowing around the corner of the outbuilding in front of him, and the sound of furious battle. An arm swung out from the dark near him and he sliced back, missing but still running toward the glow. Another anguished cry came from his left. Turning the corner, he paused at the sight before him.

The glow was Celentia, encased in a bubble of pure radiance, surrounded by what seemed to be a dozen or more screaming goblins! In front of her, unarmored, bleeding, wielding a broken goblin polearm, was Questin Julianus, screaming back at the attackers and fighting with incredible fury! Gaerth let out a yell and, running directly into the fray, slashed the nearest figure across the back through his cloak. The goblin yelped as his blood spurted into the air, and ran off into the darkness. Instantly, two other goblins spun and charged Gaerth. No chance to reach Questin, and no sign of Leonia: this fight was his.

continued on next post....

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story Update

Date: 12/19/96 4:32:44 PM

From: TYGHOCK

continued from previous post....

Gaerth flung his sword overhead, back and forth, as the two figures moved to either side of him. Hissing in that strange language, they seemed curious, then almost deadly playful, poking at him one after the other, watching his parries with a sinister chuckle. They think this a game, he thought. Let them. Parry, parry, and finally the goblins began to chatter wildly. Clearly, they were planning a joint attack. From the corner of his eye, Gaerth saw Questin stop a charging goblin at arms length by grabbing his skull and, with a twist of his hand, snap the neck and drop the lifeless body. The others began to slip away. They were not brave, these creatures. I should attack.

His next moves were instinctive, his training and skill serving him well. Lunging at the goblin to his left, forcing its quick retire, then in a single motion swinging a wild backhand to his right, Gaerth caught the rushing creature behind him off-guard, slicing through its nose as it shrieked in pain and dropped its weapon. Gaerth swung back twice to his left again, catching the hood of a cloak and maybe some flesh. The goblins had had enough. Both figures ran down the path to the strange darkness centered near the woods.

Gaerth could scarcely believe his victory. His first fight, two goblins, and he had driven them off! He looked up to Questin. The paladin was bleeding profusely from his arms and thigh, but was still thrusting what remained of the splintered shaft at one remaining goblin. Gaerth yelled and ran at

the assailant, who, realizing he was now alone, turned and bolted after his companions. An arrow sailed through the air and struck the goblin in his side as he disappeared into the blackness. As quick as that, the attack was over.

next...

Subj: Nameless Spell...  
Date: 12/20/96 12:57:13 AM  
From: Mystaros

This is the spell that Darius used on Shma-Uai. Hope you all find it useful...

Nameless Spell of Entropic Doom (Evocation, Necromancy)  
7th Level Wizard Spell, Reversible

Range: 20 yards + 5 yards/level  
Components: V, S  
Duration: Instantaneous  
Casting Time: 3  
Area of Effect: 1 creature  
Saving Throw: special

This spell was developed by the Necromancer-Kings of ancient Taymor for use against their powerful undead enemies... including other Necromancer-Kings. It utilizes the entropic nature of the undead target against itself. Undead are creatures that are at least partially material and partially entropic in nature; this spell works by creating a "condition of opposition" between the targets material and entropic portions. Thus, the greater the entropic energies within the creature, the greater the effect of the spell on that creature. As the spell is most potent on the more powerful creatures of undeath, it is rarely used against the lesser undead, such as skeletons, zombies or ghouls. Note: this spell has ABSOLUTELY NO EFFECT on living creatures, nor on creatures from the various outer planes (i.e., Fiends)!

The effect of the Nameless Spell varies according to the HD or type of undead. The spell causes 1d6 damage per HD or level of the target undead (to a maximum of 20d6). The level of the caster is \*not\* applicable to the amount of damage; the entropic

energies released upon the material portion of the undead is based solely on that creature's own HD or level. If an undead has levels (such as a vampire, mummy or lich), then the higher of the HD or levels is used (example: a 7 HD nosferatu with the abilities of a 5th level cleric would suffer 7d6 damage, while a 9 HD vampire with the abilities of a 19th level wizard would suffer 19d6 damage).

There is NO saving throw against this damage; after all, the creature's own nature is working against it. If the target undead is brought to zero or fewer hit points through this damage, it will fall into dust, and can never be brought back as an undead creature (though a properly worded wish might work). Should the creature survive the damaging effects of the spell, it must make a saving throw vs. spell or be held, as the Hold Undead spell, for 1d4 rounds plus 1 round per HD or level (again, of the target creature).

The reverse of the Nameless Spell of Entropic Doom (called the Nameless Spell of Entropic Potence) will actually "heal" the targeted undead creature. There are two options: either the caster can "heal" 1 point of damage per level of the \*caster\* of the spell at no danger to the target (the caster is evoking the entropic energies of the creature in such a manner as to "heal" the target without releasing too many of the energies, which would be damaging to the target), or, the caster can heal the target undead of all but 1d4 points of damage. If the second option is taken, then the target undead must save vs spell; if it fails, it will take 1d4 points of damage per level of the caster (the energies were too powerful, and the caster lost control).

The material component for either application of the spell is an amulet containing at least one ounce of ichor from a Fiend native to an Entropic Plane. The amulet must be worth no less than 5,000 gp, may hold up to 5 ounces of ichor at a time, and is reusable (it is not consumed in the casting of the spell). One ounce of ichor is consumed per casting. Various types of ichor may be more or less efficacious, depending on the type of Fiend it was culled from and the type of undead involved (i.e., ichor from a Bone Fiend may be more potent when used on a skeleton, though such would be a waste).

Note that the only place you might find this spell today is either in the ruined palace of one of the Necromancer-Kings (now buried under the Sea of Dread), or in the repitire of one of the very few surviving Taymoran wizards (an extremely elite group of Nosferatu, Vampires, Mummies and Liches).

Subj: Ongoing Story Index  
Date: 12/20/96 10:14:54 AM  
From: TYGHOCK

For anyone interested, here's a list (so far) of the characters in Questin's part of the story. As someone once said, you can't tell the players without a scorecard!

Questin Julianus, human male paladin. Thyatian born, Norworld raised, a powerful dragon-fighter with strange sensibilities and an extremely strong grip.

Celentia Mera, human female cleric. Older yet strong priestess of Terra.

Leonia, human female warrior. Lithe, agile and beautiful. All business. Leads the warriors.

Arrowheart and Grimwood, elven male archers. Different ends of the spectrum on politeness.

Gurmstahl, dwarven male fighter. Low key with a dour sense of humor.

Boldo Fiddlecake, halfling male bard. Friendly and talkative, travels with Questin.

Seven, human male wizard. Really, really strange. Talky, quirky. Seems addled yet powerful.

Jen, human female wizard. Seven's small, polite young apprentice.

Hezkakal, human male thief. Wisecracking, extremely good at hiding and escaping.

Merry RoseWater, halfling female magic user. Raised by Hezkakal. Young, small and self taught, clearly gifted, looking to learn more.

Gaerth, human male fighter. Average small town trooper, smitten unrequited with Leonia. He's got a lot to learn about adventuring.

Trading cards will be available in February... ;)

- TYGHOCK

Subj: Wha happen ?  
Date: 12/21/96 6:16:13 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

What, did everybody fall into a hollow world or something? Or go off and do unimportant stuff like caring for family and friends around the holidays?

Hey, I'm sitting on pages and pages of this novel-like progression of Characters-In-A-World-Where

---

I-Have-No-Idea-What-Im-Doing !!!

Won't somebody please post an update to the Ongoing Story, so I can placate my ego and burst forth submitting my pretentious volumes of drivel and once more inflict tedium on the weary?

Subj: Re:Wha happen ?  
Date: 12/22/96 12:28:26 AM  
From: Mystaros

Sorry, TY, but I've had a rather busy time this last week; I've been working on my second installment while also trying to go to work, buy a new car and get engaged (not necessarily in that order; and BTW, she said YES)!!!

As to writing, I'm also trying to put together "Almanac Entries" for Kaarjala, Pojaara, Tuonaar and Hitolaa, as well as some entries on the Inugaak Wastes, the Great Forest of Taapio and the Plains of Vaarana (north, southwest and southeast of Kaarjala, respectively), not to mention the pantheon of the Kaarjalans, the Druidic Circles of the North and the Shamanic faith of the Vaarana (the Inugaak, BTW, ARE taken from the new monstrous compendium and the FR; they inhabit the wastes to the north of Kaarjala; details will be, of course, Mystaran, but the race will basically be the same; I don't have the Great Glacier, but I'm going to try to get a copy). But I will try to finish my next story entry as soon as possible...

Mystaros

Subj: Re: Nameless Spell  
Date: 12/22/96 12:41:40 PM  
From: Telrathin

Wow, nice spell! I'll have to add that one to my tomes...

Tel

Subj: Re:Wha happen ?  
Date: 12/22/96 2:31:38 PM  
From: RLaRue

I have been overwhelmed by the season. I missed my saving throw and now must face the consequences. I will have another addition for the story soon.

It seems that there has been a core group of us contributing to this, I would love to see some others join in.

Rick

PS Thanks to everyone who is involved, it is lots of fun, and I hope it continues for a good long while.

Subj: Re:Wha happen ?

Date: 12/22/96 4:15:19 PM

From: Bargle1066

I have good and bad news.

Bad news: My laptop has been broken for the least two months.

Good news: I'm back on Christmas Break and able to use my mother's computer. I'll read the rest of this folder and get back to you.

Thomas

Subj: Ongoing Story

Date: 12/23/96 1:07:04 AM

From: Mystaros

"So, friend Darius, you maintain that Queen Nennaya-Sherat was not only a Queen during the later dynasty of the Pharaoh Taphose, but also a Queen during the earlier days of the Nithian kingdoms, as well as a Princess of ancient Taymor? That this simple censer was the centerpiece of her power through the ages, from the time of Ancient Taymor through the final days of the Nithian Empire? And that you yourself were witness to the entirety?..."

Camilo Tullius sat in a soft, highbacked chair in the librarium of his ancient manse in the Silverlight District. His unusual guest sat across from him on a plush Hulean divan; between them, on a small table made of Bellissarian cedar, sat a carafe of fine Amancerian wine, two glasses and the object at

issue, glittering darkly in the magelight orbs that lit the room. Around them, on the walls, atop various tables and in sundry cases were the artifacts of a dozen cultures, historical and extant. Every nation of the Known World was represented in the panoply of civilizations; there were even several items representing peoples not native to the Mystaran plane of existence, let alone of Mystara herself. Darius gazed upon the collection in wonder; though extremely well travelled, even he in all his years of wandering could not have amassed such a collection.

"You misunderstand me, good sage. Nennaya-Sherat, who was also known as Sheratsar'ana, was not only a Queen of Nithia during the later days of the empire; she had also been a Queen during the pre-imperial days, before the founding of Pharonic rule. Nennaya-Sherat ruled a small realm in the Ust-Urt valley in the centuries after the Fall of Taymor. After Setu-Kha slew his brother Orisis and came to power in Nithia she became his consort and co-regent. Horon-Ausar, the son of the Resseducted Orisis, overthrew the rule of his uncle, Setu-kha, in 1700 BC, on the Isle of Serpents; Nennaya-Sherat, however, was able to flee the wrath of Horon-Ausar. She returned to Nithia after it had become corrupted by the Dark One a thousand years later, and ruled the city of Tamarnak as Queen and High Priestess until the final end of the empire some fifteen hundred years ago." Darius spoke in a near hush, remembering people and places long turned to dust.

"I see... and she, like yourself, was one of the Children of Night, which our neighbors, the Traladarans, refer to as... Nosferatu?" Camilo spoke hesitatingly. Never before had he knowingly had dealings with such a being; he had no idea of what reaction his questions might bring. But such an opportunity, he knew, came only once in a lifetime as mortal as his own.

"Yes and no. Initially, she, like myself and numerous others, were called to service by Mother Night, and we became Her Children. For long years we ruled our lands in Her name, neither truly alive nor dead, rather undying, or undead. With the wisdom and experience of centuries we were able to bring civilization to a land that had been brought low by the sins of our brothers in the Great Rain of Fire. Unfortunately, however, though certain passions cool with the embrace of Mother Night, others can become even more greatly inflamed, and one such was the lust for power.

The Dark One saw this hunger in the still hearts of my brethren, and he granted them the power they desired... at the cost of their souls. He twisted them and made them into his own creatures, the Vampires. Unlike Nosferatu, the Vampires serve no natural function in this world; Nosferatu are predators, while Vampires are a plague, nothing more. The most vile, virulent plague on mankind, yes, but a plague nonetheless..." Darius again drifted off in thought. The silence was, Camilo thought, not unlike that of the grave. He liked not the comparison...

Continued next post...

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story  
Date: 12/23/96 1:10:04 AM  
From: Mystaros

"And Nennaya-Sherat? She became a Vampiress?"

"Yes, even Nennaya-Sherat. She, and many of my brethren turned to the ways of the Dark One. They thought they would overthrow the power of the Eternal Emperor and rule in his stead; unbeknownst to them, however, the Dark One had promised power to many different cells of Vampires, and they all struggled with the Emperor and each other for power. The Empire was thrown into chaos until the Last Battle, when the lands heaved and cracked and the seas came in to swallow the whole of our empire..."

"How then does this device come into the story? What significance does this simple censer have in the battle for empires?"

Darius picked up the golden censer, considered it and the sage at length, then set it back on the table. "In and of itself, none. You see, it is simply part of the puzzle that has been slowly been coming together over the last several years. Certain specific ancient ruins have been uncovered recently in a pattern which I have found to be very disturbing. The peoples behind these explorations have all disappeared or otherwise met untimely ends; this in itself is not unusual, however the pattern that I found in the methodology was, shall we say, unorthodox for these times."

Camilo suppressed a shudder. "Unusual, I dare say!"

Strangulation at the hands of the undead is not something I can relish, let alone easily imagine," he brought his hand to his mouth, realizing to whom he was speaking. "But then, I suppose I have led a rather sheltered life, after all," he said, apologetically.

Darius grinned a long-toothed grin "No offense taken. I must say that you have taken all this quite in stride, altogether. Most mortals I deal with do not; then again, most mortals I deal with rarely even get the chance to see me..." his grin widened somewhat, and a sparkle came to his eye. In a moment he was again all seriousness.

"Actually, however, encountering Shma-Uai here this evening was a mere coincidence; intelligent as he might have been, Shma-Uai was no conspirator, merely a messenger for his long dead Queen to those who would disturb her rest. No, it was not the silken touch of the Mummy that I saw in these murders, rather it was the velvet kiss of the Vampire..."

to be continued...

Subj: Re:Wha happen ?  
Date: 12/23/96 12:04:01 PM  
From: RLaRue

Mystaros,

Congratulations on your engagement! May you have many long and happy years together.

Rick

PS I went to post this last night, sorry for the delay.

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story  
Date: 12/23/96 12:15:14 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

Celentia tended to Questin's wounds, but the seated paladin still barked orders as if in the heat of action.

"Leonia! Boldo! Seven! Report!"

"To me! To me!" Leonia's voice could be heard advancing toward them from the darkness. As Gaerth stood beside Questin, Leonia and Grimwood emerged into the glow still reflecting from Celentia.

She was all business, this warrior; not even glancing at Gaerth, her words were terse and quick.

"Arrowheart is in pursuit. They seem to have come out of that dark cloud without warning. The wizard is alive and looking to find the rest. No more goblins about."

"Let's go!" But the priestess put a firm hand on Questin's shoulder. "Be healed first". He nodded.

"Gaerth, go with them and find the others."

The trooper was panting, still flush with combat fatigue, yet found himself almost running to avoid losing ground to Leonia and Grimwood trotting ahead through the dark. A fireball lit the sky over the stable; Seven could be seen standing beneath it. Now, at least, they could see.

What they saw was not welcome. Gurmstahl sat propped up against the well, his head awash with blood, while Boldo lay alongside him, soaking wet and clutching his side in pain. Jen seemed to be tending to them. The party ran toward the stable, systematically plunging swords into any of the dark cloaked forms lying in their path. Gaerth stared as he passed the patch of ground where he had been sleeping, two dead goblins an arm's breath from his imprint in the grass.

At the stable, Seven stood shaking his head looking down. At his feet was a dead groom, two wounded horses and - the elf gasped - a thoroughly butchered packmule. The extent of its dismemberment, down to its bags and straps, shocked his sensibility to nature. "By...", he stuttered, "...they cut it into fragments!"

Seven tsk'd. "That was Celentia Mera's animal. They were looking for something."

"And they didn't find it." Hezkakal appeared walking towards them, Merry under his arm and the other groom leading a huge war-horse. "They were furious about it, too...as you can see."

"So you found a good place to hide while we fought?" Grimwood said sharply to the thief.

"Yes I did, thank you. I turned, saw Mer was with the wizard, and ducked their thrusts under the horses. Then I reached this war-horse here. He reared up, kicked one of the creatures into tomorrow, and the rest held back and eventually fled. Strong animal, this horse. Has legs as firm as yours, steelface."

Continued...

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story

Date: 12/23/96 12:16:01 PM

From: TYGHOCK

Gathered around a campfire, the party assessed the attack. Gurmstahl was badly injured, cut deeply across his head - he had in fact lost his left ear, and was weak from bleeding. Boldo had been cut in

the side, but would heal in time. Questin labored silently in pain as Celentia tended to him and Leonia reported.

"They came out of the clouds. The elves couldn't sense them in the normal manner until they were right on top of us. Plus, there was added darkness, obviously some kind of magic. Still, we got our standard battle plan going. Grimwood and Arrowheart sounded the alarm and took to the roofs. They targeted pretty well; direct life-threats first, goblin archers next, shaman if he's not protected."

"We failed our scouting again" mused Arrowheart. "and we never got a shot into the shaman".

"You did well in the dark", countered Leonia. "We estimate thirty or more attackers. The largest group went straight for you, priestess. Another group attacked your baggage in the stable. That's where we lost the groom."

"Pitar", said Celentia softly, mouthing a silent prayer.

"The rest of the goblins spread out in attack. They got in on Gurmstahl and Boldo, and almost surprised Gaerth". She was being generous to me, thought the trooper. He felt embarrassed.

"We counted nine dead, with at least as many escaped wounded. Three more may be dead out in the distance somewhere, thanks to the wizard."

Gaerth felt defensive. "Aye, I wounded three myself tonight". Leonia glared at him fiercely.

"You did indeed. I saw your bravery. Thank you, Gaerth." Questin's truthful compliment cut short any rejoinder from the warrior.

"Anyway" she continued "the wizard drove off the stable attack. Questin took the brunt of the attack on Celentia. I covered the points most in danger" she paused and narrowed her eyes at Gaerth "and then rushed the shaman. I don't think I hurt him bad, but they'd had enough by then and sounded retreat."

Arrowheart spoke "I followed their retreat to the darkness, but they vanished as swiftly as they came...no portal, no magic flash, not even a whiff of goblin sweat."

Celentia bowed to Questin "You saved my life tonight, good paladin. Bless you."

Questin nodded respectfully. "Leonia, you and Arrowheart take the watch until morning. I doubt they will be back tonight. Good priestess, stay by me. They were clearly after you, and I will sleep better if...we are here to defend each other." Celentia smiled at how deftly Questin had avoided insulting her by suggesting the need for mutual protection. "As you wish, Julianus."

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story

Date: 12/23/96 12:17:07 PM

From: TYGHOCK

The next morning, the party worked as it ate a hasty breakfast. Some rigged a cart for Boldo and Gurmstahl, others dragged the stinking goblin bodies to an open area in the field. If left until noon, the stench would be unbearable. Boldo grimaced as he lay alongside Gurmstahl, thinking of the

jolting ride ahead. "I fear every mile with this bumpy road, eh, friend?" Gurmstahl's eyes stayed shut. "I fear every mile with you."

"Oh, my dear comrade in arms. Does the art of embellished conversation still bother you so?"

"Only half as much now."

Seven gestured, and the goblin carcasses became encased in light and quickly vanished. As Merry walked past the wagon, Boldo gestured to her. "Our dwarven friend here has no stomach for our Hin company."

Merry looked at Gurmstahl "And why is that?"

Gurmstahl drummed his fingers on his belt. "Nothing . Halflings are fine. Just not as adventurers."

"Yet we fought well together last night, fellow" countered Boldo. "Though both wounded, we defended well together, until the goblins knocked me into the well. You know I would not else have left your side. I speak the truth, I swear."

Gurmstahl labored to inhale. "I know you do, halfling. I pushed you."

Boldo eyebrows rose to his hairline. "You PUSHED me? Into the well? In the name of ... why?"

"Both wounded. Couldn't retreat. Couldn't defend you. So I got you out of danger."

Boldo's face lit with a smile. "Then...you risked yourself to save me! I am in your debt, warrior. You knew enough to knock me into the bucket and break my fall down that long well. You thought of everything! I am impressed". Gurmstahl turned painfully to Boldo with squinted eyes. "There was a bucket?"

Merry laughed lightly as she left the pair and walked toward Hezkakal and Questin. Her laugh disappeared and her steps grew shorter as she got closer to them. This was not going to be easy.

continued...

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story

Date: 12/23/96 12:18:12 PM

From: TYGHOCK

Hezkakal turned to her with a smile. "Merry, there you are. Well, paladin, this is good-bye. I wish you well, truly...hey, I've got no reason to want you all dead. But understand, I don't want US dead either."

"Thank you for your well wishes, Hezkakal. We will miss you." The paladin was in full armor again, reflecting brilliantly in the bright orange dawn. He seemed as strong and unhurt as if he had just enjoyed a full night of peaceful rest.

Merry stood motionless as the thief lifted his backpack. He jerked his head. "Let's go."

"I'm not going".

Merry could hardly believe the words had come from her. She felt almost removed from her body, as if she were watching the discussion instead of being part of it.

"Not going? What do you mean? C'mon, Mer."

"I'm not going, Hez."

"Not.....What do.....Mer, you can't be serious."

"I need to be here with them, Hez."

"You NEED to....Mer, listen to yourself. This is nuts! Aw, paladin, see what you've done? Merry, listen to me. They are NEVER going to get near a dragon's lair in one piece. Remember?"

Merry shut her eyes.

"No Merry, remember? How many other adventure parties have we seen in dragon's lairs? How many with brave swords and clever mages and all the confidence in the world? Remember what they looked like later when we passed their remains? Do you?"

Merry felt her face flush. She fought back tears of anger and horror.

"Remember? Swords and wands and empty sacks, and adventurers in pieces and burned to cinders and..."

"Hez, I'm staying."

"...helmets with skull fragments still inside, sneering dragon laughter as he cracked the bones..."

"I BELONG in this party, hez!"

"...like twigs in the hands of a playful boy, and WE'D be the ones alive, Mer, the ones with something in our sacks, and blood still in our veins, because..."

"I NEED to BE HERE!"

"...WE were smart about it. WE didn't get stupid or careless or egotistic. We got in, got stuff, got out..."

"I NEED TO KNOW WHO I AM!!"

Hezkakal stopped cold. Merry was filled with a fury he had never seen. Tears streamed down her twisted face, as she wrenched the deepest part of her from its tomb inside and tore it out before his widened eyes.

"I NEED TO KNOW! I HAVE TO! I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS! PLEASE JUST LET ME FIND OUT! PLEASE oh please oh ...!!"

Merry collapsed to the ground, her face contorted in sobs, her bracelets limp and silent against the earth. Hez dropped his pack and went to his knees to comfort her. He held her quietly, carefully, letting the sobs die away in long, deep breaths. He stroked her short dirty hair, keeping her head pressed against his shoulder, rocking both of them gently back and forth. Just like the old days, when she was an infant. Or a child. Or even now.

Merry's crying stopped. She looked up at Hezkakal, embarrassed yet relieved. She searched his eyes for an answer. The thief smiled, and then cast a long, hard look at Questin.

"Get us killed" he said "and I swear I'll drag your spirit to the demons with me."

Next...(finally!)....

Subj: Christmas

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Date: 12/24/96 9:34:23 AM

From: TYGHOCK

Have a happy holiday season, everyone!

- Ken (TYGHOCK)

Subj: Re:Christmas

Date: 12/24/96 9:45:37 AM

From: TSR Bruce

And a Merry Christmas to you too! :)

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re:Christmas

Date: 12/24/96 2:03:46 PM

From: RLaRue

Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays everyone. Good health and good luck in the new year.

Rick

Subj: Re:Christmas

Date: 12/24/96 3:26:40 PM

From: Bargle1066

Merry Christmas to all and to all a revival of Mystara.

Subj: Hyvaa Jouluaa!

Date: 12/24/96 9:55:18 PM

From: Mystaros

Or Merry Christmas, as the folk of Kaarjala say. In that far northern land, Yule is celebrated much as it is in olden days in our RW Scandinavia; it is also celebrated in the Northern Reaches and among the Heldann. In Kaarjala there is a special Exalted level being who delivers gifts to children on Yule Day; his name is Saanto Klaas, and he, his wife Aanja and his Elves live in a land far to the north (Saanto Klaas was, during his mortal life, a Priest of Ilmarinen who made and distributed gifts to all the children in his parish, as well as many children elsewhere; he was elevated to Exalted status after saving hundreds of children over the course of his lifetime, and now is the patron of children throughout Kaarjala). After extended contact between the Kaarjalans with the Heldann and Norse to the south, Saanto Klaas extended his "services" to those regions (he has also gained a small "following" on the Isle of dawn through Norse colonization). There are no "priests" of Saanto Klaas, but many Priests of Ilmarinen follow his path...

Of course, Saanto Klaas only gives gifts to good little boys and girls...

Mystaros

Subj: Re:Orc Wars

Date: 12/25/96 3:08:45 PM

From: B1Bard

OK, OK, so I'm WAAAAY late in responding to this - been in the field for a while testing some crap that doesn't work... (sorry, I digress)

Not only have I played (and loved) Orc Wars, but I remember back when it was a Dragon Magazine game! It was great. Of course, we bought an extra copy of the magazine to play with so we wouldn't tear up our Gazateers. It's great fun, especially with beer and pretzels...

party on...

B1Bard

Subj: Re:Unnumbered modules

Date: 12/25/96 3:19:58 PM

From: B1Bard

The "cave-mouth" series were, technically, set in Thunder Rift, but they can be used many places in the Known World. Personally, I located Thunder Rift in the mountains east of Threshold.

Rage of the Rakasta

---

Quest for the Silver Sword

Assault on Raven's Ruin

Phantom's Wake

Knight of the Newts

Sword & Shield

and the boxes: Dragon's Den, Goblin's Lair, and Haunted Tower

hope this helps

B1Bard

Subj: Kaarjalan Almanac pt1

Date: 12/26/96 12:02:02 AM

From: Mystaros

Kaarjala (Kingdom of)

Location: Continent of Brun, northernmost Norwold, north of the Great Bay, between the Kaarjavi and Vaaranavi rivers.

Area: 63,206 sq. miles. Population: 150,000 settled humans plus 50,000 nomadic humans (on the average); demihuman population is negligible; Beastmen population is unknown, though relatively low in the patrolled areas. Languages: Saamari (a language unrelated to any spoken in the Known World though distantly related to the Essurian language spoken in Denegoth; spoken in two dialects, Kaarjalan and Vaarana), Heldannic, Norse; some Alphan. Coinage: Markka (gp), Penni (sp), Oren (cp); coins of Alphan, Heldannic and Norse origins are also in common circulation here. Most of the economy is still based on barter, as coins cannot be eaten or wielded as weapons.

Government Type: Monarchy, with a strong and independent minded noble class.

Industries: Agriculture (grains and potatoes; production is high due to the Great Saampo, an artifact held by the King of Kaarjala), dairy, fishing, logging and trapping. The nomadic Vaarana rely on the herds of reindeer during the winter months and farm ancestral lands in Kaarjala during the summer.

Description: Kaarjala consists of a wide swath of verdant fields and forests on the highground between the swampy, lake strewn valleys of the Kaarjavi and Vaaranavi rivers. While the

land is set dead center on the Arctic Circle, the climate between the two rivers is much more like that further to the south; cool and moist in the spring and autumn, muggy in the short summers, and dry and chilly in the long winters. The Kaarjalan people are the Saamari, a group descended from a mixed tribe of Oltec and Neathar peoples from the west. The Saamari have a long tradition of the Heroic Warrior, and the royal family and many nobles claim descent from ancient heroes of legend. The realm is ruled by an hereditary king, though his power is usually only as strong as his personality; his function is primarily ritual in nature, as he is the Keeper of the Great Saampo, the ancient relic of the Saamari peoples.

The Kaarjalans primarily revere three Immortal Heroes, all of which were Great Heroes of Saamari legend. They are Vainamoinen, the founder of the kingdom as well as the Great Leader who led the Saamari out of the west; Ilmarinen; the Great Smith who constructed the Great Saampo; and Lemminkainen, who was the Great Wanderer of the Wastes; all three led the battle against Lovaara of Pojaara and her minions. The Church of Kaarjala reveres all three of these Immortal Heroes as well as the Ancient Ones (older Immortals who were the patrons of the Great Heroes and the Saamari during the elder days) and the Exalted Heroes (heroes from ancient days who did not attain Immortality, but were made into Exalted level associates of their respective Immortal Patrons). The Vaarana still revere the Ancient Ones as well as the Spirits of Animals, Plants and Elements; they have Priestly Shamans as well as Sorcerous (Wizardous) Shamans. There are also the Druids of the Circle of Kaarjala, who work with both the Vaarana as well as the Kaarjalans; they revere The Mother (Djaea) and are "led" by Her Son, Taapio and his wife Mielikki (Exalted level entities who reside in the forests south and west of Kaarjala). There is another Exalted level being directly involved with Kaarjala; an entity known as the Lord of the Yuletide; Saanto Klaas, who visits children on special holidays and leaves gifts (he is said to be allied with certain clans of Elves, Gnomes and Faeries who make his special, magical toys).

Continued...

Subj: Kaarjalan Almanac pt2  
Date: 12/26/96 12:05:32 AM  
From: Mystalos

As regards Wizardry, Kaarjalan Wizards mostly learn their magic as apprentices to the local Hedge Wizard or Wise Woman, though the king and his Maga, inspired by the success of Uppsala College at Norrvik, have considered founding their own School of Magecraft. It was around the time of the Battle of White Bear River that several groups of peaceful Alphatian Wizards began to settle in these lands; they were assimilated into the general population and shared their knowledge with Saamari Wizards and their apprentices. It is from their influence that the more modern aspects of Kaarjalan Wizardry originate, though aspects of the Shamanic Wizardry practiced by the Vaarana still are found in some areas (a Kaarjalan Wizard is, in fact, more likely to use a Drum rather than a Wand as his focus).

Notable Sites: The capital "city" of Kaarjala is Kaarja, the only town of any notable size north of the Great Bay (pop. 12,000); it is found in the exact center of the kingdom. The town is centered on the Great Citadel, where the king holds court. Here, in an open steeple on the highest tower of the Great Citadel, is found the Great Saampo, a mighty artifact in the shape of the sun. Deactivated, it is about 3 inches in diameter and unremarkable, appearing as burnished bronze covered in tiny black runes. When activated, it transforms into a golden sphere approximately three foot in diameter. It levitates at about seven feet above the ground and glows as a continual light spell with a radius of 300'; visible, of course, from anywhere within the horizon.

The Great Saampo was constructed by the Kaarjalan legendary hero Ilmarinen, and brought by Vainamoinen on the long journey from the west (see History, below). The Great Saampo ensures that the entire kingdom will enjoy a beneficial climate as well as abundant harvests. There are many other powers available through the Great Sampo, but these can only be used by those who know the magical runes or rhymes that will activate them (many, but not all are known by the king and princes; some others have come to know the words of power over the centuries). The Great Saampo has

been known to: Call down the Great Aurora, which burns creatures of the night as though it were daylight; Create Gold; Raise the Dead; and, in times of extreme distress, it can be called upon to act as the sun (full daylight throughout the kingdom; only Great Heros may activate this power, and for no longer than seven weeks of seven days in any one century). Some powers are available only when in the "active" state; others can be used while "deactivated".

History: The Kaarjalan Saamari peoples migrated from the west to the land between the rivers in the early 1st century AC, fleeing from the tyranny of Lovaara, the Witch Queen of Pojaara. They were led by the legendary hero Vainamoinen, who remained with the Saamari for over a century before continuing on his quest for Immortality. The Kingdom of Kaarjala was founded to maintain unity between the various Saamari clans (which formed the nucleus for the modern districts). The King of Kaarjala is the hereditary holder of the Great Saampo, entrusted to the royal family by Vainamoinen himself (who was, in fact, the grandfather of the first Kaarjalan king, Taavi Kaalevinen).

The Kingdom of Kaarjala existed peacefully until the mid 6th century, when the Vaarana Saamari, cousins to the Kaarjalans, fled into the region following a major series of defeats at the hands of Lovaara and the Pojaarans.

Continued...

Subj: Kaarjalan Almanac pt3/End

Date: 12/26/96 12:08:14 AM

From: Mysteros

The Kaarjalan Saamari and the Vaarana united with the Elves, Dwarves and Halflings of the region to defeat the invasion of the Pojaarans and their Hiisi (Beastmen) allies at the Battle of White Bear River in 640 AC. The Vaarana then returned to their nomadic life, wandering the northlands, centered on the warm lands between the rivers. Since that time there have been no great threats to Kaarjalan sovereignty or to the Vaarana until the last century, when the Thyatians founded Oceansend and the Alphetians founded Alpha;

relations have been strained between the several nations, though violence has been kept at a minimum (which is still significant in the Frontier of the north).

Important Figures: Kaarlo Taavinen (King); Rikka Kaalwa (King's Maga); Vaalkoi Taapionen (Great Druid of the Kaarjalan Circle); Pekka Seppanen (High Priest of the Church of Kaarjala; Grand Smith of Ilmarinen).

Flora and Fauna: Kaarjala itself is unusual in that it has a rather more temperate climate than is the norm for this region; thus, creatures of a more southerly nature can be found in the land between the rivers. Domesticated animals include shaggy cattle, horses (ponies, mostly), dogs, cats and ferrets. Outside the region protected by the Great Saampo, of course, nature reigns, and the northlands are very, very cold. Creatures native to the region include moose, elk, bears, wolves, etc. It is also home to every sort of monstrous creature native to the arctic and subarctic: snow apes, white dragons, frost giants, frost salamanders, etc. There are also large numbers of nomadic Beastmen clans and tribes.

End. Enjoy! Merry Christmas!

Subj: Re:Wha happen ?  
Date: 12/26/96 5:56:29 AM  
From: ChanDog21

Hay, Mystaros, way to go. May Valerias guide you ; )

Subj: Re:Kaarjalan Almanac pt3/End  
Date: 12/26/96 6:06:19 AM  
From: ChanDog21

Is this going in the next netbook.

Subj: arc Mystara folders  
Date: 12/26/96 6:10:30 AM  
From: ChanDog21

This is going to sound dumb, but if you don't ask, you can't learn.

Where are the archived Mystara folders? How do I get them? I'm kind of new to this on-line stuff.

Thanks,  
Chandler

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story  
Date: 12/26/96 11:21:28 AM  
From: Qamlynch

The high priestess stared out the window as she spoke.

"you will go alone. None will help you. No one will aid you in distress. If caught, none of our magic will save you. Do you understand?"

The adventurer nodded.

" You are clear on your mission? You have no questions?"

the adventurer shrugged.

"Then go. Find out what you can of Fenswick and the scroll. Go alone. If you do, may Terra defend, enlist temporary aid, they must know nothing. Our prayers go with you. That is all."

The adventurer turned and walked to the door. The high priestess listened to the departing footsteps. She closed the window shutters. A fool's mission, no chance of surviving; the adventurer was indeed brave.

She prayed.

(anyone want to pick up this adventurer? He/she is up for grabs!)....

next...

Subj: NEW NETMAGS & much rejoicing!  
Date: 12/27/96 2:52:03 AM

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From: B1Bard

Yes, it's true! After an extended hiatus from the joy of Mystara, I'm back and I just uploaded Mystara Net Books #2 and #3. They may take a day or two to filter into the Library where they are downloadable.

Explanations follow: I did NOT solicit submissions for these. I cheated. I went through the past several MB logs and grabbed what I thought were the more interesting pieces and put them into text files by topic. This way, they are semi-indexed and you don't have to read endless "where can I get...?" and "what the heck is...?" posts to find the meat & potatoes of the board. There are some limited additions of my own. There are two pieces about an unnamed order of knights - a hostel in one and a chapterhouse in the other. I also tried to offer a sentence or two of explanation as a part of each text file.

I'm going to try (again) to get a net book going. I hope that the enthusiasm I am sure will follow these will help carry the for at least one (or two) more issues. I still plan to raid the board for some good stuff - Mystaros is exceptionally good - and try to keep the stuff semi-up-to-date. I also plan to add at least one more GIF/text combo.

Please help out this worthy cause by emailing submissions to me.

By the way, I really dig the ongoing story. As soon as I have time to catch up to where we are now, I plan to throw my own loop into it (I already have a good idea, I'm just waiting for a good time to break it in.)

Good evening all!!

Party on!

8)

B1Bard

Subj: Modules in Stores  
Date: 12/27/96 4:56:33 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

Just a word, everyone.....

Local NJ Kay-Bee toys stores have several old D&D modules on sale a dirt cheap prices. Champions of Mystara - \$7, Hollow World - \$3, Clash of Empires - \$5, Spelljammer - who cares?

Anyway, check it out, especially folks looking for maps (Champions is a must have!).

- TYGHOCK

Subj: Re:Modules in Stores  
Date: 12/27/96 11:52:03 PM  
From: Mystaros

Also, you might want to ask your local hobby shop about old gazetteers and modules form Mystara... a fair number have become available from the distributors (how, I'm not sure: either returns from Random House or stuff found in a corner in the old TSR warehouse). Either way, the following might be available from your local hobby shop through their game distributors:

Gazetteers: include Northern Reaches, Darokin, Ethengar, Shadow Elves, and Atruaghin Clans; some might have Ylaruam and Ierendi.

Several modules also became available, including M4, M5, IM2 and IM3, among others. Also, CC2, 3 and 4 should also be available.

Remember, these are \*not\* reprints, they are left over items found somewhere. Supplies are most likely limited, and your shop's distributors may not necessarily have any of these (I can't say really which ones have them and which don't, so have your shop owner call around). Of course, their distributors might have OTHER oldies sitting around gathering dust, so have them check (remember to give them product numbers if at all possible; it makes it a lot easier).

Good Hunting!

Mystaros

Subj: Re:NEW NETMAGS &much rejoici  
Date: 12/29/96 8:16:59 PM  
From: Dragon1022

I have been looking in the libraries for the new net books, but I cannot find them. Does anyone know when (and where) they will appear?

Subj: Re:NEW NETMAGS &much rejoici  
Date: 12/29/96 9:03:38 PM  
From: RLaRue

Dragon,

It usually takes a week or more for uploads to become available. Just keep checking. I'm sure someone will post here when they hit the library.

Rick

Subj: Not yet  
Date: 12/29/96 11:27:16 PM  
From: B1Bard

Just checked the libraries and I haven't seen the netbooks yet. Sorry! :(

party on anyway  
8)  
B1Bard

Subj: Re:NEW NETMAGS &much rejoici  
Date: 12/30/96 4:26:56 PM  
From: Dragon1022

Thanks Rick.

Subj: Noble NPCs 1/6  
Date: 12/30/96 4:35:03 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

In Heretic World (Our Wargame world based on Mystara, no magic), two important elements are Noble NPCs and Random Events. Remember, our players are wargamers, looking for military campaigns. Most players take the role of a general/admiral during some nation's conflict.

Occasionally, this general is also the ruler, but not usually. Only a few players currently role-play rulers, and do so under strict NPC type rules.

So how do we decide conflicts? We created entire NPC families for each of the major powers, and a few lesser nobility as well. They are born, age and die based on charts. Each family member has individual personality characteristics created for them. These characteristics give us a probability for the type of action they might take in a given situation.

Next, we have marriages between families. The alliances and enmities caused by such wedded bliss is food for conflict. And everyone needs heirs.

Finally, we have a random events chart, which generates an event of varying magnitude for different areas at different times. Only the umpire knows who will die/be born, what event will happen where/when, etc. But such events often dictate the course of action the nations will take.

Two other factors - economics and religion - figure strongly in our Renaissance Mystara. I will not go into them in detail here. I will just note their impact (they would be a whole other article!).

Together, these factors are "interpreted" to give us the conflicts we seek. Believe me, once you have these in place, opportunities for conflict sprout of their own accord!

For a simple example: Randomly, an outbreak of piracy (moderate level) occurs along the Heldaan coast. Let's say Heldaan has had it's eyes on the lucrative grain trade from Norworld for some time now. And let's say the Vayan faithful are desirous of spreading the good word northward. And finally, the Freehold's ruler has characteristics which include Ambition, Bad Temper and Personality (a trait meaning the masses like and will follow him). Viola! The umpire can roll dice, or decide right there, that the Freeholds will undertake the religious re-education of those nasty Oceansend pirates (note that the pirates could have come from anywhere - Heldaan just made an "innocent" assumption). Will Norworld barter an alliance with Ostland? Dunadale? Stay tuned...

#### Ruling NPCs - Families, Houses and Individuals

First, decide how deep you want to go into families. In some other campaigns I ran, I just labeled each province/state as ruled by a Family, and generated a single Leader for that Family. When he/she died, the Family selected another ruler from its (unspecified) members. That way, I only had to roll for one character per Family at any time; I likewise didn't worry about exact relationships and inheritance rules (he could be a brother, cousin, Uncle by marriage, etc.). This is modeled after the Italian Renaissance of the 13th-15th centuries.

For Mystara, however, I went full tilt. Every major power would have a full family "House" rolled for it. For Thyatis, four Houses would share the empire and a shot at the purple robe. For lesser powers, I used the Family model noted above.

Subj: Noble NPCs 2/6

Date: 12/30/96 4:35:40 PM

From: TYGHOCK

In the Renaissance, houses were the controlling entities, not nations. Plantagenet, Valois, Hapsburg, Bourbon, Medici, Guise, Tudor, Orange, Warwick, Bathory, Dracul - each with a coat of arms and a proud arrogant tradition of grabbing everything it can for itself.

Major Powers with houses in my Mystara (and their abbreviations) are : Thaytis-TH (4), Ylaruam-YL, Karemeikos-KM, FiveShires-FS, Minrothad Guilds-MG, Ierendi-IR, Soderfjord-SF, Vestland-VL, Ostland-OL, Rockhome-RH, Darokin-DK, Glantri-GL, Wendar-WR, Norworld-NW, Sind-SD and Heldaan-HF.

Major powers with only the ruler rolled for are Ethengar-EK, The Desert Nomads-DE, Yavldom-YV, and the Augauran Clans-AG. These are assumed to be tribal cultures, with ruling families being less important than strong individuals.

Minor powers with individual local rulers only include most of the city-states and duchies on the Isle of Dawn-IOD, any colonies/colonial viceroys, Trading Families as in DK, Princely Families in GL, high churchmen of common birth, and any governor appointed to a position of decision (military governor of the recently liberated North, for instance). Note that if the game at some point requires it, full families could be rolled for these individuals as well (I may do this for GL soon).

For Families or Individuals, skip this section and go right to character generation. To create a House, roll a D10 (for smaller families, use a D6). This gives you the number of family members. Next roll a Die for each member. Odd number, it's a male, even number it's a female. So if I rolled a 4, I then roll 4 dice, getting 6,8,6,3 - one male and three very lovely girls. Now for each character, roll a % die to get the age. Don't be afraid to fudge a bit; 91 can be converted to 19, and 88 can be added to get 16. Now use a little logic to convert this group into a family tree. In my example, if I rolled 77, 34, 22, 04, I could say the male is 40, the female of 34 is his wife, 22 is his sister, and 77 is either his saintly widowed mother or his daughter of 14!

Again, use logic. Throw a dead family member on the tree if you need to. Leave young ones unmarried (or widowed) to allow for diplomatic matches. As for "Where did his WIFE'S family come from?" I use a convention called LN, or Local Nobility. This means the said person married into the lower strata of that nation's nobles. While the Crown-Prince wouldn't do this, his third male cousin might (for financial reasons, or such). This gives great leeway to up-and-coming families, scandalous forced marriages, snooty attitudes, etc. I personally molded several of the LN marriages as deals with the DK trading families, buying their way up, so to speak. Again, very Renaissance.

I usually make each house a set religion. Your preferences may vary.

Now, you have a cast of characters. Let's give them personalities.

Subj: Noble NPCs 3/6

Date: 12/30/96 4:39:01 PM

From: TYGHOCK

#### Ruling NPCs - Character Generation - Primary Trait

Every body needs a name. Give each character a first name. Make it logical with the culture (Ylaruam isn't ruled by "Sven"). William could be Guillame or Wilhelm. Don't worry about nicknames - they will come with time.

