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Legend 1 - The Mithril Gauntlet

At the beginning of the Last Goblin War, there came forward to the center

of the attention of the War Council a peculiar Dwarvin Knight. Unlike all other Dwarves he had but a stubble of a beard and had no family history in fact, no one knew him even though he seemed to know about everyone else's story. He came forth at a dark time to offer his services in the name of settling the score with the Goblin's who were very close to pushing the Dwarves off of the Golden Mountains and back to the coast where they came from. He wore mithril armor and had a magic mithril gauntlet about his shield arm, and again in contrast to other dwarves he actually seemed to be at home riding a small ugly pony creature with a misshapened head and a almost fat belly.

He proved his early worth by going into the Cave of the Hellspawn and slaying the necromancer there, bringing an end to the zombie like allies of the Goblins. He then led a famous charge of the 'old Axes' at the Battle of Bloody Helm where they swept through the Shadow Warriors and into the pike lined battle square of the Hob-goblin elite. It seemed that where ever the need was the greatest, the Mithril Knight would join the conflict and help turn the battle.

He was often heard muttering to himself or possibly his repulsive mount, while making numerous notes in his diary that never seemed to reflect any writing. He refused to take any beer or to partake in any victory celebration over his foes though most of the victories were partly because of his keen awareness of the right time for the right move.

As the Dwarvin army closed in on the last stronghold of the Goblins: their vast breeding labyrinth cave, there was a major debate in the War Council on the next step in the War. He sat silent as the almost traditional debate over the utter destruction of the enemy was argued against the universal call for life and peace. He declined to offer comment but was obviously extra sullen and cross that day, though he was never thought of as an amiable person on his best of days.

The debate continued through the night when there was a brief raid by the last of the Goblins on the baggage area of the camp. The thought was that they may have been seeking the pack animals to escape with to the North for that was the way they were last seen heading. Discovering that his mount was amongst those taken, the Mithril Knight charged directly to the mouth of the Maze and there worked the magic runes on his gauntlet till out of the Arcane Plain came 5 giant stone like warriors that moved into the cave beyond a circle of flames bringing down the labyrinth and destroying the last of the goblin vats.

The knight himself was also never seen again for he went north in chase and the trail of the dead goblins was the only thing left to mark his path which seemed to end, with the goblins at the desert pass of No Return. Adventure 100, Have the Mithril Gauntlet (933), be a male Knight without an undead status and have a Mark of Wizardry. Follow the path.

Legend 2

At the time of the Realm of Louis the Bold, when Stormhaven was reaching out to unite the folk of the Turtle Bays, there was a great sickness that

came upon the people of Bristol. The cause of the plague was never known for sure, but the people of the time blamed the wing mites of the Daks for spreading the disease, that had no affect on the bird people.

There was a legend in old Bristol Towne, that there was a magic flute that could be used to whistle down spells from the ancient arcana like no other, and that it had a purpose in mind to cure those who were plagued, not one by one, but by whole populations in a single playing.

A Gemidiahist priest, fresh from the civilizing affects of the Capital was assigned to Bristol when he witnessed the grim sweep of the disease and he vowed to find the Flute and to bring its powers to bear. It is said that he even sought the Holy Spirit to help in his path though he would not speak of its tale.

To a city in the sky he traveled, making the last step up by a chance flight with a Dragonrider in gold and black. There he saw the flute as the center piece in a vile magic hall that sought its powers for ill. He stole the item and fled by way of a special spell that allowed him to open the pathways between locations through the Nether plain, and came back to Bristol. There he played the Flute and all was well again. For the rest of his life he kept the Flute around his neck and imprinted upon it the mannerism of his Gemidiah Code as he sought to civilize the hordes of Bristol. It is said that the evil arcanist sought him all his days to return the flute to their Hall for research both terrible and dark, but he resisted always. When he died he was placed in a longboat and with the flute still around his neck, the burning bier was floated out on high tide as was the custom from the Old Days of Bristol for the honored dead of lore Adventure 220- have the Rune Flute, be Gemidiahist Priest and get sent to Bristol plus...?

Legend 3 - Vendor

As the Age of Man came full upon the Free Folk of Vendor, they looked for some hope against the power of the Vampire Lord Toscin who would raid the Vale in search of blood for his minions and hell spawn. The villagers gathered from valley and hilltop to discuss their plight in a simple Inn one fateful night, when Toscin and his ghouls broke down the gate and killed nearly all, those that survived were envious of the dead for their nightmares knew no end.

One day a grumpy Halfling limped into Vendor mumbling something about giant thieves and moving shadows. Such short folk were often spoken of but hardly ever seen, and certainly the stories of a people of happy contentment and songsters and playful folk, was in sharp contrast with the nearly foul mouthed ill disposed fellow. Maybe his wounds about the shoulder and down the left side and arm might account for some of his lack of good grace. Nevertheless he placed himself down in the corner of the Inn and asked for a meal that would strain a Maratasen on the hunt... and the Inn Keeper had a moment of hesitation on the payment of the fare, but silver was a high demand item with all these undead about, and to the amazement of everyone he ate every last bit. Staying at the Inn for a week he learned about the raiders and as always mumbling to himself, would utter

half sentences about the dead staying dead, but his mind would always seem to drift back to "that stinkin' no good clumsy oaf.."

After being put off at first by his mannerism and especially his horrible singing that sounded 'as close to a drowning Dak as you can get without water...' the villagers were able to see past his style and a certain fondness seemed to grow. It seemed that no matter how depressed and hopeless things were looking the sight and sounds of the fellow would bring a smile and patronizing shake of the head.

On the seventh night of his stay, the nightcrawlers struck again and this time they carried off the odd grossly ugly donkey like animal that had seemed to have found him to participate in his adventures.

This was intolerable for he had just named the beast and was making a

saddle with the name in it. Fury and noise were one as he stormed around the Inn making various comments about the uses of entrails and assorted other body parts in combination. Finally catching a glimpse of the shadow of the flyers crossing the full moon, his rage seemed to transform itself into a blue pulsing aura about himself. Jumping behind the bar he took out three pots and quickly covered them with a leather like paper that adhered instantly across the opening. Then drawing a Runewriter as if from mid-air he wrote upon the three and began to play upon them with his hands. The beat of the drums was echoed through the land and into the night and a strange magical mist gathered all of a sudden. (Having a slightly honey taste some were to say.) In not more than a minute's time the donkey came prancing back to the Inn's main door and the death knell screech of the ghouls was a welcome chorus.