Anyone ruling gets a number after his/her name when they take the throne. Don't automatically start from I (the First), unless they House recently came to the throne. Remember, names were often repeated in families, sometimes skipping a generation. Phillip beget Alexander who beget Phillip. Or Louis followed Louis after Louis...

For family names, use the house name. Any other distinction is unimportant (just ask Henry VII of England about "Owen Tudor"). In my convention, all female names end in "a". Not historical, but I find it easier to track.

Each person now gets one Primary Trait (PT) and several Secondary Traits (ST). How many STs you want per person is up to you. I use 5 for rulers and potential rulers, and 3 for others.

PT is the key characteristic for the NPC. It, more than anything else, determines the driving force in this NPC's life. PT comes in two parts: type and intensity.

TYPE: roll a D6.

1 = Ambition

2 = Good

3 = War (if female, 1-2 War, 3-4-5 Patriotism, 6 Religious fervor)

4 = Greed

5,6 = roll again on type2 chart

TYPE2

1= Ambition

2 = Good

3 = War (if female, 1-2 War, 3-4-5 Patriotism, 6 Religious fervor)

4 = Greed

5 = Religion

6 = Unstable, perhaps mad?

Next, roll a D10 for intensity level:

10 = Hyper

9 = Active

6,7,8 = Normal

3,4,5 = Reactive

1,2 = Slow

So every character has a PT such as HyperGreed, Normal Ambition, or Slow Good. This tells the umpire what the driving force of the character will be, and what the intensity of that feeling is. A hyper character acts every chance. An active more than normal. A normal character perhaps 50/50. Reactive characters act mostly upon actions directed at them. Slow characters are slow to react to anything.

AMBITION will drive a ruler to new claims, expanding the influence of the House, and may cause him to overreach. He won't always go to war, will use diplomacy and marriage, and will not be easily satisfied with his lot in life. GOOD lives for a sense of Law, be it divine right of kings, religious, fairness, or just good-heartedness. A Hyper-Good character will often act as mediator, and attempt to align balance of power situations for the benefit of all Mystara. WAR is self-explanatory. Invade, fight, swords are the first option. He will relish in combat over anything else. Very "old school" for the Renaissance. PATRIOTISM is a deep love of her people and her state. It is militant without donning armor (A female with WAR is probably Joan of Arc!). GREED is acquisition of wealth. Treaties and marriages are for wealth only, land can be milked for taxes or sold. Greed can also mean palaces, jewels, grand balls, costumes, and money spent on favorites. In other words, Greed isn't a miser, just a person obsessed with money (and spending it on themselves). RELIGIOUS goes beyond a strong devotion. NPCs with this PT probably join holy orders or become inquisitors. UNSTABLE means just that - watch out! I play it so Unstable characters roll randomly on the Type tables each time their character is called upon. If they roll a 6, they go temporarily bonkers. Roll every month, on a 4-6 they recover, on a 1 they go permanently ga-ga. For every "episode", you might decrease the monthly die roll by 1. Permanently gone NPCs are locked up, put in monastic care, done away with or continue to rule (!) as culture dictates. I also give permanents a small chance of temporary recovery, similar to their rolls for losing it.

Thus the PT can dictate a characters reaction to (or pro-active stance on) any event or situation. Plus, it gives the umpire and players some latitude in designing the scenario. For instance, a Hyper character acts on 1-5, an active on 1-4, a normal on 1-3, a reactive on 1-2, a slow on 1, etc.

Subj: Noble NPCs 4/6

Date: 12/30/96 4:39:29 PM

From: TYGHOCK

Ruling NPCs - Secondary Traits

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Every ruler gets 5 Secondary Traits (STs). Other noble NPCs get 3 STs. Using percentage dice, roll on the ST Table below. Remember, an NPC can get "Ugly" rolled twice - meaning he's TWICE as ugly! Likewise, Good Temper and Bad Temper cancel out.

#### ST Table

01-04 = Disloyal Intriguer  
05-06 = Loyal Intriguer  
07-08 = Extremely good natured  
09-12 = Lover  
13-14 = Lusty and/or lecherous  
15-16 = Energy  
17-18 = Unreliable  
19-20 = Liar  
21-22 = Merciless  
23-24 = Revenge-Prone  
25-26 = Absolutely Loyal  
27-28 = Loyal  
29-30 = Slightly Loyal  
31-32 = Adonis/Venus  
33-34 = Very beautiful/handsome  
35-36 = beautiful/handsome  
37-38 = Ugly  
39-40 = Cruel  
41-41 = Slightly cruel  
42-42 = Energy  
43-44 = Generous  
45-45 = Slightly generous  
46-46 = Courage  
47-50 = Personality  
51-54 = Jealous of Family Honor  
55-55 = Energy  
56-58 = Lazy  
59-62 = Charm  
63-66 = Wise  
67-70 = Cunning  
71-72 = Stupid  
73-74 = Slightly stupid (dim)  
75-77 = Coward

78-78 = Courage  
79-82 = Bad Temper  
83-86 = Good Temper  
87-88 = Arrogant  
89-90 = Proud  
91-94 = Merciful  
95-96 = Courage  
97-00 = WILD CARD!!!

Subj: Noble NPCs 5/6  
Date: 12/30/96 4:41:17 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

Notes: When LOYALTY appears, it means loyalty to house and family. Intrigue means gets involved in plots. LOVERS and LECHERS have lots of bastard children - at least more than normal for the period. PERSONALITY means the people love him, the masses will follow him (good for army leadership). WISE means the NPC has insight into what's going on - he/she knows the score. CUNNING increases the chance for any plan he/she makes to work. TEMPER makes a difference in handling Estates (Parliaments), and in reactions. WILD CARD is umpire's or player's choice. I use a chart of characteristics from Privateers and Gentlemen, used to determine players' "quirks". This is a great list of petty items - drunkard, duelist, linguist, worrier, solitary, etc. - but gives random characters some interesting twists.

Seeming contradictions don't need to be so. Remember, opposites cancel out (Wise/Stupid). Also, a character who's PT is HyperGood can have an ST of Merciless. Such a person is either merciless to those who don't agree with his definition of good, or maybe he's just merciless with declared wartime enemies, etc. Again, use your judgment. This system will produce a few heroes, a few villains and a lot of muddled people in between... just like in real life!

Finally, I give a 10% chance for a distinguishing characteristic, and a 20% chance for a repeat of such. Roll a D10 - if a 0 shows up, you have a distinguishing feature. This can be good or bad. Roll a D20 and check below. Then roll again, Odd is bad, even is good. It can be large, small, misshapen, strong, unique color, etc.

#### Feature Table

01 - Head  
02 - Nose (Ah, Le Valios!)  
03 - Eyes

- 04 - Ears
- 05 - Teeth/lips/jaw (The Hapsburgs' curse)
- 06 - Hair
- 07 - Hands
- 08 - Fingers
- 09 - Arms
- 10 - Shoulder
- 11 - Back (poor Richard III!)
- 12 - Stomach
- 13 - Hips
- 14 - Thighs (Plantagenets had strong ones)
- 15 - Knees
- 16 - Legs
- 17 - Feet
- 18 - Voice
- 19 - Breathing
- 20 - CHOICE!

Remember: when looking for repeat characteristics, you may want to include handsome/ugly/UNSTABLE from the ST/PT rolls above.

By the way...I roll PTs at birth. I don't roll for STs until an NPC is 15 years old.

Next...Noble NPCs - Births/Deaths, and Random Events.

Subj: Noble NPCs 6/6  
Date: 12/30/96 4:47:48 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

Sorry to clutter up the board, but I thought everyone would appreciate some of the NPC and Random Event stuff we use in our Wargames' group. It could be applicable to your campaigns, since most people don't play rulers, and it gives you a Causis Belli for wars and such.

My next posts will include birth/death patterns and random events. If there's interest, I'll include our economic and religious structures, too.

I know the NPC stuff seems like a lot of work ,but actually, once you set it up, it pretty much runs itself. And it has the FEEL of a real Renaissance world. I mean, what DOES the king of Vestland do if he has no heirs? You really get an appreciation of early modern political dilemmas.

By the way, we also counted every hex by type in Mystara, and assigned rent values accordingly, for the major powers. If you're interested in THAT minute detail, either get a real life or let me know and I'll post it.

- TYGHOCK

Subj: Davania  
Date: 12/31/96 11:43:31 AM  
From: Alex295

I am organizing an expedition to Davania. Since there has been little published on it, I plan on creating most of it myself. My main problem comes from the areas that have been "briefly" looked at in the Almanacs. I need to fill these areas up a bit more. Also, I do not wish to cause any inconsistencies with the basics of Mystara.

Does anyone have anything on the Emerond and has anyone found them similar or linked to the Immortal Benneker? I seem to remember seeing Davania on a map. It dealt with the various migrations of Mystara's people. It would be a start in giving me an idea of the continent's shape and size.

Any help with this would be appreciated. Responses can be posted or I can be E-mailed at Alex295@aol.

p.s. Has anyone ever used the fact that the Traldar are the descendants of the Nithians in an adventure? Interesting possibilities.

Subj: Noble NPCs 7/8  
Date: 12/31/96 12:15:08 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

Noble NPCs - Births

Each character has been created, named, given a personality and perhaps a title (don't forget to give children and relatives as many duchies and lordships as are available!).

As stated before, some will be married, to Local nobility (LN) or other families. Some will be unmarried, offering opportunities to expand the family power base.

While this may seem like a lot of work, it's not hard to do, and you only need to do most of it once. Once all this is set up, you need only do the yearly adjustments, and the rest takes care of itself. Remember, each NPC can be represented by a single line of data:

Charles (IX) Hebor, Emperor of Thyatis, (68) ActiveGreed, Dim, Arrogant, Good Temper, Generous, Handsome (long noble face)

You might tack historic info under his line, like:  
Emperor, 968.

And that's it! The only other thing you need is a family tree. I have a heavy card with the crest (coat of arms) of the House in the corner. A tree is then drawn, showing the marriages, births and deaths of the members of the house. These house cards are the coolest part of the record-keeping, since I enjoy making coats of arms. Even in our very complex Mystara, we have only 16 house cards (plus many individual one person family and individual creations).

For Mystara, I use an unreal convention of increasing everyone's age by 1 year on the first of each year. While it lacks the realism of actual birthdays, it saves me from recording 300 of them! Besides, I reason that cultures could treat "legal age" in this manner. Every NPC need only record the year of birth and death.

Every married woman (or any Male/Female with an ST of LOVER/LECH) can produce offspring between the ages of 16 and 40 (the LOVER/LECH produce bastard children, of course). How fertile they are depends on how large you want your families to be. If you give them a 10% chance of siring, then between 20 and 40 a woman will average 2 children. I personally use the chart below (remember, if the husband is away, or if the couple wants no children, no role is made - physical comfort is assumed achieved otherwise or elsewhere):

#### Fertility Chart

Woman's age:

16-24	25% chance pregnant	10% problem
25-32	20% chance pregnant	20% problem
33-40	10% chance pregnant	25% problem

If a child is produced, roll to select what month it is due. Then role for sex, PT the normal way. I give a very small 5% chance to produce twins. For noble bastards, I give a much smaller 10% chance pregnancy. LECH could also have a 5-10% chance of catching a disease, as they are assumed less discreet in selection than LOVER types.

If a problem occurs, roll a D6:

- 1 - no child, wife ok
- 2 - no child, wife lost in childbirth
- 3 - no child, wife ill
- 4 - child born, wife lost in childbirth
- 5 - child born, wife ill
- 6 - no child, wife cannot bear children

If the wife is ill, roll a D6 again:

- 1 - dies 2,3,4 - recovers, cannot bear children again 5,6 - full recovery

The die roll is reduced by 1 for each illness suffered (her condition becomes more fragile).

These roles are all made by the umpire, who records them in his book, and only reveals them to the players as they unfold.

Subj: Noble NPCs - 8/8

Date: 12/31/96 12:17:06 PM

From: TYGHOCK

Noble NPCs - Death

Now that you can increase the population, you need a method to decrease it. Wars, executions and plague will "help" of course, but some do die of natural causes. I could not possibly test every character for a death role, so I test by House/Family/Individual. One D6 die is rolled per H/F/I. 1-3, nothing. 4-5, check for one death/illness. 6 - check for multiple deaths/illnesses.

If a check is required, roll a D6 for each character in the H/F/I by age, until you get the one death. Role in the order they are listed here. If you rolled a 6 above, you must check ONCE IN EACH AGE BRACKET, so multiple deaths are possible. Always, at least one death/illness must occur.

Age	OK	Death	Ill
60+	-	1-5	6
0-5	1-3	4-6	-
40-59	1-2	3-4	5-6
21-39	1-4	5	6
6-20	1-4	-	5-6

If an NPC is seriously ill, he/she remains so until recovery. Roll every month. 6-recovers, 2-5, remains ill, 1- dies. After 6 months, the NPC automatically recovers. Again, the umpire rolls at random and records when these events will happen in his book. Also, the umpire has discretion to "Kill off" a

character to satisfy the requirement. An 88 year old or frail newborn are logical choices to remove, for gameplay, rather than the 24 year old crown-prince/princess. Be logical.

Sorry if this sounds gruesome; but life goes on for NPCs just like for PCs.

Subj: Overwhelming Return

Date: 1/1/97 1:25:05 AM

From: AMALDIS

After a lengthy battle with the Win95 demon I have returned to be stunned by the amazing stuff on this folder and the new posters; I doubt I will be able to get through all the posts in less than a week. As for the Net Book, until I have a more reliable computer I should not be responsible for holding the work of all the imaginative people who have contributed. I will attempt to recover as much as I can and send it to B1Bard ASAP. As long as B1 will allow AD&D 2nd edition contributions I look forward to making a few.

-Amaldis

Subj: Re:Kaarjalan Almanac pt3/End

Date: 1/1/97 1:29:40 AM

From: AMALDIS

Thanks for expanding Kaarjala, it provides an interesting contrast to "my" Kaarjala(which BTW had already been placed in my homemade campaign world, like the two Blackmoors).

-Amaldis

Subj: Re:Ongoing Basis

Date: 1/1/97 1:35:56 AM

From: AMALDIS

I am not positive, but is the ongoing story based on a mini-dialogue I posted a long time ago? It involved Wendar, Denagoth, and Synn. My work with that idea is gone(RIP) so it will not be sent to B1 anyway(Basically I made a mini-gazetteer on Wendar and Denagoth and put a couple adventure hooks in it that tied together).

-Amaldis

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story  
Date: 1/1/97 2:40:28 AM  
From: Duncan TKD

Somewhere in the mountains to the north of Wendar, in a cave. "Yes my leige, the palidin Questin will die by the Thanes hands" says a Half-Orc before he takes his sword and leaves from his nelt possition in front of an alter.

Duncan TKD

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story  
Date: 1/1/97 4:15:12 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

The forward party continued on the winding, dusty path leading to the hillside. After giving Pitar a proper burial, Celentia, Leonia and Grimwood caught up with the rest at the foot of the hills. Celentia noted that Sorat-Sym's grave was within two day's travel; the party decided to rest for the night.

Gaerth sat by the fire with the injured dwarf and halfling, absently stirring the ashes with a stick. He could sense the uneasiness of the camp that night. Boldo, of course, continued his one-way argument with his somber friend, seemingly oblivious to the tension.

"Come, now, Gurmstahl. If you try REALLY hard, I am certain you can come up with one, at least ONE, good thing about adventuring with Hin."

The dwarf gave a gruff shrug. "Easier to bury."

Gaerth glanced to his left and saw Mary Rosewater slowly walking toward the fire. Even in the dancing flickers, it was impossible to misinterpret the look upon her face.

Boldo spoke with soft empathy. "So he refused again? I am sorry, good Mary."

Mary sat without a word; Boldo, trying to be helpful, continued.

"Seven has his reasons, Mary, I'm certain of that. Perhaps he knows you can do naught without magic objects in your possession. Perhaps his magic is personal or physical. Perhaps..."

"What do you mean objects?" Mary eyes burned brighter in that moment than the reflected firelight.

"Well, good Mary... I-I mean, perhaps the bracelets you wear are incapable of more. Perhaps Seven's teachings require real magical abil....eh, a race for whom magic is..."

"My bracelets? Is THAT what you think?" Mary stood quickly, and shed the banging items in a instant. How loud they jangled when not against her skin, thought Gaerth. Perhaps their silence was magic too.

"Mary, I meant no..."

"Here, bard." She gestured strangely, and the fire leaped a bit. As it returned to its normal height, the halfling had faded from view. Boldo stared in amazement at the spot where Mary had been, where only bracelets now lay.

"I'm over here bard." Behind him, Boldo felt a tap to the back of his head. His exclamation brought a pained smile to Gurmstahl's lips. The fire leaped again, a little higher this time, and afterwards Mary stood as before, the bracelets silent again upon her arms.

For a long while, Boldo stroked his chin thoughtfully. When he spoke, it was in careful, measured tones. "How came thee by Rosewater? I know that clan not."

Satisfied her point was made, Mary sat again. "Hez said he...obtained some, to bathe me when he found me. He said it lulled me to sleep. As for Mary ... well, Hez said he liked the name."

"Know ye not then thy clan?"

"I know nothing, Boldo. I know only the life I've lived so far. And I've no time now for Seven's riddled answers."

"Hath been ye ever to the Shires?"

Mary was obviously growing hot, noted Gaerth. Boldo doesn't know when to quit.

"Stop talking that way. It's annoying. I've been to villages and towns around here. I've traveled much by foot. Hez and I often keep moving. But no, I've never seen the Shires, bard. I've never seen much of anywhere, for long".

"Know ye, Rosewater", now it was Boldo whose eyes glowed. "Hin have naught of magic within them. Save small - advantages. There be legends and rumors, but by proof, only Masters within the Shires canst but little conjure. If thy power cometh not by objects, thou art by nature no pure member of the simple folk."

Gaerth sensed his cue to leave. As he walked from the fire, he could hear traces of what would clearly be a hot and tiring argument long into the night. "All he says to me are things like 'I cannot teach what you know' and 'You do not learn'. He's as dense as pudding to me..."

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story

Date: 1/1/97 4:21:08 PM

From: TYGHOCK

Gaerth ambled for several minutes through the dark wood toward the brook, waterpouch in tow. The sound of splashing made him stop. Quietly, he inched toward the thicket at the water's edge. Peering carefully past the cool minty leaves, he saw the figure of Leonia, bathed gently in the water and liquid moonlight....

This is wrong, he thought, very wrong. Yet once again he could not tear himself away from such beauty of form. Half ashamed, half absorbed, in an odd detached way he watched the beads of water, brightly reflecting the starlight, cascade down the supple silhouette of her graceful side. Her motions were uniquely graceful, still purposed, still frugal, yet somehow embodied with something, an extra element, that he could only translate as...pleasure. Amazing...Leonia actually enjoyed something other than combat.

She turned, and Gaerth startled. Though only shadows and shapes were visible, accented by the occasional reflection, he could see this clearly, and it caught him by surprise. Along those beautiful shoulder blades, running under her arms and across her ribs, were the ugly marks of scars, discolored and misshapen. Every few inches ran a healed puncture wound - he'd seen many in his day, but none so large and so spaced out. The upper front of her form lacked the soft, rising curves known so well in the wild bawdy celebrations at the barracks. Her left side....it was flat and oddly shaped, as if remolded by those strange marks. Through her chainmail shirt, he would never have noticed it...

Leonia reached across her body, her fingers gesturing something in the moonlight, and she began wading toward the shore. A signal! He had been spotted! Gaerth attempted to back out quietly, the smell of mint overpowering his senses. He backed away until a sharp point at his spine made him freeze.

"It's me...Gaerth...it's okay." As the point didn't enter him, he felt it safe to turn slowly. His eyes met Grimwood's, the curved elfin dagger just out of his sight.

"If you want to stay alive," stated Grimwood coldly, "you have got to get better at this".

The dagger dropped, and Gaerth faced the elf. Leonia emerged from the thicket, a soft cotton shirt over her upper body, her flowing hair hanging in dark, wet strands. She was beautiful even like this, thought Gaerth. He expected the worst. Yet she looked at the trooper with no discernible trace of - anything. Her voice was calm, even gently musical.

"I hope you are as brave in battle."

And with that, the two warriors disappeared into the dark wood. For several minutes, Gaerth stood, too stunned to move. Then, all around him silent, he turned back to the brook to fill his pouch with water...the same magical water that had touched...her.

Subj: Re:Ongoing Basis  
Date: 1/1/97 4:57:47 PM  
From: RLaRue

AMALDIS,

Sorry, but the ongoing story is not based on anything but itself. I suggested it several weeks ago, and it has been quite popular. I think that everyone intends to pick up where we left off as soon as

the holidays are done and gone. I know I am, and from the last few posts, I see Duncan and TYGOCK are back already. I hope you will contribute also. So far we have been a bit freeform and less concerned by AD&D or Mystara "canon" than a good story and a fun time, but we have managed to stay surprisingly close.

Welcome back.

Rick

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story  
Date: 1/1/97 6:00:57 PM  
From: Dragon1022

Tarin Sal crouched in some high brush on the crest of a hill. He listed to the wind blow gently at the surrounding grass. After about ten minutes he started moving again. All he had heard was a rabbit, but you can never be too careful.

When he reached the side of Fenswick keep he took one look around to make sure he was not being seen, then started climbing. The stones were once smoothly joined together so there would not have been any way to climb.... once. Now years of erosion had made near perfect hand and foot holds all over the tower.

He monuvered around the wall until he came to a window. Muttering a word of magic a two foot diameter black circle appeared in the window. After climbing through the portal he looked at his surroundings. It was obviously the Princess's bed room. Although from the looks of it it had seen little use.

Quickly and quietly he searched the room, but found nothing of any import.

He slowly opened the door and looked down the hall. Two guards, that shouldn't be a problem. Tarin Sal muttered a few inchoherent phrases and waved a bit of fleece around. He then walked quietly down the hall towards the guards. Drawing close he unsheathed two daggers and silenced the two guards permently. From the looks on their faces they had never seen it coming.

After dragging them into the bedroom, he went back to the door they had been guarding. Something seemed amiss about the door. Casting another spell he saw the door glow with an eerie radiance.

"This should be interesting", he said in a low wisper.

Saying the words to a small spell he tried the door. It swung noiselessly open. Inside lay stacks and stacks of books. Each appeared old and well used. A thin layer of dust covered everthing in the room.

Closing the door behind him he looked over the volumes of books hoping to find a usefull clue. Tarin Sal had gone over about twenty tomes and still found nothing of any use. While getting up to retriive yet another book he noticed that something with the wall was wrong. Going up to the wall he waved his hand through a painting of a woman. The painting then disapeared and in its place was a safe.

He again wispered the mystical words and heard a quiet "click". Opening the sfae he found a single book. The cover of the tome was inlaid with gold and silver and in a slightly luminescint writing were the words Radiance.

Just then the room filled with light and an ugly, misshapen mass moved from behind a shelf. It was vagley draconic but had many stiches covering the body. As this was happening five guards walked into the room. One letting loose a crossbow quarl upon seeing Tarin Sal.

With lightning like reflexes he snatched the quarl from the air.

"No thank you... I can find my own way out", Tarin said.

He then said the words to unleash a magical spell. A large mass of webs covered an area from the dragonic thing to the guards. Turning he then jumped through a window.

He hit the ground hard but rolled and started of at a run. From out of a pouch he pulled a ring. Putting it on his finger he spoke the command word and flew off towards Glantri City.

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story

Date: 1/1/97 7:19:27 PM

From: TYGHOCK

The next day's travel proved uneventful. Gaerth avoided Leonia, thinking she may reconsider her non-hostile reaction from the night before, and simply cut him to ribbons. Strangely, she had been right about one thing ; at no time did he actually feel AFRAID. He had been surprised, uncertain, astonished certainly. But as yet he had not felt the icy fingers of fear grip his throat. When his company had rushed those hill bandits, in what seemed a lifetime ago, he had seen many men - good men and strong of limb- grow pale and run. He remembered, even then, a strange calm as he cut and thrust amid the heat of battle. The goblins had startled him, but not frightened him. Even Leonia's reaction was more concern for her opinion of him, rather than fear of injury at her beautiful callused hands. Yes, Grimwood was right, he had many skills to learn - but bravery was not among them.

Mary had tired of Seven's cryptic rebuffs, and sullenly rode her pony by Hezkakal's side. Questin was an unusual paradox, silent by day, magnificent in his gleaming armor upon his charger, yet fitless and troubled in his sleep. The cleric was polite but distant. Seven and Jen were beyond comprehension. Dwarf and bard convalesced together, more or less. The elves were with Leonia. Gaerth pulled his cloak tightly about him as he spurred on his mount in the chilled elevated air. He did not feel a member of this party yet.

They had picked up supplies and two additional grooms at a farm near the terraced hillside. That night they camped part way up the hill, a short journey from the grave they sought. In the night, Gaerth could see a glow far off in the distance, winding along roads to the South. Dark clouds formed again in the sky, alarming him. He reached for his sword (which he now kept immediately beside him), only to have his wrist grasped in slim elvin fingers. Arrowheart gestured toward the clouds, which formed thickly above the distant light.

"Fine magic, this one" smiled the elf. "That's the cleric's essence they think they're attacking. Questin feels we have enough decoys to keep them occupied until we find what we came for." The elf let go of his hand. "Get some sleep. Tomorrow may be rough." Gaerth lay back again as the darkness descended on the distant glow, snuffing it out like a candle in some distant window on the town watch. Magic...he doubted he would ever get used to it.

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story  
Date: 1/1/97 7:21:33 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

The next morning found them descending a small dip along the hillside, leading to the open gully which held the fallen paladin. A rough stone door, marked with glyphs, stood alone in the shadowed dusty pit. The wind whipped harshly through this naturally tunneled enclave. Only a faint animal sound could be heard in the distance.

"Silent as a tomb" deadpanned Gurmstahl.

Questin dismounted. "Celentia, Leonia, Seven, Jen, Grimwood, Gaerth" he startled to hear his name called "we're going in. Arrowheart, Hez, Mary, stay with Boldo and Gurmstahl, guard the camp."

"Let me go too!" Mary stepped forward.

"One wizard - and apprentice - is enough" said Questin. "Besides, we may need magic out here if we're trapped inside."

Hezkakal put out his hand and drew Mary back. "Please, don't let us stop you."

A furious horse sound rose through the wind from the top of the hillside. Looking up, the party saw a large but sickly horse, riderless, colorful trappings in tatters around its boney frame, rear up and cry out across the gully. In wobbly but determined gallop it sped down toward the party. "FORM!" yelled Leonia, and instantly archers and warrior moved to protect the other mounts. The war-horse pulled up short, in obvious pain, fear and delirium. Questin's mount advanced on it alone; the troubled animal seemed to acknowledge by standing still and silent. Celentia walked calmly toward the animal. "Be at peace now, brave steed." The cleric mouthed something, and the war-horse shook violently, and letting out a horrifying cry, fell to its side. Celentia bent lovingly over the quivering beast. "Stand down" ordered Leonia. A few minutes passed as the cleric touched its matted and beaten sides.

Celentia looked back at Questin, tears streaming down her face. "It is Sorat-Sym's mount. There is great evil here."

Questin drew his holy avenger sword. The pearls sparkled in its hilt. "We must enter. Come".

As Celentia walked back to Questin, the spindly legs thrashed as the ravaged charger struggled to its feet. A wild cry, and it was off again up the hillside, pausing at the top to watch the party.

"Leonia, stay up here. Arrowheart, shoot to kill if you must. Let's go."

The party descended to the darkly shadowed door.

Celentia prayed, and the heavy door opened with barely a touch. A wave of musty odor rushed out through the black opening. Grimwood struck a torch and began to light others, handing them out.

The light filled the chamber with eerie shadows along the plain, roughly carved walls.

"The tomb of Sorat-Sym. Bless him in his final rest."

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story

Date: 1/1/97 7:26:15 PM

From: TYGHOCK

In the center of the room, a plain stone sarcophagus stood surrounded by thick low tables. Each table, its bright paint covered with dust, held the tools of the departed: helmet, armor, sword, shield and other items. One table had what appeared to be small offerings, including several cold melted candles.

Gaerth looked at Celentia's eyes, wide with alarm. "Evil is here, Questin. Hurry."

Grimwood sniffed the dankness. "I sense it too. Something...."

Questin motioned to the trooper. "Gaerth! Help me with this lid."

Slinging his shield, Gaerth placed his torch in the holder at one table's edge and went to the opposite side of the sarcophagus. Though the paladin had only his Shield hand free, their strength was uneven, so Questin's side slid easily off as Gaerth struggled with his. Together, they lowered the heavy top. Gaerth grabbed the torch and held it over the tomb.

"Empty!" he heard himself say.

Grimwood was measuring the far walls with his torchlight. "It's along here somewhere...right about...."

Celentia gestured, and a bright ring surrounded her, just as a gust of cold foul air extinguished every torch in the chamber. Her ring lit the room. "Everyone, to me, quickly!"

In the unreal light of the ring, the trooper could not fathom what he saw. The walls seemed to blur into gray mist, from which emerged the clanking sound of sticks or dull metal or .....bones?

As Gaerth threw his smoking torch aside and drew his sword, the mist was lined wall to wall with a silent, advancing army of - was it - SKELETONS!

"UNDEAD!" screamed Grimwood as he tumbled away from a blow back towards Celentia.

Seven began to finger his beard in thought as Jen gestured intensely. Gaerth saw a spear strike Grimwood in the hip, and the elf yelled in pain. Instinctively the trooper leapt toward the rushing skeletons, drawing his sword and slashing down hard. Two skeletons parried his blows with clumsy slowness. A third drove a rusty sword at Grimwood. Gaerth chopped quickly, and a boney forearm flew, sword in hand, across the chamber. The silent amputee stood staring at his terminated limb, while death faces poured in on Gaerth's shield. They do not retreat, he thought. What do they have to fear? He was parrying now with his shield and sword, trying desperately to cover Grimwood's crawling retreat.

"Gaerth! Get to Celentia!" He could hear Questin screaming commands, but sheer numbers were about to overwhelm him. Suddenly, the quiet skulls stood up straight and motionless, as if hearing a silent command. Gaerth still swung wildly, his sword passing harmlessly through an empty ribcage. Most of the bone army in front of him then melted into dust. Others turned around and walked slowly back into the misty walls.

"They've been turned!" cried Grimwood in pain. "Help me to Celentia!"

"Turned? Into what?" Gaerth did not understand. He quickly sheathed his sword and lifted the elf to his side. Grimwood threw his arm around Gaerth's neck as the trooper turned to Questin. The skeletons in front of him were struggling, having sunk to their knees into the stone floor which now appeared to be molasses. Questin has holding the sarcophagus lid above his head.

"Swords are weak, Gaerth. You need blunt edges". With a single lunge he hurled the heavy stone lid as a boy flings a flat stone upon a lake, smashing into the skeletons and ripping a path of shattered bones through their ranks. Other skeletons turned and marched back to the mist-walls. The paladin grabbed the thick wooded tables and flung them, like tossing dinner plates, at the retreating and melting bone-army, producing a clacking cacophony of splintering echoes as they emptied from the room.

"Look out, priestess! Behind you!"

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story

Date: 1/1/97 7:30:04 PM

From: TYGHOCK

A voice from the shadows had shouted the warning too late. Two skeletal warriors were advancing on the cleric, her gestures ineffective against them. In a single motion, Questin drew his sword and flung it across the chamber directly into one of the figures. Its skeletal form evaporated to reveal a creature of some kind, impaled through the chest with the holy avenger. Seven circled his hand over his head, and the second skeletal image evaporated in a ball of flame, a second creature running afire toward the misty wall. Its impaled partner had fallen to its knees, reaching desperately behind to remove the paladin's sword. Questin advanced upon it, grabbing the sword that had fallen from

one of the tables, and with three vicious blows chopped the horrid form into a lifeless lump upon the floor beside Celentia.

The walls grew solid again, leaving bone dust and shattered bone fragments about the open chamber. Questin drew his holy avenger from the bubbling mass of dead flesh. Seven shook his head. "Lots, I must say, lots of undead for a paladin's grave, I am amazed, I must say." Questin looked alertly to the corners of the chamber. "Who shouted the warning?"

From the dark far end of the chamber, a single figure emerged. Tall, muscular, yet pale and unarmored, the shadow of a human stepped toward them, stopping some distance away. The eyes had a sad, faraway look, the sallow skin coldly inanimate.

"I tried, but I could not reach you. I cannot approach you now. I deserve no place among you anymore."

"Who are you?" Questin lowered his sword.

"I am - or was - one such as you. I am what remains of Sorat-Sym."

Subj: Ongoing Story Corrections

Date: 1/1/97 7:46:34 PM

From: TYGHOCK

As Homer Simpsons says, "DOH!!!"

Questin Julianus's Holy Avenger has Opals in the hilt, not Pearls. It makes a difference, if you know your dragons (which I have once again proven I do not).

Remember, D&D is new to me...be gentle when I make mistakes, for I will probably make many. For instance, is that how an undead fight is supposed to go? I have no idea. Also, what can you do with an undead paladin, anyway? (sounds like a joke book title - 101 uses for an undead paladin).

Please - e-mail me comments and help keep me honest!

- TYGHOCK

Subj: Spectral Dragon pt1

Date: 1/1/97 9:11:08 PM

From: Mystaros

This is the Spectral Dragon that I have developed for my campaign. Needless to say, they are very, very rare and are

almost never to be used lightly; they are each and every one of them a Force for Chaos in Mystara, and even a Juvenile would be a powerful opponent for any party of characters. The Spectral Dragons are, of course, based on the Chromatic Dragon of 1st edition AD&D (the Mystaran Tiamat of my campaign being another identity of Hel, Immortal Patroness of Primal Chaos and the Chromatic Dragons). Spectral Dragons are also simply known as Chromatic Dragons. The name "Spectral Dragon", as applied to the "Tiamat" draconic form (multichromatic, multi-headed) was, as far as I am aware, first (and only) used in the Mayfair Games RoleAids supplement *\_Dragons\_*, written by Corey Glaberson and based on the *\_Dragonlords: Dragons of the Month\_* series of miniatures by Grenadier Models. If you can still find them, I believe there were two fine examples of the Spectral Dragon brought out by Grenadier; there was also the limited edition "Tiamat" brought out by Ral Partha.

As per usual I will make my warning concerning the Canonical nature of this series of posts: the material presented in these posts is NOT Canon Mystara, and in fact, goes against what may well be considered Canon Mystara. Specifically, it rejects the DragonLord series of novels in toto. In my Mystara the history of the Dragons is greatly at variance with the materials as presented in that series of novels (or, at least, the first, beyond which I could, or rather would not read).

Also, in my Mystara there are at least two major Draconic Pantheons; the pantheon led by the Great One (with Diamond, Opal and Pearl), which is the original Draconic Pantheon of the Native Draconic Races (the Elder Dragons and their descendants, as well as a large number of converted Chromatics and Metallics follow this path; this is the "Official" Draconic Pantheon). Then there is the Law and Chaos pantheon, with Bahamut (an aspect of Odin) leading the side of Law and Tiamat (an aspect of Hel) leading the side of Chaos. The center for the Chromatics is in the Wurmsteeth Range, while the center for the Metallics is the land of Izondia on the continent of Davania. There are other groups of Immortals revered by Dragons and the DragonKin; the Linnorms of the Northern Reaches are wholly subsumed in the Norse Pantheon; the Elemental Dragons of Alphatia have their own pantheons; the Ochalean Dragons their own Celestial Bureaucracy; and the Gem Dragons their own mysterious cults [those paying close attention

to my posts will note that I previously mentioned that I had discluded the Gem Dragons from my Mystara; I have added the Gem Dragons retroactively (and recently) after looking over the versions included in the Mystaran MC. I feel that they fit in well to my concept of a multicultural and more mystical Alpathian Empire].

Well, with no further ado, I present to you the Mystaran Spectral Dragon!

Continued...

Subj: Spectral Dragon pt2  
Date: 1/1/97 9:26:42 PM  
From: Mystaros

Spectral Dragon, Mystaran

Climate/Terrain: Any  
Frequency : Very Rare  
Organization : Solitary or clan  
Activity Cycle : Any  
Diet : Special  
Intelligence : Genius (17-18)  
Treasure : Special  
Alignment : Chaotic (5% Good/65% Neutral/30% Evil)

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No. Appearing : 1 (2-5)  
Armor Class : -1 (base)  
Movement : 9, Fl 24 (C), Sw 9  
Hit Dice : 20 (base)  
THACO : 5  
No. of Attacks : 2 to 5 Bites + 1 Tail Sting  
Damage/Attack : Variable  
Spec. Attacks : Special  
Spec. Defenses : Variable  
Magic Resist. : Variable  
Size : G (60' base)  
Morale : Fanatic (18)

XP Value : Variable

The Spectral Dragons of Mystara are the result of experiments carried out by the Immortal Hel on her followers, the Chromatic Dragons (Black, Blue, Green, Red and White). Thousands of years ago, when the Chromatic Dragons first arrived on Mystara, they discovered that there was a race of Dragons native to their new home (the Elder Dragons; magical, intelligent and multi-headed saurial creatures related to the Dinosaurs). Intrigued by the possibilities presented by this species, Hel (known to her Draconian worshippers as Tiamat), bred a race of multi-headed Chromatic Dragons by crossing her Chromatic followers with Elder Dragons. Her experiment was successful far beyond even Her expectations; the Spectral Dragon species is far more vicious and intelligent than any of the other Chromatic species. Fortunately, they are far less prolific than their cousins; many Spectral Dragons are born infertile, and even those who are capable of breeding new generations are near as likely to lay eggs that hatch throwbacks (monochrome Dragons) than true Spectral Dragons (see below).

A Spectral Dragon has between two and five heads (DM's decision or roll 1d4+1). The colors of the heads will vary; the DM can decide which colors are present or roll randomly on a D6: 1= Black; 2= Blue; 3= Green; 4= Red; 5= White; 6= Roll on Subtable (D6: 1-3= Elder; 4= Yellow; 5= Purple; 6= Orange). If the same color is rolled twice, roll again; if the same color is rerolled yet again, then that color is present twice (or thrice, etc). It IS possible (though extremely unlikely) to roll up a Spectral Dragon with five Red Dragon heads! Example: a three headed Spectral Dragon is rolled up; the first roll is a 3, for one Green head; the second roll is a five, for one White head; the third roll is another three; since the Dragon already has a Green head, the die is rerolled; it comes up 3 yet again, and thus the Spectral Dragon will have two Green heads and a White head. A post will eventually follow that will list statistics for Mystaran Elder, Yellow, Purple and Orange Dragons.

Subj: Spectral Dragon pt3

Date: 1/1/97 9:29:59 PM

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From: Mystaros

At hatching, each of the Spectral Dragon's heads will resemble that of the respective Dragon subspecies; the color of the scales runs the length of the head and neck, into the forepart of the body as solid stripes and into the hindquarters as mingled stripes of the respective colors, finally blending into dark brown along the tail, which itself ends in a wicked looking stinger. The color stripes are found as traces along the wings, which eventually mingle into a muddy brown, as with the tail. The underbelly and legs are a greenish white which fade into the upper body colors above, though the older specimens will have bellies so heavily covered in gemstones and coins that the coloration will not be at all discernable.

Spectral Dragons speak their own tongue as well as the tongue of all Chromatic Dragons. 30% of hatchling Spectral Dragons have the ability to communicate with any intelligent creature; the chance to possess this ability increases 10% per age category of the Spectral Dragon (thus, all Spectral Dragons of Old Age or better have this ability).

Combat: For all their great prowess and power, Spectral Dragons prefer not to fight their opponents directly; rather they arrange it so that their numerous followers and minions do their fighting for them. When they are called on to do battle, however, Spectral Dragons are among the most fearsome creatures known to man or Dragon. They will use every advantage at hand, and will use their Breath Weapons, Abilities, Spells and Magic Items to their maximum extent.

A Spectral Dragon naturally has no compunction about using its Breath Weapons on any opponent it deems too dangerous to "play" with, and the Breath Weapons will always be used intelligently. Because of the ponderousness of its body (even the two headed Spectral Dragon is somewhat ungainly), it never uses a claw attack; it will either bite 2 through 5 times doing damage according to the respective heads; no more than two heads may target the same man sized opponent in any one round.

A Spectral Dragon may also make a Sting Attack once per round; the sting causes 2-8 damage plus the target must save vs. poison or die instantly; those that save are paralysed for 2d4 turns.

All Spectral Dragons innately have the ability to cast spells, though they may learn additional spells just as any Human or Elven wizard; most have numerous spellbooks, scrolls and tomes about their lairs. No one school of magic is favored over any other, though many will use enchantments and charms to control their servitors. All Spectral Dragons can also cast Priest spells, though "Pureblood" Spectrals are more adept than others. These spells are granted most commonly by Tiamat, though there are a few rogue Spectrals who revere other Immortals, such as Thanatos, Loki or Alphaks. In any case, no spell cast by any Spectral Dragon requires any material component, and verbal and somatic components are adapted to the Draconian physiology.

Each head of the Spectral Dragon may bite, breath or cast a spell separately (thus, a total of 2 through 5 bites, breaths or spells in the same round). Each head has 12 hit points plus the Spectral Dragons Hit Die Modifier in hit points (thus, a hatchling will have 6 HP per head, while a Great Wyrms will have 20 HP per head). Heads must be targeted specifically (this is a

"called shot") for damage to accrue to them (the HP's of the heads are \*seperate\* from the general HP pool of the Spectral Dragon). A head reduced to 0 or fewer HP is out of commission (requiring a Morale Check on the part of the Spectral Dragon; it will always flee if in real danger). A "natural 20" attack with a large enough slashing weapon will sever a head if it is reduced to 0 or more points by that attack. A severed head will grow back over a period of months equal to the age level of the Spectral Dragon. If all the Spectral Dragons heads are severed, the Spectral Dragon will, of course, die, just like any other creature...

Continued...

Subj: Spectral Dragon pt4  
Date: 1/1/97 9:30:57 PM  
From: Mystaros

Breath Weapon/Special Abilities: Spectral Dragons are able to use the Breath Weapon of each of their respective heads; ONLY the head of that specific color that has the specific Breath Weapon attack may use that Breath Weapon; if it is out of commission, then that Breath Weapon attack may not be used by another head (example: a Red and White headed Spectral Dragon has its Red head put out of commisiion by a valiant sword thrust, thus it has only the breath of the Whitre head remaining at its disposal). Type of breath, shape of breath and damage caused by the Breath Weapon attack of a Spectral Dragon is exactly the same as the type, shape and damage caused by that of the Dragon of the respective color and age category; thus, the Red head of an Adult Spectral Dragon will breath fire in a 90' long cone, causing 12d10+6 points of damage to all within the area of effect.

"Pureblood" Spectral Dragons (those that have five heads, one of each of the five primary Chromatic colors) have a special Breath Weapon attack. When ALL FIVE heads breathe in concert the breath forms a \*Cone of Disintegration\* 90' long, 15' wide at the mouth and 45' wide at the base. All those within the Cone of Disintegration must save vs. Death Magic or be Disintegrated, as the spell of the same name (normal and magical items must also save). Those that save take damage equal to the Spectral Dragons maximum hit points (they may attempt another save, this time vs. Dragon Breath for 1/2 damage). Of course, this special Breath Weapon attack may be used only if the Spectral Dragon has not

used ANY of its Breath Weapon attacks within the last three rounds; also, the Cone of Disintegration may be used only three times per day, maximum.

A Spectral Dragon casts its spells and uses its magical abilities at 14th level, plus its Combat Modifier. Unlike most other Chromatic Dragons, Spectral Dragons see magic as the primary means of their power, and pursue magical training and equipment with a near fanatical mindset. They have been known to start wars over the possession of a mere scroll...

Continued...

Subj: Spectral Dragon pt5

Date: 1/1/97 9:32:02 PM

From: Mystaros

A Spectral Dragon will possess various abilities based on the colors represented by its different heads; thus, a Spectral Dragon with Red, Green and Blue heads may choose from the columns representing those specific colors. Note that Immunities are considered Abilities, and are *\*not\** automatically gained at birth; they must be chosen through this process (Immunities are considered to be Hatchling level Abilities). Choose 1 ability at Hatchling stage and 1 ability at each age category thereafter; three headed Spectral Dragons choose a bonus ability at Juvenile; four headed a bonus ability at Mature Adult and five headed a bonus ability at Great Wyrms (thus, a five headed Great Wyrms Spectral Dragon will have a maximum potential of 15 abilities and immunities)! An ability may be chosen as long as the minimum Age Category has been reached; ability slots may be "saved" for later Age Categories. No Spectral Dragon may select any one ability more times than the number of heads it has of that color; thus, an Adult Spectral Dragon with two Red heads may choose Pyrotechnics *\*twice\**, allowing it to use this ability a total of six times per day. All Abilities and Immunities may be found under the entries for their respective Dragon types in the Monstrous Manual . A summary is included here:

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Min. Age Cat.	Black	Blue	Green	Red	White
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[Immunity] Acid Elect. Gases Fire Cold  
Hatchling W. Breath  
Young C/D Water A.N.Fire  
Juvenile Darkness S. Imit. W. Breath Pyro. Ice W.  
Adult C. Water D. Devil Suggest. H. Metal  
Mature Adult W. Wood Gust o W.  
Old P. Growth Vent. P. Growth Suggest.  
Very Old Entangle Hypnot. W. o Fog  
Venerable Sum. Ins. C. Winds D. Gems  
Wyrm P. w/o T. Free. Fog  
Great Wyrm C. Rept. H. Terr.

Continued...

Subj: Spectral Dragon pt6

Date: 1/1/97 9:33:07 PM

From: Mystaros

Habitat/Society: Spectral Dragons are found literally anywhere where any of their constituent Chromatic cousins might be found, though Spectral Dragons of all colors prefer the most distant and desolate wilderness possible (if it is distant but not \*desolate\*, it is certain to be so within weeks of the Spectral Dragons arrival). Spectral Dragons are extremely rare in the Known World (fewer than ten known to lair in the region in the last 1000 years); they are rather more common in Norwold, where they rule entire sections of the Wyrksteeth Range. They are also known to lair in Hyborea, the Midlands and on the Arm of the Immortals; there have been no reported sightings on the Savage Coast.

Spectral Dragons combine all the worst aspects of their cousins: greed, malevolence, greed, voraciousness, greed, cruelty, greed, viciousness, and of course, greed. They covet magic in all its forms, especially scrolls and other items which impart magical knowledge. They use this magical knowledge and the power it gives them to expand their control over the region about their lair and all the creatures therein. The goal of each and every Spectral Dragon is to prove its worth to their Patron Immortal, Tiamat (Hel) and thus become Her Chosen, Viceroy of all

Mystara and OverKing (or OverQueen) of all Chromatic Dragons (Metallic Dragons and others are considered an abomination by the Spectral Dragons, suitable only as prey). Fortunately for the rest of the world, each Spectral Dragon views itself as the "Chosen of Tiamat", and thus they are much more likely to war among themselves than with the other races (notably Humans, Elves and Dwarves).

Spectral Dragons lair most often in huge castles or caverns built specially to order by their myriad servitors. Their servants often include a fair number of Chromatic Dragons, either the thralls of the Spectral Dragon or its willing servitors. As a large number of Spectral Dragons are infertile (around 50%), mated pairs are rare. Any young resulting from a union are raised by the female in her lair; "throwbacks" (single headed chromatics), which result from about 1/3 of all live hatchlings, are generally cast from the lair at birth to fend for themselves (though they conform to normal Chromatic Dragons in coloration and number of heads, they are otherwise treated as Spectral Dragons as regards Abilities, Spells, Magic Resistance, Breath Weapon, etc). Spectral Dragons born of the union are treated moderately well, then sent from the lair at Juvenile age, the mother Dragon hoping (vainly) for some sort of loyalty on the part of the whelp. Note that *\*all\** Spectral Dragons regard any Spectral Dragon under Juvenile age as *\*sacrosanct\**; the species is rare enough as it is, and though they might well be competitors in the future, one of the few rules that Tiamat has laid down as absolutely inviolate is "Thou Shalt Not Slay the Young of Thine Own Tribe"; to disobey in this one thing is to invite Her Personal Wrath. No Spectral Dragon is so foolish...

Ecology: Spectral Dragons can eat anything, though they are most fond of the flesh of intelligent, Law aligned magic-using creatures (especially Metallic Dragons in particular). Needless to say, Spectral Dragons keep rather unusual larders...

Continued...

Subj: Spectral Dragon pt7/End

Date: 1/1/97 9:38:04 PM

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From: Mystalos

Age	Length#	AC	Spells	Wizard/Priest*	MR	Treasure Type**
1	1-12	2	1		5%	Nil
2	13-30	1	2/1		10%	Nil
3	31-48	0	2 1/2		15%	Nil
4	49-66	-1	2 2/2 1		20%	E, T, Qx2
5	67-84	-2	2 2 1/2 2		25%	H, T, Qx3
6	85-100	-3	2 2 2/2 2 1		30%	H, Tx2, Qx4
7	101-120	-4	2 2 2 1/2 2 2		35%	H, Tx2, Qx5
8	121-140	-5	2 2 2 2/2 2 2 1		40%	Hx2, Tx3, Qx6
9	141-160	-6	2 2 2 2 1/2 2 2 2		50%	Hx2, Tx3, Qx7
10	161-180	-7	2 2 2 2 2/2 2 2 2 1		60%	Hx2, Tx4, Qx8
11	181-200	-8	2 2 2 2 2 1/2 2 2 2 2		70%	Hx3, Tx4, Qx9
12	201-220	-9	2 2 2 2 2 2/2 2 2 2 2 1		80%	Hx3, Tx5, Qx10

# Body length and tail length are usually equal.

\* This is the base for two headed Spectral Dragons. Three, four and five headed Spectral Dragons get an additional 1st level Wizard spell at Young Adult; four and five headed Spectral Dragons get additional 1st and 2nd level Wizard spells at Mature Adult; and five headed Spectral Dragons get additional 1st, 2nd and 3rd level Wizard spells at Very Old. "Pureblood" Spectral Dragons receive additional 1st level Priest spells at Adult, Old and Venerable; additional 2nd level Priest spells at Mature Adult, Very Old and Wyrms; and they receive additional 3rd level Priest spells at Venerable and Great Wyrms.

\*\* Spectral Dragons will also possess one \*additional\* random magic item per Age Category above 3rd (thus, a Very Old Spectral Dragon will possess 6 random magic items in addition to any that its normal treasure allots).

N.B.: Since each individual Spectral Dragon may have any number of different spells and Abilities, I have not tallied any Experience Points for them; each creature will be individual in powers and in value.

Well, there's a nice New Year's surprise for your players... heh, heh, heh...

Mystaros

Subj: Re:New Character Races

Date: 1/1/97 9:44:28 PM

From: LSimoni

Roger,

I have been working on a Glantrian campaign using a PC that is 1/4 rakasta (I thought 1/2 might be too much). Much like the half-elf, this race would look alot like a human, with feline features like cheekbones and build, while possessing some of the abilities of the rakasta. The recently released Savage Coast campaign setting (great job, guys!) was used as my guide. I figure a PC like of this race would make an excellent thief.

L. Simoni

Subj: Re:Noble NPCs

Date: 1/1/97 9:46:03 PM

From: Mystaros

Great stuff, TY! Can't wait to see your "Random Events" tables!...

Also, any details you could post on the Four Families of Thyatis would be appreciated. I would love to see what you've done with the Empire!

Mystaros

Subj: Re:Davania

Date: 1/1/97 9:48:24 PM

From: Mystaros

Oy! I'm already bouncing around from one region to the next! Now I'm going to start jumping to another continent! Well, I'll dig up what I can on Davania...

Mystaros

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story  
Date: 1/2/97 12:55:43 AM  
From: TYGHOCK

Celentia tended to Grimwood's gaping wound. Gaerth stood by, amazed, as two paladins, living and dead, faced each other in complete calm. He checked his hand - still not shaking. The trooper shook his head; I fought against skeletons without fear. No one back home will believe me.

Questin looked deeply into those sad eyes. "Sorat-Sym, ere have I heard tales of thy deeds. How comst thou to this?"

The shade paladin held his arms up, an effort which showed pain and weariness. His gaze drifted to Celentia.

"Good priestess, I believe your powers overwhelm him in this state. You and Gaerth take Grimwood and retire from here." At Questin's nod, Seven and Jen caused several torches to be relit.

The elf objected. "You cannot trust the undead, Julianus. Let us - emph! - stay here with you...."

Questin gestured to Grimwood. "No evil undead would save the life of a priestess. Go and be healed." Gaerth helped carry out the elf, passing Hezkakal at the tomb door. The thief poked his head into the chamber. "Trouble on the road to paradise, I see?"

The dead man moved to the edge of the sarcophagus and sat down. ".Julianus? Questin Julianus? Aye, I have heard thy praises sung, as well. Ill met we are in this sorry state."

Hezkakal stepped inside. "A polite dead paladin. Yup. Now I have seen everything."

Sorat-Sym spoke only to Questin.

"Ye may know I felled the black dragon Kishkamik. Ye may know not that some evil commerce betwixt the beast and dark forces in Denagoth have occurred. That is what led me to seek the creature out. In my quest I discovered his lair, and slaying his minions, found evidence of great evil. Alas, his return interrupted my search. I saw his communion with other dark forces. He took a scroll and left for some evil purpose. My mirror transported me to a point of interception. By the grace of the Immortals I overcame him, yet suffered grievous wounds. My life ebbing, I chanced upon a priestess of Terra, and entrusted the scroll to her. My wakened mind drifted in and out of slumber after this. I recall many robed women, carrying me off, dull prayers in my ears. They rested me upon something soft. I heard much weeping."

continued...

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story  
Date: 1/2/97 12:58:07 AM  
From: TYGHOCK

Sorat-Sym paused and shook his head.

"So much I fail to remember now. So much leaves me, I can little remember who I am..."

"Yeah, well, that happens when you die, I guess." Hezkakal's arms were folded as he glanced about the objects littering the chamber floor.

"As I felt my life leave me, a young woman, alone from her comrades, bent closely to my ear.

"Brave paladin, courage such as yours does not deserve to die" she said. She kissed my neck, and my life ran from my body as wine from an overturned goblet. She pulled back and smiled. Her hair was black, and her lips deeply red, yet I saw only half her face...

"I awoke laying in total darkness. I felt stiff and cold, and my movements bumped into walls around me. Pushing, I removed the top of this very tomb here. Instantly I was filled with dread and pain. My own weapons, those objects which in life brought me victory and comfort, were abhorrent to me now. I could touch nothing. I could not pass through the door. I could not return to my tomb. I could not pray. I was trapped here about this dark chamber forever.

"Then came my undead brothers, and I knew the truth of my fate. Julianus, the promises they made! The tales of new undead worlds they told! If I would but follow them, there was a place for me - a place as a hero and champion. My old allegiance was forever lost. I could but leave this chamber one way - through the portal they supplied. Else, I would exist here for all eternity."

"Hey, most dead people don't get much travel in, really". Hez kicked a few items along the wall, picking up bits and pieces.

Questin stepped toward the door. "Sorat-Sym, I can pray for you. I will. But there is more I can do."

He gestured to the tomb door. "I will give you another way out."

"HEY! Mister Manners over there! You DON'T go unleashing the dead on the living. That has GOT to be against your code, paladin".

"Silence, Hez. I must help all that I can. I must help other noble paladins find the peace in death they deserve. This brave knight can never rest until he answer to this charge upon him. Sorat-Sym, if you will tell us where we may find the dragon's lair, turn not to the forces of the undead, and harm no mortal who seeks no harm to you, I will pray for you and leave you this portal to seek your redress."

"WAIT! You're cutting deals with dead guys? You are nuttier than I thought!"

Sorat-Sym bowed. "I-I cannot vow by those who once blessed me. But you have my word as you ask. I am in your debt, good paladin."

Jen tugged on Seven's sleeve, and whispered into his ear. Seven flopped his hat to one side and shrugged. "I suppose a deal's a deal, Jen. I've cut a few odd ones myself, in my time". He stroked his sparse beard. "And, if the spirit is willing..."

Next. (Finally!)

Subj: Dynasties of Thyatis pt1

Date: 1/2/97 1:03:01 AM

From: Mystaros

Hmm. Requesting TY's info on his Four Families of Thyatis got me to thinking of the work up I did of the Dynasties of Thyatis (I don't recall if I ever posted this; I don't \*think\* I ever did before). Anyway, here's the stuff I worked up...

#### The Early Dynasties

##### I Tatriokanitas

(AC 0 - 157)

Years AC	Emperor
0 - 20	Zendrolion I, the Great
20 - 70	Valentia I, the Justicar (wife)
70 - 91	Lucinius I, the Grey-Cloak (son)
91 - 115	Zendrolion II, the Warrior (son)
115 - 136	Lucinius II, the Great (son)
136 - 138	Valentinian I, the Cursed (son; deposed)
138 - 153	Vanyadoria I, the Warrior-Queen (sister)
153 - 157	Valentius I, the Mad (son; deposed)

##### Von Stregger

(AC 157 - 255)

Years AC	Emperor
157 - 176	Karolus I, the Great
176 - 189	Liutprand I, the Bard (son)
189 - 231	Wulfgang I, the Terrible (son)
231 - 238	Karolus II, the Destroyer (brother)
238 - 255	Liutprand II, the Black (son; father of Brunhilda the Enchantress)

##### Cursed 13 Emperors

[AKA the Spellbound Emperors]

(AC 255 - 267)

(All references are in relation to Brunhilda the Enchantress)

Years AC	Emperor
255	Liutprand III, the Mad (brother)
255 - 256	Wulfgang II, the Pale (brother)
256 - 258	Adolphus I, the Canny (1st husband)
258	Heinrich I, the Short (2nd husband)
258 - 259	Hattian I, the Orator (3rd husband)
259 - 260	Karolus III, the Least (oldest son)
260 - 263	Liutprand IV, the Pirate (4th husband)
263 - 265	Eirikos I, the Merry (stepson)

265 - 266 Ludwig I, the Black (5th husband)  
266 Karolus IV, the Bellicose (middle son )  
266 Adolphus II, the Fool (6th husband)  
266 - 267 Attar I, the Almost Great (7th husband)  
267 Karolinus I, the Little Emperor (youngest son;  
deposed)

#### II Tatriokanitas

(AC 267 - 352)

Years AC Emperor

267 - 276 Alexian I, the Great  
276 - 328 Alexian II, the Dragonheart (son)  
328 - 332 Zendrolion III, the Architect (son)  
332 - 352 Alexius I, the Wizard (brother; deposed)  
  
352 - 370 Michaelus I, the Wizardbane (usurper)

Continued...

Subj: Dynasties of Thyatis pt2

Date: 1/2/97 1:05:53 AM

From: Mysteros

#### The Middle Dynasties

##### I Kerendans

[AKA Dynasty of the Equestridaes]

(AC 370 - 475)

Years AC Emperor

370 - 386 Tiberion I, the Great  
386 - 399 Trevonian I, the Artisan (son)  
399 - 415 Alexian III, the Sage (son)  
415 - 425 Trevonian II, the Red (brother)  
425 - 443 Zendrolion IV, the Horse-Lord (son)  
443 - 462 Trevonian III, the Dreamer (son)  
462 - 471 Trevonian IV, the Jolly (son)  
471 - 475 Lucinius III, the Drunkard (brother; deposed)

#### The Pentarchate

[AKA the Alphantian Interregnum]

(AC 475 - 489)

Years AC	Emperor
475 - 478	Poladorius I, the Mage (usurper)
478 - 479	Vazandrius I, the Invoker (usurper)
479 - 481	Ambrosius I, the Alchemist (usurper)
481 - 485	Alexius II, the Necromancer (usurper)
485 - 489	Magnus I, the Archmage (usurper)

II Kerendans

[AKA Dynasty of the Theostridaes and Aquastridaes]

(AC 489 - 576)

Years AC	Emperor
489 - 510	Tiberion II, the Magebane
510 - 528	Terentia I, the Blade of Vanya (daughter)
528 - 540	Terentia II, the Grey Dame (daughter)
540 - 544	Zendrolion V, the Inquisitor (brother; deposed)
544 - 548	Tarantius I, the Kind (usurper; brother of Terentia I)
548 - 556	Tiberion III, the Sailor (son of Terentia II)
556 - 561	Terentian I, the Merchant-Prince (son)
561 - 564	Alexian IV, the Traladaran (son)
564 - 576	Tiberion IV, the Pirate (son; deposed)

Kantridae

(AC 576 - 642)

(all the Kantridae Emperors were declared by the Thytian Home Legions and the Retebius Air Fleet; none were related by blood)

Years AC	Emperor
576 - 585	Kantrius I, the Quiet
585 - 598	Alexian V, the Builder
598 - 611	Flavius I, the Everyman
611 - 623	Kantrius II, the Merchant
623 - 631	Flavius II, the Soldier
631 - 642	Kantrius III, the Dullard (deposed)

Continued...

Subj: Undead Thread: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/2/97 1:08:16 AM

From: TYGHOCK

Okay, folks. From this point on, Sorat-Sym is on his own, and out of my (current) plans for Questin and company. Their paths may cross again, but that's up to all the posters to this folder.

Anybody that wants to pick up the Undead Thread, please, knock yourself out. I don't know where you might go with it, but I think it's pretty cool to be a great knight one day, die in glorious battle, and wake up a (something?) in a tomb, out of touch with your past powers.

I've deliberately left his origins and episode a little vague, so go wherever you want with it. (any lurkers out there?)

Have fun!

- TYGHOCK

Subj: Dynasties of Thyatis pt3/End

Date: 1/2/97 1:16:20 AM

From: Mystaros

The Later Dynasties

Oesterpolitian

[AKA The Eastern Emperors or The Redstone Dynasty]

(AC 642 - 786)

(The Eastern Legions put an end to the quiet Kantridae Dynasty in 642 AC; the Oesterpolitian Dynasty was known for its bellicose emperors, unusual antics and wild parties. Few emperors were succeeded by sons, though a few were able to establish "mini-dynasties")

Years AC    Emperor

642 - 662    Asterian I, the Great

662 - 675    Darinius I, the Myrmidon

675 - 679    Zendrolion VI, the Veiled ("son"; actually, daughter; deposed when ruse discovered)

679 - 687    Maximius I, the Gladiator

687 - 701    Asterian II, the Penitent

701 - 713    Tiberion V, the Privateer

713 - 721    Alexian VI, the Golden

- 721 - 732 Zendrolion VII, the Hunter (son)
- 732 - 740 Maxentius I, the General
- 740 - 755 Darinius II, the Daring (son)
- 755 - 769 Maxentius II, the Rake (son; deposed)
- 769 - 771 Maximius II, the Butcher
- 771 - 782 Asterian III, the Obese (son)
- 782 - 786 Zendrolion VIII, the Small Prince (son;deposed)
  
- 786 - 794 Berthold I, the Black Prince (usurper; deposed)

### III Tatriokanitas

[AKA Dynasty of the Gabrionites or The Ancient Dynasty Restored]  
(AC 794 - 960)

- | Years AC  | Emperor   |
|-----------|---|
| 794 - 812 | Gabrionus I, the Great                                  |
| 812 - 823 | Zendrolion IX, the Republican (son)                     |
| 823 - 835 | Terentia III, the Healer (daughter)                     |
| 835 - 846 | Gabrionus II, the Peacemaker (brother)                  |
| 846 - 851 | Lucinius IV, the Magefriend (son of Terentia III)       |
| 851 - 861 | Lucinius V, the Conjuror (son)                          |
| 861 - 872 | Zendrolion X, the Strategist (brother)                  |
| 872 - 890 | Gabrionus III, the Unforgiving (son)                    |
| 890 - 913 | Gabrionus IV, the Conqueror (son)                       |
| 913 - 960 | Gabrionus V, the Erudite (brother; slain by Alphatians) |

### Torion

[AKA the Northern Emperors]  
(AC 960 to Present)

- | Years AC   | Emperor                  |
|------------|--------------------------|
| 960 - 1012 | Thincol I, the Gladiator |
| 1012 +     | Eusebius I (son)         |

There are also numerous regional usurpers as well as oppositional Dynasties; the main concern for being considered among the Canonical Emperors was the control of the Bureaucracy as well as the control of the City of Thyatis itself; all Dynasties save the Oesterpolitian had the City of Thyatis as the capitol of the Empire (during the Redstone Dynasty the capitol was, of course, at Redstone). There have also been a number of secessions over the years (the Hattian Kingdom being the most notorious), as well as several defections and trades of territories (mostly on the IOD, of course). It must be noted that Mad Creeg, leader of the Ierendian Rebellion and founder fo the Matroogle

Dynasty was actually an exiled member of House Aquastridaes of the II Kerendans Dynasty, so the entire line could be said to have been a "cadet branch" of the Imperial Dynasties of Thyatis...

Mystaros

PS: Of course, though this is the "Canonical Listing of the Emperors of Thyatis", it is not "Canon Mystara"...

Subj: Re:New Character Races

Date: 1/2/97 2:39:59 AM

From: Kaviyd

>>I have been working on a Glantrian campaign using a PC that is 1/4 rakasta (I thought 1/2 might be too much). Much like the half-elf, this race would look alot like a human, with feline features like cheekbones and build, while possessing some of the abilities of the rakasta. The recently released Savage Coast campaign setting (great job, guys!) was used as my guide. I figure a PC like of this race would make an excellent thief.<<

Don't tell me -- this character is a cat burglar, right? Groan....

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story

Date: 1/2/97 2:50:04 AM

From: Duncan TKD

"Well Thane, what seer have say?"

"He said that I must find and slay a palidin by the name of Questin, my good ogre"

"Wont be dangerous?"

"Of course it will but that is all apart of the game is it not. Come now we break camp in three hours."

"Where we go?"

"We will go to the lair of the black dragon, Kishkamik. There we will ambush this paladin and his comrads." Thane looks over to the Ogre with an evil smil "Trust me."

Next.....

Subj: Anymore Mystara????

Date: 1/2/97 10:11:46 AM

From: LorenSoth

Does anyone know if there will be something uploaded from the old gazetteer series. I have seen the Dark Elves stuff and it was great! What about all the other Gazetteers? I have seen them at stores and are leary about purchasing them....will there be an AD&D conversion to them? As for as I know there are a lot of interesting spells in there.

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/2/97 2:30:06 PM

From: RLaRue

Back in the Mountains...

Silvarin lay face down on the ground, blood still leaking from his terrible wound. Tarquin stood above him protectively, trying to fight off the fatigue of the repeated spell casting. Nearby, the rest of the group was cautiously moving out from behind their rocky cover.

"Tacis and I will secure the perimeter, you see to Silvarin." Dalros shouted to Delleia as he moved into the open. "Tacis! Take the right flank, I'll take the left."

"As you command." she thought to herself, amused at the ranger's tone. She moved towards her fallen friend and unslung her healer's pouch from across her shoulder. Kneeling by his side, she looked up at Tarquin. "I will need your help." His weariness was plain to see, and she requested his aid partly to get him to sit and rest a bit while helping her. "The others will guard us until I'm finished."

"We need to remove the arrow before I can heal him. Here... hold this on the wound to slow the bleeding." she said while handing him a clean white cloth.

The priestess quickly arranged her equipment, and began a survey of the patient. "I was afraid of this." she said discouraged. "The arrow is lodged in a vital area. I cannot move it without killing him, but he will die unless it is removed."

"Can't you cut it out?" Tarquin asked.

"No, it is too close to his spine and too deep in his tissue. The damage I might do would be more than I could heal. He would still die."

Tarquin removed his pack and rummaged through its contents. "Wait, I might have an answer." He removed a thin bone scroll case and pulled off one end. Carefully, he removed and unrolled the contents and began to scan its surface. "Yes, this will work. Stand back, but be ready to apply pressure to the wound." He grasped the shaft of the arrow and began to read the scroll. The words sounded like gibberish to Delleia, but as the mage finished each word, it took on the glow of a

red hot coal on the page. With the last word spoken, the scroll burst into flame and was reduced to ash. At the same instant, Tarquin's hand began to glow with the same eerie reddish light. The glow spread to the arrow and within seconds, the arrow ceased to exist. Tarquin's spell had completely disintegrated the offending arrow.

"Amazing!" she gasped, but quickly covered the now profusely bleeding wound with the blood stained cloth.

She wasted no time beginning her prayers to Terra, invoking the healing spells that would save her friend. Miraculously, the bleeding slowed, then stopped completely. In moments, the wound was nearly healed and Silvarin was stirring.

"Ooooh. What happened?" he moaned.

"You were struck by an arrow and almost died." Tarquin said nonchalantly. "But that's no reason to lie around complaining."

Delleia smiled, happy her friend would be all right and amused by the mage's comment. "You'll be fine in a few days, but you'll need some rest." The priestess packed away her healer's bag and tried to rise, an act she immediately regretted. The world spun around her and she began to fall. Tarquin, still weak himself, caught her in time, steadying her on her feet. "It appears we will all need some rest."

<con't>

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/2/97 2:31:48 PM

From: RLaRue

In the rocks nearby, Dalros moved quietly through the night. His superior elven vision intensified the moonlight and made the darkness seem like a cloudy day. When he came upon the first of the attackers, he slowed his pace and ducked behind a rock outcropping while drawing his sword. Cautiously, he peered out. A gnoll lay on the ground, dead. Large pieces of hail lay on the ground around the body, unmelted in the cool night air. The ranger could not sense any movement nearby, and decided to step out of hiding to examine the scene. Another body lay draped over the rock a few yards away. Both creatures wore rough furs and scraps of armor. Their weapons consisted of a large stone axe, a club and two long bows. The bows struck him as odd in comparison to the crude axe and club, but the mage they sought had probably supplied the brutish creatures with the expensive weapons. He moved on.

As he stepped over the body of one of the creatures, something snapped beneath his boot. An arrow, broken in half, appeared beneath his heel. "So, not only were the attackers invisible, but the arrows as well, and separately at that." he thought out loud. Kneeling, he felt around for others. In all, he found eleven invisible arrows between the two creatures. Taking a quiver from one of the

gnolls, he dropped the arrows inside and slung it across his shoulder next to his own. He made his way past another three slain gnolls and collected a dozen more arrows.

Tacis had not appeared yet, and the ranger was growing worried. About three quarters of the way around the perimeter he found his companion.

Next...

Subj: Random Events 1

Date: 1/2/97 7:52:58 PM

From: TYGHOCK

Random Events - Concept

We've already designed characters and families. We've given them their warped internal motivations and initiative levels. Now we need only create the catalysts to spark their noble (or corrupt) designs into action.

Random events (RE) are those capricious occurrences to which the human species attaches such symbolic significance. For the game, RE also constitute great excuses to go to war/end a treaty/ take action. After each RE, the umpire can refer to the character of any affected noble NPCs and decide (by dice or choice) what action those NPCs might take.

Consider RE an opportunity. NPCs may or may not seize upon these opportunities. Again, use logic to make the reaction fit.

Every RE has two components: the event itself, and the location of the event. I choose to roll for the event itself first. This way, if the event seems an "obvious" fit somewhere, the umpire can place it where it belongs. For example, the Emperor Charles IX is a might tough on taxes. The Senate of Thyatis just refused his latest ridiculous request. An RE roll indicates Unrest/Riots are due somewhere. Viola! You can assign the RE right there to Thyatis, or roll further if you wish. But rolling the event first gives you the option.

Random Events - The Event (RE)

Every three months (each season, as it were), roll percentage dice to determine what event will occur. This gives you only 4 events per year, but we feel this is often enough. The assumption is other events are occurring all the time somewhere in the world (for example, there may be flooding in Akesoli or bumper crops in Shireton that go unreported). The RE turned up here are considered either great enough to cause notice, or significant enough that an NPC could act upon them. Since we work in seasonal turns when fast-forwarding several years, or monthly if something interesting

occurs, this RE schedule works fine for us (note we often go to weekly turns when actual armies/fleets are on the move). The umpire declares which month in that season the roll is made, and rolls as below.

Subj: Random Events 2  
Date: 1/2/97 7:56:52 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

Random Event Chart - roll % dice

01-05 Piracy/Bandits  
06-08 Raid!  
09-10 Invasion!  
11-14 Peasant Rebellion  
15-17 Pirate/Bandit Base formed  
18-19 PLAGUE!!!!  
20-23 Famine/Crop Failure  
24-27 Unrest/Riots  
28-29 Overthrow of Local Authority  
30-33 Exiled Merchants  
34-35 Increased Profits in Trade this year  
36 Ambassador  
37 General  
38 Minister of State  
39 Admiral  
40-42 Key Figure dies  
43-44 Diplomatic Success  
45-46 Schism/Change of Faith!!!  
47-48 Treasury Windfall  
49-50 Peculation in the Treasury  
51-52 Mercenaries available  
53-54 Exceptional Harvest this year  
55-57 New Mine is discovered  
58 Old Mine dries up  
59-61 TREACHERY!!!  
62-64 Forest Fire/City Fire/Flood  
65-67 Earthquake/Volcano/Specially Violent Storm  
68-70 SCANDAL!!!

- 71-72 ASSASSINATION!!!
- 73-74 Founding of new lower noble family (lousy up-and-comers!)
- 75 Zealot (perhaps with a printing press)
- 76-77 Spy Success
- 78-79 Spy caught in the act
- 80-82 A major Diplomatic Faux Pax
- 83-87 Injury in an Accident
- 88 CRUSADE!/JIHAD!/ fervor
- 89-90 International Trade Incident
- 91 Pretender appears! (gosh, he looks just like....)
- 92-95 Pestilence/Sweats
- 96 Artist
- 97-00 Oddity (is that statue weeping...?)

If the RE seems to call for it (most do), roll a D10 for intensity. 1-6, significant. 7-9, great. 0, Historic (Remembered for All Time).

I'll try not to bore you with the wargames applications of the above events, so here are a few interpretive notes:

PIRACY or BANDITRY depend, of course, whether the location has a coastline or not. If a Base is formed, it means not only must you worry about their incursions, you must go and root them out of their secret stronghold. Such a base should be located on a remote island, caves in the hills, the city's sewers, etc.

RAID and INVASION are similar in that a small armed band of logical enemies swoops down on some location. It could be from a local noble neighbor, a nearby state, a social sub-caste, a religious group, or even amphibious! It is NEVER an attack on one state government by another (at least not OFFICIALLY). They differ in that raiders go home. Invaders try to take possession permanently. Though well armed and more than rabble, such groups are usually beaten unless reinforced. Example: religious Odinite soldiers from Soderfjord seize a castle in Whitehaven to protest the Vestland King's Ruthenian leanings. As no one reinforce them, and the king is just and popular, they are surrounded and starved into submission. But it could have gone otherwise...

PEASANT REBELLION and UNREST/RIOTS are the less organized, more spontaneous versions of the above. Rebellions are country-bred and Riots are city-born equivalents. Depending on intensity, these must be quickly crushed, as they disrupt politics and income.

OVERTHROW OF LOCAL AUTHORITY and SCHISM are the most serious types of outbreak. Overthrow means the local lord and family have just been captured/snuffed out. It may come from rebels or rioters, but is most likely a power play among the petty lordlings of the area, with a few rough, drunken retainers. Still, an NPC has to restore the rightful order of things, or take some action. Schism is the deadly tendency of cities or provinces to change their religious allegiance. However

pure and well-intentioned, imagine an enclave of Kagarite followers taking over in some Hattian town! Things could get ugly.

Subj: Random Events 3

Date: 1/2/97 7:59:13 PM

From: TYGHOCK

PLAGUE and PESTILENCE/SWEATS are differing degrees of sickness. Both have a 10% to spread, +10% if in a major city, +10 if near a swamp hex (or other historically unsanitary place), +10 if on a major trade route (cumulative!). Spreading happens every month until no spreading occurs. They last one D6 months, and have a recurrence chance after next winter of 20%, until they no longer occur. Death tolls are up to the umpire; the difference is Pestilence sickens many but kills few, whereas Plague really wipes them out. I use the Intensity die roll x 5% to determine percentage sick/dead. Don't forget, many decreases in population are due to people running away as well as dying, so a certain percent will recover automatically when the horror subsides. NPCs are subject to them, and might flee to a 'summer house' or such. It is best to name major events like this, such as 'The Cows' Breath Plague' or 'King Olaf's Sweat'. Also, we allow armies to spread such things, too. FAMINE and BUMPER CROPS affect food supplies, armies and income. We allow soldiers to help spread Famine as well through heavy campaigning.

EXILED MERCHANTS is one of my favorites. For religious, cultural, jealousy or other reasons, a body of merchants gets exiled from somewhere. Roll for location FROM where they will come. The umpire can then decide to resettle them in the nearest logical safe haven, NPC character permitting. If no logical target occurs, send them off to a 'New World' or roll a second time for their destination. Exiles bring skills and commercial profitability with them, and NPCs can usually benefit from granting sanctuary. I bump up the commerce income of the receiving land accordingly. These merchants may be resented by the locals, remain isolationist, and constantly need royal support, however.

INCREASED PROFITS and any TREASURY pluses and minuses are direct one-time income effects. You may reward a civil servant with a low-end title, or have a public beheading of a scoundrel (and if he happens to be a certain faith, or race, or protégé of another noble, look out!).

Another favorite of mine is the Great Man Series, which includes AMBASSADOR, GENERAL, ADMIRAL, MINISTER, ZEALOT and ARTIST. These are either commoners, merchant's and priest's sons or low-low nobility who have a true genius born among them, available for hiring and promotion. I usually role to create a character, then adjust STs to make him logical. Here are your Michaelangelos, Richelieus, Corbets, Cromwells, Calvins, Johan Hus, in short, all the brilliant minds that lit the Renaissance. And don't worry if the Admiral appears in Glantri - nobody said he had to work for the nation of his birth, or that he was even born there! When a Great Man (or Woman, if you wish) occurs, I assume he is in his manhood (20-40), reasonably accomplished and currently unemployed. He may be native to the location he rolls up in, or he may have wandered there during

his 'finding myself' period. Benefits are obvious. Military geniuses give your forces an edge, Ministers run the government more efficiently (more income), Ambassadors give your international die rolls an advantage, Artists build or paint or design to reflect the majesty of your court, etc. Only Zealots are a mixed bag. Roll for their affiliation. They may be printers, preachers or prophets - always articulate and convincing - and they may help unite your lands, or cause civil unrest, or even a bloody religious war! Remember to reward such great men/women properly.

Subj: Random Events 4  
Date: 1/2/97 8:11:23 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

Culling effects on NPCs occur through KEY FIGURE DIES, ASSASSINATION, INJURY BY ACCIDENT, TREACHERY and SCANDAL. For these RE, look to the character of your NPCs. There may have been poison, or merely suspicion of it. Injuries could be falls from horses (common), shot while hunting, or eating bad oysters! Remember to let Injuries linger one D6 months, with a chance to die from it (or maybe permanent limp/indigestion, etc.). Scandals and Treachery require some creative thinking on the umpire's part, but the normal crop of NPCs usually give you a logical possibility. Assassins may be deranged loners, religious martyrs, or flies on Catherine D'Medici's dark web of intrigue - the choice is yours.

MERCENARIES AVAILABLE may or may not thrill you. They will be a good crop of men, however. Best to employ them or ship them out somewhere; else they could join your neighbor, or turn to banditry! I roll a second location for their national origin. The band is assumed part locals, mostly foreigners.

MINES are both discovered and dry up. Try to place them in mountains or hills, never in population centers. Could there be a gold rush in Dunadale? A mine drying up could cause serious trade or industrial problems.

Acts of nature such as FIRES, FLOODS, STORMS, EARTHQUAKES and such should be dictated by geography and the history of the location. Thyatis doesn't sit on a volcano, and the burning desert can't have a forest fire. Be logical - even if the NPC isn't, and reads this RE as a portent. And he/she may have to dip into funds to relieve the suffering, or face popular wrath.

A NEW NOBLE FAMILY is always fun. Who are these upstarts, and dare they think their wealth can buy titles? Always adds a fun dimension watching them rise (and fall!). I roll for a whole new small family (D6). Assume they are rich.

Diplomacy is a developing art at this time, so DIPLOMATIC SUCCESS, FAUX PAX, SPY issues, and INTERNATIONAL TRADE INCIDENT all offer opportunities for escalation. Maybe you got that non-aggression pact with Darokin, or your spies uncovered the plan to betray the harbor, or an overzealous Newkirk customs official imprisoned one of your captains, who died of flu while in jail awaiting trial. Hey, if I need an excuse for war, it could suffice (they once had a War of Jenkin's Ear,

you know). And during the Thirty Year's War, one attachŽ almost ruined France's entire carefully constructed coalition by innocently suggesting it would be an excellent thing if the Dutch would tolerate Catholics (OUCH!!).

Subj: Random Events 5  
Date: 1/2/97 8:13:54 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

CRUSADE and such means popular opinion violently supports some ridiculous, quixotic and expensive gesture to go slaughter unbelievers somewhere. Your NPC may capitalize on this craze, play for time, try to redirect the effort for his own gains, or ignore it to his peril! At least he'll have plenty of volunteers (at first). But wars are always easier to start than to stop, and volunteers get killed or drift away....

One unique character is the PRETENDER. This unfortunate looks like the king, his sister, a dead claimant of the throne, etc. Man in the Iron Mask, anyone? The Prince and Pauper? England had years of people claiming to be the royal York princes murdered in the Tower. Roll for his/her character. The pretender may be kept at court to double for his ruler at boring ceremonial functions (Richard II actually did this!), or be used as a pawn by others to seize the throne, or be maintained at court as a curiosity, or be shuffled to a dark dungeon somewhere and never be seen again.

The final RE is ODDITY, and this one is up to the umpire's imagination. Here, something happens that shouldn't. For instance, all the royal portraits in the great hall seem to bleed red, and fall from the walls at night to wailing echoes (damp rusty nails dripping and breaking, or ghosts crying foul?). The orange trees refuse to bloom since George became Duke. Why do the clouds form over the castle so? And Demaria's dogs will no longer go to her since her state visit to Freiburg. In essence, some strange quirk is getting a lot of gossip lately. Blue roses? The sneezing fits during services at the rear altar? Lots of two-headed calves being born? They may be mere delusions, or circumstantial anomalies of science, but in the Renaissance, Inquiring Minds want to know.

Subj: Random Events 6  
Date: 1/2/97 8:16:41 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

Random Events - Location

Galia Est Divoc Tres partes - um, Mystara is divided into several die rolls. Once you are inside a particular area, see if your RE applies to the NPCs or the area itself. Then use dice and imagination

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to apply the RE properly. For example, if you roll 4, the Guilds, and the RE is Famine, you may subdivide the islands, giving more weight to the larger ones, and roll again. Likewise, if you roll 16, and the RE is Scandal, you may want to role a D10 to decide which Glantrian prince is involved, and then roll further down that house, etc. Or an NPC's character may at some point be an automatic obvious fit. The options are endless.

#### Location Table

- 1,2 - Thyatis (TH)
- 3 - Karamiekos (KM)
- 4 - Minrothad Guilds (MG)
- 5 - Ierendi (IR)
- 6 - FiveShires (FS)
- 7 - Ostland (OL)
- 8 - Vestland (VL)
- 9 - Soderfjord (SF)
- 10 - Rockhome (RH)
- 11-14 - Non-west powers (roll again below)
- 15,16 - Glantri (GL)
- 17,18 - Darokin (DK)
- 19 - the cold north (roll again below)
- 20 - the colonies (roll again below)

#### Non-West Powers Table - roll D10

- 1-3 - Ylaruam (YL)
- 4 - The Clans (AG)
- 5,6 - Ethengar Kahnates (EK)
- 7,8 - Sind (SD)
- 9 - The Desert Nomads (DE)
- 0 - Yavldom (YV)

#### The Cold North Table - roll D10

- 1-5 - Heldann Freeholds (HF)
- 6-8 - Norworld (NW)
- 9 - Wendar (WR)
- 0 - Wendar or choice (perhaps another northern realm?)

#### The Colonies Table - roll D10

- 1-6 - Isle of Dawn (IOD) - roll again below
- 7,8 - Ochalea (OC)

- 9 - Pearl Islands (PI)
- 0 - other colony at umpire's discretion

IOD Table - roll D10

- 1 - Newkirke
- 2 - WestRoarke
- 3 - Redstone
- 4 - Sutherlands
- 5 - West Portage
- 6 - Septentriona
- 7 - Dunadale
- 8 - roll, 1-7 Helskir, 8-0 Deirdren
- 9 - roll, 1-3 E.Portage, 4-6 Kendach, 7-8 Ekto, 9-0 Trikelios
- 0 - roll, 1-7 Edario, 8-0 Other states to the east

Some of this may not be of much use to you, as in our Mystara, there is no Alpathia, and the colonial picture is quite different from official canon versions. However, the basic premise may be applicable. By all means, modify to your enjoyment!

And remember, a violent storm in Wendar may lead to nothing at all - or.....

Subj: Re:Blackmoor!!!!  
Date: 1/2/97 10:57:14 PM  
From: WSABRE

Could anyone explain to a new person what is Odessy?

Thanks

Subj: New knight on the block...  
Date: 1/2/97 11:08:42 PM  
From: WSABRE

As a recent returning AD&D player I decided to pick up the box set of Karamiekos. So far I like it but would like to know if there any published or posted modules for this area? Alsomy game store still has one copy of Principalitesof Glantri boxed set, is it worth the thirty bucks??

Wsabre of the Crimson Order

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Subj: Spectral Hydrae pt1  
Date: 1/3/97 12:19:43 AM  
From: Mystaros

Introducing the smaller cousin of the Spectral Dragon... and the biggest, baddest Hydra of all, the Gargantuan Spectral Hydra!

Spectral Hydra [Gargantuan Spectral Hydra]

Climate/Terrain: Any  
Frequency : Very Rare [Unique?]  
Organization : Solitary  
Activity Cycle : Any  
Diet : Carnivore  
Intelligence : Semi- (2-4)  
Treasure : Nil [Special]  
Alignment : Neutral

-----  
No. Appearing : 1  
Armor Class : 5  
Movement : 9 [18]  
Hit Dice : 5 [20]  
THACO : 11 (attacks as a 10 HD monster) [5]  
No. of Attacks : 5  
Damage/Attack : 1-6 [4-24]  
Spec. Attacks : See Below  
Spec. Defenses : Nil  
Magic Resist. : Nil  
Size : G (30')[120']  
Morale : Average (8-10) [Elite (14)]  
XP Value : 3,000 [19,000]

Spectral Hydrae are a variant species of Hydrae developed over 3000 years ago by rogue Necromancer-Kings of Taymor for use in the civil war that ended the Empire of Eternal Night. They were developed by the Cult of Spectral Shadow, one of the vampiric cells created by Thanatos; the leader of the cult, Nennaya-Sherat, brought the long dead Maitarashteret, the Spectral Dragon

who was slain while challenging Pearl for the leadership of Chaotic Dragons in the Elder Draconic Pantheon, back to the land of the Unliving. After taking control of the cult, Maitarashteret taught her servants how to create the Spectral Hydrae as guardians and servitors (the secret for controlling the Spectral Hydrae is long lost). A fair number of Spectral Hydrae survived the downfall of Taymor and spread throughout the Known World and beyond.

Spectral Hydrae always have five heads: one each black, blue, green, red and white. Each head looks like a cross between that of a normal hydra and a Dragon of its respective color. The coloration extends from the head, down the neck and into the forequarters where it merges into a murky gray-brown to dark brown; the underbellies are light yellow or tan.

The Gargantuan Spectral Hydra is known only from myth and legend, and is said to guard the palace of its creator, Gargantua. As no one has ever returned alive from that fell residence, it is difficult to say whether the rumors are true. If the Gargantuan Spectral Hydra exists, it would be comparable in size and physical power to a Spectral Dragon, though due to its lack of intelligence it would not be a true match for any such opponent.

Combat: Spectral Hydrae always have 8 hit points on each of their Hit Dice; all five heads must be severed before the Spectral Hydra will die. A Spectral Hydra can bring up to four heads into action against a single foe, biting once with each of them. Spectral Hydrae attack as monsters of twice their HD due to the infusion of Spectral Dragon blood that runs through their veins.

Continued...

Subj: Spectral Hydrae pt2/End

Date: 1/3/97 12:26:50 AM

From: Mystaros

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Each head of a Spectral Hydra is able to utilize a breath

weapon twice per day; the breath weapon is similar in form to that of the respective Dragon type (black = acid, blue = lightning, green = chlorine gas, red = fire, and white = frost); all breath attacks take on the form of a jet or stream 5' wide and 20' long, affecting all in the area. Each breath attack does 8 points of damage, halved if a save vs. breath weapon is made.

Each time a Spectral Hydra takes 8 points of damage or more from a slashing or piercing weapon, one of its heads is assumed to have been severed or otherwise put out of commission; blunt attacks cause no damage, and slashing and piercing attacks of less than 8 points of damage are shrugged off. When one of the heads is severed a natural reflex seals the neck arteries shut to prevent blood loss. Regardless of the number of heads a Spectral Hydra has lost it will continue to attack as a 10 HD monster. Attacks on the body have no effect unless a single attack inflicts damage equal to the Spectral Hydra's original hit points. Heads will regenerate over a period of several months.