Asking about the exact spelling of the Vampire Lord's name, he took out 30 pieces of silver and placed them on one drum, and then with a piece of the rare yellow mandrake root in the opposite drum, he set his pen to the task of writing the name of the Vampire Lord in the middle. With a firm snap he sent the drum to work its magic after mouthing the ritual of the arcane. Toscin, as the Vampire Lord was no more.

The following day the halfling and his donkey set off on their travels but not before writing the ritual down on the drums for all to examine should the need ever return...ever thankful to the little fellow and out of memory of his ways, there is to this day an inscription over the Inn: "No stinkin' Oafs allowed".

Adventure 3: Have the Three Piece Drum Set, have 30 pieces of silver, 1 man drake and be within 5 of Vendor. Target a Character, it removes undead status and more.

Legend 4 - The Stone Ring

There was an early Dwarf who learned the craft of mithril shaping at the side of his great grandfather, such was the custom in the old days. Yet, despite his constant education, the young fellow could not maintain a concentration of thought on his profession ordained to be. Instead he would use every opportunity to slip away and explore the abandoned Goblin cave nearby. His grandfather was always cross with him for neglecting his studies and duties and would always be rather intent on recalling his focus to his traditional callings in manners that were less than polite or painless. The great grandfather, however seemed to be beyond all that noise and struggles, and gave the wayward student his leave when asked for but always with a little task to bring back some minor stone or twig from his wanderings, thus the term 'stone bricking' was made common in the land for it was a favorite way of the old'ers to excuse the non-working

youth.

Nevertheless, one day the Dwarf returned and went straight to the forge and worked on a special project for a whole day without stop. Industrious though his race was, this was astounding for this fellow. What emerged was a small stone ring. Peering at it from a hidden alcove, grandfather became quite amazed and as the boy rushed out of the shop he was followed by the curious peaked gray beard. With hardly a care as to his footing, the boy moved quickly to the Goblin cave and into its darkest passages, all the time with a grandfatherly shadow not far behind. There he came upon a small opening into a haze of netherlight where there was a robed and caped figure seemingly transparent in the dusty fog. As terrible as the stories of demons and netherworld horrors pounded through the grandfather's childhood memories, he found himself entranced and not afraid by this apparition. The boy reached out and gave the figure the ring and in the other hand he held a small stone. The figure nodded its head and took out a jeweled pen that glowed with blue magic, the kind that story tellers call Runewriters, and on the ring a rune it made that flared at first and then disappeared, along with the figure and the stone offered by the boy.

The next day at the forge the boy was working with his mind drifting to different things, when his grandfather came and again directed his attention to his work. A terrible shouting and argument then broke out with the boy finally putting on the ring to disappear, then coming behind his grandfather he would slip the ring off and appearing he would shout some more, on and on this went around the forge causing such a stir that the Great grandfather could take it no more. He reached out and grabbed both of his off spring and in a sternest of voices that seemed almost to come from the walls themselves spoke: 'I am the teacher, which of you needs that lesson?...young fellow we do not need to hide from our work, it will not come after us and hunt us down, it will not burden thee unless you place it on your back and it does not call you if you will not listen. ...but if you deem it to be done then I will continue to show you but one of the ways until you learn your own way, so do not hide from us for we do not seek you, only hope to teach you.'

From then on the grandfather was a little more cautious in his meddling and the young fellow, never did become a great smith, but he always shared his adventures with his great grandfather who seemed to collect his little stones in all shapes and designs.

Adventure 4 have 2 Stone Rings, be a Dwarf and follow the path.

Legend 5 - Sorleaf

Just before the Twilight of Change when the days of Chaos came quickly upon the world, there was a half formed Elf called Sorleaf. What manner of disruption spawned his birthright is not recorded but it was astounding in its time. Little did they know that his misfortune was but a precursor of the horrors to follow the Twilight.

The young Sorleaf was a wonderful storyteller and his ability to pick up hidden meanings from the rumors that abound a traveled society was to give him the kind of respect in his profession that his lack of stature could not command from the elegant and snobish 'higher' councils.

Being raised by the Ladies of the nearby temple, he naturally drifted into the church services where he was really never more than a novice in priestly skills, his main interest being elsewhere...much to his own doom. The stories around Runes was his passion and one day he was struck with the

possibility of using a crystal to enhance his skills if the right runes could be found and made to charge the crystal. He followed a lead from an ancient bird song that brought him to a haunted cave, and there he was confronted by a creature: "so horrible that time doomed it to stand apart from it, and so vile that light would not touch it..." or so the story he told went. Somehow this creature instead of falling upon him and having his soul, engaged in the honored tradition of a Riddle Contest for which Sorleaf was not to be bested at. For two days the contest went on each with the riddles of a lifetime and more to put to the other...Sorleaf would never speak of his winning riddle, which was always out of character for him, but he emerged from the hidden place behind a colorful misty waterfall with a crystal rune...With it he could see the distant towns that framed the rumors he heard. He also began to research further into the arcana of runes, using the crystal to open up new ways of reaching back to unlock the mystery of the Runes. Facet after facet he explored caring little for his own health or nourishment, till all that was left to explore was the one plain plane without a Rune upon it. This he knew he was not to activate but in his hungered insanity he could not resist the call and summon it he did...the disappearance of Sorleaf was noted in the chronicles of his day, with a simple note: 'reports have reached us that little Sorleaf is gone, to where only he may know.' To Explore further find the Crystal Rune, be a Rumormonger and a Seer and continue with Adventure 5.

Legend 6 - The First Rune (read i845 Glove of Runes)

In ancient days when life was but a new thought disturbing the waters, there was formed a simple design, and it was given form by the will of the world and it was the First Rune. Once formed it stayed in magical stasis which separated it from all other forms of marking yet to be made... ..For Runes are markings that are out of time and thus the passage of that decaying dimension has no affect on it for they exist outside of it... ..The First Rune floated and left all in its wake different...and the other Runes were formed to echo the power of the arcane and the timeless record of the ways...and that which is not spoken of reached down and plucked the Rune from where only he could venture and placed it upon his gauntlets and from timelessness to time he came and tears were made... and by the mark of its Rune enhanced by ritual untold he transformed to any life and moved about the strands ofand in the beginning the paradox of life was recorded by the First Rune which stands unalterable in sharpest contrast with its calling for it is recorded that that symbol was the Rune of "Change" (489). Have it, and the will for change and do Adventure 6 on an Odd Month.

Legend 7 - Speaker of the Dead

In the Age of Chaos when all manner of perverse distortion of life was the norm for all creatures great and small. The evil Speaker of the Dead in Doomed Torgan gathered with his arch assassins to devise a nightmare soldier whose training was so intense that dread would be its appearance. Ambush and terror not enough for the Ghouls of Torgan, the soldiers would be taught to scale walls easily and to use their Mace like clubs in horrendous manners to crush their enemy. Able to hide in shadows like no other, and to live off the land like some a parasite on a rotting corpse, their ferocious charge would surpass Berserkers at their best,

and thus they were called Shadow Warriors, and only from the bowls of Torgan at the hands of the most skilled Necromancer/Assassin would they come to battle for the passage of the Dead. Adventure 7: Be to Learn.

Legend 10 - Royal Library

There was an old man who was the caretaker of the Royal Library in the days of the Kraken Raiders. The library was rather large and he was but the sole caretaker, the wars having taken all the attention of the King and his young son. The caretaker was rather fond of the boy who showed a great respect for the scrolls and books of the library, in far contrast with the usual run-abouts of children his age.

One day the news arrived that the Son had been captured by the Kraken and taken to places unknown. The scryers of the Castle could not locate him and all was considered lost.

That night the Caretaker took to his duties late, not seeing the West Tower Maid whose record of these things we dearly owe. There he placed on the table a single piece of Nightshade and a pile of 39 pieces of gold. He then took out from a mysterious shelf that seemed to always be full of books, a single blank tome. Opening it he read the empty pages to himself and then writing in the book, he and all that was with him disappeared in a flash. Shortly there appeared the dazed and naked boy. The boy could remember nothing of the Kraken's place except that it was warm and moist with large curved and irregular white pillars. There was no light, yet he could see with his mind's eye that while cave like it was no cave, nor any place at all.

The old man was never to be seen or heard of again but in memory of his sacrifice, the Royal Library's coat of arms was changed to be an empty open book resting on a simple caretakers chair. Find the Blank Tome and repeat the ritual to continue in the Caretaker's Path. Adventure 10.

Legend 11 - Caves of Health

There are Caves of Health spread about the Land, and Adventure 1911 will allow one who is Dead/Insane/Stoned/Poisoned to get well for...?

Legend 13 - Gar and Goyle

There is an old Dak tale, dreamed of in song about the early days...

When the land was covered with clouds and we lived on the mountains above, we would play in the sun and venture about, neither with cares or worries or wants. Then The Elder came and told us a trial was about, a day would come when the clouds would break and we would fall and shout. To the valleys and hills and even caves and shore we would go. The why of which there was to be no know...A pair of brothers was born, one all mighty and covered in feathers of gold, the other wingless and quite ugly to be told. The Elder decreed that the strong must take care of the weak, and so they were raised: one bold and one meek. To be fair it must be said that Goyle kept his needs to the least, yet in his brother's chest there grew an evil beast. Taking no heed of his brothers hunger and needs, Gar would fly for days ignoring the Elders caution on his ways. Till one day in a fit of rage, he carried forth his brother to the mountain top and crashed him to the valley below.....

The Elder wept as the clouds below parted for the first time, and terror swept the sky. "You have failed the test....for a great poisoning

is coming and all must flee to below, some will be stricken and weak and only by fellowship will you prevail...Never shall you fly above the mountains again until this lesson is learned....and for the brothers a great curse was laid upon them, for The Elder reached down and brought Goyle back to stand broken before Gar: you shall be blended in your bodies and souls, and your offspring shall forever be held wicked and half your children shall be wingless and endlessly hunger till one with the mark of the sun shall be saved and delivered selflessly by the damned of Gargoyle. Be Dak, take on the curse of The Elder (Adv 210) pursue the tale (Adv 211)

Legend 14 - The First Song (Read i1010 the Legend 1 Sing Song)

It is an odd time and place for such thoughts, but an old Elven child's song seems to come to you...

"We sing of thee, the ancient one, who at the start wept for us,
Though we cried and shouted wants, you stayed and spoiled not.
Swing we did upon the tree, break the waves and cloud the sun,
Yet you stood and waited still, the clamor would not stop...
The rains of light would burn the soil, yet you stayed all the while,
would that I could venture that, and be the one to smile." Adv 802 to sing

Legend 15 - The Bridge Toll

The village of Bridgeton was a small riverside community of wheat and corn farmers by the waters of the Red River. The villagers had made a composite bridge of stone and wood to cross the river on the north side of town. Such a marvelous piece of craftsmanship had not been seen for centuries around, for Enchanted Dwarves had cut the setting stones and carved the faces of the mason's on the central pillars as was their custom. The wood carvings of the covered roof were crafted by halflings and some say with the guidance of a Dark Elf for there is a set of relief's done in ancient form found on Elven Ruin's from the early days of Chaos. Yet, while all the villagers worked hard and proudly on this project, one woodsman, Samnolle Tailorson was angered by his chores and role in the lumber teams and sought satisfaction in his frustration by a deceitful sabotage of the bridge. When making the planks for the Eastern floor of the bridge, he substituted a slab of Demon Wood in the making of the plywood sheeting.

It should be noted that the flooring was cleverly designed so as to be replaceable as traffic wore down the coverings, even though such traffic could be borne over forty years of wear.

It took some thirty years for the inevitable to happen - a carriage containing Samnolle's grand child over turned and she was killed on the bridge. Yet, her soul was trapped by the Demon Wood and creatures foul and false summoned forth to feast on the young one's fears and terror. This caused the bridge to be a showcase of demonic power and horror.

The cries of the child could be heard all night and ne'er a person could sleep or approach the bridge without being overcome with grief. Some people moved away; others sent for the Shamans and Priest of Shanah, all to no avail. Even a Giant Summoner from the Nomads of Doom was called and he too failed to end the turmoil.

With hopelessness sweeping down stream and over the banks of the river,

a young Centaur Colt named Zarin heard the cries in his dreams, and though young for his chosen discipline of Herd Druid he boldly trotted for the town. Approaching the bridge on the anniversary of Samnolle's crime, laying down another piece of Demon Wood next to a fresh Meldorian bough and spoke calmly to the torrent of chaos and screams about him:

"Young child of man, grand child of shame and crime, know that evil has no power over you except that which you surrender to it. Feed the demons with no fear and they shall wallow in their own nothingness and flee from you as only THEIR fears will remain. Fears are dangerous only to their own creators, like all fears. Come to peace with those before you and those yet to come, and you will rest forever in forgiveness and peace." The passions faded and into each wood the spirits returned, never to foul the place again. Whether his word spell worked or the power of his special staves is not known, or cared to be known, but peace returned and centaurs now can pass the bridge free of tolls to this very day.