The Gargantuan Spectral Hydra's heads each have 24 hit points, though only 8 points of damage or more are required to injure it (24 total points are required to sever or put the head out of commission; damage to each head is assigned randomly unless a "called shot" is made). Its breath weapons take the form of a tight cone rather than a line; a width of 5' at the mouth and 30' at the base, with a range of 80'; each breath causes 24 points of damage, save vs. breath weapon for half. each of its heads may breath only twice per day.

Habitat/Society: Spectral Hydrae are solitary creatures who prefer to lair in dismal surroundings. They gather only to mate. Rumors to the contrary there is no evidence that the Alphatians have learned the secret of breeding Spectral Hydrae in captivity, though there are several Alphatian wizards who have tried, and learned the hard way that such simply is not possible without the ancient magics of the Necromancer-Kings (which Gargantua seems to have acquired, though only used to a very limited extend).

Ecology: Like their natural cousins, the Spectral Hydrae are often preyed upon by Dragons, especially Spectral Dragons, who feel that the mere existence of the Spectral Hydrae are an insult to their species.

Spectral Hydrae are much sought after by Necromancers and Evil Priests, as the teeth of Spectral Hydrae may be used to create animated skeletons. 1d3 teeth may be gathered from each of a slain Spectral Hydra's heads; when they are to be used the teeth must be stuck point down in the ground and sprinkled with Unholy Water. An Animate Dead spell is then cast over them, at the end of which Human skeletons will grow from each tooth, one per each tooth placed in the ground, 1d3 skeletons per round.

These skeletons, each of which has 8 hit points and fight as though they had 2 HD, appear armed with swords or scimitars and armored with shields; they are otherwise treated as normal skeletons in all respects. They will last until destroyed, and they are, of course, controlled by the caster of the Animate Dead spell. The Spectral Hydra teeth take the place of the normal material component for the Animate Dead spell (i.e., no skeleton is required for the casting). There has been much speculation among necromantic circles as to what would spring from the teeth of the Gargantuan Spectral Hydrae; some believe that Giant skeletons would be created, while others theorize that Dragon skeletons (albeit small ones) would result...

Mystaros

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/3/97 12:06:12 PM

From: TYGHOCK

As the late afternoon sun began to drop toward the dense treeline, the remounted adventurers began their departure from the tomb in the gully. Celentia was disturbed by Questin's instructions; blessed objects were to be placed along the walls in an unbroken circle protecting the door; the door itself to be unblessed and left slightly open; Sorat-Sym's weapons to be placed defensively where the undead had attacked. Clearly, she could see the paladin's intentions, and though troubled, she had completed her tasks with all haste. In the reddening light, the outline of the dead knight's mount could be seen, shaking yet stationary, at the top of the rise above them. As the party pulled away, the beast began its weak and dying walk down toward its repellent yet duty-bound place. "Has all been done as you agreed?" Celentia's voice betrayed the slightest hint of disapproval, perhaps even disgust. Questin offered her a consoling look. He then addressed the elven bowmen. "There is one task yet to do. Grimwood, have you the strength?"

"Aye, Julianus". Both elves, one astride his mount, the other sitting upright in the crowded cart, drew their bows with careful aim. The arrows had been blessed to reduce the pain. As the party drew off, and the ragged mount descended to level ground, both shafts let fly with simultaneous accuracy. The foaming mouth shot up for a second, startled, and then, its heart doubly pierced, the once-mighty beast crumpled to the earth and suffered no more. "It is now as he wished", said Questin, steadying his own troubled steed as Celentia prayed beside him. The party breathed easier as the tomb disappeared from view over the next hillock.

It was a mostly silent party that traveled now, with a few exceptions. Gaerth could sense the tension as thick and heavy as the odor of leather in Fembil's tanner shop back home. That tension had gotten progressively more dense throughout the journey, to the point of the physical manifestations notable now. Gaerth had made only one inquiry about it, to the only members who still talked freely, Gurmstahl and Boldo. In response, the usually chatty halfling grew tight lipped, and the taciturn dwarf offered a simple, accurate, one word summation:

"Dragons."

Gaerth was struggling to understand. This was as powerful a party as he had ever seen. Any three of them could have held his entire town company at bay, if not defeat them outright. They had met a goblin night-ambush, and a troop of undead, with a furious yet almost casual precision that truly revealed their immense strength.

How could such an ensemble fear anything? Or, an even worse thought, what could be so powerful, so overwhelming, that it made this party (was it really true) feel fear? Just how incredibly terrifying and awesome it must be then, he thought, to face...a dragon!

He had asked Boldo about it, about Questin's reputation, the party's experience.

"Nobody but the bravest or most foolhardy paladin seeks out a dragon ... at least on purpose. Have you never seen a dragon then, trooper?"

"Once, I think. Flying high above our town. Everyone rushed out into the street and pointed up in terror and panic. Of course they called out the guard. We stood around, spears in hand and swords drawn, feeling pretty silly, straining our necks watching this spec in the sky pass over the town with a, sort of rhythmic beating of its tiny wings. It's not like we really saw anything. Or like we could have done anything from that distance."

"Hmm. You should pray well for that distance - and the dragon's disinterest. Tell me, what have you learned from our encounters so far?"

"Learned? Well ..."

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/3/97 12:07:49 PM

From: TYGHOCK

"Come come, human. You must have learned something. Of combat, perhaps?"

Gaerth thought hard. "Well, these things we encounter fight differently than humans."

"Differently?" Boldo grinned with amused disdain. "Is that you analysis?"

"Well, for instance, the goblins didn't understand my combat moves. I think my patterns were new to them, and they were curious and somewhat off-guard."

"Curious?" Boldo smiled. "You mean they toyed with you?"

Gaerth felt flush. "I mean they weren't used to them. And they learned a lesson from it!"

Boldo flung his head back in silent, half-mocking laughter at the trooper's defensiveness. "Ah, yes, I'm certain all Denagoth reels in terror now at the name of Gaerth. Come come, young man, what else?"

"Um ... they're not very brave individually, and a little wild in their attack style. They're strong enough, and fight okay, but don't parry well, and don't take good risks when attacking. They do a lot of shouting and gesturing to throw opponents off balance. And they seem to use pole weapons in wild attacks, rather than in effective defensive formations. More like individual attack fighters grouped together, than an effective group of fighters."

Boldo looked seriously at the trooper for the first time. "Wwwellllll ...That's pretty good, human. Now, what of the undead, Hmm?"

"That attack was strange. They weren't too fast, and had an almost detached quality to their methods. They did fight in formation, and their moves were more familiar to me. They parried slowly but well, yet..."

"Yet what?"

"...yet they clearly had little regard for their own safety. When a fighter is alive, he fights to stay that way. I guess their style differed in that they had no such... such..."

"...limitation?" finished the halfling. "Yes, trooper, yes, you are quite correct. I am rather surprised. I thought you far more stupid than you seem so far. Pray, what know ye of magic?"

Gaerth put his head down. "I-I must confess I do not understand any of it."

"Good", nodded the halfling, "You're learning to be honest instead of proud. That may just keep you alive a little longer than most."

"Most?" Gaerth gave Boldo a quizzical look. "You expect me to die, then?"

Boldo raised his eyebrows. "Die? Of course! They always do." Boldo closed his eyes and extended his furry hand to Gaerth. "My dear trooper, it is nothing personal. Most of us will die adventuring someday. It may be a gnollish knife, a blob of jelly eating your back out, a spell where all you see is the flash before you go.... it will always be something. In our many adventures, I've seen dozens of deaths - gruesome, valiant, wasted, sometimes even sadly comical. It's part of the life we've chosen. Your death will come, too. And guaranteed, you will not be ready for it yet. You will expect it much later, but there it is, in front of you."

Gaerth thought of Leonia. "I have good reason to stay alive".

Boldo quickly grabbed his belt and pulled him forward. "Then go back to your soft bed in your quiet little town. Go back now. Where we are going..." he paused and grew grim "... is no place for those who want only to stay alive."

Gaerth broke his grip. "You underestimate me, halfling."

The halfling smiled. "No offense, human. We've buried better than you a few times already. However, I will give you some advice."  
Gaerth bend down as the Hin spoke in a calm, quiet cadence.  
"Forget staying alive. You won't manage it. I like you, and I wish you well, but you will certainly die."  
Boldo winked directly into Gaerth's eye and tapped his cheek. "and when you do, for our sake, make it count, eh?"

Subj: Re:New knight on the block..

Date: 1/3/97 12:56:54 PM

From: RJNuttman

Karameikos has two audio CD adventures out, and both are similar to the CD adventures included in the boxed set:

TSR 2502, Hail the Heroes, by Tim Beach

TSR 2509, Night of the Vampire, by L. Richard Baker III

In addition to these "new generation" adventures, there's also a treasure trove of old "B" and "X" series adventures from the days when Mystara was a D&D campaign setting, that can be converted over with little or no problems...

If you're really into the world of Mystara, then by all means, snatch up a copy of Glantri, Kingdom of Magic. I liked it, in some ways even more than the Karameikos boxed set. But that's just me.

Two more kopecs into the pot,

RJN

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/3/97 7:47:38 PM

From: TYGHOCK

The Doctors can do nothing else, Julian. Go to your mother now. Go on, son, she's expecting you. Julian, my little hero. Come to me. Here, beside my bed. Do not cry, brave soldier. Soon I will be free of all pain. See, see the sparkle in my eyes? Does it not match the opals here upon my favorite necklace? I too shall continue to shine, little one, through you.  
Be good to your father when I am gone, Julian. He took me in when all I had was lost. He gave me you. And now I give you back to him. Listen to him, Julian. He will train you well in sword and shield. And know, my brave little knight, part of me will forever course within you. Oh, Julian! I know, I know it is hard to breathe. It is so because you have near your heart, within you, that part of me

which shall forever keep you safe from harm. My milk has given you a great gift, Julian...a great gift.....a great

"...up, paladin! I'm trying to tell you something!" Questin shook off the noon slumber and sat up looking around. The party was remounting from the rest stop, and Gaerth stood fuming before him. "What is it, good trooper?"

Gaerth placed himself square before the paladin. It was all so obvious now. There was more than mere tension in the camp. There was more to this than the prospect of facing a dragon, however daunting that might be.

No one in this camp expected him to survive!

Gaerth made his case, strong and plain, soldier to soldier. He cited his performance in battle so far, his strengths, how much he had learned - in fact, he made the strongest case he could, so loud and firm that only when he finished did he notice the others had circled around him.

"Give me the chance! I will prove worthy!"

Gaerth looked around the circle. Grimwood and Boldo were standing now, both apparently recovered enough from their wounds. Leonia met his glance with indifference. Gurmstahl still lay aboard the wagon, silent but listening. Only Hezkakal was smiling, that insulting, cocky smile he seemed to have been born wearing.

"Well" was all Questin said. He looked around the ring of silence. No one spoke up. He sighed - he would have to start.

"His bravery is unquestioned. We can use a fighter without fear."

Boldo was next in line. "I like him, I really do. But it will be a burden to keep him alive. Let him stay with the grooms until he's ready."

Grimwood's head stayed down. "He saved my life. I owe him. I guess if we let him down with us, I'll get to return the favor."

Seven stroked his beard. "He will need much, much-much magic to stay alive. Yes. Yes. But, I AM a wizard, aren't I? Of course! Maybe I could help on that score! HA!" Hezkakal slapped his forehead and rolled his eyes.

Jen: "The Master is always wise on these matters. It is wise to agree".

The pig grunted and shook its snout. Hezkakal pointed a finger. "HEY! Nobody asked you, Bacon-Butt!" The pig snorted back in defiance.

continued...

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/3/97 7:49:44 PM

From: TYGHOCK

Mary: "No one cares what I think. So I don't care either way."

The ring turned to the wagon. Eyes closed, Gurmstahl shrugged. "Well, he's not a halfling." Boldo shot a hard glance at the wagon; the Dwarf smiled grimly.

Arrowheart crossed his arms. "He will be a fine adventurer if he lives. But dragons? I do not want my brethren occupied saving people instead of fighting." He turned to Gaerth. "I am sorry, good trooper."

Gaerth gulped hard. Leonia was next, and she stood, sword point twirling in the dust, staring in seeming absent-mindedness at the random patterns she was drawing.

"How long will I get to train him, Questin?"

"With Seven's help, we will reach the lair in three days".

Hezkakal laughed "With HIS help, we'll be an appetizer at the Wurmsteeth Inn in three days - char-broiled."

Leonia cocked her head. "Three days. Phah!" she sheathed her sword and looked at the wagon. "Gurmstahl will not be ready. Well, he's brave enough and seems willing to learn - at least when he's awake." She sighed. "Very well." Gaerth felt himself breathe again.

Hezkakal shrugged. "Let him come along. While they're killing him, I can steal something easier. Of course that goes for all of you, too. And STOP smiling that Know-It-All smile at me, paladin!"

Questin did not suppress his grin.

Celentia shook her head. "He is filled with passion and pride. It will be his undoing. He does not yet belong in the lair with us."

Questin rose. "Only three against. Gaerth, may you never regret your decision today."

"May WE never regret it." She couldn't resist that last dig, thought Gaerth. Questin looked into the clouded sky. "Let's get moving."

"Congratulations, human!" Boldo's smile was warm and sincere. Gaerth began to acknowledge when the Hin finished "Just remember to make it count."

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/3/97 7:51:19 PM

From: TYGHOCK

(sorry, folks. I PROMISE I'll get them to the lair in the next two installments. Meanwhile, what about those other stroy lines, eh?)

NEXT...

Subj: Re:New knight on the block..

Date: 1/3/97 8:52:48 PM

From: AMALDIS

Don't waste your money on the Glantri boxed set. Get the original Glantri gazeteer from someplace reliable like Sagesguild or Dragontrove and it will cost half as much. The box for the boxed set is actually about three times as big as is needed to fit its contents and many of the contents are IMO just a waste of space. In addition the original has more adventure ideas and fewer mistakes. The only problem with the original is that its information is thirteen game years old, but that is easily corrected by owning any of the Poor Wizard's Almanacs or playing in the still exciting year of 1000 AC.

-Amaldis

P.S. TSR Bruce, an infrequent but vital poster, wrote Principalities of Glantri and headed the Mystara line until its move to AD&D 2nd edition where it quickly died.

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/4/97 2:20:11 AM

From: Qamlynch

"It be down here, govnuh!"

The old man wlked them down the dark flight of stairs, into the deepest damp sewers of the city.

"they found em here, diggin a new line fer th' blockage ferther up"

THE twoo dark figures followed to the brown waterline, their torches glowing off the black water.

"Here they be, as promsd!"

An ancient hand held forth the two foot long fragmnt. the dark figures grabbed it and turned it over and over agian.

"Bah! It cannot be the real thing. This isanother one of your hoaxes, Jek-manin."

"nooo. Nooo guvna! I've got em! real ones. Look close. Youll see. Them's real dragon bones."

the figures gave the object a second look.

"Pays pretty it does, mages loves 'em. THESE be real old, too. Good price fer me!"

The figures put the bone down carefully.

"and you say they found the entire sceleton intact?"

"Much's can be, much's can see. It's a beaut. Worht a lot, i recon."

The figures noded in agreement. "Who found it?"

"jes me an them four fellers in there diggin. split five ways. Keep your pricedown, too.

One of them picked up the bone. "we must return this to its place if all is to succeed."

Jem-manin looked conused. "Return it? no no ya sell em, don ya see? Good prices"

The figues began to spin there arms. Blue light surrounded their coverde heads.

"Hey tha dragon not be needin bones no more....right?..."

A short laugh burst forth. "Not be needing bones.."

Jem-manin felt funny, then watched as the bones within him evaporated into dust. His blob of shaking flesh lay on the sewer steps, eyeballs sticking up from the mass of gelatin he had become.

You and your friends won't be needing bones, either."

"Do you now how old this beast is? of course you don't" and he slid the jelly mass into the black water, watching it sink bubbling beneath the cruddy surface.

"now, let the Great One fear. Let us visit our new- i mean our very old- friend."

next

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/4/97 2:55:05 AM

From: TYGHOCK

"Now! Left! Parry left! I Said le...no no NO!"

The sword flew from Gaerth's hand into the air, spinning in the sunlight and landing point first in the dirt inches in front of Arrowheart - who lay calmly watching and eating an apple.

Gaerth turned away from Leonia and went to retrieve his sword. She hadn't disarmed him often, but that one was too easy. Maybe all these days of training were beginning to take their toll.

He yanked the sword out of the ground while the elf munched happily.

"You didn't even move".

Arrowheart finished chewing and swallowed. "I was safe. You haven't hit anything yet today."

Gaerth turned back to Leonia. She too was looking tired, as well she should. Every morning, every rest stop, hours after camp had set, they had clanged swords in earnest study. The long hours riding were filled with strategic discussions, small team tactics which Gurmstahl or Grimwood would know by heart. Gaerth had only BEGUN to get the most rudimentary hand signals and commands to memory. He had thought he learned so much in the town barracks; some little of that still applied, but very little. He had learned well from his encounters, but could barely understand tactics discussed against beasts and monsters he had never even seen, or heard of only in legend. And none of the discussions had yet centered on dragons. It was as though they expected him to fight everything BUT dragons. Yesterday at dinner, in frustration, he had asked Gurmstahl what to do if he faced a dragon. The dwarf handed him a leg of mutton. "Hold this up and wait", he said plainly, "... I like mine well done."

Despite his acid humor, Gurmstahl was in fact a most valuable source of information on tactics. Bluff and straightforward, his style was easiest for Gaerth to match, though the trooper's form had more "parade ground polish" as Gurmstahl called it. It was unfortunate that the dwarf could not yet lift ax and assist in his training. When he asked, Gaerth was told simply that dwarves do not take to magic

like elves, and therefore he could not heal as quickly as Grimwood. Magic. Always magic. He would never get used to it.

“One more series” said Leonia, wiping her brow, “and we’ll saddle up and catch the others.”

Gaerth readied, and she stepped to the attack. Despite his Ôpolish’, he could still feel the effect of staring into those sharply beautiful eyes just before each contact. Once or twice, she stared back, pausing, then flashing her blade in that unique manner of hers. Her sword seemed an extension of her long athletic frame, doing her bidding as easily as someone might crook a finger. Like the wizard did when casting a spell, he thought. How lucky it would be to be that sword, to be a part of her, doing what she loved to do.

Despite his acceptance in the party, the tension in the camp continued to mount as they neared a bleak looking range of high, craggy hills. The dark clouds seemed to be circling more around them now, and he noticed Questin’s unspoken concern. The only lightness now came from Boldo, whose recovered health increased his desire to rib the dour dwarf, often with music.

“Thank you , thank you. And for my next selection, I will take requests. Anyone?”

Gurmstahl coughed. “Yes. Get wounded again.”

“Ah, wounds! Good subject! I, Boldo Fiddlecake, the finest bard in all Ringwise, will now perform, for the first time, my latest creation in honor of my noble friend. Having saved my life in perilous battle, I now record in song, for all posterity, in a mere 23 verses so far, the glory and praises of Gurmstahl One-Ear!”

The twang of the lute jarred a quick reaction from the reclining warrior. Instantly he thrust one hand to Grimwood’s dagger riding nearby, and pointing to his remaining ear, pleaded “For pity’s sake, elf, take this one, too.”

continued...

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/4/97 2:57:09 AM

From: TYGHOCK

The lesson ended, and Gaerth still held his sword. Sweat ran heavily down both their faces. Leonia approached him shaking her head.

“You have got to stop being so formal. You’re not going to get that much time. And if don’t start varying your moves, you’ll be killed. Any prolonged battle with an intelligent monster, and you’ll be figured out and dead. “

“I have been varying my attacks.”

“I know, I’ve noticed. But you’ve got to do more. You’ve got to do the unexpected. Once those fancy attack patterns of yours fail, you’ve got to ...are you listening to me?”

Gaerth was absorbed into her eyes again, the tenseness in her shoulders, her hair...

"GAERTH! Listen to me! If I attack and you don't surprise me, you're dead! You've got to use surprise!"

A moment passed, face to face, and he shot his head down quickly and kissed her hard upon the lips. WHACK!!

The hilt of her sword against his temple sent him reeling to the ground, struggling to remain conscious. Leonia stood, eyes wide, panting in disbelief.

Arrowheart tossed the core aside and got up. "Well...he surprised you."

She wiped her rough lips slowly back and forth, looking down at the trooper.

"Aye; he continues to."

She sheathed her sword. "Help him mount. I'll go ahead and join the others." She walked quickly back to the horses.

Arrowheart strolled over and pulled the trooper to a sitting position. A cursory check into his crossed eyes, and the elf lifted the dazed man across his shoulders and shook his head.

"Still brave, and still stupid. How DOES this race survive?"

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(continued...)

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/4/97 2:59:47 AM

From: TYGHOCK

As Questin had feared, that night proved the most dangerous of the attacks. Gaerth slept close by the wizard, who lay still as sculpture in sound sleep. The light by which Jen read bothered him only slightly, for the long hours with Leonia had tired him out. Since his surprise, she had avoided discussion of it, and talked only briefly of battle plans working within the context of magic. Always magic. He saw magic only in her.

Three small dark funnels dove to the ground in quick silent order. Gaerth had just rolled over from Jen's light when the funnel nearest him touched down. This time, he woke instantly and grabbed his sword.

Before he could stand, a tall beast with a face like a pig-man stepped out of the utter darkness. Jen turned to it and her pig rose, but a rapid gesture from the creature seemed to freeze them for an instant. Then pig and apprentice turned back to reading, as if nothing at all had happened.

This time, the training paid off. "ALARM! ALARM!" At the risk of his own safety, Gaerth screamed the proper signal and rose to meet his alerted attacker. A huge club appeared suddenly in the creature's left hand. As it produced a vial in its right, Gaerth swung swiftly and the container flew off to the side. Gaerth rolled beneath the follow-up swing by the large club. The creature roared and spun around, as Gaerth still struggled to his feet. Damn, he still couldn't recover half as fast as she

did. "ALARM!" he raised his sword to parry the club, but the creature instead muttered some throaty nonsense. Gaerth was overcome with an irresistible wave of sleepiness. His sword-arm dropped to his side as his blurred vision saw the club descend across his body. He managed one feeble thrust as WUMP! The force of the blow drove him like a rag doll to the far grassy patch. Pain seemed mingled with tremendous weariness as he lay sprawled, shouts and sword-clashes in the distance somewhere. And why was Celentia Mera standing where the wizard had been? His heavy lids shut just as the advancing creature's right eye popped out, two inches from its socket, suspended above its snout on the shaft of an arrow. Like toasting jelly fish over a beach fire, thought Gaerth dreamily, as sleep drowned out the screams of pain from the falling creature. Then all was black.

(continued...)

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/4/97 3:15:27 AM

From: TYGHOCK

He awoke to the incredible pain in his left ribcage. Above him, Celentia tended to his side with intense earnest. He looked around; it was nearly dawn, and members of the party seemed to be moving everywhere in the gray shadowy light. Whatever she was doing, it was helping, but not fast enough. He tried to move, and her cool hand stilled him.

"Lay and be well, good warrior." It was advice could not help but follow.

A few minutes later, Questin and Boldo walked up where he lay.

"Hail, Gaerth. Well done. We've just finished reporting."

"I wasn't invited?"

Boldo smiled. "You weren't conscious. You've got a broken rib, human." The halfling looked closely at the Priestess. "He DOES still have it, doesn't he?"

She smiled at Boldo. "He is young, and heals quickly. It will be well by tomorrow."

Tomorrow! No break heals that quickly, he thought. Then he remembered; magic. He would never get used to magic.

Wait! Tomorrow? That means he would not be ready to enter the lair!

"I'm still going down into the lair with you tonight!"

Questin crouched down and smiled at him. "No you are not. None of us are."

"We're calling off the mission?"

The paladin laughed. "Hardly, my friend. The evil forces have picked up our advance. This night's attack was part of their new tactics. We'll have to approach a different way. Seven is working out the details now. It will delay us two or three more days, but that will be long enough for you to heal."

Gaerth looked up into the kind face of the priestess. "I thought I saw you - standing where the wizard had been - just before I fainted."

Boldo spoke. "A sleep spell. Very effective on inexperienced fighters. You'll learn some methods against them, in time".

Gaerth tried to affect the cold professional detachment of Leonia. "What say the reports?"

Questin smiled again, and Gaerth felt foolish. But the paladin continued. "Three assassins, specially constructed, I would guess. Possessed a few magic tricks, using them in a suicide attack. Sending armies after our decoys got too difficult, so they specialized, a few pinpoint attacks at random power sources. The closer we got to our destination, the easier we were to target."

"Why is everybody smiling so much?"

The paladin touched Gaerth's shoulder. "You were a true hero last night, good trooper. The silent attackers almost got in on us again. Your alarm alerted Seven and myself, and we quickly dispatched our two assailants."

"My alarm didn't raise the wizard... I saw him sleeping like a rock."

Questin turned to Celentia and then back to Gaerth. "No, trooper. You THOUGHT you slept near the wizard. We felt disguises were in order even within our own camp. You were actually in the company of Celentia Mera. Seven looked like her, to one attacker's fatal surprise. They naturally wasted the wrong spells in both cases."

"And the one who attacked you...?"

"...Should have known better. Accomplished paladins, if you will forgive me that phrase, have certain advantages against magic."

Boldo beamed. "Cut him up like the last of the mutton two days ago!"

Gaerth inhaled deeply despite the pain. A hero! He had done well...would she know?

"Was anyone lost?"

All the smiles melted away. Questin rose to his feet.

"Arrowheart took a dagger into his back. That's why your alarm saved us. Leonia took a few hard blows from a club, like you."

Gaerth grabbed Celentia's arm.

"Go to her! Heal her now!"

The priestess lowered the trooper's hand with gentle firmness. "She has nothing broken, good warrior. She will recover swiftly. Arrowheart was tended earlier, and will require my attention again. But he also will recover."

Gaerth felt fatigue overcoming him again. This time, it took no spell to shut the eyes of the party's newest hero. His dreams that day were easy to imagine.

(continued...)

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/4/97 3:17:21 AM

From: TYGHOCK

The two days passed quickly, and recovery seemed rapid for everyone but the unlucky Gurmstahl. Gaerth learned that the dwarf was fortunate not to have been killed outright by the blows he took - Boldo said his head was too hard to ever crack - and that his slow recovery was less amazing than his being alive at all. The dwarf passed his time now sitting up, hammering away at his fine runed helmet. He was tinkering with an ear guard, and some device which would fit properly over his other mangled opening. Dwarves always liked to tinker with armor, it seemed. Even in convalescence.

He had many occasions to speak with Leonia, and the conversations were short but cordial. She was more subdued, no doubt because of the injuries still being healed. One morning, as they rode on, he was bold enough to say to her "You look beautiful this morning, sweet lady." Leonia ran her hand along her chainmail shirt, as if acknowledging the horror beneath.

"You have seen enough to know better, trooper."

He smiled with all the warmth of his passion within. "I have seen enough to know." And nodding, rode on to the head of the party.

Seven was making new portals and they were moving about to new camps, so all sense of bearings were lost to Gaerth. He did learn that Questin had slain two dragons, a old black and a very young red one (the significance of color was lost on him), and had caused the flight, or at least stopped the attacks by, three others. He did not, by legend at least, slay indiscriminately. Gaerth did not know if this was Boldo's literary license, fact, or somewhere in between, but they made for thrilling story that Questin himself shunned. Hezkakal suggested the paladin bored all dragons into leaving his presence.

The day before the final portal to the dragon's lair, the tension returned fourfold. Mary had a hot one-sided argument with the friendly wizard, clearly losing again in her request for tutelage. Boldo had stopped singing. Arrowheart, Leonia and Gaerth had all recovered as good as before, but no training was continued. Either they think I know enough already, thought the trooper, or there is nothing more I can learn in time. A sober dinner on the last of the supplies was eerie in its silence. They would step through that portal tomorrow morning, and face the most feared adversary of all. Tomorrow, there be dragons. The elves took the final watch, as every adventurer parted for sleep with the same, somber phrase:

"Die well tomorrow, friend."

(continued...)

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/4/97 3:21:00 AM

From: TYGHOCK

The stars competed with each other that night for radiance across the evening sky. Only the silent elves on watch seemed to move among the sleeping figures below.

Gaerth startled from his sleep feeling the touch upon his chest. Blindly he reached for his sword, only to have his wrist pinned to the ground in an iron grasp. An open hand held firmly against his chest. Helpless, he looked up and saw, outlined against the stars, a shock of long, dark hair.

"Leonia!"

With a short smile, she released his wrist, kneeling beside him, and he withdrew his arm. Her palm against his chest lessened a bit, and moved slightly from left to right, right to left.

"I ... I thought you might be a goblin."

Her eyes stared vacantly into his chest. "If a goblin got this close," she moved down toward him "you wouldn't be alive."

He reached up. Her soft cotton shirt hung loosely on her taut frame, blowing slightly in the mild night breeze. The whiff of moist mint drifted ever so gently in the dark blue air, clinging to her like an aura of incredible, magical power. His hand ran carefully along the curveless and mottled sinews against her ribs.

"You are being brave again." Leonia took his hand and intermixed it within her long callused fingers. She looked down upon herself, and brought his hand to her chest. He could feel the strong heart beating beneath the tight scarred muscles.

"Not so very beautiful now, am I? Speak honestly."

Gaerth was never good with words in such situations. "I speak poor but true," he lifted his hand to her chin, "I doubt there be more beautiful forms in all the coral castles of Ierendi." It was a phrase from one of Boldo's songs, but he meant every word of it.

The slightest of smiles crossed a corner of her mouth as she tossed her hair back in a smooth, flowing motion. Gaerth watched it cascade back across her shoulders, the slipping shirt revealing the barest hint of those terrible marks around her.

"How came you by them?" Gaerth could not think what else to say.

She sighed long and wearily, "It is a story..." he felt her strong thighs press hard against his legs, arching over him with power and intent "...for another night."

She bent her head toward him, and the stars disappeared in a canopy of auburn tresses, weathered lips pressed to his. Her head rose and he thought he saw in her star-like eyes what she had doubtless witnessed for so very long in his.

"My sweet lady, I do not think you so...."

A rough finger crossed his open mouth. "If you will shut up," she said as her body coiled round him with growing warmth and desire, "tomorrow we may yet die happy."

Grimwood's race toward the odd night sounds was interrupted by Arrowheart's firm clasp upon his shoulder. Both paused and listened. Grimwood's eyes widened.

"By Ilsundal's branches, she's killing him in his sleep!"

Arrowheart's smile grew so broad the curves neatly accented the points of his ears.

“May Immortal Valerias grant him so beautiful a way to die.”

Grimwood looked at Arrowheart, then back toward the sounds, then back at Arrowheart. Then slowly back toward the sounds. He shook his head with a curled sneer on his mouth. “That is so, totally....human.”

And both bowmen continued off into the dark on their appointed rounds.

Next...

Subj: Re:Spectral Dragon pt7/End

Date: 1/4/97 3:56:37 PM

From: Telrathin

Mystaros,

Fantasic creature, I can't wait to see you posts about elder dragons....

Tel.

Subj: HELP

Date: 1/5/97 5:16:23 PM

From: ChanDog21

Can anyone please tell me where to look for the arcived world files. Thanks :-)

Chandog21

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/6/97 1:52:09 PM

From: Qamlynch

The two dark figures slid the last of the four jellyed figures into the black water of the sewer. Eyeballs pleaded as brain, luings and heart beat inside the jelly. The figures pushedhe last remaining workman into the cruddy water.

Only bubbles remained.

The taller figure asked "is it all here?" as they looked at the half undug skeleton.

the short one shook its head under its hood. "Almost. We will need help."

"go. Inform Fenwick. Summon the council. Let them know we found it."

A flash of blue light, and the short figure disappeared.

The tall figure took out a small scroll and read it. A wall appeared where they entered. The bones were safe.

The taller figure knelt down, ran its hand along the large wide rim of the empty eyesocket of the half buried skull.

"Soon. Soon."

(any one want to take this story farther? I just like starting them...) = )

Subj: Mystara, wow .....

Date: 1/6/97 11:38:34 PM

From: Ohiobbgnhi

I thought I was the only one who even played Mystara. And I am laughed at by players and DM alike for playing/DMing in it.

I would like to hear about your adventures!

The best trusted friend is yourself, always think your DM is out to get you.....

Subj: Unreleased Mystara book?

Date: 1/7/97 12:25:54 AM

From: Telrathin

A while back, I recall one of the TSR staffers saying that there was an unpublished Mystara 'Worldbook' that was originally going to relaunch the Mystara setting into AD&D before it was scrapped in favor of the boxed sets. I also seem to remember that there was still a rough copy of that book floating around at TSR HQ. I was wondering if there would be any chance of uploading that (especially with the launch of the TSR web site, which, by the way, looks very nice and should have a lot of potential). I figured since the Mystara area was empty, maybe that could be uploaded there as a start.

Tel

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story  
Date: 1/7/97 9:14:48 AM  
From: TYGHOCK

Julian, stop blaming yourself. You were away at the temple when they broke in. It's not your fault he died.

Listen, Julian, I've been a friend of your father's a long time. He was a former Imperial soldier. If HE was overpowered by those robbers, you would have probably simply died by his side. The attackers may not all have been human, even. You could not have changed this outcome.

Julian, Julian, stop such crazy talk. Revenge is too expensive a luxury for a ... Julian, where are you going? Wait, listen to me...

Well, young man, I can't give you much for all this... it might buy you the beginnings of some equipment. Say, is that necklace for sale? Those look like real... Hey! Just asking. Yeeesh! Its just a couple of opals...a couple of opals...a

"Company up!" The elves call coincided with the cool overcast rising of the amber sun. Questin clutched at the lump in his chest until his breathing returned to normal.

Gaerth woke alone and began at once to gird for battle. Breakfast would be light, as the last of the food had been eaten the night before. Hezkakal's asides about the pig notwithstanding, most of the party ate Jen's strange concoctions in a telling silence. Leonia joined the group with a flat "Hail", as expressionless as she had any other day along their journey. Her short nod was polite and even friendly to Gaerth - a sharp contrast to their exchanges, verbal and physical, that starry evening just passed. Gaerth followed her lead: perhaps this was the way of the warrior, after all.

Questin had no fancy speech for the party, to the trooper's surprise. The paladin repeated his rules of their mission, Hezkakal scoffing just barely audible at each mention of no stealing and no unprovoked attacks. "Yeah, and help little old ladies across the marketplace, too" he said in his deepest sarcastic voice.

Still Questin smiled at him. This was so odd, thought Gaerth. No matter how negative the reaction, how caustic the comment, the paladin always seemed to be saying 'but I know you better' in silent response. And Hezkakal always became furious at the unspoken rebuff.

"Let us take our tokens and begin." Tokens? Gaerth looked around puzzled. Boldo caught his look and walked to his side.

"It is a custom, trooper. Every person in the party gives one token to some other as a bond.

Especially" the Hin pulled his cloak tight "on missions such as this."

"B-but I have no tokens."

"Nonsense, human. Everyone does."

"What - what constitutes a token?"

Boldo glanced behind Gaerth and grinned "You're about to find out".

The trooper spun to see Seven standing before him smiling. His twitching fingers clasped something he extended outward.

"Be safe and carried from harm, Gaerth Tyrian." The active fingers opened to reveal what looked like a piece of blue fabric. It was too small to even wipe his brow.

"I have no sense of magic, mage."

Seven's head bobbed like an apple in a rain barrel. "Yes, of course I know that. No need to remind me."

"No, I mean what..."

A tap on his shoulder turned the trooper to facing Celentia. Her look was more concern and gentle reproach than warmth. "I give thee my prayers, trooper Gaerth. Control thy pride and thy passion. Hold true to the lawful and the good."

"Two tokens out of eleven!" Hezkakal laughed. "I guess everyone knows who needs the most help around here, eh soldier?" The thief turned to Leonia. "My fair lady steel-face, will you make it three? Have you no token for our dear lovesick dragon-fodder?"

Leonia gave an expressionless, professional, yet knowing look at Gaerth.

"He has my token."

(continued...)

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/7/97 9:17:04 AM

From: TYGHOCK

Gaerth eyed the party, expecting a reaction to Leonia's statement. Instead, only the two elves showed the faintest hint of acknowledgment. Others went about their token giving. Even Hezkakal had turned to Mary, their shared looks deep in earnest concern. The pig came up behind the female halfling and snorted hard, blowing a spray of misty yellow onto the back of Mary's vest. As she turned in anger and disgust, the pig grunted, nodding, and walked away.

Gaerth went up to Grimwood. As he passed Leonia, he saw Jen hand her a small clear crystal on a light yet strong chain. "The Master has said this will hold what you will not keep, and what you will never lose."

Gaerth briefly saw his own broken reflection in the facets as he passed by. More magic riddles. Always magic. He would never understand it.

Gaerth faced Grimwood. "Good elf, You honor me by saying you owe me your life. I now give back that charge to you. I will fight with companions, not debtors. The debt is paid."

The party seemed to react favorably, and Gaerth felt pleased. Grimwood grasped his shoulder. "Well said, trooper Gaerth. But it's already gone."

Gaerth's twisted brow made Grimwood give a friendly smirk. "I downed the beast that moved in to kill you three nights ago. But thank you anyway."

Once again, Gaerth felt foolish. The rest of the party seemed satisfied, but Gaerth knew he had a token yet to give. Seven was opening the portal, and the group was gathering close for the passage. He looked at Leonia. Every indication from her so far had suggested treating last night as a token, and he did not wish to anger her. Yet, time was drawing short. He touched her arm.

"Sweet lady, I know you will not take what I most desire to give. Then by Valerias, I hereby vow to you my sword and my life, as a comrade-in-arms."

The beautiful face framed its now familiar half-smile. "Thank you, Gaerth." The tone was as casual as if he had offered her a biscuit around the campfire - but it was enough, he thought. So be it.

Hezkakal and Questin stood at the front of the widening tunnel of light, as was expected. First would go the one who could best discover and disarm the traps. Next would follow the one who could best survive them. Questin turned to the thief. "I saw you share tokens. Did you tell her, Hez?"

"What are you babbling about, noble-knees?"

"She has a right to know, Hez. Beforehand."

"Hey, nice try, paladin. I'm not falling for your county faire guessing games. I'm here to rob some treasure, and you know it. AND STOP SMILING AT ME!"

The tunnel was now bright and whirling, as Mary stepped up to Hezkakal's side. Questin turned to the party and drew his sword.

"Die well, my friends."

And one by one, the group plunged into the magic spiral of light.

(continued...)

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/7/97 9:19:21 AM

From: TYGHOCK

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Coming out of the light, the first impression Gaerth had was that he had stepped into the jaws of some enormous demon. It was hot and moist, with stale windless air and pitch blackness. The odors of mold and bat droppings created an odd sour perfume-like scent. The rocks brushing his upper legs rose like monstrous teeth from the cave floor. He had been in tunnels before. He had chased bandits down what seemed like rabbit holes compared to this. And yet, despite the echoes that suggested huge open spaces, it was clear even in this darkness that the actual space was narrow. A tight, almost clammy feeling ran all along the opening. Gaerth could not help but wonder: how could a beast as large as a dragon was supposed to be EVER fit down such a tunnel?

No one lit any lights. Instead, each party member touched lightly on the back of the member in front. At the front of the line, just behind the thief and Questin, Arrowheart with his ability to see in the dark scanned for danger. Grimwood did the same at the back of the group. Gaerth walked between Leonia to his front and Grimwood behind. He cursed under his breath as his boots

constantly found rough and rocky footing. Apparently, something in Questin's visor made him able to see. Hezkakal was being aided by some magic from Mary. Otherwise, he had no idea how they could see anything.

Distance and direction are nearly impossible to determine in the dark...for human senses. It seemed to Gaerth that the party was on a slow decent, relatively straight with the occasional blind turn or sharp drop. But otherwise the path underfoot was direct if uneven. He noticed one thing also; they never changed direction, not once. Often, the line would stop, and some muffled activity occurred at the front. Sometimes a snap or crack was heard, or the movement of rock, and a short rapid echo plunged ahead into the darkness. The party would then move forward again, Leonia directing his step around something as it had been directed to her, Gaerth mimicking the move to the visually unencumbered elf.

No large dragon could enter here, Gaerth concluded. Either this was a tunnel for a smaller beast, a ventilation shaft of some sort (yet no air flowed), or it was a passage meant for or dug by others. As to who those others might be, he had no idea.

(continued...)

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/7/97 9:21:10 AM

From: TYGHOCK

Suddenly the party stopped in silence. Further down the tunnel, the sound of movement, with heavy vibrations and some deep, sinister exhaling, flooded toward them. As eyes had begun adjusting to the dark, Gaerth could see the slightest light from somewhere down and to the left. The glow silhouetted the outlines of other party members, and betrayed just how narrow, twisted and rocky the tunnel walls in fact were. It was a wonder no one had fallen in the dark.

The sounds grew louder. Clearly, they constituted the breathing of some very large animal. The glow grew a bit brighter as they waited. Finally, Gaerth could see Questin signal the move forward.

Carefully, the party inched toward the light and the monstrous sounds.

They seemed to reach an area leading to a large opening when Hezkakal stopped. Everyone froze. Gaerth saw him look around suspiciously, eyeing the rock walls to his right above his head; his eyes had a slight reddish glow to them. The thief appeared troubled about the light at the opening. He looked down and stamped his foot several times, as if crushing ants, or uncertain about the very ground itself. The noises of the beast continued in an almost uniform hum, apparently from the lighted chamber just beyond.

"It's...it doesn't make sense." Hezkakal was half-whispering to Questin, and it carried back to the party. "Something about these rock formations. I've done a lot of tunnels, and this isn't natural. Based on the grain, and the, the sweep of the marks, here. And here again. There should be openings up to our right. And this chamber..."

"What about it, Hez?"

"...Well...it can't, or it shouldn't be...I don't know, but something..."

Questin turned to the wizard.

"Yes, yes, there is magic here. If you want I can..."

A raised hand stopped him. The paladin neared Hezkakal.

"Show me where the opening SHOULD be." Hezkakal pointed to a thick looking outcropping just above their heads on the right. It appeared dense and cluttered in fungus.

"Let's go". The party advanced directly toward the wall of rock. Gaerth was confused. Were they just going to walk through it?

Suddenly, a deafening roar pierced the tunnel, resounding off the narrow walls and almost knocking the party over. The stone in front of them evaporated like mist, and the chamber behind them vanished into darkness. Now, instead of facing a wall of rock, a dull light filled the chamber, and rising before their eyes, a few feet in front of them, up, up a long thick ribbed neck, was the snarling face of red eyes, flaying tongue, and huge teeth....a black dragon!!

(continued...)

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/7/97 9:27:22 AM

From: TYGHOCK

"Cover!!" Someone shouted, and several members started to leap aside.

"NO!" Questin's voice command was somehow obeyed. The party stood, frozen, close enough to feel the hot breath blow through their hair. Gaerth stared in amazement. The face of the beast was huge, but not as big as he expected. It didn't move much, except for the rather thin tongue. The eyes blinked, but didn't seem to focus on any member in particular. It reminded him of a large ornate snake. He lifted his sword. Where would one BEGIN to strike so huge a creature, he wondered?

A moment of stillness, and then the dragon's mouth curled deeply from the corners, flew open, and from a guttural sound deep within built a crescendo of fury that burst out at the party in a wall of flame! He felt Leonia shudder as the point blank wall of flame fell upon them.

"HOLD!" shouted Questin, who could be seen walking - WALKING - through the fire storm toward the ribbed belly. The fire struck the party in full force, bathing them in intense heat and an overpowering reddish light. Is this how I die, Gaerth wondered?

And then it was over. The dull light remained before them, but the dragon was gone. GONE! Gone also were the sensations they had felt so strongly seconds before - heat, vibration, beast sounds, even the flame. Now, there was only the opening, leading to a wider chamber above them, and Questin Julianus walking boldly ahead into it.

The party scrambled up after him. Gaerth topped the ridge to see Questin effortlessly deflect a small spear with his shield. A stone bounced harmlessly off his armor.

The party reached the top and gazed out across the chamber. The smallest of cooking pots, utensils and equipment seemed strewn about the flat cavern floor. A tiny camp! Questin was standing twenty yards or so in front of a low ridge. After several seconds of silence, a small dwarf-like creature popped up from the ridgeline, shaking his fist at them and screaming in bad common: "GOWAY! GOWAY! TOLYA! TOLYA! OURZ! OURZ!"