Adventure 15: Have Meldorian and Demon Wood (880) and pursue the story. This item is a miscellaneous type weapon.

It has a base AF bonus of 210 % and a missile AF bonus of 0 %.

The charge bonus of this weapon is 40 % and the rout bonus is 0 %.

The weapon can be used with a shield, and it may not be used while mounted.

The wielder must have a strength of 12 and a dexterity of 12 to use this weapon.

The weight of this weapon is 1.000

Legend 16 - Dark Drive (RP i1251 Doom Song Sheet)

In the days that the sun did bleed its anger upon the soil, all was turned to ash and clay with the oceans boiling a froth of death; many took this time for the end of the world. As dark necromancers hid in the caves deep behind their mithril shields, research into the unknown gates of time were made with desperation at their plight driving even those evil ones to new levels of daring and chance...and what a chance was taken, for in their agony at the face of true death, those whose shame is unbounded sang the Song of Doom and it was etched upon their peeling skin that would serve as the parchment of its holding.

This they Sang in part:

"Bring to me the Winternight,

To cool and banish the burning light,

"Bring to me the boil and rash

So it may wean the poison and flash.

"Bring to me the mark to resist

So as to end the drive to desist"

Be undead, have a mark of evil, be a necromancer with the Death Anvil and continue in the path of the Song of Doom. Adv 803

Legend 17

There was a place where serenity and happiness covered the land like new fallen snow. Its invisible magic gave all inner strength and joy that sustained them in the face of the hardships of life, as it was intended...

However, on a day when there was a double rainbow at dawn there came a stranger who could not feel the peace or be touched by the joy of others.

As he moved through the hills of this paradise, his condition grew grim,

which caused much concern in the villagers. What manner of disease did this foretell that nothing could stir or warm his soul? The wise women of the village of Rantah took him in and tried to bring him happiness, but he would have none of it. They called in the Elders of the Valley, and they studied the large man who had no smile or sparkle, nor had he any name. They too came to no result, and the depression of the 'Large One' as he was to be called, grew deeper and deeper. He seemed to even slow down in his movements as time itself was having trouble reaching him. The 'Elders would exclaim proverbs when he was mentioned: "Happiness comes from within....serenity with others can not come till serenity with yourself comes..." all of which sounded great and wonderful, but had no affect on changing the situation which was getting worse by the day.

On the tenth day after his arrival, there was another double rainbow in the evening and from it came a rider. He, the villagers had heard of in legends and they were certainly not going to have any of his antics in their hills for where ever he went nothing was ever to be the same. The alarm was sounded and the guards were warded in place. However, they were too late for the foul mouthed fellow with the ugliest four legged creature in time, had already approached the 'Large One'. This actually angered some of the villagers, who could accept his challenge of their lives, but to pick on the nearly comatose stranger was quite petty.

The 'Little One' made no notice of the villagers unless they stood directly in his path to the 'Large One' then he would touch his mount and it would let out the most outrageous 'Hee-haa-Onk Onk' noise that was most likely the start of a spell to turn one into a ten toed frog or some such as he was famous for...though in all fairness it never did last long....
...as he approached the other, the anger on his face was quite intense and only the beast seemed to be amused by the whole thing, for the rider shouted out: "You worthless bag of star trash, that we could even be on the same temporal plane is an insult that I will not let pass, let alone that we are....don't sulk and hide in that self pity routine, save that garbage for someone with half a twit for an idol...look at me when I call you, dust brained toad spit...why do I have to do everything myself, you lazy self centered morphallaxis moron...still playing the mopey dopey?...I've seen better sulks on an Imp with a broken mirror, I've seen better scowls on a baby balrog at bath time..."

On and on, the little one went dancing around the immobile form of what was slowly becoming apparent, a friend of his, for why else spend so much effort on a stranger or an enemy (odd thinking was a pattern of these villagers who obviously never met a true enemy). Even a few kicks seemed to not stir the Large One. As the verbal fury and outpouring continued to mount, the beast at first beamed and then smiled, and soon begin to laugh in its ugly repulsive manner. At the height of the noise the beast could hardly stand from its own hysterics...

"...you laggard, dilatory, two bellied sea slug...I'll fix your stare...."

With this the Little One reached into his pocket and took out a Runewriter and a scroll. The villagers froze for this was now moving into serious arcane confrontations. With a dramatic flare he wrote the Rune for 'Stone' on the Scroll and placed it in the sun light. Taking out from his pocket a handful of silver and an item off the Large One he counted:

"...One, two, three, four...seven...come out of it you nestorian dupe,...

"..twenty, twenty one, ...this is really going to fix you for all time...

"..thirty one, thirty two...be a rock head see if I care...

"..thirty six, thirty seven, thirty eight...you pagan dog, don't make me

"do this..." The magic aura around him was the most intense blue ever

seen. Just before he could count out the last coin on the scroll, a transformation took place and instead of a mount stood a replica of the 'Large One' who laughed and said: "My good little fellow, it appears that I can indeed 'MAKE' you do some things. I believe I have won and would you so kindly acknowledge the same."

"Won? Never, did I do anything...why no, nothing happened the spell didn't go off. You got nothing on me..."

"Now who feels abused Little Fellow?"

"Abuse?...I've seen better abuse in a Vampire School of Dentistry,

"I'll show you abuse..."

And in a flash, the pair was gone, leaving behind the scroll all charged and ready to go. This the villagers took it and put in a special case with a warning on the inscription and the story of its intended use, so all who examine the item can know the danger that rests within and how to use it or use it not as the case may be. To follow the path further, be an arcanist level 30 in a Heavy Woods North of 20, west of 60 do Adv. 17.

Legend 18 - Ilrania the First (RP i918 Magic Bola, i928 Lost Soul)

In the First Age, according to the Elves, there was a Lesser Demigod who often played with the Elves. She seemed to have no malice or snobish ways as was the manner of her status. The Elves at first were suspicious as was their lot for they had been warned by the Mother of these powers and their arrogance. Yet, this one being won their confidence and admiration. She had a love, not of a parent for a child, but of an equal and partner.

The Lesser Demi-god, who took the name Ilrania, sang long and deep about her Elves and how she wish she too could be of them and not bound to the divine paths of power. This the Mother heard and sent to her a vision of a great pale tree on a simple forest field, and Ilrania knew her fate. There she would go, and give herself up, and she would become an Elf, her soul of divinity separated out forever, but for this she would achieve her transformation. The Elves upon hearing the sacrifice held a council and declared that the nobility of the act was beyond any that they had ever heard of, and pronounced her Empress Ilrania: First Empress of the Elves.

Many an Elf wandered in search of the quest for Illania's Soul, but none ever returned with other than a lapse of memory and a loss of time. Finally, at the end of the First Age, with the times of chaos blistering before them, two strangers came forward, where once there had only been Elves and Druids, and said "Seek no more that which can not be sought, but let it find you when the finding time finds itself and the rainbows last for a month and a day." The departures from the North Island ended the quests...to learn more, be an Elf/Dark Elf and do Adventure 18.

Legend 19 - Count Van Ske

...the nightmare is told, though sometimes a sour toned song is more to the liking of the story,... that in the Savage Hills a Count from the courts of Stormhaven settled down to turn the hills into a province of the realm. His war with the inhabitants was only a backdrop for the greater

war within his soul as the calling of the Dark Powers tugged upon his loyalty to family and friend with the temptation of an eternity of power. Alas for all, he lost all wars, with the savages over running his castle and reducing it to ruin, slaying his family as he spent the time not in defense but in a trance with the Evil of the Night as all fell down around him. The savages surrounded him but feared to attack his arcane blazed body and so they made a wooden coffin with no iron in it. He was placed in it with the intent to bury him on the damned hills, as they have with others of his kind...but as they returned in the morning, like in all the cases before, the coffin was lighter and they knew that they would not find Count van Ske inside...but none dared to look. So like the others, the coffin was sent by magic to the River of Death, there to be floated down to the doom of all. To pursue the storied path of the Count, be Undead and do adventure 2019

Legend 20 - Sog the First Troll King

There was at the dawn of the last age, many a tale about the first Troll King and this is but a part of the earliest...

...when Sog was born he was unique amongst the Trolls of his village for his fur above his very large pointed ears was golden, and his light brown eyes had small flecks of gold like pigment, and of course his two wonderously large cheek teeth were yellow despite the constant rubbing of his mother to shine them in true Troll fashion.

He was named, Sog, by his uncle, for it is the custom of the Trolls to be named by a relative of the father, and Sog was a small yellowish stream near the Dark Forest of old.

Sog grew very fast, even for a Troll and continued to grow to the astonishment of his family. He soon stood some 18 feet high in quite a contrast to the rest of the village. Then again he also showed no ill effects from the mid-day sun or the odd midnight rainbows which would always send his family to cover and darkness. While the others would lose fur, and their skin would begin to blister and break in the strong light, his remained even and covered. The thick leather like molting that the trolls would suffer through, gave him no call, for his skin, while thick and strong, never shed like the others.

Sog was also pensive...for a Troll...a major problem in his life. He would wonder and ask questions about yesterday. This would infuriate his Uncle and tire his family to no end of shame..."Nothing that has happened is as important as what is happening." would roar his Uncle. "Now is the only time." his mother would remind him.

He was often distracted by his thoughts of what he sometimes just done, and would stop to think on it, often to be caught by his Uncle and blasted: "You are the stupidest thing in the world. Get back to what we are doing now and stop all this thinking." Many times the Uncle was rather forceful in his reminders, regardless of the size of Sog, which is a common Troll feature...to hit things regardless of their size that is.

Sog was often sad, and took to strolls in mid day when no one was around to muse with his thoughts about yesterday. Often finding that a squat here and there at a relieving point was rather helpful in his thoughts.

One such day as Sog went day dreaming around by the sparkling rocks, he was thinking not just about yesterday, but the idea of yesterday, and he heard a very loud noise from his foot..."Get off of me you rock brained,

twit faced bag of dirt!" On closer look the stunned Sog saw that there was a little thing not more than 2 feet tall standing very near his toes. He first thought it might be a baby Troll, but he knew there were no teeth seeking his ankles so that automatically left that out. Then again it could be food....

Scratching his head Sog thought to himself: 'I never heard food talk before, maybe this is not food!' Pleased with himself, Sog smiled and bent down a little... "Move you big lug, get this off of me, before it gets uglier than your stinkin' hide." With this the little fellow began to pull on some bandages on his weak side arm.

Seeing that this little fellow's rather large foot for his size, was under Sog's big toe, Sog had a funny thought: "This guy must be very, very stupid to pull on his arm when his foot was caught". Then Sog had an inspiration: he was not the stupidest person in the world, his Uncle was wrong! Now that thought set in motion a whole flood of ideas for if his Uncle was wrong about that, what else might he be wrong about?

This greatly distracted Sog, who began to squat in his usual pensive position which set off a whole avalanche of noise from the mini-might... "Don't you dare, you dung infested bag of sewer spit...I don't have all phase to hang around with your inners splattered around the plane..."

Sog turned to the captive and said in a very serious manner exactly what was on his mind, (after all he was still a Troll, and habits are still habits): "What is Yesterday?" demanded Sog.

This stunned the beardless fellow, whose soft skin took on a bit of a red tinge all of a sudden... "So a Riddle Game it is, you want...well now that is a fine thing to do to me just out of 'port...alright:..." The little fellow started to really work up a storm with a stream of this and that including a collection of numbers, all bathed in a near blue like stream of consciousness that flowed around Sog and into him like no other lights in his life...and Sog took it all in like water on sand.

"Imagine numbers, the idea of numbers and they can mean things and be made to talk." thought Sog, who with every moment was coming to understand the idea of Yesterday like no other ever had. When this was all done, and the little guy came to his own senses after talking non-stop for most of the day, he looked up at the Troll and was set to give him his counter riddle. Now it was he who was stunned as the Troll simply said 'thank you'...a more untroll like thing was never uttered to that day...but the look on Sog's face was still rather set and his foot had never moved. So thinking it out the little folk called out: "What is on the bottom of your foot?" and Sog, still being somewhat a traditional troll, grabbed his foot and jerked it up to look at the bottom. The resulting backward crash knocked his head and split an opening in the crystal rock which turned out to be hollow after all.

Free at last, the little fellow gathered up his magic with a wave of his arm he said to Sog: "sorry can't stay, but we'll see you in yesterday to come, as they always do..." and he was gone in a flash into the new formed cave and out of sight.