And with that venting, a stream of small figures, dirty conical hats wobbling humorously along near the floor, sped up the cavern side away from the party and out of sight. The screaming creature gave one final gesture (Gaerth assumed it to be rude rather than magical) and hurried up after his fellows. The paladin raised his hand to stop Grimwood's drawn arrow from impaling him to the wall.

(continued...)

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/7/97 9:29:09 AM

From: TYGHOCK

"Gnomes" said Arrowheart. Gaerth watched Leonia's shoulders drop in relief as she exhaled. She hurried by and he could see the sweat streaming down those perfect cheeks. Finally, he realized, here was something that she feared, and feared more than he did. He held out his hand. No shaking. Maybe I am more stupid than brave, he mused.

Questin addressed the party. "We needn't worry about them for a while. I think they exhausted a lot of magic for our benefit back there. But we now know a few things. First, we're not alone; others are after the treasure in this lair. Second, some of them at least haven't found it. Third, at least one other party besides the gnomes and us must be here - remember they screamed 'Told You', as if they'd addressed us before."

"Fourth, no dragon is currently living here, or those tinies would be toast." As he talked, Hez was already searching through the miniscule tools at the camp. He casually avoided the booby-trapped box near the fire, as if its obviousness was matter-of-fact to him. "And so would any other parties, including maybe ours." The thief seemed emboldened by the revelations, and continued his scavenging.

Questin kicked a stone in his direction and motioned for the party to move on. This time, the way was lit by light from Jen and upon the pig's snout. The chambers seemed to be getting bigger and smoother, thought Gaerth; and he wondered if he alone, among the group, found comfort in that development.

Next...

Subj: Shadow /Schattenalfen Elves

Date: 1/7/97 10:13:58 AM

From: Alex295

Question--- Are the Shadow Elves affected as harshly by the sunlight, as is the Schattenalfen Elves of HW ? If not, is it due to each world's source of sunlight?

Unfortunately, my resources concerning Mystara are limited.

Subj: Re:Mystara, wow .....

Date: 1/7/97 9:35:36 PM

From: Duncan TKD

"Always think your DM is out to get you....."

That is because sometimes we are. ::sinister Smile::

Duncan TKD

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/7/97 10:21:00 PM

From: Duncan TKD

"Thane, they know we here," said a big Ogre.

"So what if they do It will not help them. Ashkoth, first release a fire ball from your stick and then while we occupy Questin try to break into his mind." Thane turns and looks at the goblins that he brought along. "Shoot at any of them you wish, but remember if you kill Questin I will cut each and everyone of your hearts out with a Spoon."

-----LATER-----

"Kill them all" Thane Yells as there party approaches Questin's from behind. His surprise attack didn't quite take the heros by surprise.

It was a fierce battle many of the goblins were killed but several members of Questin's party were also injured. The worst blow to Thane was that of his Ogre Lieutenant dieing by the hands of

Grimwood, but Grimwood too was badly hurt by the ogre's blows. Finally Thane's forces retreated but how long they would be gone was unknown.

NEXT.....

Subj: Re:Davania  
Date: 1/8/97 10:43:16 AM  
From: CRIPTONITE

this is what i remember emerond  
its a kindom of green skinned humans coming from a different world  
in PWA3 i believe it was said that they were a new race to mystara  
theres not much detailed there  
i havent seen much of anything else about them  
though i dont have PWA1 or 2  
so theyre probably not related to benekander

the maps with davana  
and the migration routes you talked of  
are included with the hollow world boxed set

the longest running campaign that im involved in is based in SW davana  
ive detailed all of western davana  
and pieces of central and eastern  
i have histories behind all the nations  
dating back over 1000 years  
i believe TSR left davana the largest continent up to the DMs to detail  
so ive taken the liberty  
i have the emerond kingdom detailed but the race is a little different from the TSR version

if youd like to know what ive done with any part of davana  
or if i can be of any other help  
just ask

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story  
Date: 1/8/97 6:16:12 PM

From: TYGHOCK

What is the meaning of this? You! How dare you intrude bearing arms! This is a Holy Temple of Frey! Desist, by my Immortal lord's command!

Unhand him! What? How do you know he has committed this crime? Ah! Then it is a matter for the authorities. And those two you say confessed...where are they? You have killed them! Then, my son, in this priest's fading eyes you have accomplished nothing...

They have taken him, Julian, as I promised they would. If he is guilty of your father's murder as you say, he will be tried and executed by law. It must always be by the law.

Julian, my son, listen to me. You must put aside this vengeance that eats at your heart. If you take action before you think, if you fight without intelligence, you will be no better than them. In your revenge, you have killed two who could have told you more. Two who could have spoken against this third you captured - and could have led you to the others. Now, you will be charged with their murder. See the price of vengeance!

The way of the warrior must be tempered: fighters must be strong and determined, but cool and thoughtful. The battle best won is won with the fewest blows.

You will stay within this temple, here, at the very altar you nearly struck down the third.

The authorities cannot take you here. I allow you to stay alone for three days, to fast and pray, and think upon the vengeance that kills you with each blow you strike. Pray for your answer...

Ah, my son, you bring joy to the heart of this aged priest! Thou must never turn from this path, my son. Thou must needs forever put aside thy revenge which else possess thee. Julian and his vengeance are now dead. My Immortal lord Frey hath offered thee a new life, my son; a rebirth. By mine prayers and thy vision, thou art henceforth reborn to the name Questin Julianus, sworn to the faith. Go now, my son. Present thyself to the authorities and see justice to him thou took'st. Do thy penance, and go as Frey hath directed thee.

And should our lord someday grant thee power over those whom Julian would'st slay, thou must submit them to justice and law. It is the only way....the only way....the

"QUESTIN!"

(continued...)

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/8/97 6:18:51 PM

From: TYGHOCK

"He is bewitched! He does not move! Questin! QUESTIN!" The paladin awoke standing, sword in hand. Before him lay the bodies of three goblins; behind him ran cries of pain and anger, punctuated by Leonia's fiery voice "To me! To me!"

Questin turned around and saw behind him the chaos of battle just completed. His party was struggling to return to order, grouping around Leonia's raised sword, which trickled thick ogre blood down across her own bleeding forearm. In front of him were Jen and Seven. The wizard had an arrow sticking straight through him, and a throwing ax embedded in his shoulder. Yet he stood as if they were mere brambles attached to his robe. The three paced quickly down the chamber toward Leonia. "Report."

"Goblins, about fifteen or twenty from what we saw, led by a few ogres. Attacked mostly from the rear, ten or more. A few charged you in front, some type of suicide mission I guess. The shaman was in the front, and directed something toward you. You...."

Leonia paused, almost embarrassed to go on. Questin could see the blood pumping hotly from her lowered arm, mixing with the ooze around it in a hissing steam.

"Go on, Leonia".

She looked harshly into his eyes. "You froze. You stopped fighting."

Questin swallowed hard, trying not to show concern. The flash of light, the distracting attacks - and then the flood of dreams...

"He was bewitched. Some enchantment got through. Can you tell us what it was, Paladin?" Jen's natural calmness took some edge from Leonia's fury.

"Later, Jen. Report. Casualties?"

Leonia spun around in seeming disgust. "You...you'd better come look for yourself." She stared at the impaled wizard. "Is it bad?"

The wizard's eyes looked up to the side in thought and he shook his head. "No no no, I think Questin will be fine. But we should determine what spell..."

"No - no. I mean you. Are you okay?"

"Hmm? Why yes, thank you for asking. I'm a little concerned for our progress, but..."

"YOU'VE GOT WEAPONS IN YOU!!" Leonia was in pain and no mood for Seven's confused exchanges. The wizard looked down. "Oh, oh yes, you mean these." He touched the ax and it fell away, leaving no mark except a cut in his sleeve. He then grasped the arrow. "Odd. Flecka feathers. I thought they used, oh, what's it called, the bird with...." a glance at Leonia told him not to go on. Seven jerked his head, and the arrow disintegrated. The warrior sneered. "Not even any blood".

"Well, none of them really got close enough to bleed on me, I mean, I..." but the warrior and Questin were already back toward the tunnel path.

(continued...)

Subj:

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/8/97 6:21:58 PM

From: TYGHOCK

The attack had been sudden, and Grimwood had met it well. His first arrow dropped a goblin in the throat. Gaerth formed rank and met the charge as the elf sought high ground. He parried the first attacker, and to his side Boldo had drawn weapon and was fighting rather well from between two stalagmites. The trooper remembered the training - 'Don't break rank or let them through' - and he held his ground as a second attacker met him. Then he felt the cut across his thigh, and he stumbled back. Two thrusts at his boot failed to cut him, but caused him to shift his balance to one foot. A third goblin crashed into his shield, and as Gaerth's sword cut into this new attacker's ribs, the weight pushed him over with a hard fall against the rocky floor.

Somehow, he held on to his sword and shield. One goblin jumped over him - he recalled the awful smell from underneath as it went by - and another bashed the edge of his shield aside with an ax, driving his shield arm open and flat against the floor. A clawed foot stepped on the inside of his shield, trapping his arm in the shield straps and leaving him exposed staring up at a dark-robed goblin, sword poised to finish him. Coolly Gaerth parried the downward thrust, causing it to glance off his leather armor and cut him deep on his side below the ribs. The angered goblin struck downward at his head, and Gaerth gambled a thrust into its loins. The goblin sword missed his head but struck hard on his shoulder, cutting the leather through to his bone, but going no further. His sword spewed the thick foul blood of the goblin's innards, who screamed and fell backwards away from him. As he struggled up, He saw a new type of creature - so this was an ogre - tall, decked in fine armor and a brilliant red ax, stagger forward with two arrows in him, under his arm and through a small gap in the armor on his side. Grimwood had aimed well. Suddenly screams came from several directions. He saw Boldo fall as Leonia leapt from nowhere to drive off the attacker. Getting to his feet, Gaerth heard a wild goblin howl above him. In horror he watched Grimwood tumble awkwardly down the outcropping toward him. He caught the body's fall against his shield, and searing pain shot out from his cut shoulder. He fell to the floor again next to his shrieking comrade. Lifting his sword, he watched Mary hurl blasting globes - could she do that? - at the retreating horde that lit the entire chamber. Then, as the glow faded from her assault, the howling mass disappeared into the tunnel. It was over.

(continued...)

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/8/97 6:24:13 PM

From: TYGHOCK

Mary and Hezkakal helped the bleeding Boldo to the side of Grimwood. The elf was silent now, a peaceful look on his graying face runed with sweat. Boldo's features flushed with horror as he looked down. Celentia Mera's prayers were spilling fast and furious as she laid a cloth and several

objects on the elf's chest, head and leg. She clasped her hands over his heart. Her eyes met Questin's: no words were needed. Gaerth could see in Arrowheart's expression a sorrow that was all too common in human terms. Elves faced it less often, with their fewer numbers and longer lifespans, and that must make death in battle so much worse for them. A dying human soldier loses twenty, thirty, maybe forty more years of life at most. By contrast, an elf loses an eternity.

A tear rolled down the face of the priestess, whose age was now written clearly in her soft thin temples and sagging cheeks. Seven stepped forward, preoccupied by inquisitively pushing his finger through the hole in his robe where the arrow had been.

The group's silence was broken by Boldo's hoarse cracking plea. "Can nothing be done, then?" Seven was wiggling his finger in the hole, as if sizing the repair job. "Well, I could try sewing it from the inside..."

"You fool!" screamed Hezkakal in his face, "He's dying!"

"Who...you mean Grimwood? Of course of course, yes anybody can see that, my my."

Leonia drew her sword and in an instant placed its red edge against the mage's throat.

"Do something if you can, Wizard, or your bumbling ends here!"

Seven popped his finger out of the hole and placed it on the tip of her blade. Despite her tensed muscles, he lowered her sword like a feather and sighed. "Well, Jen, I suppose we could, you know, um..."

Jen nodded. "The master is wise and just." The pig stepped between them, and both bent eagerly over the large book.

"You must hurry". Celentia Mera's voice was grim and quiet. Grimwood's breathing grew shorter and lighter. Leonia lifted her sword again. "HURRY!".

Seven made a face of exasperation. "Oh, very well, if we must..." And the mage roughly tore a page from the ancient tome. The pig squealed as if hair had been ripped from its back. The wizard, in apparent disgust, crumpled the page into a wrinkled tan ball and threw it at Grimwood's body. "There!"

POOF! with a flash a cloud of tan smoke covered the elf, and all backed away. When it cleared, Grimwood lay encased in a clear multifaceted chamber. He seemed completely motionless. Boldo staggered forward and tapped the side. "A crystal coffin? Is this the range of your magic?"

(continued...)

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/8/97 6:32:35 PM

From: TYGHOCK

The wizard waved his hand in dismissal. "It will hold." Celentia wiped her face and rose. "He is suspended for now." The priestess then immediately turned to Boldo, whose fine clothes were

ruined by the dark saturation of his blood. Questin came forward to Leonia, who motioned with her head to Gaerth. "Him first." The paladin knelt beside the trooper. "Gaerth, do you believe what we do is for the lawful and the just, and not for personal gain?"

Hezkakal smirked. "Sure has been more prophet than profit, so far."

Gaerth nodded. "I do, Questin Julianus."

Questin laid his hands on Gaerth's side. "Then let your faith in the Immortals of Law and Justice heal you." The trooper could feel an incredible, searing warmth from the large, strong hands. Funny: it seemed his shoulder hurt more than his side now.

While being healed, Gaerth listened in the dim light as the party reassembled itself.

Leonia: "What now can we do for Grimwood?"

Hez: "Wait for a handsome prince to come by?"

Seven: "He will stay there until we take him out."

Arrowheart: "Can't you transport him to the camp?"

Seven: "Yes I can. ....oh, what's your point?"

Leonia: Transport him, then!"

Jen: "The Master is wise to consider the dangers."

Mary: She's right, I can tell. There's a lot of magic in here. Could be dangerous."

Hez: "Worse than this perpetual wake?"

Arrowheart: "What if the goblins take him?"

Seven: "No matter. Their magic cannot break the seal."

Boldo: "That's not the - ummph! - point. We might not be able to find him!"

Seven: "Neither will the goblins (the pig snorts) bless you."

Hez: "Sure. Like they're gonna walk right by...."

The thief's voice trailed off as everyone looked. The case, and Grimwood, had vanished into the rock.

(continued...)

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/8/97 6:34:41 PM

From: TYGHOCK

Gaerth felt better, although rising reminded him all was not healed. Questin had gone to Leonia. The priestess walked up to the assembled party.

"The halfling should not go on with us."

There was a stunned silence around the group.

Leonia stepped forward, as if to challenge the statement. Questin's hand on her simmering wound stopped her.

"As you say, priestess."

The party began its saddened climb back through the chamber where the ambush occurred. Concern was heavy for the halfling, who would have to lie still and survive on his natural Hin abilities. Each passed him in line. Mary gave a bracelet to Boldo with a few words; he nodded a thank you. One of Celentia's charms lay with him. Sword drawn, the little bard smiled to Questin as they exchanged promises. As Gaerth passed, the trooper said simply "Make it count, my friend." The glint in Boldo's eye made the him smile. The party turned up the rise, and the pig gave a backward glance, squealed, and a wall of invisibility covered the reclining singer. Boldo hummed something in his head as the torchlight, framing Arrowheart's bowing, forlorn silhouette, disappeared into the chambers beyond.

(continued...)

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story  
Date: 1/8/97 6:47:07 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

"Wa yu see, Ashkoth? See sumfin at all?"  
Orc shaman rasp fingers under ruff chin, other tends tu of shaman's four arrow wounds.  
"Is odd. Is...OWCH!...Clumsy poker, I turn yu slug food!"  
"Enuff!" Thane chase helper away wif bak of sword.  
Shaman spit. "Is odd. Is tu peepul. Paladin look like tu peepul."  
A goblin nearby rub dirty wrapping on hiz headwound.  
"Fite like nine." Thane rap hiz wrapping, run yapping away.  
Thane shake hed. "Can't be tu. Yu see bad. Wa elsss?"  
"OK. Not Peepul. Tu forzez. Sumpin, ennyway."  
"Wa elsss?"  
"See Frey. Lawfool paladin. See strong. See good. Kill dragons."  
Thane grip sword in angir. "Thane got eyez too! See ennithing deeper?"  
Shaman think. It hurt. "See hu-man baybees. Ugly things. See muther. Ugly too."  
"Muther?" Thane begin smile. "Wa yu see muther?"  
"Muther...other brood. she yung. Brood die from red dragon. Brood four ugly ones and mate."  
Goblin with rib wound speak "Questin one?"  
Thane smak on hed wif sword.  
"Paladin alive, fool. Wa elsss?"  
"Naw. Not he. Long before paladin. She pray Opal. She then be shaman wommin. Temple of Opal."  
"Priestess?"  
Ashkoth scratch. "Suppoz so. Temple burn by hu-mans. They hate dragons. She slave, to water-boat".  
"Float away?"

"Naw. Soljur take her. Now Questin ugly baybee. Muther give.....ahhhhhhhh...."  
Thane grow happy. "Wa see yu? Wa see yu?"  
Ashkoth smile. "Message frum lord. See wa I find. Him got plan. Me majik broke. Only tell yu."  
Thane lift crystal. It lite up. lord speak in lite. Thane scratch hed.  
Lite go out. Thane call army around.  
"We got plan. We attack agen. Know wa happen thiz time?"  
Goblin holding punctured groin speak "Luza lotz more golbinz agen?"  
Thane kick in groin, ooze, goblin scream.  
"No.Lord send us majik form. Look like ugly hu-man wommin. We send..."  
Thane smile, drool on own tunic.  
"yu fite. he look. he stop. An thane kill paladin."

NEXT.....!!!!!!

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story  
Date: 1/9/97 5:43:13 PM  
From: Qamlynch

The tiny village lay sleepng peacefully that night. An eiry dark clouds hung over them, but no one noticed.

Slowly the clouds decended on the town. Lights all over town went out together.

To ARMS! cried the townpeople. The town bell was ringing. Guards and shopkeepers tumbled from there beds, crossboes and spears in hand.

The dark dragon form laughed, and breathed fire. Many died instantly as others ran for thier homes and holes somewhere to be safe. Those that stood there ground fell to a man.

The clouds chased the women and children, running up the hillsides, to caves where the goblins lay in wait.

Soon, the twon was dark and silent. No bell was ringing.

Two dark figures walked among the burnd bodies, strolling through the dead town like tourists.

A goblin approached. "Nothing. we found nothing."

'Then it must be somewhre else. Let's go."

Figures and goblins disapeared the dragon cloud. The cloud lifted and went off into the night.

next

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story  
Date: 1/9/97 6:49:10 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

The chambers continued to be more open and smooth as the party made its way deeper into the lair. Clearly, thought Gaerth, these were chambers that could be used by small dragons. His body still hurt in several places, making it clear that even magical healing was no easy process. In fact, adventuring, as it was called, had an all too familiar feeling to it. It was always assumed by townsfolk (like himself) that all adventurers went on glorious journeys, filled with magic and wonder, and came back rich with gold. At least, that's what the loud boastful talkers in the taverns always said. Well, he had seen wonders, all right. Creatures and magics he had never experienced, nor ever would have, in the small town so far away now in both distance and memory. But his shoulder still throbbed and his back still ached. He still saw squabbles and errors, passions and uncertainties, even among heroes. And whether bandit, goblin or orc, the soldier's trade remained the same; butchery was still butchery.

And friends still died.

Soon they came to a chamber with a vastly higher vaulted roof. The ceiling, barely visible, seemed suspended by arching beams on thick pillars naturally formed by earth-toned rock. It was high enough to supply space for a large, flying creature. A dusky smell had now overpowered the bat-dung stale perfume of the tunnels. It reminded Gaerth of morning sweeping time at the city cathedral he visited once in his youth. In fact, the same shafts of dull light, swirling grains of dust spinning slow descents within each shaft, sliced across the tall open space, creating the effect of soft brown diagonal stripes running far into the smoky depth. A dragon cathedral, thought Gaerth. Somehow it seemed appropriate.

"Kish-Kamek's great hall" mused the paladin. "our entrance must have been for his minions, to enter and wait upon his guests".

"Or surprise and kill Ôem." Hezkakal was searching carefully along the walls, sweeping the dust in the air aside with his arms, as one might swipe away bugs at a picnic. Dust so thick we can swim through it. The torchlights played on the light shafts with a muffled glow effect, as if they were very distant beacons viewed through a fog at sea. Even the echoes of their footsteps were muted and suffocated in the dust.

"Where's the light coming from?" Gaerth wondered aloud.

"Some type of low-level perpetual illumination spell, I guess" Leonia shrugged. "That's why it's so distant and dull." Magic, of course.

Arrowheart peered far down the great hall. "It's awfully quiet".

Leonia turned to Hezkakal. "You say Ôtoo quiet' and I swear I'll skewer you."

The thief grinned knowingly. Questin looked at him.

"How many adjoining chambers would you say, Hez?"

"At least twelve. Knowing dragons, probably thirteen."

"Traps?"

"Almost every one, I'd say. The main entrance must be down there, judging from the vaulting. So the first few chambers would be two on each side of that far wall. They'd be the first ones tried. Sure death."

"Agreed. Any adventurer making it to this hall down the main route would have had to survive many traps before this. Therefore, the traps in this hall would have to be...extraordinary."

(continued...)

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/9/97 6:52:01 PM

From: TYGHOCK

Arrowheart eyed what looked like doors along the walls. "Perhaps the dragon didn't expect anyone to make it this far, so these chambers are for storage."

Hezkakal smirked. "Yeah, sure, and elves have lots of discipline, too. Sheesh. Guess you usually just guard the entrance, eh, buddy?"

"Easy, Hez." Questin reproached him. "We're here together. remember that."

"Fine. When he trips up and releases a shrieker, and it comes for my soul, I'll tell it 'Sorry. Go talk to the pointy-eared fellow, over there. We're here together.' Shsh."

"Seven, what do you think?"

"Well, Questin, I don't think a shrieker would be interested in the level of companionship between..."

"...No-no, wait, Seven. My fault for asking that way. Let me rephrase. Do you sense anything here?"

Merry spoke up. "None of this is an illusion. I can tell that much."

Seven nodded to her. "Yes yes, child, quite right yes indeed. It's all quite real."

Jen bowed. "The master is correct. A source of power must still exist however. The lights still glow, though fading. Perhaps the power source is draining or distant."

"Or perhaps that's the impression they want to give us." Questin eyed the doors carefully, one by one, through the dust.

"Celentia. Do you sense the presence of any undead here?"

The priestess lifted her sagging head and looked about. Gaerth noticed the sense of age and weariness had not left her. She was still drained.

"I do not, Julianus." Somehow Gaerth did not feel confident about her answer.

Arrowheart glanced up. "Why does the dust swirl, even slowly like this? I feel no air flowing."

Suddenly Hezkakal leaped in front of the trooper, putting his arm across the Gaerth's body, stopping him in mid-step.

"I, ah, wouldn't walk on that part of the floor, if I were you."

Gaerth looked down. "What is it?"

"Could be a trap door. Could be a trigger mechanism, to release something. Could be an enchanted spot. Then again..." the thief tapped the trooper lightly on the cheek, "I could just be playing with your mind."

"We don't have time for games, Hez" Questin's voice had a noticeable edge. "We've got to find what we came for."

"And just what did we come for?" Leonia asked.

"Treasure, gold, anything valuable and uncursed" spouted Hezkakal, who then feigned surprise, "...Oh, you weren't talking to me?"

Questin stepped between them. "We came for anything that will help us solve these mysteries. An answer to the empty scroll. More scrolls, perhaps. Magical items that will give us clues. Anyth..."

"We're looking for artifacts."

Everyone turned and stared at Merry, who nervously and uncertainly continued.

"W-we're looking for...very old...a-artifacts...four...four different pieces .... each...about...so big."

"How do you know this?" Leonia glared into her eyes.

The halfling stared straight ahead, trance-like in thought, and looking up with a vacant expression, said quietly and calmly,

"I-I don't have the slightest idea."

(continued...)

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/9/97 6:54:34 PM

From: TYGHOCK

Ashkoth look at staff. Not glow no more. Shaman bang several times on nearby goblin's hed. Rattle it. Bang on own hed. Scratch chin.

"No gud, Thane. Wizzird kil stik. Kil lord's majik spel in stik. Shaman no get more inna Questin's hed."

"Iz OK, Ashkoth." Thane smile an look at crystal lying on floor. "Get majik needed frum lord heer."

Another hert goblin groan an die. Tu more go to him. One take weppins. Other kik few times. Call more over. Four goblins take limbs, lift, one, tu, THREE! Throw over roks to pit below.

Thane watch crystal. Blu lite show. Lite rize up. Image appeer, big az life. Harden. Lite stop.

"How look, Ashkoth?"

Shaman walk up to image. Look up an down. "Look like uglee Hu-man wommin see in Questin."

Thane smile.

Shaman scratch butt. "It not move. Not talk. Not fool paladin wif dis."

Thane punch shaman in arrow wound. Shaman howl.

"Fool! It repond only to Questin. It feed on Questin mind, reed an du stuff frum him."

Shaman nod. "Wa if paladin not respond?"

Thane grit teef. "Eh, Thane killim anyway. How many goblinz got?"

Shaman hang hed. Shuffle feet.

"Uhhh...Dunno. Only orc lootenant count that hy. Now he ded."

Thane kik him in shin wound. Ashkoth hop.

"Hoo left az goblin leeder? How many goblinz got?"

Goblin walk up an bow. Lift hed an got evil smile. Hav big cut thru bridge of noze.

"Enuff, lord Thane."

Next.....

Subj: Re:Davania

Date: 1/10/97 4:25:24 PM

From: Alex295

First of all, I would like to thank CRIPTONITE for his quick response to my questions on Davania. As he noted, there is little offered as source material for this area. It is a good assumption that Davania is intended to be filled by the DM. My intention was to make sure that I did not create any inconsistencies that would come back to haunt me.

My thoughts of linking the Emerond to the immortal Benneker came primarily from the similarities in skin color (green) and the fact that the Emerond come from another planet. The fact that Benneker's hair is naturally black and the Emerond are silver could be explained as mutation, dietary, environmental, or genetic.

The Emerond's predecessor's (survivors of the BEAGLE's crew) would have to be from the mutineers that had escaped and later founded "the Order of the Frogs". This could explain why the Emerond feel superior to everyone. Their fate was never told beyond this.

Crewmembers loyal to the ship's captain and mission, died while in suspended animation pods. The only other survivor, besides Benneker, was the traitor Ogdoban Treel, whose final fate was never stated. It is noted that Treel was a diplomat and linguist. And even though the arrangement he made with the Blackmoor literally blew up in their faces, perhaps he was able to salvage some sort of deal for himself. Whatever his fate, it is doubtful that Treel could be the father of the Emerond.

Based on what I've read, I am going to say that the Emerond are decendants of the mutineers of the crew of the Beagle. These people migrated to their current location and managed to set up their own little kingdom. Why they turned away from technology and towards magic? Why the silver hair? These and other questions still need to be ironed out.

As for the other peoples of the continent, I have some rough sketches drawn out.

The Rhino, Raven, Jackel, and Leopard Clans of the northeastern coast-- I plan on basing them on the Scottish Clans.

The scattered Milenian towns and villiages--I plan to portray them as shadows of their former glory. Each trying to emmulate the empire of old, yet most do not understand it. Most however are just trying to survive.

I know that these are just a small portion of the continent and there is still a great deal of real estate left. Of coures, I have other ideas.-- Humanoids with a twist.-- A new race.--A race with a dark secret.--Visions from the past, the way past.--Plus a few other bits flying about in my head. All that is needed is time and thoughtful planning.

All of this information came from the Wrath of the Immortals Set, Book 2 The Immortal's Fury and the description of Davania in the Poor Wizard's Almanac 3. Suggestions and comments are welcome either by post or e-mail Alex295@aol.

Subj: Re:Davania

Date: 1/10/97 4:46:58 PM

From: Alex295

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Subj: Re:Davania

Date: 1/10/97 5:22:22 PM

From: Alex295

After reading CRIPTONITE's post, I have decided to go on ahead and fill Davania on my own. As for the Emerond, I will link them to the immortal Benneker. Looking back through the Wrath of the Immortals Set, I found a few things that I may be able to use to bring it all together. So, I am currently sifting through my stuff, often reading between the lines to gather usable info. I plan on posting some of my ideas as they come together.

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/10/97 8:58:42 PM

From: TYGHOCK

Seven jerked his head back and forth, with the almost rhythmic precision of a gear-wheel at some village watermill. Questin exhaled, reminding himself of his vow of patience. Leonia, with no such vow, twirled her blade into the floor with increasing agitation. This was taking far too long.

"Ah, finally!" The wizard brightened and announced to the party. Everyone but Hezkakal and Merry gathered in attendance.

"Well?", said Leonia, "What can you see?"

Seven smiled broadly, as one finally solving a challenging puzzle. "NOTHING!"

"Nothing?"

"That's what I just said, isn't it, Jen?"

"The master is correct as usual."

"Yes, yes. I am again, quite right. I can see nothing at all, Questin."

Hezkakal and Merry were off to one side, studying a door. The thief could still overhear the exchange and snickered.

"You see nothing, eh? Now why does that not surprise me?"

Seven nodded. "Um, I imagine because Merry Rosewater has told you the same thing, I mean, it's hardly a surprise if..."

"Is that true, Merry?" Questin interrupted.

Merry stared intently at the door, in obvious confusion. "It...it's not quite... nothing...but something is definitely...dulling..."

"Yes, excellent word for it!" Seven agreed. "Our magic is dulled."

"You could've used THAT excuse this whole adventure" snapped Hezkakal.

"No, no no, good Hezkakal, I have definitely only sensed it since entering this hall, you see, prior to..."

"Is all magic dulled here?"

"Oh clearly not, good paladin. Some magic is still in operation, after all, I am standing here..."

"He asked about magic, not curses." Hezkakal ran his finger a half inch away along the outside of the door, as if reading the seams by pointing.

Jen interrupted. "The master has noted the dim lights above us. The magic causing those lights appears dulled. Our magic torchlights are blurred. The good priestess cannot see anything, and no magic user can tell what lies behind the doors." The pig grunted and nodded its heavy head. Jen bowed. "Many of our arts are...unclear here."

"Unclear" repeated the paladin. "As in, obscured? Clouded?" he paused. "Dusty?"

"Of course!" Arrowheart looked around. "The dust! It must have a dulling effect on certain magics."

"But why would...dust?" Gaerth struggled to frame the question.

Questin tapped the elf. "Arrowheart, what can you see about this dust? Anything unusual about it?"

The elf rolled his neck, scanning the great height and depth of the hall. "It moves without wind, spinning in slow spirals. It is most notable and concentrated in the light shafts. It lay thick on the floor. It covers our tracks, so we cannot see where we - or others - have been." Gaerth looked down at his boots. He was right. Despite the powdery layer, no footprints could be found.

"We must be breathing it in" Merry covered her mouth.

"Most interesting." Arrowheart was looking straight up. "The dust stops at about the level of the light source, about two thirds up the pillars and vaulting. I see no dust above the light source."

"So that probably means the source is also - or could be - producing the dust" stated Leonia. "And above it is left unprotected".

(continued...)

Subj: Multiple postings

Date: 1/10/97 10:20:40 PM

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From: APVarney

You have to think that when someone tries posting the same message eight times, without checking to see if any of them went through, that he's really, really eager to get his message across.

Subj: Re: Repeat Og Story

Date: 1/11/97 12:07:57 PM

From: TYGHOCK

(sorry if this is a repeat...)

"Not unprotected" concluded Questin. "Think like a dragon. A party getting this far had to have had significant magic. If they walk in, they're dulled. But if the dragon FLIES in..." he pointed to the dark unseeable corners of the vaulting, "He's above the dust, and unaffected. I'll even conjecture that spells aimed from outside the dust at targets inside work at full effect. Only spells generated from inside are dulled. That would give the dragon, flying above the dust, a distinct advantage."

"Well reasoned, paladin" Arrowheart nodded. "Even non-hostile visitors of the dragon are thus at a magical disadvantage. Does it extend within these rooms, I wonder?"

Questin shook his head. "I don't think so. Reason this: the dragon enters above. The party fights, and soon realizes its magic is dulled."

Hezkakal grinned. "or not so soon, in some cases."

"The party may run for the doors, which would be heavily trapped. Some of those traps might involve magic, to the dragon's advantage: so he wouldn't want it dulled in the rooms. And if, as some adventuring parties do, the mages stay just outside the door, as the fighters burst in, the mages could offer only dulled magical support to the initially overmatched fighters.

Look at the angle of the doors, related to the vaulting. From within the door, under the slight nave, you cannot reach a straight line spell up into the area above the dust. Thus no wizard could shoot from the rooms at the dragon above. There's no angle. So there's no danger to the dragon by leaving the rooms dust free. And if he's stocked the rooms with dangers as we think he has, he has any adventurers trapped."

"Pretty good, noble-knees. I'm impressed. So even without the dragon attack, standard tactics against these chambers might fail."

"Yes" reasoned Questin "Their only safe retreat would be the way they came. I imagine the dragon has several double-back routes along the main passageways, to catch them. And our back route is usually loaded with traps..."

"...of which we bypassed twelve, to my credit, thank you very much!"

"...and full of his minions. I would guess those are the only two ways into this hall from outside the lair - unless the dragon has a third one above the dust. Any hall this well designed is bound to be where the dragon would keep his treasure...including Merry's artifacts."

Julianus looked at the row of doors. "The question now is, with the dragon dead, how many of the magic traps still work? And with his 'official' commerce ended, how many monsters and minions, depending on his patronage for power and food supplies, stayed around after his death?"

"Looks like we'll have to find out" said Leonia, raising the edge of her blade before her weathered lips, "the hard way".

(continued ...)

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/11/97 12:10:57 PM

From: TYGHOCK

Boldo lay as still as possible within the rock outcropping, trying to let the healing potions take their full effect. He hummed tunes in his head, not wanting to dwell on his recent bad luck (what else could it have been?) in battle. Twice encountered, twice downed: that was not going to sound good in ballad form.

The faint scratching noise outside froze him. What was that sound again? He played over and over in his head the possible creatures one encounters in a lair such as this. What size they were, how they moved, what sounds they made; information gleaned from years of adventuring. He gripped his sword and felt some pain at the tensing muscles. If it came to a fight, he was at quite a disadvantage. More information flowed through the brain behind his arched brow: how they fought, how they could be defeated, and when to run away. There was never any shame in that, if you lived to tell of it. As long as you didn't leave friends behind, or came back for them promptly - they WERE coming back, he was certain of that - there was no shame in retreat. He leaned back into the outcropping wall; there would be no option to slip out the back for him.

The noise came nearer, and the halfling still could not place it. Small, or smallish at least, he thought. No goblin, and certainly no ogre. If it were big, it moved with exceptional lightness. Apparently, the dragon's minions had vanished, leaving only the stray creatures found in any rock-hole, with occasional parties of careless gold-seekers to keep them fed. So what could this be?

Boldo took stock of his assets. He had his sword, and small buckler shield. Another healing potion lay wrapped in his pouch. Hezkakal (of all people!) had given him a very tiny crossbow, with six quarrels, taken from the Gnome camp (he felt he could almost fire it one handed!). Merry had given him a bracelet, saying only to invoke her name to use it - he knew not what it would do. In his pack he carried: a small unlit torch, some oil, a flint, a sewing kit with silver needle and black thread, a little water, his tuning fork for his lute (how did he forget to leave THAT behind?), one silver and one gold piece, Celentia's healing cloth, and Questin's token - a scrap of paper on which the paladin had written something for Boldo (probably a prayer, he hadn't read it yet). He fingered the charm at his necklace, bearing Gurmstahl's runes - the dwarf had told him it proclaimed him champion bucket

diver, but Boldo doubted that. And the pig had given him an invisible wall in front of the outcropping. So be it.

Now, with the sound almost before him, Boldo braced: to survive, or to make it count...

Next...read the Story Trap post!....

Subj: Story Trap!!!

Date: 1/11/97 12:14:26 PM

From: TYGHOCK

Okay, here's the challenge for all you DMs and lurking readers out there! I'd like some help on two parts of Questin's Saga in this Ongoing Story.

- 1.) Questin and company are in the great hall as described. They're going to open THREE (3) doors, before their adventure continues. The challenge to you is simple - WHAT DO THEY FIND?
- 2.) Boldo has something outside his hiding place. What is it? What happens to it...and him?

The Rules:

- a.) Your job - write a simple (or clever) encounter for ANY ONE of the four above. It can be three lines (or three posts) long. In case of dupes, first one counts.
  - b.) Remember the story so far, and stay in character. I think there's a fair amount to work with here.
  - c.) IT'S UP TO YOU. Maybe the room is empty. Maybe the monster is dead, it's magic used up. Maybe one of the artifacts is there - alone or guarded. Maybe it's other imprisoned adventurers (but then who's feeding them?). Maybe it's draped in spider webs with gnome bones and little hats hanging like ornaments from the ceiling (my favorite, anyway!). Maybe it's just centipedes and rats. Or maybe it's something truly terrible. Remember, this dragon was CLEVER. Some of his traps would be, too - IF they still work.
  - d.) PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE, rough 'em up as appropriate, but no wholesale slaughter (...and only one walked out alive, etc.). First, they've got a mission to fulfill, and the party (in whatever numbers/condition) still needs to climb to the upper level, square off against Questin's personal golem, and have a very fascinating meeting (hint-hint). Second, remember this party is generally pretty strong - four magic users (including the pig?) a sharp thief, a dragon-killing strong/smart paladin, a cleric and some good fighters. Unless you put a gorgon in there (please don't, for story balance), they should handle above-average threats - and there's nothing wrong with that. Third, if you butcher everyone in your room, somebody else can't use 'em in theirs!
- NOTE: Boldo is fair game for anything (poor little guy!). Just be fair to him.
- e.) I won't continue the story until 1.) the four above stories are in, or 2.) Friday evening, 1/17, whichever comes first.

Come on, lurkers. Let's go dungeon bashing! Enjoy!  
- TYGHOCK

Subj: Re:Shadow /Schattenalfen Elv  
Date: 1/11/97 8:49:21 PM  
From: AMALDIS

The shadow elves do not die from light exposure. I don't know whether this is due to different suns, a curse of Atzanteotl, or something like that.

-Amaldis

Subj: Story Notes  
Date: 1/11/97 10:48:40 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

Um, just a note and apology. It was not my intention to turn the Mystara board into my personal novel in progress. If I detracted from anyone's enjoyment, my apologies.

Second, I don't have the story written 45 pages in advance. I have ideas where I want to go, especially where it leads to other openings for others. But I'm pretty much writing on the fly.

Third, I'm not TOO enamored of the characters. I know D&D people die all the time. I just wanted to build the story line to a point where I can release it.

So sorry. In the next 3 or so loooooong posts, I'll wrap up and open up (I hope) a lot of chances for other contributors.

Long Live (Heretic) Mystara!

Subj: Re:Story Notes  
Date: 1/11/97 10:54:38 PM  
From: Mystaros

Hey TY, keep going man! Your stuff has been really great; I just wish that I had had the time lately to go on with my Darius/Camilo story! They shall return soon, with a vengeance (might even meet up with everyones favorite undead Paladin as well)...

Mystaros

Subj: Re:Story Notes  
Date: 1/12/97 1:49:04 AM  
From: B1Bard

I just wish you guys'd slow the hell down! I'm still trying to catch up on the story as it was back in December!

Subj: Where are the netBOOKS?!  
Date: 1/12/97 1:50:53 AM  
From: B1Bard

I know it seems pretty ridiculous that I should be the guy asking this, but I uploaded them before I left for vacation, and that was almost 3 weeks ago!

Bruce, can you look into this for us? I'm wondering why they haven't appeared yet and if I need to re-upload.

thanks  
Bard

Subj: Re:Multiple postings  
Date: 1/12/97 3:57:19 AM  
From: Alex295

Sorry about the multiple posts. It was unintentionally brought on by configuration problems. I know that it was annoying and disruptive to message board. I spent saturday morning working on the problem and it should not happen again. So, once again my apologies.

Subj: Beagle Error  
Date: 1/12/97 4:05:31 AM  
From: Alex295

Now that I am running right,  
There was a mistake in my account of the fate of the BEAGLE's crew. I somehow omitted that when Treel awoke he found that most of the "sleeping" crewmembers, including the captain, were missing. Were they taken by Blackmoor adventurers? Hmmmm....the plot does thicken. As does the possibilities.

Subj: Re:Beagle Error  
Date: 1/12/97 9:16:01 AM  
From: Mystaros

I too always supposed the Emerondians to be either survivors from the Beagle or another group from the Federation that followed the Beagle through the wormhole. Also, as I recall, there was mention of a race of green skinned peoples who lived in an asteroid belt in the Mystaran solar system; I might be mixing up my references though, as there IS no Mystaran Asteroid belt (in that region of space lies the planet Damocles, AKA Vanya in my campaign; Original Immortals DM's Guide). However, the section that mentions Damocles also mentions that when the planet breaks up/is destroyed, it will form the planets Mercury and Pluto as well as the \*major\* retrograde moons, comets and asteroids; perhaps Damocles/Vanya lies in the same orbit as the \*majority\* of the asteroids, among which live the far-flung relatives of the Emerondians...

Mystaros

Subj: Where is the RS/SC Folder?!?  
Date: 1/12/97 9:26:35 AM  
From: Mystaros

What's happened to the Red Steel folder?!? It seems to have utterly disappeared! I finally get my new modem (cruising at 28.8, Yahoo!) and upgrade to 3.0, download the Orc's Head Peninsula and now the folder's disappeared (not the file, the RS/SC FOLDER)! What's going on???

Also, when I downloaded the zipped file I expected AOL 3.0 to unzip and expand it; it has not as far as I can determine (I know next to NOTHING about computers, so I could be wrong). Can someone please tell me if I have to download an unzip program seperately or what?

Mystaros, who is quite worried about the fate of the RS/SC folder...

Subj: Story Errors

Date: 1/12/97 9:58:34 AM

From: TYGHOCK

Once again, as Homer Simpson says, "DOH!"

Twice I've said the ORCS were teamed with the goblins. Duncan TKD clearly indicated they were OGRES, not ORCS. My mistake in the last few posts.

There is a half-orc (what's a half-orc, anyway? Must have been an interesting wedding...). The other 'orcs' mentioned by me should be ogres. (sorry, Duncan)

See what happens when you write on the fly? ;)

- TYGHOCK

Subj: Re:Beagle Error

Date: 1/14/97 1:29:51 PM

From: Alex295

Before anyone asks: Why do the Emerond have an elvish look?

I'm bring that together. Basically, I have the Beagle's survivors' descendants merging with some of the technology elves from Vulcania (I think that is the name. I am still digging)

Subj: Re:Beagle Error

Date: 1/14/97 3:02:12 PM

From: Qamlynch

<Before anyone asks: Why do the Emerond have an elvish look?

I'm bring that together. Basically, I have the Beagle's survivors' descendants merging with some of the technology elves from Vulcania (I think that is the name. I am still digging)>

How? When? I'm interested.

Subj: Re:Beagle Error  
Date: 1/14/97 5:13:57 PM  
From: Saroso

You'll have to excuse my ignorance on this one, but where did all you get the information on the Emerondians? I am a hugh Mystara fan and thought I kept myself fairly informed. Guess not. Anyway, if you could tell me where I could find out more I'd be thankful.

Saroso

Subj: Re:Beagle Error  
Date: 1/14/97 6:48:06 PM  
From: Telrathin

<<Before anyone asks: Why do the Emerond have an elvish look?  
I'm bring that together. Basically, I have the Beagle's survivors' decendants merging with some of the technology elves from Vulcania (I think that is the name. I am still digging)>>

You have two elven cultures mixed up. Vulcania is where the ancient Elven civilization of Evergrun was. The elves who embraced technology were called the Blacklore elves. Their descendants currently live in an icebound part of the Hollow World, I believe.

Tel

Subj: All this Tech  
Date: 1/14/97 7:18:22 PM  
From: MagianChua

is making me feel left out.

I know very little of Blackmoor but have had this odd fascination with it but alas i cannot find any old sets.

Now what's this about Elves with Tehcnology? Sorry, i don't have the Hollow World set either :(

Chua:)

The Deprived Wanderer of the Planes, currently staying in Glantri

Subj: Tech and Emerond sources

Date: 1/15/97 9:14:23 AM

From: Alex295

The souces used to find some of my info is from:

\*Wrath of the Immortals Book One: Immortal's Codex-- Look under Bennekander's description.

\*Wrath of the Immortals Book Two: The Immortal's Fury-- Look on page 6 under Year 4,000BC.

Also, pages 23&24, under The Mirror-Shield of Rheddrian. \*Poor

Wizard's Almanac III--Check out individual descriptions.

Check out <http://miniworld.com/adnd> There's a Mystara section there.