For the rest of his life, as he strove to bring the first Troll Kingdom into history, Sog would return to the same spot each year to continue the Riddle Game, wait for the little fellow that would never appear again, and await for the yesterday to come. Eventually he would learn in his own coffin that he was the yesterday that was to be coming, but that is another story. To follow the path of the story, be a troll, have a precious gem and do Adventure 1320

Legend 21

The bards do sing and the dreamers do dream of a time not so long ago when there was more of a smile than a grim refrain in the streets of Stormhaven. Much of the tales wound about the hope of Prince Hentron whose youth and insight were a delightful mixture all at once carefree and capable of the most outrageous fun loving mischief typical of so many youth, while all the same able to share with people the warmth and happiness that he felt within his own essence.

Hentron was fond of sailing and flying about the winds on the wings of magic or the chasing of a college mate through the dark caves of the old city. Like many before him in his line, he was hopelessly always in love, and for the better part of his youth, as was typical of his line sadly too, with the wrong young lady. This would displease his father William to no end; nothing like having your own failings echoed by your own !

There was the Dak Nomad Princess that kept him enthralled for a whole summer, somewhat of a record for the young man, until both parents deemed that a distant assignment to study the origins of the Eldar Mountains was in store for her. Then there came the odd eyed girl from Parthon who danced the most outrageous version of the 'Veils' ever seen.

The last was probably the most mysterious for she seemed to be able to take his focus from traditional pursuits to things that one might expect of the future King. It is said that she choose him and that in that choice her eyes were on something far beyond the bonds of love. It must be said that she appeared to have no Royal ambition, for she was no throne huntress, though huntress she most assuredly was. Her intensity was on the essence of Hentron and he loved every minute of her attention.

His father, annoyed at most of his associations, became even more concerned as Hentron's involvement became a serious matter. The King could find out nothing about her past or family, and all was building for quite a show down. In desperation, it is said, that William called upon an Elven Seeress, of which there was more than one vile rumor, and together they consulted a deep crystal palantir to pierce the past of the woman.

The calls of the temporal web strained on them both, and twisted out of control, though some say the Seeress planned it all along. William was given the glimpse, not of the past but of the future, and it tore at his heart and soul. He wallowed in delusions and spasms for a week before he died with the name of Sonia forming on his lips. Though who she was has never been found.

Hentron, soon became ill, though the mages seemed to think that spells were finding him from distant shores. The Court Wizard did not have time to counter them before a great magical storm rose up like the petals of a great flower and took him and his love away forever more.

No mage could locate him, and those that held sway said he was never more. A sad day for the Kingdom and sadder still for the civil wars were soon to return after generations of unity. Be a spy and explore this with Adv 801

Legend 22 - The Sword of Sallah

In the third year of the Atlun War at the beginning of the Age of Man, the Sea Lords had blockaded the port of Parin using a family of Sea Serpents to cut the sea access while their army ringed the valley passes leading to the city. Determined to wait out the siege, the defenders stood behind their

legendary walls and warehouses and waited for the attacker to tire of this game.

Tornaganar, the head of the Sea Lords, had prepared for this and a great many spells were cast at the city, which sent locust and mice feasting upon their stores and evil malaise spreading through the country side. Much damage was done for the magic words could be established by the Court Mage: one Sallah The Grey, that would banish the attacking spell. Now it came that Sallah also had a son, also called Sallah in the great conceit that magicians are known to suffer from.

Sallah the Younger was a slothful waste of a boy, forever avoiding chores and never considering others in his quest for self comfort and easy food. This brought embarrassment to the family whose behavior was quite the opposite and even arrogant in their presumptuous and patronizing power.

Sallah was faced with near defeat at the first real storm attempt at the main gate. The defenders held only by the loss of great life and the timely intervention of a hail of lightning about the Portcullis which terrified the less experienced attackers. Sallah seized the moment of retreat to cast a great enchantment on the gate as the lightning continued to play upon its posts and spikes. Thirty nine times did strikes fall against the bars, turning one to a white blue sheen with runes of power on its edge. This, only Sallah could touch and that night under the quartered moon he and the Dwarf Carlos Gernez created a sword of victory to finish the defeat of the besiegers.

How Sallah the Younger came to wield the sword is not known for sure, rumor has it that he reached for the dwarf cakes left by the swordsmith and his hand brushed against the hilt. The next day, at dawn, the besiegers were greeted by a highly animated young Sallah, who sped from blow to blow with the flash of lightning and cut great smoldering holes in his foes. The Sea Lords fled that night in utter defeat. Sallah the Young was never to be seen again, but to this day on the eve of 'Sallah Night' children set out dwarf cakes, hoping for a glimpse of the shadow of the great swordsman speeding across the night, searching for the 'perfect' dwarf cake. If you are a Swordsman and wish to follow the story: do Adventure 805 follow the path of Sallah the Younger and learn to wield his sword.

Legend 23 - The Temple of the Dead

What is life other than that brief period of time when one may prepare for the transition to eternity via death? Those blessed of the divine powers may be chosen to stay with the shadow of God while others who would soon seek or reach such embrace shall be given the chance of eternity to come back to the walks of the living but in the enhanced powered status of the 'Undead'.

Praise be unto the Undead for they are the true minion of God having been graced by the Dark One with attributes far above the norm of their 'life' forms. The living are but a cattle stage of development wherein some minor things may be learned but are there mostly to be fed upon by the eternal 'undead' as they wait for the final call to Her Shade.

Seek not to offer the living anything other than to get them on their voyages. Yet, though they may be of little value, selection of them to join directly with the Undead must be done with care and intelligence, least you offend Her Divine choosing and bring damnation and curses upon our path as was done at the start of the Age of Chaos by her anger.

Upon reaching the state of Undead, the goal of all followers of Her Shadow are to gather the greatest powers to be wielded in Her Name and to establish powerful Temples of the Dead that are served by the slave hordes of the living to her Eternal Grandeur and Glory.

The Dark Temple is a Cloud Castle built around the Guild of the same name. To build up the temple on the ashes of its sacrifices be a Priest of the Dead Level 25 or higher. Have a prisoner who is an Elf, Dark Elf, Human, Saurian, Troll, or Maratassen barbarian and increase the guild by 3 and your Priest Skill by 2. May be done 20 times. Adventure 1123

Legend 24 - The Blade and Cup of Sarn

...In the beginning there was Darkness, as it will be in the end...From Darkness came Sarn who was of the Cup of Voids and Sarn called for the Blade of Time to bring order to Darkness, and he too was cut by that which has no mind of its own, and into the void the blood of Sarn fell making all the worlds. A scream of anger ripped through the endless night....soon to be endless no more....for in the twinkling of an echo a small star shone from the despair of Sarn and the star was the child of light which shattered the night and brought to the universe change...and Sarn knew that his sacrifice was never to be enough as long as the Child of Light would challenge the darkness.