All of these sources contain bits and pieces of info. You have to sift through them and find what you need, even if it means "reading between the lines" at times.

Subj: Re:All this Tech

Date: 1/15/97 9:24:31 AM

From: Alex295

The Blackmoor Civilization obviously had a great deal of influence on Mystara. I heard that tsr was supposed to release something about the Blackmoor, but I'm not sure.

Subj: Other Projects

Date: 1/15/97 10:37:45 AM

From: Alex295

Besides, what I am doing concerning Emeron and Davania, I also have been working on some other things.

1) New character class-- A fighter that specializes on the destruction of mages. Does this by knowing more about magic than the mage. Ironically, this warrior was originally developed by the Followers of th Flame (Flaemish Alphantians) to combat the Followers of the Air during Alphantia's civil war. Well, guess what? They've come to Mystara.

2)New race-- A genetically created race on Davania. Created by Blackmoor science, they were to serve as special troops in the sporadic war with the elves on the other side of the world. They

survived the Rain of Fire and have prospered in an isolated area. These beings have unique skills and abilities. New weapons and tactics. "Strange" customs, spells, and beliefs.

3)Timeline of Mystara--My own inserts in years since Alphatia's sinking. Plus, AC1013 and later.

Thyatian aggression. Aengmor gains diplomatic ties. Return of Etienne d`Amberville. Master assassin quits crimelords for "moral" reasons, contract issued.

These are a few of my projects. Comments or questions welcomed.

Subj: Strike one off

Date: 1/16/97 8:44:57 AM

From: Alex295

Looking through the Wrath set for other bits of info, I came across another little tidbit. Seems that I found the fate of Ogdabon Treel. In book two, page 68, under section 7, there is described the skeletal remains of Linguist/Diplomat Treel. Seems the traitorous fellow "got his in the end". So, better cross him off the Emerond list.

Subj: AAAHH!

Date: 1/16/97 9:03:43 AM

From: RLaRue

Help me I'm being buried by work!

Rick (who hasn't seen daylight in over a week)

PS As soon as I get done doing my job (and everyone else's), I'll add to the story. Sorry for the delay.

I hate being an adult.

Subj: Re:AAAHH!

Date: 1/16/97 4:39:56 PM

From: Qamlynch

<From: RLaRue

Help me I'm being buried by work!

Rick (who hasn't seen daylight in over a week)

PS As soon as I get done doing my job (and everyone else's), I'll add to the story. Sorry for the delay. I hate being an adult.>

Then just dont grow up.Like Me!

Subj: Story update

Date: 1/16/97 11:30:28 PM

From: TYGHOCK

No takers so far on the doors? I guess I should warn you folks - tomorrow the flood gates open again and I post more novelistic drivel.

Anyone reading the story from a female perspective? Are the male writers doing a good job? Just wondering (too many fantasy female characters look like Pamela Anderson stand-ins rather than warriors, priestesses, etc.).

Subj: Coming of the Cadre

Date: 1/17/97 10:52:59 AM

From: Alex295

The robed figure of Prince Etienne d'Amberville, arms spread outward, began murmuring strange words, almost chants. On the wall in front of him, hung an ornate mirror framed by silver; its face reflected the mage's image. Around him, were four of his assistants, each following the Prince's lead.

As the Prince's chantings grew in intensity and volume, I noticed that the mirror's face began to take on a different aspect. Replacing our beloved Prince's reflection, was that of a landscape. The ground was broken and barren. The only structures visible were charred or crumbling ruins. I think that I saw several piles of what appeared to be skeletal remains. The whole scene was terrifying and I felt an overwhelming sense of despair.

After a while, the mirror locked onto a structure in the distance. As the image enlarged itself on the mirror's face, it became evident that the structure was some sort of stronghold. It was a sturdy old keep, constructed of thick stone slabs.

To my surprise, the mirror seemed to move straight through those stout walls and appear on the other side, giving us a view of the keep's interior. Under the Prince's guidance, the mirror floated through the corridors until it came to a great room, most probably the keep's main hall.

There, before us, were perhaps four or five hundred men and women wearing armor and weapons. Seated around many long tables, they seemed to be in the process of eating.

Obviously, the mirror was visible to them, for only seconds after it arrived in the room, they had all noticed it and jumped into a defensive posture. The mirror must be some sort of portal, through it we could observe them and they could observe us.

By now, the Prince had stopped his incantations and was watching the warriors through the portal. He seemed pleased for the sight of them caused him to smile a bit.

After what seemed to be an eternity, one of the warriors stood to the front of the mob and very rudely asked us what we wanted.

Prince Etienne grinningly replied "I am Prince Etienne 'd Amberville, of the Principalities of Glantri. We Glantrians are the descendants of your masters, the Followers of the Flame. I have come to bring you to us to continue our battle with the Followers of the Air."

The Prince fell quiet and awaited a response. After a moment the warrior looked at us and began laughing. The noise intensified as all of the other warriors also began laughing. This went on on for over ten minutes. During this time, Prince Etienne showed great control as he endured this display of rudeness.

Once the warriors had finished their fit of laughing, the man that had first "greeted" us walked closer to the portal. Motioning to the other warriors, they drew back giving him some room. He then drew his sword from its sheath and held it in front of him in a defensive manner.

(continued)

Subj: Re:Coming of the Cadre

Date: 1/17/97 12:09:09 PM

From: Alex295

"I am Rhostoufs the Third, King of the Cadre." the warrior resounded. "I spit on your appearance here. I spit on your war. I spit on your Glantri. But most of all, I spit on you."

This show of rudeness expectantly angered the Prince. Raising his hands, he began mumbling a few words, casting a spell, I assume.

"I would not do that if I were you" stated Rhostoufs bringing his blade up in front of him.

A bolt of lightening erupted from the Prince's fingertips and shot into the portal towards the waiting warroir. Instead of frying Rhostoufs, the bolt bounced off his blade and came back through the portal striking and killing one of the mage's assistants.

The Prince gazed in horror at the charred remains of the mage beside him. Then, turning to the portal, "I shall show you who your masters are" and began moving his hands and mumbling.

"Etienne, I would not do that if I were you" said Rhostoufs mockingly "Turning that one will probably destroy half of that room."

This statement, though mysterious to me, caused the Prince to halt his spell. He lowered his hands and crossed his arms. His face changed from anger to calm. "Now, I assume you do not wish to rejoin us."

"Join you" spat Rhostoufs "You saw what your last little war did."

"That was to determine which faction was dominant in the Empire" retorted Prince Etienne.  
"Besides, the Faems created the Cadre."

"True, you gave us the skills and knowledge to fight the Air Mages and their spells. But, when you lost, you abandoned us here among the wreckage." responded an angry Rhostoufs.

"Tell me Etienne" asked Rhostoufs "Have you ever seen what the remains of a million people look like? Have you ever walked through the ruined hopes and dreams of a entire planet?"

Prince Etienne was quiet as Rhostoufs stared at him through the portal.

"Your arrogance will destroy you." yelled the Prince " You will have to answer for not coming to our call"

"Watch your threats mage" retorted Rhostoufs" The Cadre have changed since you left. You mages left much behind as you scrambled to escape. We took that incorporated it into the Cadre's arsenal. Search this world. You'll find few mages here that oppose us. We are too strong."

(continued)

Subj: Re:Coming of the Cadre

Date: 1/17/97 12:48:09 PM

From: Alex295

"You will be seeing me again, Rhostoufs" shot back Etienne.

"Etienne, you do not understand" stated Rhostoufs shaking his head "The balance of power has shifted. We, the Cadre are the hunters and you mages are the hunted. If we owe you anything, we owe you for showing us where you are. We may come to Mystara, but it will be to hunt your kind down."

With that Rhostoufs stabs at the portal with his sword and the portal begins to close. Through the shrinking hole, the noise of cheering and laughter can be heard. It stops only after the portal completely closes. In its place is the mirror, its face cracked.

Looking at Prince Etienne, I wait for a response or comment. He says nothing to me. Instead, he orders the three surviving assistance to destroy the mirror and burn all notes used to research the portal.

The mirror and notes gone, I inquire about the report. The Prince takes the papers and reads over them. Crossing out certain words in it, he explains what has happened.

Centuries ago, Glantri and Alphatia were once one in the same. However, there was a civil war based along theories of magic. "Our side" formed units of special non-spellcasting troops, the Cadre. They were equipped with magical items and weapons to protect them against some spells.

When the war ended (the Prince did not state who won) the planet was devastated. Both sides left the planet and coincidentally came to this one. Unfortunately, many of our people were left behind.

Now, I ordered the destruction of the mirror to prevent the Cadre from coming here. It is true that they have grown stronger over the centuries, but they can be handled. Unfortunately, we are at war and we do not want to give the Alphatians a potential ally.

as recorded by Jon Perre  
Senior Scribe to Glantrian Council  
Kaldmont 12 AC1006

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story  
Date: 1/17/97 10:32:27 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

Following Hezkakal's lead, the first door contained nothing. To the left, the wall seemed alive with movement. But bringing the torches closer, the party saw the scampering away of hundreds of insects, parting like vertically poured water, revealing beneath them the ghastly half eaten remains of a something chained to the wall. Gaerth shuddered as Questin put a torch up to the mummified skull, long hair interspliced with weevils and grubs, who wound through the tresses toward their homes through the empty ear and eye holes. Beneath the faded taffeta could be seen the coiling of centipedes upon skin the texture of corn husks.

"Every male dragon has his damsel" he said quietly, "we just arrived too late to save this one." After Celentia said the appropriate prayers, they moved on.

The second room was extremely small. A dim light glowed in the center; hunched around it were several small figures, talking rapidly in excited tones. The small creatures had tiny heads, their forms slightly ghostlike, having little substance. On closer inspection, they all appeared flat, existing literally as beings of two dimensions only! The party crept forward carefully as the tiny creatures, oblivious to their guests, rattled on avidly.

"A natural 20! The dragon's toast! Piece a'cake!"

"That's your third this round. The others ran away. What's the XP?"

"Ah, just 25,000. I cast to recharge my cosmic vorpal blade of invincibility.."

Questin interrupted. "Hail and well met, adventurers!"

No one responded. "Naw, you gotta roll again. THACO's 12 on that one!"

"Um...excuse us, good creatures, we seek your council..."

"Hey, quiet willya, I'm rollin' here." The creature's blunt retort stunned Questin; it then turned back to the circle, shaking several small bone cubes in its flat thin little ethereal hands.

Gaerth could see their heads were far too small, even for their tiny bodies. Only their mouths seemed larger than they should be.

"OK, what's the HD on this one?"

"Lemme see that stats. Min/Max it again. Yeah!"

"I cast Immortal Hand Crush, roll...got it! Damn! All sixty dead at once."

"Cool!! I cast Automatic Relearn and Excellerate..."

Questin placed his sword blade gently over the dice. The creatures looked up, quite annoyed.

"We seek thy council, creatures. Who be ye?"

One of the creatures in the ring, a paper crown on his diminutive head, gave a deep sigh. "Okay, guys, munchie break. Back in five." With that command, the rest of the group raced off in a flash to a dark corner of the room, ripping spectral food out of a small white box and swallowing frantically into their opaque paper-edged frames.

"Hail, good fellow! I am Questin Julianus, Palad..."

"Yea, yea, yea, whatever. Lemme see yer stats."

(continued...)

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/17/97 10:34:25 PM

From: TYGHOCK

"I...My what?"

The creature rolled his eyes. "Yer stats. Yer sheet. The stuff that matters. C'mon, I gotta game to run!"

"I...I do not...you do not understand..."

"Naw, listen, you don't unnerstand. Look, you got costumes, fine. You got character stuff, fine. But you can't play without yer stats."

Leonia snarled. "We have no time for your games. Who are you? How came you here?"

The creature smiled. "In character, too. That's cute. I'm the Munch-King, Master of the Munchkins. This is my realm - MY game. We play by MY rules, or you go home. Got it?"

"Are you a wizard, then?" asked Seven.

ÔFFFFaahh! Wizard? Wizards are fer weenies! I'm a multi-level Grand SuperPsionic Immortal ArchMage/High Priest/Warrior Lord/Master Thief, but I'm ready fer the next level, Ôsoon as I invent it."

"What is your quest?" No response. "Your purpose here?"

"To win, of course." The Munch-King blurted. "To kill things, advance, and get lots of treasure. All that matters."

"You've got treasure?" Hezkakal looked interested.

"Yeah, a lot this adventure. See?" The Munch-King held up an oily oft-reused crumpled paper with lots of badly scribbled numbers on it.

"That's a lot of numbers on paper." scowled the thief.

"Yeah, impressive, huh?" The Munch-King squealed. "Got most of it from this latest dragon hunt."

"You have hunted dragons, then?" Arrowheart tried to ask politely.

"All the time, but less than five's gettin' a little too easy. We may have to use Ôem as mounts on another Tarrasque hunt."

Questin attempted again. "Spirit, who art thou? From whence hast thou come? Hast thou clan or homela...?"

"Hey, HEY! You wanna do character stuff, do it on your time. We got Immortal beasts to bash next. Gimme yer stats or close that door on yer way out."

Leonia shook her head and spit. "Tiny man, you are in a small room in a black dungeon far away from anyone or from any freedom. You have no form, no fame, no family, no contact with others: you are empty and condemned spirits; you go higher and higher in your play but go nowhere at all: you learn nothing, you do not grow, and you will spend eternity damned here playing useless number games forever. Clearly," she wiped her mouth, "The Immortals are just."

The Munch-king waved his hand and turned back to the circle. "Ahhhh, I'd dust ya, but you're not worth the XP."

Questin looked sadly at Leonia. "There is nothing here. Let us go."

The party filed out as the munchkins returned belching and intense to the circle. The Munch-King hurled one final insult as the door closed behind them "YOU play YOUR way, and I'LL play MINE! Yer just JEALOUS Ôcause I'm BETTER at it than you! I'm higher than ALL of you! I'm the MIGHTEST! The GREATEST EVER! I AM THE MUNCH-KING!! THE MUNCH-KING!! THE MUN..." Slam!!!

Gaerth turned to Hezkakal. "Trapped playing the same pointless game forever and ever. Nothing could possibly make their eternal fate worse."

"Oh, I can think of..something" smirked the thief, tumbling the three bone dice in his hand.

(continued...)

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/17/97 10:42:51 PM

From: TYGHOCK

"This one." Hezkakal was pointing to the rim of the third door, nodding to himself. "You can tell by the dust on the seam, it's been opened."

"The gnomes," speculated Arrowheart, "or other adventurers."

"Is it worth going in at all, then?" There was no fear in Gaerth's voice, only uncertainty.

"Let's find out." Questin pushed hard against the door, his shield in an upward frontal position, his sword drawn. The door slid open easily into the darkness.

"Diamond, UP!!" the paladin shouted as he plunged into the room, the rest of the party in tow. Gaerth reacted to the orders immediately; diamond defense pattern, threat from the - from above? The trooper, in formation with the others (he guarded the back, like Gurmstahl would have), rushed the room.

The din of swinging swords and grunts and bird-like shrieks filled his ears. Jen and the torches were just outside the room: he could see nothing in their faint light except his own boots. The sounds of swooshing and clicking came from above him, so he slashed wildly into the blackness, shield in position like Questin's. He heard Leonia cry out a victory lunge, and an inhuman SKRREEEE echoed somewhere. The clicking noises fell toward him, and he slashed. His sword struck what felt like a broom handle, snapping the slender form. With a THUD a weight like a sack of grain struck his shield, and a piercing SKRRREEEEEEE hurt his ears as the sack drummed like staccado broomsticks against his shield and slid off to the floor. Gaerth looked and froze; a SPIDER, as big as a sheep, scuttled away into the corner out of Jen's light! Two more piercing yells, and Merry stepped into the room behind him making a broad gesture. Subdued light filled the room, and Gaerth gasped at the grisly scene around him.

At the feet of the diamond formation were scores of severed reed-like legs, black and hairy, some still writhing disconnected. These were the broomsticks he heard and felt. In the corner, the huge spider he had deflected cowered, legs waving and spewing a frothy liquid from its thorax. Above him, a maze of almost dizzying webs, their hypnotic patterns intact, covered the entire length of the ceiling. From within their still-dark recesses, beady points of insect eyes shuffled rapidly across, moving to new attack positions.

"Eyes up! Take them as they come!" Gaerth didn't need the paladin's instructions. His eyes swept the ceiling, desperate to spot those beady points before they...

"GAERTH!!" He swung, back, forth, and a black sack hit his shield and the top of his helmet, gooey liquid splashing across his ear and shoulder. A quick scrape resounded as manibles clacked against his helmet and slid off. The sack bounced off him and fell back first onto the floor. Leonia lunged out from the formation, and the sack popped and hissed as mucus flowed from the split abdomen, the broomsticks dancing a macabre jitter into the air. Her warning had been just in time.

SKRRREEEEEEE THUD! Another sack, pierced through with two arrows, fell from the ceiling to his right. With great discipline he kept his eyes looking up. It was then he noticed the small wispy bones, tiny minatures of human skulls, and goo-smearred little conical hats, all hanging like ornaments from the deadly webs above. They spun slowly, jiggling with vibrations when the hidden spiders raced across on the networks above them. It was no longer a mystery who had first opened this door.

Then a loud snorting emanated from the doorway, and a sheet of flame shot out above them and climbed slowly upwards to the ceiling. The light was blinding, and the warriors moved toward the doorway, shields above their heads. The spinning fire-disc moved up, giving the spiders no escape

route. The frying spiders popped and sizzled, their death-cries engulfed as charred sacks plopped to the floor, smoking and cracking open and bleeding steamy mucus and smelling overwhelmingly foul. (continued...AOL permitting...)

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/17/97 10:46:41 PM

From: TYGHOCK

As the last little dry skulls fell and shattered against the stones, the flames ended. Merry increased the light in the room. Questin marched boldly in, toward the corner, and WHACK WHACK SKRRREEEEEEE the last cowering spider was finished. The other adventurers reentered and viewed their handiwork.

The floor lay covered in charred, repugnant fragments that crunched like charcoal as they walked through the chamber. A lifeless hairy mass lay bubbling its milky essence in the corner where Questin had finished it off. Gaerth had never seen such huge spiders in his life. "They spring down, get webs on you, and yank you up, like a pulley in the shipyards" explained the paladin, fighting off a dream-image about the shipyards. "Once you hit the web above, off balance, you become more enmeshed as you struggle. They leave you alone there to tire, and to completely trap yourself by struggling. Then one day they crawl over and casually start to suck the liquid from you, organs and fluids, day after day, eventually leaving your dry skin stretched across your bones like a winesack. The skin is then ripped off in patches and chewed for any last moisture, leaving just the bones hanging as trophies."

"Lovely way to die." mused the thief absentmindedly as he stared along the chamber walls.

"There...around this wall, far corner".

"I'll go ahead." Questin strode alone, sword in hand, around the corner wall. His footsteps stopped, and the party found the silence unnerving.

"Come in." Everyone followed. Then stood. Then rubbed their eyes in disbelief.

Down the very short corridor, the walls bending at slightly odd angles, lay a mass of treasure which reflected back a golden gleam. Hezkakal let out a deep breath. "Payday at last!" he exclaimed, and carefully began stepping down the corridor, peering in every corner and every grut in the stonework as he went.

"Wait, Hez." The paladin motioned to Jen. "Do you see anything down here? Any magic or danger at all?"

Jen bowed to Seven. "With the skills taught by the Master, I will humbly assist." Her small head bobbed up and down, hair bouncing slightly, as she muttered some strange song-like phrases. Seven puffed with pride watching his apprentice. Hezkakal continued cautiously in slow motion down the bent corridor, making the short distance seem like miles.

“STOP!” Jen’s arm shot out as she shouted the warning to Hezkakal. “Relax, I see it, I see it.” was his flippant reply as he stopped moving.

Gaerth peered down the chamber. “What do they see?”

“Grey ooze, trooper” the thief licked his lips, “tricky stuff, and lots of it. Looks like rock, kills like slime. The odd angled walls throw off your perspective, making detection difficult.”

“And more”, continued Jen. “a section of walls, floor and ceiling are connected, a few feet from the treasure, as a separate ring about four feet wide.”

“I’d say more like five, from here”. Clearly he saw it, too. “As soon as someone steps onto it, with more mass than the ooze, I’d recon the whole ring slides out, like a slice of bread from the middle of a loaf, taking the person with it. I wonder how fast it moves...”

“Don’t try it, Hez.” The paladin turned to Merry. “It’s not what we came for. Or is it, Merry?”

The halfling tried to concentrate, spinning slowly in a circle, eyeing the walls. She turned opposite the treasure, away from Hezkakal, and looked into a blank wall directly in front of her. “Here.”

Hezkakal spun to look back at the group in surprise, and Questin smiled at him. “Yes, Hez, I knew she picked the rooms, not you. But the bit about dust on the door WAS impressive.”

(continued...)

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/17/97 10:51:59 PM

From: TYGHOCK

A patch of floor moved toward the distracted thief. Leonia ran to him. “Look out!”

Hezkakal leapt back as the patch shifted, landing on Leonia and almost knocking her over. She bounced off the wall, and a gooey grey clung to her chainmail like day-old gravy. “I’m caught!”

Gaerth swung his sword and struck the ooze, making it jump. A bolt of lightning BOOMED by the trooper, blinding him, and the smoking ooze lay boiling on the floor.

Hezkakal looked at the wall in front of Merry. “I see nothing, Mer.”

“I sense nothing. Are you sure?” Seven’s head twitched as he stared.

But Merry remained almost motionless. “Yes,” she answered to no one in particular, “Here, behind the wall.” A rattle of her bracelets, and the stones melted into a veil of blurred grey, like rain within a dense forest. Merry stepped calmly through the mist, and the others followed.

Celentia Mera entered and at once fell to her knees in prayer. The chamber behind the mist was narrow, barely wide enough for the party, and only twenty feet deep. Yet it’s roof rose high, giving the same cathedral impression as the great hall. The stones had a strange reddish hue, worn and weathered as no hidden dungeon stone should be, fitted together in an odd, varied sized honeycomb pattern. There, directly before them, was a large table and chair, several sizes too big

for a mortal man, carved in the strangest angles and design. All was choked in dust. The dimensions of everything before them made normal perspective impossible. On the chair lay a musty robe, tassels withered and crumbling. The table top was just above the sight of everyone except Questin. "Did even KishKamek know about this?" asked Arrowheart. Questin nodded as he alone walked toward the table. "Yes. He was the keeper of this part of the puzzle. He was delivering an item from here when Sorat-Sym defeated him." "How do you know that, Julianus?" "Because, Arrowheart, " the paladin reached up upon the table, raising a fine cloud of dust, "I recognize these." Others strained to see what Questin was referring too. He gestured to the footstep at the base of the chair. Clampering up, Gaerth and the others looked across the broad table top.

NEXT.... if AOL lets there BE a next...

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story  
Date: 1/19/97 4:46:46 PM  
From: Qamlynch

The viser stood behind the throne, stroking his beard. the thin fingers of his master rapped around the arm of the throne in front of him. Two guards brought in a orc he went to his knees. "Well?' the voice from the throne said. "Your report?" "Great lord, we will soon possess all the pieces..." 'how many" the viser saw the fingers drum. "i-in a short timr, we will have all..." "HOW MANY? The orc looked down terrified. "if not all we have nothing.' The fingers clench into a fist. The viser saw the fist pound the armrest, and heard his master mutter something. The orc rased his arms to beg, and yelled as leaves spring from his fingers. his arms grew wooded and his kness turned to roots. tHe green and grown raced up his body to his head as shouted "lord, no! I will get the..." a leafy plant now stood between the guards. The viser kept eyes down in fear. His master hissed. "Take him away- to the cook. He will make flavor for a fitting soup, and will still feel everything." the gaurds took the orc-shapd plant away. A crooked finger beconded the viser forward. "Viser, I want the last two peices. You understand? The viser gulped and bowed. "I set out at once, my lord.'

next -

Subj: Beagle History  
Date: 1/20/97 12:26:23 AM  
From: LSimoni

Sorry, but I must have missed the initial posting about the fates of the Beagle's crew. Can someone repost it, or send it to me? I'm big into Mystaran history, and am eager to add this tidbit to my collection.

LMS

Subj: Netbook  
Date: 1/20/97 12:37:31 AM  
From: Dragon1022

Did the netbook ever get uploaded, or is this a problem with AOL?

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story  
Date: 1/20/97 12:47:03 AM  
From: TYGHOCK

Clambering atop the footrest of the huge chair with the rest of the party, Gaerth stared at the expanse of the giant table. Covered in a thin film of dust, among myriad small piles and bits of debris, lay several scrolls! Questin pointed to them. "These are similar to the scroll Sorat-Sym gave to the priestesses of Terra. That one bore a mark for Fenswick - from what I can see, these bear no such marks. However, it is possible that KishKamek distributed these as he saw fit, placing a magical seal signifying the recipient."

"If it is part of a great plot" mused Arrowheart, "Why not simply turn all the scrolls over to your leaders? Surely, one black dragon could not have been the keeper for such massive secrets." Hezkakal sneered aloud. "HEH! Well, elf, it's pretty clear YOU spend too much time among the lawful good. To me, this makes perfect sense."

"You, Hez? How?"

"Easy, paladin. There is no honor among thieves - or any practitioners of the darker skills. If I possessed a trove of riches in high demand from high places, I'd make sure of three things." He began to pace about the group, a professor lecturing his class. "First, I'd keep myself somewhat in the shadows. No postings in the town square, nobody knowing my identity even, if I could help it. I'd

be the mystery player". He walked away from the group. "Second, I'd make sure that no one knew I had as many cards to play as I did. It would give me a fall-back position, something I knew that they didn't. It would also make my stash safe. No one would try to take from me what they didn't know I had." He strolled to the corner, hands behind his back, the master instructor.

"Third, if I WAS found out, I would have a bargaining token to pay for my release. Knowing the qualities of my fellow conspirators, if I were double crossed, knife at my throat, I could smile and say 'Cut it, and you'll never find the rest'. Before they turn to crass torture, I would tell them 'Unless certain parties hear from me soon, alive, the items will never be found'. I then describe a little of what I know to whet the appetite." Hezkakal turned to the group with a broad smile. "Now, they have no choice. They played their double-cross and lost. I go free, and either get tangible payback at the next meeting - while heavily armed - or I set THEM up and sell to another."

(continued...)

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/20/97 12:54:33 AM

From: TYGHOCK

Arrowheart's brow furled. "Dragons are not like petty human thieves."

The thief spit. "You'd be surprised at the similarities. PALADIN! Why are you smiling at me again!"

Questin beamed as the thief marched over and looked squarely up into his face. "Hez, I am amazed at your carelessly bold honesty. You just let everyone know your real reason for coming here."

"Don't get cute, noble-knees."

"You think Merry's inside edge on this is going to allow you to pull off a sale to the highest bidder of something THIS important?"

"My motives are my own business, paladin. Leave Mer out of this"

"Is THIS why you haven't told her? Do you think it'll be anything like negotiating with mortals? I thought you smarter than that, Hez."

"Leave her out of this!"

"Thousands, perhaps entire cultures, could die because of this, and you think they'll cut a deal for one mortal and his little protector?"

"AAARRGGH!" Hezkakal hurled the dice in his hand at Questin's face, who caught one as the other two rattled along the stone table top. One die struck a dusty pile, causing it to cascade into a flow of round pearls, glistening as they bounced leaving trailmarks and skipping over the edge of the table onto the floor.

The party watched and listened as the pearls scattered noisily across the chamber.

"Odd place for a stash" quipped a stunned Hezkakal.

Celentia's eyes widened as her face grew ashen pale. "But not for an offering."

Everyone looked around as the chamber began to rumble with intense vibrations, ready to cave in upon them. They leaped to the center of the room, taking a defensive posture. The pearls around them glowed an eerie green, bouncing and pulsating to the rhythm of the loud quaking walls. A burst of light, and a funnel of fiery orange shot straight up from the seat of the chair, reaching far up into the vaulted ceiling like the explosion of a volcano. All shielded their eyes as the tattered robe rose unaided, as if lifted by the hot currents, transforming into bright colors and a rich splendor of embroidery. It settled high in the air, wrapping around invisible shoulders, waving in the flaming currents. Then within the pillar of flame the outline of a huge figure formed, becoming gradually more defined in the blazing background. It was a mighty human shape, wearing only a short white robe, adorned in brilliant gold and bronze jewelry, carrying a gem-crusted staff - and bearing the head of a large, ravenous bearded Jackal! The animal eyes glared in hostile yellow beams at the party below.

"I think" winked the concerned wizard "we're about to learn something."

"I think" cowered the awed thief "I should have left dicing to the munchkins!"

N-N-Next!!...

(I'll finish this tomorrow...)

Subj: Re:Beagle History

Date: 1/20/97 9:18:42 AM

From: Alex295

First post is on 12-31-96 under "Davania". There are responses on 1-1-97, 1-8-97, and 1-10-97.

Please excuse multiple posts on 1-10. Read only first response.

Next post is on 1-12-97 under "Beagle Error", There are two responses on 1-12-97 and four responses on 1-14-97.

Next post is on 1-14-97 under "All this Tech", There is one response on 1-15-97.

Next post is on 1-15-97 under "Tech & Emerond Sources", No responses.

Next post is on 1-16-97 under "Strike one off". No responses

Subj: Re: Emerond Origins

Date: 1/20/97 10:56:18 AM

From: CRIPTONITE

heres something i found on emerond  
its from

>Mystara and chronomancy  
>version 1.1 by Hervâ Musseau  
>Extract from Chonomancer and from Chronomancy & the Multiverse:

>Emerond: A smaller maelstrom stands at the point where Emerondians came to  
>Mystara from the Pyriethian Archipelago asteroids many centuries ago. A vortex leads back  
>to their asteroids in another part of the Mystaran solar system.

Subj: Re:Netbook (READ THIS!)  
Date: 1/21/97 12:44:36 AM  
From: B1Bard

Funny you should ask...

OK, here's what happened:

Waaaaaaay back when, with netMAG #1 I uploaded it using AOL's built-in file compression. I use a MAC, therefore, AOL compressed the files as .sit files. After a few days, people started complaining that when they downloaded the netMAG, they could extract the files, so I re-compressed them as .zip files and emailed them around to everyone. As far as I know, Amaldis' installment (netMAG#2) was also a .zip file.

Why is this relevant?

Well, for netMAGs#3 and 4, I self-compressed them and uploaded them as .zip files, since we had such an incompatibility problem last time. Well... of course, the folks at AOL didn't want them as .zip files b/c that didn't use the built-in compression, so...

I have re-uploaded the netMAGs#3 and 4 as .sit files, using built-in AOL compression.

Anyone who cannot read .sit files to decompress them can email me and specify whether (s)he needs .zip or .sit files.

I will attempt to honor all email requests as quickly as possible, but time IS money, so I will probably do it all in one shot group at the end of the week.

AOL \*should\* get the newly-reuploaded netMAGs into the library (I hope) within the week.

B1Bard

many happy wanderings...

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story  
Date: 1/21/97 7:13:45 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

The unworldly yellow eyes glared down with glowing disapproval. The mouth opened, and a booming rasp of throaty sounds, part howl and part language, poured out; formal words born in the fire of ancient arid tongues, dialog none of the party could understand. The pillar of flame flashed with each inflection.

"I think we're being asked...a question?" ventured Leonia.

"Aye, but we cannot understand" finished Questin, "and cannot answer."

Gaerth stared in amazement at the image before them. This was not of this world - clearly beyond his comprehension. It was one thing to encounter goblins or gnomes, other life forms. Another to meet spirits of the dead, or undead as Grimwood had called them. Even giant spiders after all connected to something, however remote, in his personal life experience. But forms as other worldly as this, more than magic, so unreal yet real before him, overwhelmed his senses. Was this fear, he thought? Or just confusion?

The figure spoke again, eyes narrowed, voice grinding louder in anger and impatience, mouth parched as one caked for eons with the sands of time. "If we do not answer him somehow, and soon", said Arrowheart, "I fear we will not escape alive". Hezkakal gently grabbed Merry's arm. "Listen to him, Mer. Give in and listen. Let it go. Hear him. I am still with you." The thief's tone was so unlike his normal banter, Leonia's eyebrows raised; Questin smiled, still watching the figure before them.

Merry looked with uncertainty at Hezkakal, then walked slowly away from the formation toward the towering creature. The yellow eyes followed her advance, in complete disregard for the rest of the group. "You could get away now, Hez, if you run for it." Questin was almost smirking as the thief shot back a characteristic obscenity. Leonia smiled too - Hez wasn't going anywhere.

The paladin put a hand on Celentia's shoulder. "You have protected us well, good priestess. But we cannot escape this way. Lower your protection. The halfling is our only hope." The priestess's arms dropped, betraying the weariness and effort she had been expending for them. The sudden rush of oppressive heat told Gaerth how much protection they had unknowingly needed. Celentia collapsed into Questin's arms.

Merry's face began to betray that distant look they had seen before. She placed her arms folded across her chest, hands to her shoulders, palms inward. She then extended her arms slowly out to her sides, palms open, pointing down. The jackal head cocked a bit, and rapidly spewed out a string of incomprehensible sounds.

Merry opened her mouth - was it still hers? - and emitted a long, low moan, varying the modulation in a near-hypnotic chant. Her lips seldom met, occasionally forming soft consonant sounds. Was she speaking with the creature?

The jackal-head snapped, sniffing, and uttered a short phrase. Merry blinked and looked at Questin. "It is a guardian Hukaata. They demand a sacrifice - a life to be given, for violating the altar."

Questin cradled Celentia to the ground and drew his sword. "My life is in the service of Frey, and will not be given away" he slung his shield forward "to satisfy any beastman, however ancient. There must be another way."

Merry continued. "If we do not, we will all die." Gaerth gripped his sword, while Leonia crouched and Arrowheart drew an arrow. "In return, if the offering is acceptable, we may live, and learn of this temple. We must decide NOW."

(continued...)

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/21/97 7:17:13 PM

From: TYGHOCK

"AH, I knew it, I knew it! We ARE going to learn something here, after all, see I told you so paladin." Seven began rattling on as he walked toward the creature. Yellow eyes turned sharply to him as his bobbing head and waving arms stepped quickly in front of Merry.

"Seven, NO!"

"MASTER!!"

"SQueeeeeeeel!"

"Here I am , oh ancient Hutaaka, as you requested, and we are most interested to learn something of your charge here, ah.....oh.....GHRAHKALL DAHK HAHKMATT...um.."

Seven turned to Merry. "...Oh, dear me, how DOES the rest of that go.....?"

Arrowheart drew back his bowstring, and Seven waved his arm in stern reproach.

"Put that away, you silly elf, I'm the only one getting killed here, oh honestly!"

Merry grabbed his sleeve. "You will die!"

Seven rapped her knuckles loose "And you will learn." and then smiling, a warm twinkle in his eye, he said to her in a quiet, soothing calmness "So I have taught you something after all, eh, young one?" And with a wink, he turned back to the hutaaka.

"Now then, where were we.....?"

The Hutaaka slammed the base of his staff to the ground; blazing beams of green light bolted from the gemstones, wrapping Seven in blinding cocoon. The narrowed eyes shot a quick ray of sun-bright gold, and BOOM! The sound of an explosion filled the room.

The light was gone now, except for the pillar of fire behind the hutaaka. And standing a few feet before Merry was the form of Seven, a statue of incredibly white sand. The hutaaka blew a gust of his powerful hot breath, and the sand-form disappeared into a thousand gleaming particles, whipping across the faces of the party like the blinding siroccos of Ylaruam.

Merry spoke through her tears. "The sacrifice is accepted. The wizard is dead."

Questin sheathed his blade, the others following his lead. "Quickly, ask the meaning of the artifacts and the scrolls." Merry nodded, salty drops raining on her vest, and turned crossing her arms as before. The bizarre exchange continued, the hutaaka making formal pronouncements in his dry booming rasp, the halfling moaning in near chant between each of them. Jen and the pig stood motionless, heads bowed, throughout. Celentia Mera began to recover slowly, her forehead awash in sweat from the heat.

Finally, the hutaaka jerked his head up, as if to signal the end of the conversation. The yellow sockets glared hard at the party, concentrating on the paladin. Leonia reached for her sword, but Questin gestured no. With a nod, and a half smile, half snarl, the hutaaka struck the butt of its staff again, and its form faded into the pillar of fire, leaving only the cape afloat alone. The pillar then shrank back into the chair, leaving the robe to float back slowly to the seat - its brilliant coloration vanishing as it settled. It became ancient and decrepit once again. Even the coating of dust returned. "My poor Seven" prayed Celentia as she was told. Arrowheart shook his head. "How shall I save Grimwood now?" Questin walked up the shaking halfling. "What have you learned, Merry?"

(continued...)

Subj: A - Oh - Hell  
Date: 1/21/97 11:12:11 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

Testing....AOL, I mean A-Oh-Hell just refuses to post my updates to the Ongoing Story.

.....everybody's a critic....

Subj: Re: Ongoing Story  
Date: 1/21/97 11:15:42 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

The party gathered to hear her story. "My....feelings were correct. Long ago, ...Very long ago...before many immortals, there were four artifacts. The artifacts were powerful tools used by Those Who Came Before. I-I don't know what any of this means..."

"Go on, Merry". Questin's voice reassured her.

"Then it said something about an Immortal dragon known as... The Great One.

He...apparently...overcame an ancient Lord of Wyrms...something like that. At his and other Immortal's insistence, each of the artifacts was to be broken up and distributed so no one could ever again use their combined power.

These scrolls were written as a...a record... of the history, use, destruction into pieces a-and dispersal of the artifacts.”

Arrowheart spoke. “What of the artifacts now? Had KishKamek, or the dragon-lord he served, gained possession of them?”

“That the hutaaka did not say. I’m... not sure it knew... or cared.”

Hezkakal leaned forward. “So there are four artifacts, each broken into four pieces? Sixteen pieces scattered across Mystara? That’s a pretty thorough dispersal.”

“N-no - it did say that n-not all the artifacts were broken as required. Even that - that not all of them exist Ôin this world’... whatever that means.”

“Do you know where they are? Can you read the scrolls?”

Merry shook her head wearily. “But I do know,” she continued, “I-I don’t know how, but I...I can TELL...two of the pieces exist here, if not in this lair, then - then not far.”

Questin took her hands in his, soft fur against oversized steel. “Can you sense anything at all as to where the pieces are? Think, Merry! Think!”

“Uhhhh.....Th-Thyatis.....no.....maybe.....I-I don’t.....”

The halfling was exhausted, and Hezkakal came to her side, glaring at Questin. She had been through too much, and the paladin reluctantly accepted her condition. She could go no further today.

“Rest now, Merry Rosewater. You have done very well. Seven did not die in vain.”

The paladin stood and addressed the party. “Friends, we have fought well and suffered much today. Yet we have found part of what we seek.”

“Let us rest here a few hours. I will stand watch. We will seek the upper chambers of this hall for the pieces. Then, we will return for our companions back in the tunnels. Finally, we will deliver what we have to the Terran priestesses. For now, get some rest.”

Merry curled up in Hezkakal’s arms. Gaerth and Leonia lay down where they stood, with Arrowheart sitting nearby. Celentia Mera prayed herself to sleep. Only Jen and the pig remained awake, reading feverishly and collecting bits of dirt and debris from around the small chamber. Questin drew his sword and walked out through the misty wall, across the spidery remains to shut tight the door to the main chamber. As the door clanged into place, the paladin bit his lip and prayed:

My lord Frey, make mine arm strong, aid thy servant and guard mine friends this night. Keepeth mine eyes from sleep upon this watch. And ere I sleep, pray sweet patron let me not dream....

Next...

Subj: Intermission

Date: 1/21/97 11:30:26 PM

From: TYGHOCK

Okay. A big part of the plot's out of the bag...I think this ties in with everything people have posted so far, gives it some continuity & purpose, and still gives plenty of room for development and drama.

What are the artifacts? Where are they? Who has them (or pieces of them)? What do they do? The hunt for, description of, and use/misuse remain to be settled (or lost forever?).

If anyone can get through on A-Oh-Hell, I can't wait to see where all of this takes us....

I'll follow up after the next person miraculously gets a post through...

- Ken (TYGHOCK)

Subj: Re:Intermission

Date: 1/22/97 9:26:32 AM

From: Alex295

Potential locations for artifacts? Hmm.....Well, Karameikos is close. The devastated ruins of Koreinzy Keep and the ancient Traldaran ruins under Krakatos and Mirros. There's the province of Nithia in Ylaurum. This could relate the use of the Hutakka. The caverns of Rockhome and the hostile lands of the Shadow Elves should make the adventurers feel a little out of place. And if you have mainland Alphatia sunk, you could have one located below the New Alphatian Sea amid the watery ruins. Then there's HollowWorld. Perhaps one was placed there by the immortals. Then you could end the quest with the final piece in the "City of the Immortals".

Subj: STORY RECAP!!! 1/3

Date: 1/23/97 2:04:49 AM

From: TYGHOCK

The story so far....

Evil has been felt throughout Mystara. Small magics fail sporadically. Mysterious dark clouds have been seen. Shadow armies march through the forests of Wendar.

A paladin, Sorat-Sym, defeated the black dragon KishKamet. He killed the dragon and captured a scroll. Mortally wounded himself, Sorat-Sym turned this scroll over to the priestesses of Terra, to unlock the mystery. The scroll bore the mark of the Princess of Fenswick.

The scroll was blank or unreadable. Several adventurers set out. One group went to find the resting place of Sorat-Sym and the lair of KishKamet, and gather information from both places. A second group went to meet and uncover the forces behind the shadow armies in Wendar. A third went to

find a special wizard, in his secret castle, who is known for his skill at deciphering scrolls; only he may unlock their unwritten mysteries.

The first group was led by a human paladin named Questin Julianus, a strong and intelligent dragon-slayer with a unique past. The second group was led by Alabastea, a beautiful white female centaur of even temperament, keen insight, and some magic, beloved by her elven warriors. The third group was led by Dalros Eveningstar, a brave and talented elven ranger with superb skill in tracking.

The dark forces responded in kind. Dark cloud attackers attempted several ambushes of Questin's party. The party survived, freeing the trapped spirit of the dead Sorat-Sym in a battle against the undead. They eventually entered KishKamet's lair. At some unknown mage's command, a half-Orc named Thane now leads a force of goblins and ogres into the lair against them. Thane has with him a golem, constructed to prey on Questin's thoughts!

In Wendar, Alabastea's elven force gave battle to a goblin horde, only to be routed by the summoning of a strange cloud dragon. Only Alabastea's great personal bravery, and the selfless sacrifice of her warriors, made possible their escape. Yet in defeat, Alabastea had gained valuable insight into the enemy they now faced. Her party continues in flight.

Several cloud attacks were made on the temples of Terra, searching for the scroll. These attacks prompted the dispatch of a fourth mission: a specially chosen sole adventurer, to infiltrate Fenswick's stronghold in Glantri and discover what secrets it held.

Seeking the wizard's castle, Dalros's group has had the strangest encounters. A Diamond priest fled at their approach. When cornered, he was revealed to be a gold dragon, who warned the party to stay out of "dragon affairs". Attempts to reach the wizard's castle have been met by bizarre and unreal environments, rockslides, and invisible archers. The voice of the wizard himself has challenged them to reach him. The party is fatigued and bloodied. Strong magic must be overcome if they are to succeed and gain access to the castle, the wizard, and the answers they seek.

The sole adventurer sent by the Terran priestesses, named Tarin Sal, had better luck. Using a skillful combination of audacity, thievery and magic, he gained access to one heavily-guarded location, avoided several obstacles, and uncovered a cache of several books. Included among them was a tome on Radiance. Eventually he too was forced to flee, but his mission continues.

continued...

Subj: STORY RECAP! 2/3  
Date: 1/23/97 2:07:16 AM  
From: TYGHOCK

Four other events of note have occurred.

1-A Thyatian dealer in antiques, Camilo Tullius, was saved from an attack by an ancient mummy. His savior was Darius, a very ancient nosferatu. They both sought a rare bowl of ancient Nithian (and older) lineage.

2-A set of dragon bones, very old, were found in the sewers of a large city. The finders were killed by magicians, who seek to put the skeleton together.

3-An evil female lord (is it Fenswick?) has two Ôpieces' of an artifact, and has dispatched her vizier to find the rest.

4-Dark shadow forces are attacking Terran temples and destroying villages in search of...?

And the secret here? There were four very powerful artifacts, used long ago by Those Who Came Before. When the Great One defeated the Lord of Wyrms and became the dragon Immortal, the artifacts were to be broken, each into four pieces, and the sixteen bits scattered across Mystara. But not all were broken up thus. What they are, where they are, in what condition, and what they can do, no one knows. And several scrolls (like the one captured by Sorat-Sym) hold the key to what, where and how to use the artifacts!

So, as the Ongoing Story continues, here's the current status:

- Questin Julianus has uncovered a Nithian temple in KishKamek's lair. It is guarded by a Hutaaka, and holds several of the scrolls. His party has been bloodied, losing its chief wizard, and Thane with his goblins, ogres and golem searching them out. The party now seeks an upper chamber where some pieces may be hidden.

- Alabastea and her elves are fleeing into the Wendar forests, with the shadow goblins in pursuit. If they can escape, she must warn the others of what she has sensed, who is behind this evil.

- Dalros Eveningstar and his party are lost on the hill in search of the wizard's castle. Having defeated the archers, they are now stymied by magical misdirection.

- Tarin Sal found some books, but learned little. He now proceeds to Glantri City to perform more magical thievery for the priestesses of Terra.

- Sorat-Sym awakes to find himself some type of undead creature, and seeks out a solution to his cursed state.

- Some evil mages have possession of (most of) an ancient dragon skeleton.

- A female lord has two pieces of one of the artifacts, and has sent her vizier to collect the other two, somehow.

- Darius and Camilo have discussed the past history of the odd, ancient and powerful bowl. As to it's future...

And this is the Ongoing Story, in all its glory! Through it, Mystara lives! Thanks to all who have contributed so far.

END OF RECAP.

Subj: Re:STORY RECAP! 3/3

Date: 1/23/97 2:17:18 AM

From: TYGHOCK

Sorry, Alex235, if I omitted the Cadre from the Ongoing Story. Did you want it included? Glantri is involved in this, and pieces of the artifacts could exist on different planes - so your angle isn't out of sync.

At some point Questin and company's leg of the story will end. If enough of them are alive, a strain might continue. But this story has obviously just begun!

So, everybody...Mystaros, Qamlynch, Dragon1022, Duncan TKD, TSR Bruce, Alex235, and anyone else who's interested (AMALDIS? BardB1? others?), pick up a thread and let's go!

Long live Mystara!! (and this from a non-magical wargamer, even!)

Ken (TYGHOCK) - Tortles, anyone?

Subj: Re:STORY RECAP! 3/3

Date: 1/23/97 8:42:49 AM

From: Alex295

The Cadre is a little project that I am working on alongside Davania. "The Coming of the Cadre" was posted as a rough outline as to what the Cadre is. As far as including them into the Ongoing Story" I wouldn't not yet. They are still just a rough idea bouncing around in my head. But hey, I'm working on them.

Subj: Re:STORY RECAP! 3/3

Date: 1/23/97 8:52:41 AM

From: RLaRue

TYGHOCK,

You are the man. Your stuff is excellent. I know your thing is wargames, but you really should try DMing a RPG. Thanks for getting into the Ongoing Story so much. I hope to post more myself over the weekend.

To everyone else out there: remember, this is supposed to be for everyone, so feel free to jump in.

Rick

PS B1Bard's NetMags are in the library if anyone is interested. BTW I found a .sit decompression program for windows (SITEX10.EXE). Search the AOL downloads for "Compression" + ".sit" and you should find it.

Subj: Doomsday Device

Date: 1/23/97 1:06:46 PM

From: MagianChua

Someone told me the events that occurred during the Wrath of Immortals debacle and i was just wondering....how did Rad's Doomsday Device work?? Just's makes a really big BOOM that sinks a continent? And how did it look like?

Chua:)

Subj: The Story

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Date: 1/23/97 4:31:36 PM

From: Duncan TKD

"W-where am I," Dalrose said as his eyes opened and he found himself in a strange room. A voice came from a muscular woodsman who was standing by the fireplace in the room "You are safe".

"What happened, and where are my comrades" asked the elf?

"They are all dead. Your party was attacked by Gnolls. You all fought valiently, Halav himself would have been proud of you and your comrades."

"I've failed."

"Why do you say that? The Wizard and his tower you would not have found the wizard's tower."

"How do you know that?"

"You could say that the animals told me. You see the tower was destroyed three days ago by dragons."

"Dragos, why dragons. The elves have always tried to be friends with the Nation."

"That they would not tell me."

"Well I must returned and report to the council of elve, thank you very much for helping me."

"Do you still seek information and allies against the tides of darkness?"

"Yes of course I do. Why can you help me?"

"No, It is not within my power to help you anymore than I have, But I can send you to some one who can. Her name is Illanna Uiop, and she lives in the city of Kelvin in Karameikos." He takes a taliman with a picture of a hawk on the shoulders of a wolf, "Here take this. It will aid you. Now sleep you need your strength for your next adventure."

With that the elf does off again, and when next his eyes open he is off the side of a road with the city of Kelvin before him.

Subj: Re:Doomsday Device

Date: 1/23/97 4:33:53 PM

From: Duncan TKD

As far as I can figure out the doomsday device some how upset the very elements (earth, fire, etc.) in that area and thus sunk the large island.

Subj: Re:Doomsday Device

Date: 1/23/97 5:59:47 PM

From: Telrathin

No, it makes a boom and sinks a continent when it breaks. Normally there is a dial which you can set to a couple of different disasters (fire, flood, storm, earthquake) and a red dot which is the targeter.

Subj: So many Dimensions  
Date: 1/23/97 6:30:43 PM  
From: MagianChua

Anybody know what the known Dimensions of Mystara are?

Chua:)  
Planar Traveler

Subj: Where?  
Date: 1/23/97 10:44:02 PM  
From: B1Bard

Where exactly did you find the netMAGs? I've been looking for them every day since I uploaded I all I've found were vols I (from me a year ago) and vol II (from Amaldis).

Please spread the word so we can all find them!

Thanks  
B1Bard

Subj: Re:Where?  
Date: 1/24/97 8:38:56 AM  
From: RLaRue

They're under Errata and Checklists. I haven't read all of it yet, but it looks to be a nice compilation of stuff from the last few boards. Thanks for the effort, B1Bard.

Rick

Subj: Re:So many Dimensions

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Date: 1/24/97 11:24:24 PM

From: AMALDIS

Nightmare, Vortex, Myth, and Multiverse(that is the 'normal' dimension).

-Amaldis

Subj: Re:So many Dimensions

Date: 1/25/97 1:09:06 AM

From: Duncan TKD

Length, Width, and Height.

its a math thing.

Subj: Re:So many Dimensions

Date: 1/25/97 7:47:45 AM

From: MagianChua

<<Nightmare, Vortex, Myth, and Multiverse(that is the 'normal' dimension).

-Amaldis>>

Ok, now....err.... what is in each Dimension and where can i get more information.

Obviously Multiverse is well, the campaign etc.

Chua:)

Subj: Re:So many Dimensions

Date: 1/25/97 8:48:16 PM

From: Mystaros

I am currently working on a description of the various planes and dimensions of the Mystara campaign world; it is currently at 3+ pages and growing. Hopefully I will be able to post it sometime tomorrow.

Mystaros

Subj: Re:So many Dimensions

Date: 1/25/97 11:18:13 PM

From: AMALDIS

Sorry about the late response to your post Magian. AOL kicked me off just as I was finishing a fairly lengthy review of the dimensions. Here is a shortened version.

Nightmare Dimension:Lots of weird monsters originated here(Diaboli are a good example). They see the Multiverse in their dreams, the Multiverse sees them in their nightmares. There is a colony of diaboli in Norworld(part of Ericall's kingdom called Redhorn) and the Master of the Secret Craft of Dream Magic has a fortress in the Nightmare dimension where he keeps a prominent noblewoman as prisoner.

Vortex:Little is known of the Vortex Dimension. Those few immortals who have visited it(those that returned at least) have no memory of their visit. It is rumored that the Old Ones live here.

Myth:Little is known about Myth besides one planet within it known as Laterre(French for "The Earth"). Laterre is much like a late Middle Ages, early Renaissance Earth but with magic. The people living in the Glantrian principalities of Morlay-Malinbois(other than the immigrant weres from across Mystara), Nouvelle-Averoigne, Klantyre, and Fenswick are all immigrants from Laterre. BTW, Etienne d'Ambreville(aka RAD) was born on Laterre, not Mystara.

-Amaldis

P.S.This info can be found in Mark of Amber, Mystara Monstrous Compendium, two of the earlier Almanacs(I forget which), and Wrath of the Immortals(the vast majority of the info comes from that boxed set).

P.P.S.Get Wrath of Immortals. It explains why the Immortals fought, describes the Mystara universe, the Immortal's powers, prominent Immortal's and their philosophies, and has a nice adventure based upon the Immortal's war.

Subj: Re:So many Dimensions

Date: 1/26/97 6:57:44 AM

From: MagianChua

Thanks Amal....

Do you know which Mystara Products i should look for to get more knowledge on the Dimensions?

Chua:)

Subj: PLanescape and Mystara

Date: 1/26/97 7:01:49 AM

From: MagianChua

I would just like to say that Mystara is acknowledged in Planescape. In the Planewalker's Handbook there is 2 Mentions of Mystara as a world that is very introspective but is less how shall we say, arrogant then the Wizards of the Realms, and not as Clueless as the Krynnians.

Basically very average joes, with some mysterious magic in Glantri and the fallen Alphatia.

In Uncaged: Faces of Sigil, there's a Shadow Elf named Farrow who works for Shemeska the Marauder, a big power player in Sigil. Farrow is her top notch spy who can mingle with the factions and report back inforamtion.

Chua:)

Subj: Ongoing Story

Date: 1/26/97 2:45:23 PM

From: Dragon1022

Tarin Sal stepped off the gondola and paid his 10 pennies. He then entered the Canalmaster's office. After a two hour wait the secretary allowed him to enter the Canalmaster's office.

Inside sate a man in his sixties. His hair had long since fallen out leaving a spotted bald surface. The man was hunched over his desk reading some sheaves of very ancient work menship.

"Ahm"

"AHM"

"Look son, if you want to do business with me you have to be down at my level please take that seat over there," creaked the Canalmaster's voice.

Tarin Sal did as he was told although he doubted the chair would hold his wait.

"Now that the fomalities are done with what do you want? I am a very busy man and my time cannot be wasted. What? No Sarpidious I do not know where the dog went."

Tarin stared at the man for a moment while he carried on a conversation with a wall. When he turned back the elf presented his case: Yes, I was wondering two things. First I need this package delivered." He took a large wrapped box out of his backpack and sat it on the desk.

"I believe you have mistaken me for a local parcel service, my job is to take care of the canals not deliver objects to friends and family," interrupted the Canalmaster. "Now if that is all you may leave."

"Sir I do know who I am talking to it's just that this package is of such importance that it must be delivered in the utmost secrecy. I would be willing to pay dearly for it's prompt delivery."

"How much? What I mean to say is would you be willing to run an errand for me?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Good, you said you had two things to ask of me, what is the second?"

"The second thing that I thought you could help me with is I need to know if there is an under water passage into the residence that Dolores of Hillsbury maintains in the Nobles Quarter? And if so, where is it and how do I enter it?"

"The answer to that question will indeed cost you much. I have an even greater task for you. If you are planning what I think you are I will deliver the message and tell you about the secret tunnel, if, and only if you place this somewhere in the residence of Dolores Hillsbury." The Canalmaster held up a scroll case inlaid with gold and the visage of a dragon adorning it.

Tarin Sal readily agreed and took the scroll case.

Walking out of the office Tarin Sal recalled the manuscript he had sent along with the book he found at the Hillsbury siege. After reading the tome he had discovered that Dolores now knew of this artifact known as the Radiance, and ( from notes written on pages ) it would help greatly in her mission.

Tarin just hoped the priests of Terra could keep the book hidden and secure. Although he did not yet know Dolores's plans, from what he had heard on the street, they couldn't be good.

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story

Date: 1/27/97 12:09:07 AM

From: Duncan TKD

Dalros carefully strode up to the Sorceress Illanna Uiop's tower; as he was about to knock upon the door, it slowly opened and a voice from within beckoned him to come inside. He carefully walked down the lit corridor, noticing that the tower appeared bigger inside than with out. He finally entered into a large living room with a large fire place in it and two very nice comfortable chairs. In one of the chairs sat a lovely woman and in the other there was an old, long white haired man. As he approached them he heard them talk:

"Well my dear I must return home," the white haired man said.  
"Must you El, it is still quite early, and you have not told me all of your news."  
"True my lady, but I have matters that concern me at home, and of course you have company."  
"Well farewell El may your journey be a safe one."  
"It usually is. there are not many that would take on an archmage such as myself."  
Then in a flash of smoke the archmage disappeared.

Next.....

Subj: next netMAGs  
Date: 1/27/97 12:36:35 AM  
From: B1Bard

I'd like to have the next one ready for upload this weekend, since I will be out of town the week after that.

Please, send me anything you have, no matter how minor or insignificant. I'd rather not have to raid to board for reprints again.

If you're sending short amounts of text, please just email the text directly rather than as an attachment. It makes things much easier on my end...

GIFs are welcome, of course!

lets set the deadline for Friday, with a Saturday compile and Sunday upload/ email to everyone.

Party on!

B1Bard

Subj: Re:Module Inventory, part II  
Date: 1/27/97 6:22:16 AM  
From: Bishop112

You forgot about Quest for the Heartstone (I don't remember the number). It featured the characters and monsters from LJN's AD&D action-figure line.

Subj: Re:Doomsday Device  
Date: 1/27/97 11:29:50 AM  
From: Alex295

The Doomsday Device was supposed to "suck" all of the magic from a particular area of Mystara. It was aimed by sighting in on the corresponding area on a globe. However, Rad's research and engineering was not right. When the Device was activated the first time it caused a maelstrom which in turn created earthquakes, storms, etc. to strike at the Alphatian capital of Sundsvall. This decimated the city and killed about half its population. Among the dead were Empress Eriadna. Prince Zandor put off bringing her back from the dead and seized the throne. He then ordered the Council of Wizards to teleport above Glantri City and destroy it. It is implied that this assault by the mages or the battling of Rad, Ixion, and Bennekander, set off the Device a second time, which sank Alphatia. How it did this is a little grey. I assume it was the device set at full power. How this caused a continent to sink? Beats me.

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story  
Date: 1/27/97 1:34:31 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

Now Julian, when you're short manpower, the pulley's the way to load ship. See those boxes under the net? Watch when the boson blows his whistle. See that, son? Using the mast and rigging, the net gets drawn up around the boxes and springs them skyward, like a spider web around flies. Then the pulley on the mainspar can swing the cargo inboard, and...son, are you listening?...

... Ah, Julian! What a strange question! Mine was a life lost, before your father found me. No, my sweet little soldier, my only family now is you. What came before... no longer matters. You are the only jewel of our lives, dear one, more precious than all these opals I wear combined...than all

"... All clear. It is time now, Julianus." Arrowheart's gentle nudge was enough to wake the paladin. Their split shift had afforded the party a few good hours of uninterrupted sleep, which was most welcome. Without Seven, they would need their strength and wits to survive further. And the dreams had not been too bad...

He looked over at the rest of the party. Everyone seemed to have found rest, except for Jen and the pig. Vigorously the apprentice was kneading at a small compound of clay and dirt, as the pig sat transfixed, staring at a fading candle. The book on its back lay open. A second look shocked him: the pig's face had blue markings on it, in a rough trident shape, around the eyes and down the snout. He walked up to them. Jen's face had it, too - daubed from the mud and tinted, he guessed. Jen did not

react to his presence. She went on kneading, calmly diligent, in her own silent world. Hezkakal walked to the paladin's side, stretching.

"So, no bacon this morning, I suppose?"

No one reacted.

"Well, we've had nothing to eat for a whole day, and cold charbroiled spider doesn't exactly sound appetizing. Hey, Jen, how about conjuring something useful, like breakfast?"

Jen kept working. Questin shook his head.

"It has been hard for them. Leave them be." He walked back to the party.

"Sausage? Pork rinds? Jeeze....hey, does the pig have a name?"

Jen stopped. Her head turned. Completely expressionless, she looked into Hezkakal's eyes.

"Yes."

And she turned back to her work.

Hungry and stiff, Gaerth listened as the paladin outlined their course of action. His eyes had opened on Leonia, curled up half next to him, like a cat seeking warmth. Cuddled close to her chest was her sword - her one true love. He had smiled at the image; in her heart, he was numbered among good company. The paladin's words yanked him back to reality.

"We need to search for the two pieces which may still be present in the lair. KishKamek may have stored them on the upper level. We must find a way to reach it."

"Could they not be at this level, behind some of the other doors?" asked Arrowheart.

"At one time, yes. Perhaps that's why Merry's - and Hezkakal's - senses picked out three doors. But the other two we picked were empty. If they once held the pieces, they no longer do."

"Taken by adventurers?"

"Possibly" said the paladin. "But Merry sensed them still close by. If I were a dragon, and had to move them - perhaps in preparation for delivery - I would put them near me, near my exit. That would be on the upper level, I believe."

"How do you know this?" asked Gaerth.

Questin answered simply, "Experience...and I know dragons."

"Well, I gotta good one for us." Hezkakal sat up and began pacing. "How are we supposed to get up there?"

"The dragon had a way" replied Leonia.

"Yeah, but we can't exactly ask him now, can we?" sneered the thief.

(continued...)

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story

Date: 1/27/97 1:35:19 PM

From: TYGHOCK

The party returned to the great chamber. Jen followed, still absorbed in her kneading.

“Now, how can we get to that upper level?” Questin eyed the distant dark corners of the dusty cathedral. “Arrowheart, do you think you can get an arrow up to those lights?”

The elf shook his head. “Doubtful, paladin. That’s quite a shot, and I have no idea what it would catch on. I don’t know if we have enough rope.”

Questin walked to the walls, placing his hand carefully along the surface. “I doubt we could scale it. Even Hez would find that difficult.”

“Not to mention the chances of gray slime on the way up” said the thief.

“What about a flying spell?” asked Leonia.

Jen spoke without stopping her work, in a detached, disinterested manner.

“Magic is impacted within the dust. We cannot cast here.”

Merry nodded in agreement. “And even if we cast within the room, and did rise, once we exited the dust, at the top of the hall, the magic could fail, plummeting us to our doom. Magic works from outside the dust to within it: it may fail beyond it again.”

“One person could rise, carrying a rope, and jump for a ledge when the dust ends. Then it’s one life at risk. If they make it, attach the rope and lower it, so the others can climb.”

“You are brave, Leonia, but we have no rope that long. Even if we created one, the walls may yet hold slime as suggested. Some of our party are weak. Our climb would fail.”

And so on, for almost an hour, the party went about, thinking of and rejecting various methods of reaching the top.

“Let’s just leave the Great Hall and find the dragon’s way up.”

“No, Hez, that will be heavily guarded with magic. We lack Seven now. I’m certain our ogre and goblin friends are already en route that way, perhaps laying in ambush. We must get there from here.”

Hez spit in disgust.

“You just like thinking up stupid ways to get us all killed, don’t you, paladin?”

Questin bowed his head. “I miss Seven’s council in these matters.”

“Then I say take the jewels, grab the scrolls and get out.”

Leonia scoffed. “We can’t remove the scrolls without losing another life.”

“How did the dragon do it, then?” Gaerth’s question was met by the thief’s scorn.

“Like I told your lady steel-face, here, we can’t ask him.”

“No...wait.” Questin sat up, stroking his chin. Hezkakal grabbed his ears “Oh by Loki, he’s got another stupid idea coming!”

“Good trooper, that is a point. A dragon could not fit through these doors, under spiders and around corners. He either got them magically, or had a minion pick them up.”

“Magic’s out. He couldn’t cast through the dust.”

“Would he trust minions with such a secret?”

“Maybe each minion was killed after delivering a scroll to him.”

“Well, one was killed asking for it each time, it seems.”

“The pearls were an offering. Maybe he just knew what to offer.”

"And we don't".

"How did a minion get past the spiders, anyway?"

And around they went again, this time focusing on the scroll room. The party returned to the room, Jen and the pig oblivious in tow.

"The secret" said the paladin, looking up, down and around the room, chair and table ominously before him "is in here".

Next...

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story

Date: 1/27/97 7:12:51 PM

From: TYGHOCK

Gurmstahl tried the helmet on again. This time, the earpiece seemed to rest in the proper place, keeping the helmet square on his head. He spun his head rapidly, beard waving back and forth, trying to dislodge the helmet. It stayed put. But the dwarf quickly grabbed for his skull, now pounding and throbbing where he had been so brutally sliced by the goblins. Clearly, swinging his wounded head around was still not such a good idea.

He reached for the side of the wagon, steadying himself. As the mid-morning overcast sky spun back into bluish focus, he could just make out the blurred figures approaching him. Two of the grooms, small sacks in their hands, came toward him at a slow walk. They're ashamed of something, he thought. Some humans are so easy to read...

"Well, let's see it." The two grooms hadn't gotten a chance to open their mouths. Sheepishly, they displayed the contents of their sacks to Gurmstahl. He could still barely see straight, but he pretended to look thoughtfully inside each.

"This is all you could find?"

The younger groom spoke "Th-there is l-little to forage, g-good warrior."

Gurmstahl grabbed the sacks. "Then, there is little to eat - for both of you."

He put the sacks in the wagon, yet both grooms stood before him, looking down.

"What else?" No response.

"Is this a height contest, then? Are you winning again, Fredrik?"

"N-no, I-I would N-never joke about, I-I mean your, n-not that your, um..."

The dwarf reached up and clasped Fredrik's lips shut, holding his ax at the groom's knees.

"Stop now, while you are still tallest."

He let go and smiled inwardly, pleased with himself. Some humans....

"You didn't go too far gathering this, I see."

"There b-be dragons here, sir!"

"And?"

"W-we were... afraid." They hung their heads.

Gurmstahl put his ax over his shoulder. "A dragon" he said calmly "eats you here or eats you there, a dragon eats you anywhere. Makes no difference to him. What else?"

Young Marc spoke up. "Harolt's gone."

The dwarf eyed him. "Gone where?"

The grooms looked at each other. "Away...h-he ran away. It's been over a day now, and we've heard nothing of the others. Those cl-clouds seem cl-closer now, and, well..."

Gurmstahl sighed deeply. They were grooms, not paladins, after all.

"Should w-we go f-find Harolt?"

Gurmstahl took a very small box from the wagon.

"No. We wait. We'll find him again. When we do..." he tossed the box to Marc "bury what's left in this."

Now, he thought, they'll think twice before they run away.

"I-I guess... H-Harolt's gone..."

WHACK!

The flat of the dwarf's ax struck hard on Fredrik's backside. Marc cowered together with him on the ground, fearing the armed warrior before them.

"WELL, then!" boomed the dwarf "who's watching the horses, EH?" A raise of the ax sent the grooms scurrying to their charges.

As he stood watching them run off, something rustled in the nearby bushes. Gurmstahl spun around, ax overhead, ready for an attack. The move made him woozy.

"It is I, good Gurmstahl. Though thou art not well met, I fear."

The dwarf watched the small figure emerge from the shadows, cape thrown over its head.

"I swear, it is me, friend."

"Aye," said the dwarf, lowering his ax, "furry feet and shoddy voice. I know ye, Boldo."

The dwarf approached him. "New look, eh? It's an improvement."

Boldo did not answer. Gurmstahl was curious, then a little worried. "Boldo without words? S'like Glantri without wizards. Both perfect, both impossible."

"Alas," cried the sorrowful voice, "were it only words that I now lack."

Gurmstahl readied another barb about his own earless state, when the halfling flung the cape back away from his head.

The dwarf gaped and dropped his ax.

(continued...)

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story

Date: 1/27/97 7:13:54 PM

From: TYGHOCK

"Not cummin disway, Thane. Not cummin heer."

This new ogre lieutenant was really beginning to annoy him. As they crouched together behind the outcropping, Thane popped the ogre in the eye with his elbow. The ogre rubbed it cursing.

"Only cupla ogres left. Cupla more goblinz, tu. Figger yu gonna need dat golem, eh?"

Thane spit. This one don't know when to be quiet, either.

"Shaddap!" Punch in ear. Ogre get quiet.

Thane had to think. His lord had said Questin would come this way, to the dragon's upper chamber. So far, his master's advice had been sound. Now, waiting here, it seemed wrong. What if there were another way into the upper chamber? One the master didn't know about, but Questin and company had found? Maybe KishKamek had secrets of his own...

Thane looked about him. Two ogres left, his useless shaman, and a handful of goblins. The paladin himself could almost handle this lot. He stared at the golem under one ogre's arm. Would it react to Questin? Would he believe it was his mother's spirit? If not, this little band of demi-humans would be butchered like cattle.

He gave the signal. "We go. Go tu uppir playz. Must get golem frunt uv paladin."

His goblin leader, partly healed split across his nose, bowed before him.

"Fayvir, lord?"

"Wazzit?"

The goblin scratched at his cut and looked up. "Yung hu-man fyter. Mine, pleez. Got paybak cummin."

Thane nodded. "Yorz." He raised his sword. "Now we GO!"

Next...

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story

Date: 1/27/97 8:15:05 PM

From: RLaRue

Tacis moved slowly through the moonlit night. His night vision although good, did not compare with an elf's. One false step could cause an injury that might doom the mission or force his companions to leave him behind. He did not wish to die yet, and certainly did not want to die alone. The silvery moonlight poured down upon the rough terrain casting bizarre shadows and turning the normally barren rock into a surreal landscape. Tacis was supposed to meet up with Dalros where Tarquin's spell had pummeled the attackers. As he drew closer, he saw no sign of the elven ranger. He could make out several still shapes along the ground, and quickly moved into a defensive posture. Upon closer inspection, he found the shapes to be nothing more than dead gnolls.

Tacis was always amazed at Tarquin's magic. The mage always seemed peaceful and kind, but while practicing his art, he took on a more fearsome aspect. To think that the same man was capable of this much destruction, yet still took time to tell village children folk tales seemed like an

odd contrast to Tacis. Tacis was a simple man, forced to survive alone from an early age. In that, he and Tarquin shared a common past, but at roughly the same age the two set off on different paths. Tarquin was raised by a kindly mage who taught him his trade, while Tacis was forced into virtual slavery by the Iron Ring. Had he not escaped, he might still answer to the leaders of that evil guild.

An odd shape silhouetted in the distance snapped the thief out of his pondering. Approaching carefully, he kicked the object, causing it to fall over onto its side. It was a pack. He began to kneel and reach for the pack, when his well-honed senses caused him to leap back. A large stone axe skipped across the rocky path sending bright sparks into the night sky. His night vision ruined, Tacis dove behind a nearby outcropping. Anxious, he rubbed his eyes hoping to drive away the multicolored spots. He could hear guttural voices getting closer to his position. Desperate, he drew his cloak around him and whispered "Shadows rule in darkest night." Suddenly, where the thief had sat, remained nothing but a pocket of deep shadow.

The wounded gnolls moved closer to their prey, hoping to add another kill to their war honors. They had seen the human scurry towards the rock and circled on opposite sides. Confident of their coming victory, they began barking in high-pitched hyena-like voices. In savage glee, the beastmen sprang upon their prey.

Both gnolls barked in surprise. The human was not where he should have been. The pair whirled, fearing an attack from behind, but found only the night. Turning back to where their prey should have been, they lived only long enough to see the shadows take on human form.

Tacis wiped his blade with a beastman's cloak and returned it to his scabbard. His heart beat in exhilaration from the recent exchange. During battle, he thrived on the rush of danger, but his euphoria was soon replaced by disgust. He hated the fact that he had just ended two lives, regardless of the danger they posed him, but he knew that in spite of his revulsion, he would do it again... and again...

The thief returned to the pack and examined it. It belonged to Dalros. The cold hand of fear crept up his spine as he began to search for his companion. After several minutes of searching he realized Dalros was nowhere to be found. Shouldering his companion's pack, he decided to return to the group before they began to worry. He did not look forward to informing them of the group's loss.

Next...

More on Delliea, Tarquin, Tacis and Silvarin tomorrow when they enter the Tunnel of Illusion (don't worry, that's just a working name) and continue the search for answers.

Rick

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Subj: Re:Davania/ TG Archemelago

Date: 1/27/97 9:59:46 PM

From: TheMasterr

>Kastelios is a rich merchant city of Milenian origin. Garganin is a lost colony  
>of Hule. The Thanegioth Archipelago is mapped in X1 Isle of Dread.

I am running Isle of Dread for my one friend. I model the Isle after the Maya civilization and Haiwan civilization. Mayan is used in the fact that the natives use an ancient hydroponic cropping system which is 10-20 times yield over European cropping methods of that era.

Also, being the rich jungle, I add some flavors:

- o Perservers of Blackmoor - These guys survived the Great Rain of Fire and are hiding out here. They have great technological advances but keep it secret from the world. They try to evolve the human race to better technology. Also, to protect there objects from gremlins and the law of preservation (curse from the gods), they employ the orbs of the Rad. Red spheres that grant Magic Resistance and allow these people to use technolgy.
- o Monsters (King-Kong, Godzilla)
- o Animal Lords - "Did you kill a lizard needlessly?" (Planescape Compendium)
- o Spirits - This guys grants clerical powers to the shamans whom do not worship gods. Also, spirits grant spell like powers to those whom talk to the spirits.
- o Druids of the Jungle (Watch out!!!)

Subj: Re:Isle of Dawn Question

Date: 1/27/97 10:09:02 PM

From: TheMasterr

>I see that in areas around Thothia, but I always thought the Ylari were just  
>Nithians after the Spell of Oblivion.

They were Nithians, but now they are Ylari with an arabian culture instead of an egyptian culture. I really like the Al-Qadims books for Yalruam development.

Subj: Awakening ofThe Unholy Triad

Date: 1/27/97 10:20:25 PM

From: TheMasterr

I am working on adapting the Temple of Elemental Evil to fit in the Karamaikos area of the Known World.

This would involve some major rework. I plan to have an alliance of Loki, Tiamat, and Seth. Seth just want religious freedom to be able to practice his religion anywhere without paladins and holy knights, and of course conan-like barbarians, driving him off. His next step is religious domination. Loki, wants a few things. The foremost is complete chaos of everything. But he wants to kick Thor's but off of the planet. Of course, the Sind desert may be a little extreme. While Loki has his campaign, Set has his campaign of infiltration, Tiamat start building armies and gating in creatures from Krynn to start the holy war.

They will have some opponents. The nationalities will be Alpathia, Thyatis, and the Darokin alliance. The newer nation will be the Hattian conquered Heldann Freeholds (allied with Ares). The godlike opponents will be Earth Mother, Thor, and a new religion I invented called "The One". Other possible opponents would be the Perservers of Blackmoor.

Subj: Re:Isle of Dawn Question

Date: 1/27/97 11:21:25 PM

From: AMALDIS

<<They were Nithians, but now they are Ylari with an arabian culture instead of an egyptian culture.>>

Actually the Ylari(with the exception of a few of the people in the Province of Nithia in the northeast) are descendants of the original inhabitants of the Isle of Dawn. They were an enslaved race that moved to Ylaruam sometime after Nithia was destroyed. I think this is found on the first or second page of the Ylaruam gazeteer. However, if you do not suffer the curse of canonism(like me), you can ignore what I just said.

-Amaldis

Subj: Re:So many Dimensions

Date: 1/27/97 11:23:16 PM

From: AMALDIS

They were listed in the P.S. of my earlier dimension post. Off the top of my head I'd say early Poor Wizard's, WRATH OF THE IMMORTALS(the big one), and various other sources.

-Amaldis

Subj: Dimension of Myth pt 1

Date: 1/28/97 12:05:34 AM

From: Mystaros

Here is an excerpt from the article that I'm working on concerning Mystaran Planes and Dimensions; as the whole thing has ended up being rather longer than expected, I will send it on to B1Bard for the netmag, rather than posing it piece by piece (hopefully this one, maybe the next, as I'm still less than half done and I'm already over 12 pages). This excerpt is only part of the rough draft...

#### The Dimension of Myth

From the CotI page 125: "An alternate dimension that has been visited by Immortals and high-level mortal adventurers on several occasions, and one which strongly resembles the multiverse, is called the Dimension of Myth.

"The world corresponding to the Known World in that dimension's Prime Plane is very much like our own planet Earth as it was in the Middle Ages; each nation and culture corresponds very closely to a nation and culture of Earth. However, in that dimension magic works and magical creatures that are merely mythical here are very prevalent. This is the world where the households of Sylaire and Klantyre (the d'Ambreville and McGregor families and their dependents) came from before they settled in Glantri on the Known World...

"As a general rule, this dimension is populated by worlds, creatures, Immortal beings, and themes which strongly resemble the mythologies of our Earth. However, these elements, instead of being blended together as they are on the Known World, are kept separate according to their real-world cultural backgrounds; for instance, characters will see pegasai and dryads in the worlds of Greek myth, but never in the worlds of mythology where winged horses did not appear".

There are several lesser-known Immortals who may or may not originally come from the Dimension of Myth. These include Chiron, Maat, Sinbad, Tyche and Wayland. A number of the Elder Immortals believe that they might have originated in the Dimension of Myth, taking into account the similarity between many cultures found therein and their own natures. These include Faunus, Hel, Ixion, Korotiku, Odin, Thanatos, and Valerias. Of course, the Immortal

known as Rad originated in this dimension as a mortal being and later gained Immortality in the Multiverse Dimension.

This dimension has its own ranks of Immortal-like beings which are known as Gods; they are, like the various worlds found in the Prime Plane of this dimension, much more in tune with their specific cultural background than the Immortals of the Multiverse. Unlike the Immortals, who have different "aspects" for different cultures, the Gods of this dimension have only their singular nature as revered by a specific culture on specific worlds (though within that culture they may have numerous spheres of influence). Thus, Zeus of Greek myth is only Zeus, not Jupiter of the Roman type culture of a nearby world; there is a separate being known as Jupiter who is revered by the Roman peoples. Needless to say, this makes for a lot of confusion for visitors, as there may even be \*several\* different Zeuses, all similar in nature, but revered in different ways by the slightly different peoples of different Greek worlds (for example, there is the Achaean Zeus, the Classical Zeus and the Hellenistic Zeus, among others). There is no Council or Hierarchy among the different pantheons like there is in the Multiverse, leading to even more confusion.

Continued...

Subj: Dimension of Myth pt 2/End

Date: 1/28/97 12:14:05 AM

From: Mystaros

Each Outer Plane of this dimension is host to a single pantheon of related beings, though each pantheon of each separate mythic cycle may have more than one Outer Plane as host. For example, the core group of "Norse" gods of the Dimension of Myth have several Outer Planes all connected through the INTERDIMENSIONAL Gateway that manifests itself as Yggdrasil, the World Ash. There are Dimensional Nodes connecting to Yggdrasil found in the home planes of the Norse Immortals of the Northern Reaches (Odin, Hel, Thor, Loki, Frey and Freya); Yggdrasil has nodes that allow travel to all the various variants of the Nine Worlds and the several Midgard Outer Planes, both in the Multiverse and Myth Dimensions (as well as to the Dimension of the Great

Wheel). It can get to be quite loud at the parties where the dozen or so Thor's all get together...

And that's what I have so far on the Dimension of Myth... but neither this entry, nor the article on Planes and dimensions is complete...

Mystaros

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story  
Date: 1/28/97 1:50:00 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

"Amazing!" Arrowheart was releasing the magic dust into the air in front of him. Taken from the great chamber into the hutaaka's room, when released the dust hung in the air, motionless, as if suspended, moored to an invisible anchor. "It's as if I painted it on the air" the elf declared.

"Now move Jen's magic light toward it."

The light got close, and the dust slowly migrated toward it, in a casual drift. It surrounded the light, dulling it considerably.

"You were right, Julianus. It focuses around magic - and dulls it."

"Are your arrows ready?"

The elf nodded, gesturing to the shafts in his belt. Each had a small glass receptacle attached to the head. Within each glass was a cloud the color of dust.

Hezkakal scoffed. "This better work, paladin. We spilled the last of our oil to use those flasks."

Questin drew his Holy Avenger. "We'll soon see. Celentia Mera, if you will."

The priestess bowed and raised her arms. As her lips muttered prayers, a glowing ring surrounded the entire party, except for Arrowheart, Merry and Questin. With the ring in place, Questin nodded, advanced to the table, and with a purposeful swipe of his sword, knocked a pile of something from it and stepped back. They turned out to be small glass beads, which shattered and hissed upon the stone floor beneath.

The room shook. The cape rose and became brilliant. A pillar of fire shot up from the chair. Before them, again, staff in hand, stood the Hutaaka.

Hezkakal yawned. "Eh, it's been done already...."

The hutaaka stood before Merry and Questin. It glanced briefly at the party ringed in light.

Apparently, it did not sense Arrowheart, huddled beneath the table to its left. The beast stood twelve to fifteen feet tall. In such a narrow room, Arrowheart was as good as invisible.

The beat looked to Merry for a response. She did not move. It voiced something in its throaty howl.

Questin raised his sword and stepped forward. The hutaaka jerked his head to Questin, eyes

narrowing. A smile curled its canine lips, bending sharply into a snarl. A gritty growl echoed in the room.

Merry began her motions. The hutaaka shot glances between the two incongruous actions. An attack, or another supplication? It howled out a formal command.

Questin stepped forward, and the beast's eyes glowed. The staff began to glow, ready to strike. Then from nowhere, out rolled the elf, before Questin, three arrows drawn in his bow. With one shot all three shafts sped toward the hutaaka.

CRK! CRK! CRK!

The beast smiled, and howled in triumph. The arrows had shattered before striking it, leaving only a flimsy pale of dust before its eyes and staff. It nodded its head, and beams poured from the eyes and staff toward Questin and the tumbling elf...

(continued...)

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story

Date: 1/28/97 1:52:40 PM

From: TYGHOCK

The weakened beams bounced off the paladin's shield as he ran at the hutaaka. The beast seemed frozen in stunned disbelief. Questin slashed the staff in two, its base tumbling away. His follow through cut deeply across both shins of the hutaaka, who howled in pain. It lunged down, but Questin deflected its grasp with his shield and sliced his avenger through the beast's stomach. The staggering creature fell forward in pain atop the paladin.

"QUESTIN!"

Before Leonia could leap from the ring in support, she heard a human roar from beneath the beast. In one tremendous motion, the beast flipped into the air, hurled off the arched back of the paladin. Gaerth could not believe the knight's immense strength. With a thud, the man-jackal landed flat against the floor on its back, a few feet from the protective ring. The half-staff, its gems surrounded in dust, rattled off into a corner.

The wounded hutaaka rolled over, its dust-clouded eyes directly before the ring. As the party watched, Questin leaped onto its back, grabbing it under the canine jaw, and bending its head back exposing its neck. Sword upon its throat, the huge bleeding beast was helpless.

"Merry!" called Questin, "Tell it their will be no sacrifice. Tell it to surrender."

Merry Rosewater began to chant, a slow singing message the prone beast seemed reluctant to hear. It spat back a growled response, blood trickling from the corners of its jaw.

Merry translated. "It says failed guardians deserve death."

"It sought our life. If it surrenders, I will show mercy."

Another exchange. "It says mercy is a weak human trait. Release it, and it will depart."

"The scrolls are ours. It must swear this."

Another exchange, the hutaaka howling in protest. "Taking scrolls demands a sacrifice and a life."

"Very well. Hezkakal, place the jewels you took from the horde last night upon the table."

"Wha...I don't know what you mea...."

"DO IT!"

The thief grumbled, stepping out of the ring and the room to retrieve his hidden stash. He returned, cursing Questin, and placed several bright gems on the high table.

"Good, Hez. And as for the life required - will it give us now the scrolls?"

This exchange drew no answer from the beast.

"Arrowheart, take the scrolls from the table." The elf began to gather them, and the hutaaka struggled, attempting to toss Questin from his shoulders. It lunged back to bite, but the paladin's grasp was too strong. With one swift motion, Questin severed the head clear through the neck, a deluge of blood flowing upon the floor, turning instantly into gray-white sand. The head and body likewise dissolved;

the paladin stood shin-deep in the sand of his former adversary.

"Its own shall serve as the life required. So be it."

The ring dissolved, and Celentia stumbled in weakness. She was clearly worn out from these exertions. Arrowheart brought the scrolls to her, six in all, and she smiled warmly at the party.

"Blessings upon you all. Thank Mother Terra, we have succeeded."

"Almost, Celentia Mera. We must search the upper chambers, and recover our lost friends. Then, the mission is ended. Hez, leave those jewels alone!"

"C'mon, noble-knees, ol' dog-face is dead. He won't miss Ôem."

The paladin's approach was enough to make the thief back off.

"Where to now, Questin?" Leonia asked.

The paladin looked up, watching the dust slowly drift to the unseen roof of the chamber. He smiled and pointed high into the darkness.

"Up there."

Next...

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story

Date: 1/28/97 7:47:38 PM

From: Duncan TKD

"Are you the Sorcerous Illanna Uiop?" asked the elven ranger.

"Yes, I am. We haven't much time, if we are to help in the deffense of Wendar."

"What must we do?"

"We must gather together heroes that will defend Wendar against an evil that our world has not seen for over a thousand years."

"Well I'll go to the forest to the east and collect some of my bretheren...."

"No, only those selected by the Immortals will do any good against this darkness." She looked around in the darkness "You were followed inside."

Dalros looked around to see a dark figure in a black cloak wielding a scimitar behind him, but before he could react Illanna raised her hand and an arch of lightning lept from her fingertips into the creature. After the smoke cleared from the lightning all that remained of their assailant was his black cloak which Dalros promptly picked up and through into the fireplace.

"Tomorrow," the sorcerous said, "we travel to a city in Sind."

(NEXT.....)

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story

Date: 1/29/97 12:31:04 AM

From: TYGHOCK

"See anything, Arrowheart?" Questin floated among the party, looking hard into the corners of the vaulted ceiling in front of him. Gaerth found the sensation as natural as swimming - except they were not in water but suspended at dizzying heights above the distant floor below, searching for an way out. The trooper swam by Leonia, brushing next to the ooze-damaged mail across her back.

"Thou art beautiful, sweet lady."

"Keep your eyes on the roof, good trooper."

Her retort made Hezkakal snort, but Gaerth smiled, too. Her voice rang of business, not dislike.

"Here we are!"

The elf jiggled his thin arms to steady his flight and pointed to a seam in the vaulting. Hezkakal swam over quickly.

"Yep - he's right. And it's trapped, too. Rigged like a Minrothad frigate."

Try not to think of ships....fight the image....the paladin clutched his chest.....

"Can you open it, Hez?"

The thief spun upside-down, tracing the seam without touching it. "Hmmm. I don't know. This one is tough."

"Merry, can you disarm it?"

The halfling struggled to fly over to Hezkakal. "Hez, it is not clear to me, either."

"Jen?"

Apprentice sat, lotus positioned with the pig on her lap, both seemingly uninvolved in the search.

"The master would know."

"Yeah, well, that's a great help." Hezkakal cocked his head studying the vault.

Celentia Mera moved gracefully toward the seam. The others parted before her.

"When I go through" she said quietly "jam the door open."

Before anyone could protest, the priestess threw her withered palm against the seam and bowed. A light glowed as she muttered a prayer - and a door fell open!

The priestess dashed through it, calling "Quickly!".

A second door swung down, Leonia just barely getting her sword under the joint to stop it. Two tiny spirits, the size of gossamer bats, leapt out and swirled rapidly at Celentia's head. As she plunged forward, attackers in tow, the party started through behind her. A huge grate with spikes swung down, Questin just catching it before Gaerth was impaled. The pig snorted, and a tunnel of blue light formed through the opening. They raced after Celentia, Arrowheart at the back.

Gaerth leapt up through the short dark tunnel into a dull lit cavern. The tunnel opened out to a wide ledge, overlooking a huge winding chasm. Ledges abounded on the cliff wall. As the flight spell was still active, he floated helplessly above the ground. Spinning, he saw Questin swing and strike one of the ghost-bats; it disappeared in a sparkling puff. Celentia looked - well, bigger, and transparent - as if she had been stretched out, her essence thinned by dispersal. A second swipe, and the other ghost-bat fled in a flash down the chasm. Questin turned to the emerging party.

"Jen! Merry! Quickly! We will lose her!"

Merry rattled her bracelets. But it was too late. The image of the priestess, expanding to huge size and growing dimmer, filled the cavern and disappeared from view. The sound of her plaintive sigh echoed down the chasm, and faded away forever.

Jen nodded, and the party dropped gently to the ledge. Gaerth felt his own weight again. He could almost feel the paladin grieve behind his stoic countenance.

"Rest well, holy woman. We will not fail you."

(continued...)

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story

Date: 1/29/97 12:32:24 AM

From: TYGHOCK

Leonia examined her sword. The blade had been damaged by the door - it was difficult to say how much. She tended it like a wounded friend. Gaerth watched her with an odd envy. Hezkakal walked by and tapped his shoulder. "Forget it, love-donkey. She has her one-and-only." Gaerth shook his head and walked on as she cradled the blade, stroking the damaged middle. Jealous of a weapon - he felt foolish.