...drawing a spiral in time, Sarn set forth his minion's to gather up the strength of that which evolved so that the Darkness could be made whole once again and the power of the light made to rest eternal...but at each turn of the Ages the Star Child appeared again and though Sarn's claws did reach and score the world the changes continued and the only wound of Sarn continued to bleed....yet, it is written that an end shall come and Sarn shall bleed no more...but until then the call of Sarn is for the power of the worlds to be returned to him who is their blood and strength as it was in the beginning...

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The Sarn have maintained an ability to sneak into Stormhaven from other Temples:

Adventure 124:

Be a Sarn Priest 25 with Covert Skills level 15 and be in a Temple of Sarn with level 20 base and 3 pieces of silver. By adventure move to Temple 2680 in East Stormhaven.

Legend 25 - The Druidic Council

Upon the soil of the Gods Creation, there was but an insignificant fungus called the Fazzard. The earth, its trees and rocks and the seas of the oceans are liken to the blood of the sacred tree. ...The Fazzard were divided into many life forms that crawl and walk with legs and muscle desecrating the beauty and serenity of the Holy Earth. Dismayed at the abuses and destruction that the Fazzard had wrought, the Gods of Saratan raised up the Dryad's and Aryads to control the fungus and protect the land of dreams. Yet, this task was too great for them and Dark Powers showed amongst the Fazzard the ways to overcome the Keepers...but in so doing they transmuted the Fazzard into different creatures of the

animal world, with the Dark Spirits giving some of them the evil of thought and hunger of power themselves...and thus the Elves too were raised from the shore of the seas and struck out at all with their view of the self unlike others who held to the bonds of time...and there came a Vision where their insipid self focus would bring down the heavens anger on the world.... wounded and defeated, the Dryads called upon the Gods not to end the world because of their failure and disgrace at guarding it, to this pitiful call the Gods reached back through time to touch the chosen in the Fazzard and the first Druid's were made. Their vow: to protect the land and roll back the destruction of the Fazzard...

Adventure 251 FAZZARD Feather

Have Fazzard Feather (1088) go to center of the world and be a Druid of The Druid Faith, then gain +4 to Druid, a mark and actions plus???

Legend 26 - GARM

A collection from the trances of the Shaman...

The Ancient Gods were destroyed and devoured by the new Gods of the Claw. Led by GARM.... in a battle in which the heavens were made to split and shake, the will of GARM was victorious and the pieces of debris that were broken were tossed down to be the worlds....

...there shall come a time when a great Golem shall be made and in its essence shall come the Will of GARM, and it shall move across the worlds with the cry of revenge against those who have stood against us...and they shall be but herds for the nourishment of Garm...and he shall come when the lower order shall rise up against the higher and shall shake it with its might such that the earth shall tremble and the flames of rock shall be known in the lands throughout...as was done in the heavens so be it on earth...

...GAR and his demigods, set to rule and to reflect upon the trials of his worshipers as one would on a lost star in the moonless night, for his will is sent amongst the people by the dream makers and lesser demigods that

will lead and instruct in the power of the divine ...till he returns anew, you are but to reach for the stars and seek the star that is no light...

...A separate part of the Trance lore deals with 'Time Lords' who are feared above all else except for GARM. There are many legends about horrible things that befall those who have any dealings with, even so much as to talk to one, let alone attack one. As such any follower of Garm avoids encounters with anyone identified as a Time Lord

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Adventure 26 GARM Temporal Crysta

Be a GARM Worshiper have the Temporal Crystal (1087) and go to the center of the world. There you will receive +1 action, a Mark of the stars and advance the story of the world with your own powers.

Legend 29 - Sallahman the Prophet of Shanah

...The people of the Suntag Plains had been listless in their faith.

Tribalism and disrespect for God's will had replaced strength and pride in the step of the people. For this reason, Shanah, the One True God, reached out to Sallahman to be his Prophet and lead the people to the path of Glory in His Name.

...Sallahman cared little for uniting the races and barbarians in the West, but instead moved to lead one or the other group in mass mobilizations of their citizens into Hordes of the FAITH. Placing top importance on struggle as a means of attaining heaven's favor, Sallahman put the Knight and Warrior in the forefront of the worship of Shanah and his fierce code of courage.

... Often found in the lead of a charge against a village that turned away from God's Way, Sallahman would order the slaughter of all infidels and the adoption of their children to be raised in the Arm of God so that the disgrace of their line can be removed by their struggles in the Name of God. All other religions feared his wrath and responded with increased violence against The Path...

...finally setting an ambush, the Pope Corin trapped the Knights of Sallahman in the Pass of Devotion and with his Crusading Host slew all 300 of them. Sallahman himself was slain by the Pope using an Elven made ancient purple long bow and a purple arrow singing with arcane power. As he fell mortally wounded and Shanah's Call was heard in his soul, Sallahman proclaimed: 'For as long as there is a sword and a flame, Shanah shall rule'

Adventure 29

Have the Purple Bow (997), be a Priest of the Shanah level 20. Gain Priest level +4 and be teleported to Far Heaven.

Legend 30 - The Story of Universality

The foundations of the True Church of the True and Universal God is said to have been made at the start of time "A-New" when God spoke to his chosen disciples and instructed them to build a Bond to secure for all eternity the Teachings of his word. So, while discussions turned to libraries and Temples, it was decided to form a living Church which would unite through prayer and Holy Mana, the Word of God. Content with the idea of His disciples God made it so and the Church Universal was created with the Pastors and Priests weaving their life forces with the prayers of the many.

...the call of God was sent amongst the peoples of the worlds and they reflect His power in them...Yet there was a time when the world was young, that the prayers were weak and God smote against the world so the people would remember Him and his bonds to the world ...and it was done.

...in this we must be warned, that magic and its growth is the syphoning of and the distortion of God's Holy Mana, and has as such been the stronghold of evil and darkness...

...the doors of God are to be open to all his Children regardless of what coverings their souls may wear. Yet heed not the husk of the soulless ones for they too may come in many shades. It may come to pass that the body fails the Soul amongst us and for this God has provided our Pastors with the call of Ressurrection and the wisdom to use it wisely.

The Priests must know that only a small period of time lasts during which the appeal to recall the soul and resurrect the body may be made.

.. However, when that time is gone and the long death eternal shall come at last and the soul has been called to God, none shall by spells or methods heretical reanimate the body with the spirits of the Undead, for the Dead shall remain Dead. These are the wishes of God...