Jen and the pig sat together, kneading clay like determined village madmen. They were useless to us, thought Gaerth. Arrowheart and Merry Rosewater were searching, while Questin followed with his shoulders heavy at their latest loss.

Gaerth took a deep breath. Five dead or wounded, and he was still standing. He was proud of that, but also a realist. Boldo's conversation stuck in his head. His luck couldn't hold out forever. Make it count, he remembered. Make it count.

Then a sling stone bounced off the shield on his back, and warcries went up all around him.

GOBLINS!!

The ambush came too quickly to form up. Gaerth slung his shield forward, drew his sword and raced back towards Leonia. Questin and Arrowheart could defend themselves.

He ran by Jen, who with the pig was encased in a yellow dome, arrows bouncing off. They worked within the protective dome as if nothing were happening outside of any interest.

Hezkakal had vanished. Leonia was fighting, drawing back towards him, an ogre and a swarm of goblins in pursuit. She was keeping her flank from being turned. Gaerth arrived at her side, swinging at a goblin slinger who backed away. Almost back to back they retreated to near the edge of the chasm, deflecting arrows and slicing at any goblins who got too close. They could hear Merry yelling, and something happening to their right. But where was the ringing clang of Questin's sword?

The goblins stuck to Gaerth, the missiles and the ogre to Leonia. Though several blows sent goblins reeling away in pain, the attackers seemed interested in occupying them, rather than rushing them. This was not like the other attacks at all. Gaerth swung and called to Leonia.

"They're holding back. The delay helps us. Questin will cut them up. What's going on?"

Leonias slashed the ogre across his hand, and it roared in pain. "I don't hear his sword. Something's wrong. Stay close. WATCH OUT!"

Gaerth lost his footing and tumbled down. Quickly he sliced and spun to his feet, but it was too late. Goblins had gotten between him and Leonia. She had leapt up onto a small rock outcropping to his left, surrounded. Gaerth stepped back, wobbled, and caught himself: his boot was at the very edge of the deep chasm. The goblins circling him stopped, listening to strange shouts (like orders) behind them. They parted like a gate, and out stepped the goblin leader, sword in hand. Gaerth stared, and the goblin stared back. Both smiled and nodded together. "Yes," said the trooper, gripping his sword firmly, "I remember you, too." Gaerth touched his own nose where the goblin was cut and sneered. The goblin wiggled his sword, mimicking the trooper's fancy style, and laughed. They had a score to settle.

Gaerth looked to his right. In the distance, Questin stood motionless, some wooden figure standing before him, an odd looking fighter advancing behind it with sword drawn. But the paladin didn't move - was he frozen?

A hideous metal CLACK rose to his left, and Leonia cried out. Gaerth turned in terror. There she stood, the ogre advancing upon her, and in her hand - the broken stem of her sword!

NEXT!...

Subj: Hiya

Date: 1/29/97 11:01:43 AM

From: TSR Bruce

Hi there. Just got back from vacations. Hope everyone's fine. :)

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re:Hiya

Date: 1/29/97 12:04:28 PM

From: RJNuttman

Welcome back, Bruce!

Subj: Research

Date: 1/29/97 12:30:07 PM

From: Alex295

I'm back. Been down a few days waiting on a modem upgrade. However, it allowed me some time to work on the Cadre, Emerond, and Davania. I think I just about have most of it all worked out. For those that read the the posts "the coming of the Cadre" and didn't get it, which is understandable, here's a quick outline:

The Cadre was started by the Fire Wizards to fight the Air Wizards during the Alphatian Civil War. The Cadre was a unit of non-spellcasters trained to use special tactics to take on the opposing mages.

When the war ended, the Cadre found themselves left behind on the Alphatian home planet. Despite the Air Wizards' "super duper wind spell" the Cadre survived along with groups of other Alphatians left behind.

Over the centuries they struggled to survive, overcoming threats from outside and inside their numbers. Finally united, they planned to avenge their being left behind as well as the utter destruction of the world.

Their opportunity arrived when Prince Etienne of Glantri contacted them, asking them to "rejoin the Flaems (Glantri) to fight their old enemy the Air Wizards(Alphatia)." The Cadre refused and used the contact to "lock onto" the location of the Flaems. With this, the Cadre planned to send warriors to Mystara to exact their revenge on the Faems.

Comments, Questions???

Subj: Ongoing Story-DRAGON!

Date: 1/29/97 9:44:06 PM

From: TYGHOCK

#### ENTER THE DRAGON I: Merry's View

The ogre peered carefully among the outcroppings, looking for anything that might give away the hiding place of the invisible halfling. Two goblins scurried about with him, hoping to catch the thief that had disappeared beside her. The ogre stepped callously over the body of the shaman, pierced twice with deadly arrows, and smiled. Ogre had knocked elf over edge good - just too late for shaman. He rubbed his shoulder where the elf's arrow had hit him, too. One down, two to go. A scream came from behind him. One of the goblins stumbled forward, and fell to his face, a dagger handle between his shoulder blades. The second goblin loaded his sling nervously. The ogre turned back to the outcropping.

As he searched, the ogre dimly noticed the edge of the chasm kept moving away from him. He stepped further...it still moved away. Was this a trick? Suddenly, he saw a shimmering outline of the female halfling at the cliff's edge. AHA! Her magic is failing! Lifting his club, he let out a terrible warcry and ran straight at the image, straight through it, and straight over the real cliff's edge into the smoky abyss below.

"Yup. Mustuv binna trik" concluded the ogre as he tumbled wildly to his death.

The remaining goblin shivered, sling rattling in his hands, too panicked to fire or flee. Fwwipp! An arrow through his head ended his choice of options. The stone from his sling rolled along the ground until stopped under Hezkakal's boot.

"Nice shot for someone hanging over the edge."

Arrowheart struggled up. "That ogre almost fell on top of me! Help me, at least, will you? I'm hurt."

Merry appeared beside them, helping Arrowheart up. She looked to Hezkakal, who nodded; yes, he was all right. She hugged him in relief.

The elf pressed gently on his bruised hip. "I will miss the priestess and her healing, I fear."

The thief retrieved his dagger. "Wonder how noble-knees is doing?" Just then a huge ROARRRRR filled the cavern and echoed down the chasm below. Merry leaped up to the outcropping and gasped. The others jumped up with her, riveted by her wide-eyed pointing. "It...it's a....a DRAGON!"

(continued...)

Subj: Ongoing Story-DRAGON!

Date: 1/29/97 9:46:21 PM

From: TYGHOCK

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ENTER THE DRAGON II: Questin's View

<<I am here, Julian. You knew that I would never leave truly you. My little soldier, how you have grown!>>

(You cannot be here. I sat beside you when you died. This is a dream.)

<<No dream, dear Julian. It is I who gave you life. I who cared and nurtured you through your youth. And I who now take such pride in what you have become! To see you again fills me with joy!>>

(Your last words to me..they were final. You did not say you would return. This cannot be real. Who is beside you there?)

<<Know ye, Julian, I had a family once, four young ones. Your half-brothers and half-sisters! They were killed by a senseless dragon attack. As I knew something of dragon ways, I prayed over their bodies for vengeance, for the blood of my young...>>

(I know this story. I have felt it in my heart all my life. You have no need to tell me. Who is that?)

<<Opal heard my prayers, Julian! Opal too had lost her young to a senseless treasure-seeker. I prayed, and was heard, and became a priestess to her temple..>>

(This I knew. I somehow knew. That figure beside you - he draws a sword?)

<<And Opal promised to protect any of my future young, when I had served her well. Fearful humans destroyed the temple, sending us to slavery..>>

(I must draw my sword too. It stopped. Who is hiding behind you?)

<<When you were born, the milk I gave you formed the opal gem within your heart. You are forever under her protection..>>

(Blurry...mother, then protect me now! Who is it steps towards me?)

<<You carry my love and protection forever...forever...forever...>>

Thane raised his sword, aiming it directly at the paladin's neck. "Thus dies grayte paladin!"

RRRRRRROOOOAAAAARRRRRRRR!!!

Thane jumped and spun frantically around. Behind him, rising up from the mist in the chasm, were two huge red eyes, fiercely folded behind the vast expanse of glittering dark green scales. The enormous head rose above the cliff's edge, nostrils smoking in anger.

Thane sighed.

"Oushet. Dis em noguud fer Thane. Em shuruvit."

(continued...)

Subj: Ongoing Story-DRAGON!

Date: 1/29/97 9:48:51 PM

From: TYGHOCK

ENTER THE DRAGON III: Gaerth's View

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Gaerth reacted instantly. "My lady!"

She turned. With a single motion, he flung his sword high over the heads of the goblin semicircle, arcing handle over point toward her.

"My sword and my life!" he shouted, as he watched her deftly catch the spinning blade and swing downward. Gaerth felt a rush of joy and honor run through him. Then he looked at the goblins and gulped. But they just stood there.

They don't know what to make of it, he thought. Throwing your sword away? And he remembered what Leonia had taught him: do the unexpected.

Gaerth calmly turned his back to the goblins and put down his shield at the very edge of the cliff.

They watched him, completely puzzled. He stood and faced them, and with great drama and flourish, drew an imaginary longsword from his belt, brandishing it in his two (empty) hands. He thrust, and the goblins backed away. The leader backpedaled, eyeing him warily. Was this some invisible, magical weapon?

Gaerth knew had only seconds for this illusion to work. He swung once more, backing the others away. Then he lowered his arms, holding one hand in an imagined grip, and motioned with a curled finger to the goblin leader.

"C'mon, cut-nose. I'm waiting."

The leader glanced left and right. His followers were staring at him, waiting to see his reaction.

Magic sword or no, he would have to attack.

Narrowing his eyes into slits, the leader shouted some unknown oath and charged. Just as the leader was upon him, Gaerth gestured with the fake blade, causing his running assailant to cover his face.

Quickly the trooper dropped to his back and met the charging goblin's stomach with his boots. In a continual motion he rolled on his back and, kicking out hard over his head, flung the leader over him, using the goblin's own momentum. His side burst with pain as the goblin's blade dug deep into him in passing. The leader flew over his head, landing hard on the shield beyond. The last look Gaerth had of the leader was his desperate fear as the shield slid over the edge like a sled in the winter, the goblin along for the ride, split nose and all.

The screams still echoed in his ears as Gaerth tried to stand. He grabbed his side; he could feel the hot soft organs spilling out between his fingers. He tried to stand and felt weak. An arrow struck him in the chest with a THUMP, almost knocking him over. So this is what it's like to die. Most of the goblins were running away, but two advanced on him, intent on avenging their leader. He surprised them again - jumping toward them and taking both in headlocks, part of him bursting out in blood and trailing from his open side! He spun round to the cliff's edge, barely feeling the thrusts into his neck and stomach. With one desperate, mighty push he leaped to the edge, filthy necks tight in his grasp, and rolled them all over into the abyss. As the two goblins screamed falling through mid-air, he smiled: he had made it count.

He hit something with a faint bump, his body limp like cloth, and slid slowly down what seemed to be a huge, green wing. His life was fading from him. So that's what a dragon looks like, he thought in his final thought. A distant roar dinged in his ears, his cool fingers gripped a small blue cloth, and then... nothing.

(continued...)

Subj: Ongoing Story-DRAGON!

Date: 1/29/97 9:54:45 PM

From: TYGHOCK

ENTER THE DRAGON IV: Leonia's View

From the height of the outcropping, Leonia faced the ogre, broken blade in hand. Only a few inches of it remained; it hardly constituted a dagger now. A goblin archer below took aim at her. Could she leap to the ogre's neck, and survive long enough to damage him?

"My lady!"

She looked to her right. Spinning through the air, in a deadly spiral toward her, was a sword. A sword! She put her hand out to catch it, timing the descent of the handle...

"My sword and my life!"

Gaerth's words thrilled her as she caught the sword perfectly, and in a single motion swung downward. The arrow glanced off the smartly positioned blade. She turned quickly to the ogre, who registered complete surprise. Surprise! SLASH went the blade, the ogre's throat gurgling in a rush of his own blood. Wasn't she unarmed a second ago? A deep thrust into his barrel chest gave the answer - apparently, not anymore.

As the ogre toppled onto one goblin, the three others witnessed a hellion leaping from behind the falling body. Slash! Down went one. Slash! A severed hand flew aside, still holding an arrow. The last goblin accepted the better part of valor and fled into the rocks.

Leonia raised her sword in victory, then shuddered. The clear crystal around her neck stabbed her with pain. The sword in her hand grew hot, and shook uncontrollably. Was it a magic attack? She leapt up to the outcropping again.

A gasp escaped her weathered lips as from her height she looked about and saw Gaerth - Gaerth! - impaled upon an arrow, empty-handed, rushing two armed goblins!

"GAERTH!!"

In terror she watched the two creatures, heads locked beneath his arms, plunge their weapons into his belly and neck. Somehow he leapt like a madman toward the cliff, rolling the three figures over the edge and out of sight.

Ouch! The crystal burned her skin, and the blade wobbled like the wings of a wild bird caught on a rope. The blade leapt from her firm hand and fell behind the outcropping. As the crystal scorched her skin, Leonia tore it from her neck and flung it, watching it bounce and drop behind the rocks as well. She checked her collar and below her throat; normal, no burn marks at all.

Looking behind the rocks, she saw the sword, lying - this was impossible - among a bed of beautiful red rose bushes! Roses? In a lair? Leonia lay on her stomach and stretched down to reach the weapon deep within the bushes. Sharp thorns tore at her hand and arm, pricking her every motion. The fresh rose scent mingling with her blood was overpowering. Her hand was inches from the handle, when - the handle jumped back into her hand! By itself!

Slowly and painfully, Leonia extracted the sword and looked it over. It was the same sword, for certain, yet it was deeply, radically...changed. The blade seemed stronger, the balance better. In the hilt, engravings of two glowing rings, joined by a thorn covered vine, ran along the front. A stylized rose pattern decorated the edges. And fixed on the pommel, glowing a vibrant blue, was the crystal that had been around her neck.

"What magic is this?" the warrior asked herself - only to be shaken by the tremendous RRRRROOOOAAAAAARRRR behind her! Her blood ran cold, and fear gripped her scarred chest: It was the unmistakable sound of a dragon!

NEXT...

Subj: Re:Research

Date: 1/30/97 12:25:22 AM

From: Duncan TKD

Sounds interesting but since the Cadre didn't include magic users how did they "lock on" to Mystara?

Duncan TKD

Subj: Ongoing Story-DRAGON!

Date: 1/30/97 8:30:49 AM

From: TYGHOCK

(Sorry, left one out...)

ENTER THE DRAGON V: Jen's View

Jen and the pig worked furiously within thier sun-like bubble, molding and kneading with disciplined desperation. The pig slumped lazily to its side.

"Yes, flying a group that size is tiring. You may rest now. I will go on."

The pig grunted.

"You're welcome" said Jen.

The blue on their faces was growing darker each minute. Within the small hands of the apprentice, the tiny mud figurine began to take on a definitive shape. She paused, wiping her brow as another arrow bounced harmlessly away.

"The dome is taking too much effort. I pray we will finish in time."

A flickering from the golden cover gave credence to her statement. The pig rose with effort and pushed its snout into the molding process.

Jen curled a small smile. "We may be too late this time...."

Suddenly, a muffled rrrrrrooooooaaaaaaarrrrr was heard beyond the cliff wall. Jen sat up; the pig stared straight ahead.

The apprentice shook her head sadly. "The Mark is very prominent. We are almost done. But this" she gestured back toward the dragon sounds "may complicate things."

With a fizzle, the yellow dome blinked and disappeared around them.

NEXT...

Subj: Re:Research

Date: 1/30/97 8:48:23 AM

From: Alex295

Cadre magic users come later. Remember, the Alphantian Civil War happened over a thousand years ago. In the mean time, certainly some of the survivors' offspring possessed the skills needed to use magic. Remember, the Alphantian home world was filled with magic that made that of Mystara look like child's play. Mystara's attraction was its naturally occurring air and an unsettled continent, present day Alphantia. Many of these were brought into the Cadre. Those that did not were considered rebels and hunted down. Also, it can be assumed that both the Air Wizards and the Flame Wizards left behind a great deal of magic related stuff.

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story

Date: 1/31/97 12:11:25 AM

From: TYGHOCK

A shining gauntlet, grip strong as steel, caught Thane's descending arm, nearly breaking it. Questin blinked. He turned and looked at the dragon. Then at the golem. Then at the half-orc. Thane smiled nervously.

"Uh...gud! Yu awayk. Much danjur heer. Cum kwik!"

Questin shook his head a little. The golem before him moved stiffly, extending its arms, but Questin violently rattled his head, NO, swinging Thane like a toy doll toward the figure, so both orc and

golem tumbled to the ground before him. The paladin jerked his head about, trying to shake off the golem's effects.

The stiff female figure sat up, opening its mouth toward Questin. Thane saw the huge dragon head looking down with an odd interest in the matter. If he was to live, he had to act quickly.

"Tis golem, paladin. I free yu!" The orc shoved hard against the wooden form, hurling it over the side of the chasm into the mist below.

"Now kwik! Kil dragon!"

The disappearance seemed to help Questin. His head began to clear. Thane crouched before the awesome glare of the dragon head, its hot exhales steaming through his limp hair.

Julianus straightened his back and turned to the dragon. Though perhaps a mere twenty feet apart, he showed no sign of alarm. He eyed the creature up and down the long, thick neck, wide as a gateway, resplendent in shiny green scales. The dragon looked him up and down too, its huge mouth curling ever so slightly into a little smile - perhaps even a smirk. Questin sheathed his sword and removed his helmet. The dragon made an odd, surprised face.

From her outcropping, Leonia could not believe what she saw. Cold sweat rolled down her back and neck at the dragon's every gesture. Her elbows were vibrating in fear, making the sword she held before her shaken and unsteady.

<So that's what a real dragon looks like.>

"Wha - who speaks?"

<No wonder Questin wasn't fooled by the gnome's illusion. They got it all wrong.>

"Who...?" The voice - was it an actual voice? -was somehow familiar to her. Where was it coming from?

<Real dragon faces are so - animated. Incredible. Its expressions look human!>

Leonia looked down the blade of her sword. The glow of the blue pommel reflected off the sweat running down her arms and hands.

"Gaerth? Where are you?"

Her sweat spilled onto the hilt.

<Wow! that's pretty cold. Are you that frightened, my lady?>

She dropped the sword with a gasp. Her open hands shook, raining beadles of sweat on the rocks around her. Slowly, she knelt down toward the sword, extending her callused fingers.

"G-Gaerth? Can this...sword... be you?"

The sword stood up on its point, startling her, then carefully lowered itself into her waiting palm.

<At your service, my lady.>

She picked up the blade, amazed. The pommel beamed.

"But...how...?"

<Don't ask me. I'll never understand magic.>

She balanced the blade in her hand. "Are you dead?"

<I'm not sure how to answer that.>

"What do you feel?"

There was a slight pause.

<The warmth of your touch - and the honor of serving you.>

She smiled, still a bit distraught, and swung the sword a few times, gently first, then with vigor.

“Did it hurt when I dropped you?”

<My lady, my only pain now would be the loss of this... your touch.>

She smiled, turning the blade with her wrist.

<Tis pleasing to make you smile again. Now let us aid our friends.>

(continued...)

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story

Date: 1/31/97 12:12:25 AM

From: TYGHOCK

The dragon reared its huge head, ten feet across, and stared intently at the unarmed paladin. Red eyes the size of rainbarrels were transfixed, each split by a black vertical sliver with a yellow stripe within. The head cocked to the sound of clanking scales, and the mouth opened, yards of tongue rolling out, piping hot breath sweeping the ledge.

From the other side, Merry cried out in fear “QUESTIN!!”

The dragon turned to look at her, then turned back to the paladin. His long tongue flipped back into his mouth. And then, in a booming, heavily accented common, it spoke!

((QUESTIN! Questin Julianus! I bloody well thought so!))

Thane’s jaw dropped.

((Still slumming it with the humanoid, are we, old bean?))

Merry was stunned. Hezkakal put his hand on her shoulder.

“What in the name of...?”

“That’s an odd, formal accent - I-I can’t place it.” said a dazed Arrowheart.

Questin smiled at the dragon. Merry could see a gleam in the whites of his eyes, a glossy sparkle that reminded her of...opals.

Questin stroked his jaw. “Jade dragon...distinguished bearing....mature size....I’m guessing, oh, ... Alphatia?”

((SPOT ON! Very well played, good fellow. Archibald-Wrauthchard; pleasure, indeed.))

“Questin Julianus, paladin of the Church of Khiss, serving the Immortal Frey. Hail and well met, Archibald-Wrauthchard.”

The dragon flipped his massive claw, swirling up the mist from below in a mighty draft.

((Bosh, let’s not stand on ceremony, Questin Julianus. You can call me Chard, you know.))

“And you may call me Questin.”

((Splendid! Good show! Eh, must this humanoid drivel be mucking about, wot?))

“They are my friends.”

((Bally odd company you keep, Questin. Certain standards ARE expected, you know.))

Thane shuddered, too scared to move.

((THIS one...)), the dragon stared directly at Merry, causing a chill to run through her bones, ((This IS an odd duck, eh wot? Female halfling, of all the choices...))

"She does not know, Chard."

The dragon rubbed its massive claw under its chin.

((Fancy that. Well, there is NO accounting for taste, I fear...))

"And what brings you to the lair of KishKamek, good Chard?"

The great green head suddenly reared up to the sky, flames shooting high into the roof of the cavern. The frightened party dove for cover, Jen, pig and paladin alone standing their ground. Thane panicked and leapt over the edge of the cliff (his nearest cover), scratching and scrambling as he slid down the sharp incline toward the misty bottom. His hand caught hold of a root, and he clung with desperation, feet dangling, several yards below the ledge. Carefully he searched for footholds, the enormous green side and wings perilously close, hoping the dragon would not look his way.

The green head dropped back down, and from behind her rock Merry could see the mighty dragon was...Laughing!

((HAW! HAW!! HAW!! Jolly good rib, old chap! Quite a tickler. Mugged it straight! Dash it all, Questin, let's not beat about so, wot? You and I are here for the same thing, my good fellow. We seek the scrolls of the Lord of Wyrms!))

(continued...)

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story

Date: 1/31/97 12:15:02 AM

From: TYGHOCK

"I knew it! I knew it! He doesn't slay dragons, he talks Ôem to death!"

Cowering behind their rocks, Arrowheart hushed the thief.

"Quiet, Hezkakal. We don't want to attract the dragon's attention."

But the thief kept on talking.

"Tells it all about the scrolls. Sheesh! You've campaigned with him, elf. Is he always this chummy with the enemy?"

"Not all dragons are enemies, Hezkakal. There are a few dragons he has slain, certainly. But with some" he checked to make sure the dragon hadn't turned to them "with some, he can come to an...understanding."

"Great" Muttered Hezkakal, "He's playing games, and we're the pieces".

The dragon leaned over, putting his claw under his chin, looking almost flippant at the paladin.

Questin, his story finished, crossed his arms and cocked his head.

((I reahhly must have those scrolls, but I cahn't just kill you, old chap. Wouldn't be sporting, you see.))

"And I can't kill you either, Chard. Not my style."

((Ah, your own particular....particular...idiom, is it?))

"Something like that."

((Yes, well then, we seem jolly well buggered for options, eh wot?))

"I can't give you the scrolls."

((And I can't let you patter off and take them. My, my. It is EXCLUSIVELY a dragon matter, of course. Not really for humanoids...hmmmm...yeesssss...perhaps I could chew on your friends a bit, then, soften your opinions, eh ?))

"I WOULD defend them, Chard. You know that."

((Quite. This Bonding issue DOES pose a bit of a conundrum for us, eh wot? My killing them without killing you, you defending them without killing me. Devil of a mess!))

"The table and chair I mentioned...ancient Nithian design....Worth anything to you?"

((Hmmm....pre-fifth dynasty, by any chance?))

"I'm not sure. How can you tell?"

((Well, the true Nithian dynast style incorporates fundamental functionalism with stark geodesic patterns in soft blue combinations, creating a sort of....))

Hez shook his head. "Man, this dragon's a windbag! and Questin's eggin' him on!"

Arrowheart smiled. "Some dragons are proud. Vanity is a weakness. Questin knows what he's doing. Besides" smiled the elf "you might learn something if you listen."

"Yeah" grumbled the thief "The Secrets of Dead Peoples' Furniture. Real useful, that one."

((...with sort of serrated edges, at least until the later entropic influences began. Am I losing you, old chap?))

"Not at all. Your knowledge is quite extensive."

((Yeessssss, as is my collection. Well, Questin, I would like to see these pieces. How do you propose we do it, eh wot? I can't bloody well fit down a hole made for humanoids!))

"The hole shrinks whoever enters first, and expands whoever exits first. We lost one of our party that way." He mouthed a silent prayer for Celentia Mera.

((And in return? You can't expect me to let you take the scrolls now, old bean.))

"I understand. I thought you might fill us in on the artifact - the one with pieces still around here somewhere."

((Splendid! Capital idea! We shant pither about the other three, eh wot? The one you seek here, good fellow, is a ring - four broken pieces of a ring. And sized for a proper dragon!))

Next...

Subj: New Products?

Date: 1/31/97 9:44:23 AM

From: Ryngard

I was wondering if one of you all mighty TSR people could tell me if you all have decided to make new products?!? Mystara is a great world, and instead of putting all of your time into Birthright, you guys should expand the great systems like Mystara. Umm... I think that is it. An AD&D box set for Thyatis, or Darokin, or The Five Shire, etc... Would be awesome.

Subj: Re:New Products?

Date: 1/31/97 12:29:28 PM

From: TSR Bruce

<<I was wondering if one of you all mighty TSR people could tell me if you all have decided to make new products?!? Mystara is a great world, and instead of putting all of your time into Birthright, you guys should expand the great systems like Mystara. Umm... I think that is it. An AD&D box set for Thyatis, or Darokin, or The Five Shire, etc... Would be awesome. >>

Some of us would enjoy this, however I doubt it will happen anytime soon. Mystara is a fun setting, but its original rule system connived to limit its commercial performance (compared with game worlds written for the AD&D game). This is not meant to criticize OD&D as a game system, it's only a fact. For various reasons, Mystara's conversion didn't do as well as could have been expected, thus the absence of new products for the time being. It'll be a while before Mystara gets another chance, furthermore, market conditions nowadays simply aren't good enough to warrant the re-release of Mystara.

Bruce Heard

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story

Date: 1/31/97 11:52:21 PM

From: Duncan TKD

"So who are we looking for, Sorcerous." Dalros asked as he tried to keep a thief from stealing his gold.

"A monk."

"A monk. You know I've seen about twenty monks already how will you know which one we're looking for in this busy market place?"

"Do not worry. I will know him when I have seen him." They continued to walk through the town of Ishcan in the country of Sind. "It has been many years since I was last here."

"So your from here?" the elf jested.

"No, I was born in Traldar."

"Traldar....Oh you mean Karameikos. I had almost forgotten that Traldar was its original name." The elf smiled "So did you know King Halav?"

"How old do you think I am, Elf."

From out of the jungle of people behind them came a voice, "Elf, a wise man once said that you should not anger women who wield great magic." The two travelers turned around to see a tall fairly old, bald monk standing before them.

"Budharam, it has been a long time since I've seen you," Illanna greeted the old monk.

"And I you young one. Please who is your friend with the pointed ears, and why have you come to Sind?"

"He is the ranger Dalros Eveningstar from far off Wendar, and you know why we are here old man. Where is Kashtiel?"

"She is brooding in the mountains. I am afraid we will have to go fetch her."

"Good we will just pop over there and pop off to where ever we have to go next."

"Dalros I'm afraid that it wont be that easy. You see Kashtiel doesn't like visitors 'popping' in like that."

"The child is correct pointy ears, we must go to the cave she is in by foot."

NEXT.....

Subj: separate board?

Date: 2/1/97 8:33:49 PM

From: Meerkat16

Hey TSRO TANK/ TSR BURCE and all others interested.

Should there be two separate boards - one for straight Mystara discussion and one for the ongoing stories? Or should we continue to intermix them?

just asking...

8-) Brant

Subj: Re:separate board?

Date: 2/2/97 12:30:29 PM

From: Alex295

What better way to discuss Mystara, than to present your ideas in story form? Non-story posts are still going to be posted and read. Nothing's lost, but there is so much to be gained.

Subj: best laid plans  
Date: 2/2/97 12:45:34 PM  
From: Alex295

Searching through various Mystara Sites, via webbrowser, I came across some info on the Blackmoor and the Beagle. Though thrilled, this bevy of facts and theories threw my plans of Emerond and my new race a little out of line. So, now I have to go back and redo certain points to properly coincide with these. The things I do to get my facts straight.

Subj: Re:best laid plans  
Date: 2/2/97 12:50:46 PM  
From: MagianChua

<<

Searching through various Mystara Sites, via webbrowser, I came across some info on the Blackmoor and the Beagle. Though thrilled, this bevy of facts and theories threw my plans of Emerond and my new race a little out of line. So, now I have to go back and redo certain points to properly coincide with these. The things I do to get my facts straight.>>

Mind telling us where this Web site is?

Chua:)

Subj: Almanacs  
Date: 2/2/97 12:55:12 PM  
From: Alex295

While going through the before mentioned sites, I came across an Almanac for AC1014 which also screwed me up a bit. Somewhere, there was a mention of an Almanac for AC1015. Does anyone know if there is are any plans for an official AC1014 Almanac release? If so, how about filling in a little bit of the stuff left out from previous editions. To suggest a few: Wendar's army, Blackmoor, Davania (at least the Clans and Emerond), and stats on the Floating Continent of Alphatia.

Subj: Re:best laid plans  
Date: 2/2/97 12:59:52 PM  
From: Alex295

I meant to list it. The internet address is a mile long. Go to AOL search and search for "Mystara". One will say SHAWN'S MYSTARA SITE. That's it. Plus there are several others of interest. Check them out.

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story  
Date: 2/3/97 6:22:02 AM  
From: TYGHOCK

((You see, old bean, the ring was fashioned, in a most exquisite and I must add uniquely charming design, ages ago for a former dragon lord. This lord, the um, Lord of Wyrms as it were, is reahilly of no concern to merah humanoids, you DO understand? Quite, quite. Anyway, it gave the wearer awfully tremendous powers, you see, and upon the establishment, shall we say, of the present immortal structure, it was decided to, ah, disseminate such objects, eh wot? The ring was broken into four pieces, such a waste of extraordinary design, reahilly: The band, the stone, the crown - or mounting - holding the stone, and a wonderfully intricate circlet that stood around the base of the crown, holding two smaller stones. The band would size itself to the dragon wearing it, of course, this would jolly well rule out humanoids such as you, eh wot?))

Questin stood attentive to Chard's discourse.

"Have the parts any power independently?"

((I should bally well say so, old fruit! Each piece alone could be frightfully misplayed, and two together are quite another matter!))

"And the four combined?"

Chard wagged a digit on his immense claw.

((...are NO concern of humanoids.))

"Can beings other than dragons use their powers?"

((You mean MISUSE their powers, eh wot? Each piece has a unique power to itself. But having been, ah, designed for dragons, I would venture that its use would rathah terribly corrupt a non-dragon, yes, quite dreadfully I'm afraid.))

"Do you know which pieces are still unclaimed?"

Chard smiled and shook his head with an audible Tsk-tsk.

"Do you know who possess the other two?"

((Oh, I SAY, bad form, Questin. That WASN'T part of the bargain, eh wot?))

It was obvious that there was little more to be gained from this dragon, thought Questin.

"Well, you can't chew a fellow for trying."

((Oh, but I can, and DO, dear chap...just not you. The Bonding, you see.))

Questin sighed. "Very well. As Pearl has bonded us, I will keep my word. I will lead you to the entrance to the furniture."

The dragon flapped its awesome wings, curling smoke up from the chasm in powerful updrafts, and hovering above the ledge, its enormous full bulk displayed for the first time.

((DO spare me any nonsense tricks, old boy. I am feeling rathah peckish today, eh wot?))

Questin in turn now wagged his finger. "Now Chard, if I were setting you up, would I have told you of the scrolls in the first place? Would I have warned you about the tunnel which shrinks the first enterer, and expands the first exiter? I could have let you polymorph into oblivion, or never revealed the tunnel. I swear to you now, on my honor as a paladin, when we leave here, the scrolls will go with you."

Chard cocked his huge head. It was hard to hear Questin for the sound of the beating wings.

((Hmmm.....quite. Jolly good! Your reputation among the Pearl seems well earned. Still, I MUST request - ah - an escort, shall we say?))

Questin nodded. "You'll have your hostage." He turned to Jen. Concern ran deep on his brow as he stared at the darkening blue marks she bore across her face.

"Are you too late?" She shook her head. "No. But the figure is still too small. It will not hold."

Questin went up to her, giving very quiet commands. "Listen. We have one chance. You will lead this dragon through the tunnel to the table and chair below. Shrink it for his portability back up here. But while down there, perform the transfer."

Jen's eyes widened in grave concern.

"All is not ready. It will burst."

((I say, old chum! What ARE you blathering on about, eh?))

Questin turned to Chard. "I am instructing her to help you remove the furniture." This was true enough, he thought to himself.

He grasped Jen by both arms, feeling her growing weakness. "Listen, Jen.....if you and I are BOTH to succeed, here is what you must do....."

(continued...)

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story

Date: 2/3/97 6:23:07 AM

From: TYGHOCK

The great beating of the wings caused Thane, swinging helplessly below, to lose his precarious grip. His downward plummet stopped POW against the rising hind leg of the dragon. He could hear the rockface being torn below him from the push of mighty claws. Odam, Thane dy on jaged rok, he thought as he slid off the scaled appendage down into the mist.

He bounced hard off a pile of dugout clay a short distance down, and rolled into a hollow crevice, apparently dug by the ascending claws. At least he hadn't hit bottom. The crevice was narrow, and as he tried to get his feet positioned, he kicked hard, right through the stones at the back of the crevice. Down he tumbled further, through an opening hidden just beneath the dragon's recent unintended excavation.

Thane rubbed his much banged head. Looking up, he could make out the dim light of the misty opening far above him. The tunnel he was in was barely narrow enough to turn around in. Below him, he could see the faintest light reflecting off some rocks. Wel, no gud up, so go down, he thought. Carefully, he crawled his aching body the long way down toward the source of the light. Finally at the bottom of the tunnel, he felt a stone floor, roughly cut. Before him was a wall, also cut stone, but badly assembled. Between the spaces of the stones, where mortar should have been, rays of dim light were emanating. Tis ruum behind wal, thought Thane. Mebbe way out.

Suddenly he stopped. A loud grunting, scratching noise could be heard from somewhere. He reached for his belt: only his knife remained. Behind the stone wall, he could see shadows, occasionally filling the gaps with dark spaces, blocking the light. Somfin muuv bak der. Somfin big. He gulped, trying to back up to somewhere else.

Then, with a great heaving, grunting sound, three of the stone blocks fell away from the wall before him. The dim light filled where he was, an antechamber of sorts, with walls of dirt and natural rock. He scampered back to the far end, searching for cover. Through the opening, with a bellow of pain, a large humanoid shape thrust its upper body forcefully into his presence. Thane froze in terror: there before him, weak, panting, seemingly hurt, with one horn broken away - yet still enough to freeze his very blood - was one very angry minotaur.

Next...

Subj: Story Corrections  
Date: 2/3/97 9:39:53 AM  
From: TYGHOCK

DOH!!!! (as in Homer Simpson)

I did it again. In the last post, I said PEARL had bonded Questin and Chard. That is, of course, ridiculous for a paladin who has slain a red dragon and black dragon.

I meant to say OPAL. OPAL OPAL OPAL OPAL OPAL OPAL OPAL.....

Jeez, you'd think this far into the story, I'd have my gems/dragon immortals straight.....

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story  
Date: 2/3/97 3:01:36 PM  
From: Qamlynch

The visir picked up his pack, carrying his magic equipment. He looked in to a mirror nearby.  
'twelve years I serve, in all those posts, working my way up to visir, and now I'm out on missions meant for underlings.'  
He put on his rings and robe. An orc assistant stood behind him. 'you look grand visir, you really do'.  
He wacked the orc with his hand. 'Thank you visir' and the orc slipped away.  
The visir walked by the chamber, where his master held the special items, as he was allowed he looked inside. There in the center of the room was a huge gemstone, sparkling bright red, mounted on a many-pointed crown, waving pink light and humming. Several shamans chanted around it.  
An orc guard rushed up to him. 'what is it, I'm getting ready to leave.'  
'there's been a break in at the tower...the thief escaped.'  
The visir grew grim. 'we will call out a special stalker beast, to track this thief. him and his soul will be ours.'  
'now go. I have people to meet in Thyatis.'

next...

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story  
Date: 2/3/97 3:21:21 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

((Truly exquisite. Bit weathered, but definitely a period piece. Jolly good, oh I am pleased!))  
Jen nodded as the jade dragon, now no more than a foot long, flew about the chamber admiring the table and chair. The miniature beast would land, eye this pattern or that joint, and fly along to another area, repeating the evaluation. As this went on, Jen removed the small figurine from her robe and placed it on the ground. Trusting in Questin's word, she began to murmur the incantation. This got the dragon's attention.  
((I say, human, what ARE you on about?))  
Jen looked up from her task. "The master perished here, in the battle with the Hutaaka. This service is in memory of his essence." Chard continued to stare at her with tiny, piercing red eyes. Jen looked up again. "Questin has promised that none of what I say here is intended for anything except the essence of my master."  
Satisfied, Chard turned his diminutive head back to the furniture.  
((Yes, yes.....magnificent, even in this state. Pity about the staff, eh wot?)) He eyed with some sadness the severed staff of the hutaaka, littered upon the odd stone floor. Jen continued her

meditation, sweat beading down her paling face. The blue trident-shaped markings had darkened almost to black, and her mannerisms betrayed her growing weakness. Chard flew round her head, oblivious or unconcerned about her condition.

((I am pleased! Now, human, if you will, let's pack it in and pop it up, shall we? Step to it, now!)) Jen finished. The small statue glowed a bit, seeming to slump, as if its shoulders were stooping. She quickly returned it to her robe.

A gesture from her wobbly hand, and the furniture, bathed in amber, shrank to the size of items from a dollmaker's craft. She collected the shrunken pieces under Chard's watchful reproaches. ((Come come, human, be smart about it. That's not a pudding, girl, that's an ancient treasurah! Gad, your handling is positively BEASTLEAH!))

Items in tow, the party ascended toward the opening, Jen carefully fumbling and almost dropping first the chair, then the table, so Chard would never fly too far ahead, and remained in a constant state of worried anguish. So far, she thought, Questin's plan has worked perfectly. Now, it was a matter of timing. The figurine in her robe kicked violently.

As they approached the opening, Chard swung his small body in front of her.

((Not so fast, human! I shant bally well let you through first, eh wot? I've no intention of remaining in this awful reduction a moment more than necessary. You will take my tail, and follow me through the tunnel. No tricks about you, now!))

Jen bowed solemnly. "Questin has instructed that I follow you through the tunnel."

((I should jolly well say so!)) And with that, she took a weak grip of the reed-thin tail, and both flew quickly through the tunnel toward the exit.

When then were almost at the end, she wretched violently again, and Chard startled.

((I told you, human, you shant go on ahead of me!))

"And I promised I would not", replied Jen, removing the wiggling figure and tossing it ahead quickly toward the approaching exit, "but he will."

Chard let out a roar (which sounded like a dog howling) as the flaying figurine flew through the opening first! It landed outside the hole and instantly began to grow as Celentia had. This time, however, Questin, Merry and the pig were waiting.

"NOW! Quickly!"

At Questin's command, bolts of orange and scarlet shot out from Merry and the pig, striking the growing, writhing figurine. As the miniature Chard and Jen emerged from the tunnel, they stood face to face with an image formed from the figurine, now man sized and shaking its head to regain its bearings.

Watching the event, Hez dropped his head on Arrowheart's shoulder.

"Oh, by Loki's beard, not HIM again!"

(continued...)

Date: 2/3/97 3:22:27 PM

From: TYGHOCK

Standing before the tiny dragon, the weary apprentice and the entire assembled party was, or seemed to be, a thin wizard with a flat yellow hat and a green robe. The face was entirely too familiar.

“SEVEN!”

The wizard shook his head rapidly, as if his ears were filled with water.

Chard clawed Jen’s hand to free himself, flying just above the party.

((A trick! Bad form, Questin, I SAY! You just can’t DO this, old boy!))

A THUD struck the dragon, as a blunt stone-headed arrow fell from the air to the ground in front of the party. Chard stumbled to regain his tiny footing.

((You can’t harm me, you blighter! We’re Bonded, eh wot!))

“True. I can’t touch you” Questin smiled. “But I’m afraid your fate is not entirely in my hands alone.”

BANG! the flat of Leonia’s sword blade knocked the tiny dragon for a loop. Two more blows, and Chard threw his claws over his head, wings wrapped around his sides for maximum protection.

“Submit, dragon. You have no options left.”

Chard peered a red eye up through his claws at the giant elf hovering over him. He gestured, and a blue wall appeared above him, then fizzled out and vanished.

“No - I’m afraid that won’t be possible.” The wizard addressed the dragon with a stern glance.

Chard looked angrily at Questin. ((You CANN’T allow this, old chap. You SWORE that I would depart with the scrolls, eh wot! What of honor, eh?))

The wizard waved his arms, and a cage of bright gold formed around the diminutive beast. Chard breathed a tiny beacon of fire, but the flames did the cage no harm at all.

“You will be leaving with the scrolls, as promised” smiled Questin. “Both will leave in our company, as we go to the temple of Terra, to hopefully decipher the scrolls. By my bond, no harm will come to you, Chard. As soon as we are done with them, the scrolls will be turned over to you, and you will be freed.”

Chard exhaled harshly, fire singeing the edge of Arrowheart’s coat. ((You presume too much upon your Bond, old chap. This will not sit well with Opal, you boulder!))

Questin bowed. “I have kept my word so far - I will take my chances with other party’s... interpretations.”

The whole group now turned to the wizard, who looked annoyed as hell, jabbering with Jen and the pig. Their trident marks had faded to light blue, and showed every sign of receding entirely.

“Jen, what is the meaning of all this? Where are we? Why wasn’t I warned about a dragon attack? I HATE improvising in this fashion!” The wizard looked around the group with hurried hostility. “And who in the name of immortal magic ARE all these people?”

(continued...)

Subj: Re:Ongoing Story  
Date: 2/3/97 3:23:16 PM  
From: TYGHOCK

Hezkakal walked around the wizard, looking him over, and the wizard returned the glances with rising impatience.

"Hmm....new threads.....interesting change of colors there, Sev."

"Jen, who is this clown and why should I suffer him another minute?"

"Wow! somebody woke up on the wrong side of death this morning!"

The wizard gestured with his hand, then withdrew it, waving his finger as a warning. Dismissing the thief, he turned to Questin.

"Good paladin, have we met before?"

Questin bowed deeply. "I have not had the honor. I am Questin Julianus, paladin of the church of Khiss, serving the immortal Frey. Hail and well met."

Arrowheart stepped forward. "Are you not Seven?"

The wizard gave him a cross look. "Do I look that young to you, stupid elf? Do you live so long you forget how to count?" Arrowheart backed away from the unexpected response.

Leonia crossed her arms. "Your name is not Seven, then?"

The wizard threw his arms wide, rolling his eyes into the cavern ceiling. "Does the world go mad in caves? Seven? What a ridiculous name! Jen, why have you brought me among fools and madmen?"

Jen bowed, her face clear of markings. "The master sees clearly when those around do not. The master brings clarity."

The wizard sighed. "Well put, as usual. No, to all the assembled.....whatever you are, I am not ÔSeven' and I do not know you - which seems a very small loss on my part."

Merry's voice made the wizard turn to her. "You never denied me magic? You did not die against the hutaaka? Yet you know Jen and the pig?"

The wizard stared at the halfling. "Hmmm....deny YOU magic? That would be pointless, from what I can sense. A hutaaka? What know halflings of hutaakas? I haven't seen one of them...well, no matter. As for my apprentice and bookkeeper, why should I not know them? Have you no questions more sensible, young one?"

Merry looked down, then, getting the idea, bowed brightly "I am Merry Rosewater. Pray, good mage, who are you?"

"Pleased to meet you, Merry Rosewater," said the wizard, at long last breaking into a warm, familiar and yet unfamiliar smile, "I am Eight."

Next.....

ough they are rarely trained in  
any guardian capacity; some Sorcerer-King