Adventure 30 The Heretic

The Pope, with the Scroll of Heretics (1078) may declare one person a Heretic

(title #2838) who is of the faith. (Gives negative prestige and influence)

Adventure 300 Heretic's Fall

The Pope, with the Scroll of Heretics may target a force in the same province. The location will suffer a drop in SEI of 100 and of the defenses of -100 Walls, -20 each of Tower/Gate/Keep.

Legend 31 - The Way of Barosa....

There was at the beginning nothing till the consciousness of Barosa was spawned and time begun, Barosa was not one of loneliness, but varied Himself for his own contentment. Expanding and contracting, He created compressions in Time itself, with all the stars and worlds but a simple reflection of His effort. Our world is but a backwater where two of his forces have collided and that collision created all about us in a twinkling of a star.

The life grew strong and 'nature' became the word for creation when it was but Barosa's twisting of Time.

Through the chaos of the folds in his effort came all manner of creatures all of which are but divine variations in thought.

...but after the waking of thought and the turning of that upon itself rather than to Barosa he sent a great ripple that shook the world and in its shadows arrived those that walk upon it now and call themselves 'Free'.

...we all are but free upon the world, owing loyalty to only those that earn it in the little time that is left. Life is too short to waste on supplications to false gods or worship of distant heavens. Live for life, today and tonight for tomorrow is another's time.

For this...we stand opposed to those great secular churches and especially the Nature's Pawns who see holiness in the trees and rocks for these are but the castaways of time and the background of the true divine reflections if we can but reach the contentment within ourselves.

Great Empires and powerful armies are but simple toys of those who know not themselves, for none of these things shall last and all will fade with time. Only the spirit of the inner self can be made immortal by union with the fabric of Barosa's will and triumph eternal. Seek to gather to yourself the skills of enlightenment, nothing else will give contentment.

Adventure 31

Have the Scroll of Barosa (1077), be a Barosan Priest level 20, have 10 Mithril and you will be able to convert a slot of soldiers to Enchanted status and Barosan Battlers (1313 Training type).

Legend 32 - Scroll of Shekheme - THE SHELTER IN THE REED LANDS

After her escape from the Tyrant of Menneph, Isidora managed to reach Khemny Swamp, and - with her Druid skills - found her way among the pools and sucking mud. She made camp on a dry patch in the center of these vast reed lands along the river Jare, and all the troops and spies of King Bebianus could not track her down in this perfidious landscape.

When the time had come that she would give birth to her child, Isidora caught three felines belonging to the small fish-eating species that inhabits the area. With patience and magic she subdued them to her will, called them Tephon, Mostet and Pitet, and instructed them in how to take care of the babe, should she herself not survive childbirth. But the Gods smiled down upon the delivery, and mother and child survived their first shared trial. Proudly Isidora raised her newborn towards the heavens, and called him "Harold, Revenger of his Father!".

The child grew and prospered, well protected against the dangers of his surroundings by the three felines who looked after him when his mother was foraging. If he came too close to a mud-pool, Tephon would bar the way, and when he stretched out his little hand to a poisonous herb, Mostet would dish out a gentle scratch, and all was well.

After two years had past, Bebianus finally realized that Isidora had no intention of leaving Khemny Swamp and that sacrificing another one of his top-Rangers to the bogs would not pay. So with the help of a renegade mage he caught seven specimens of the green reed-snake, tortured them with magic, thus teaching them to hate and attack every two-legged being in their path, - and then released the animals into the Swamp.

Another year went by, and the dark day came that one of the snakes reached Isidora's shelter. Three had done so before, but brave little Pitet had killed them all, smirkingly playing with their torn corpses as if to mock their master. But this fourth snake had the luck that the child had in time become more adventurous and less obedient to his furry guardians. And thus it came to pass that when Harold despite the hissing and moaning of the cats splashed around in a shallow pool, the poisonous little teeth hiding at the bottom found their goal....

When Isidora returned with a fresh load of fish and roots, she found a feverish and swollen little kid in the rocking arms of Death. In a rage of utter despair, Isidora grasped her loyal felines, killed them and with their life force and blood fueled a echoing spell:

"Phesh se we hafe, alee phey mer enthe emaf!"

Oh yes, the child recovered, and would grow into a strong young man, diligently preparing himself to recover the throne of his father; but from this day on red hair grew out of his ears and an unconscious hate against his mother was slumbering in his soul.

ADVENTURE #32

If you are a Main or a secondary character (ID#1-1000), and are Poisoned (any type) or afflicted with Plague (any type), go to a random Swamp province and subject yourself to Isidora's dubious incantation; make sure to bring 3 Feline Furs (#1136, special resource, will be consumed) for the right ambience. You will be cured of all unpleasantness. Adventure may be done more than once.

Legend 33 - The Scroll of Gemidiah

"...and God gave to man His image and form and set him about Paradise to learn the glory of Him the Creator...

...with the fall from Heaven Man came into the anger of God who set him on his own and turned away so that Man must earn the favor and glory of God...

...but God in his pity, looked down upon his people to see what they had wrought in His Name and found that they were lacking in many ways for they had brought into the House of the Lord those who had no souls and who were not in the form of God but in the cast of evil distortions of Man the God Child. For evil and vile powers had come to tempt Man from Man's own destiny to mirror the glory of the Creator...

And God, in his mercy and renewed love for his fallen, sent his Song of Guidance down amongst the people so that man would once again return to the Path and earn his entry into Paradise. But Man in his distraction with worldly passions did not hear the Song, and God did shake the world and raise the winds so that Man shall know his anger still. The top of the world was hot with his fury and many were laid to final oblivion for not heading the Song.

...The Song was set in the Song Crystal for Man to learn again when one was found that was worthy of carrying God's message...

...The simple child Gemidiah, who had never spoke, found the Crystal and God's Song became one with his Being and Gemidiah became the God Child preaching God's Song to man so that he may once again reach for the love of the Creator and journey in Heaven's Paradise.

...and so Gemidiah cast out the Dwarves and the Souless Ones from the Temple of God and called upon the heaven's to bring down stones upon the sacrilegious which the people of the Temple did copy and obey..

...surrounded by his enemies with bands of Trolls, Halfling Scouts and the Shadowed One moving down the Valley against his kneeling form, Gemidiah looked to God for guidance and God said unto him...'you have sung well the Song of God and let man now continue or fall forever in his own final trial. Now you shall come to me and sit by the Gate of Paradise and watch and judge that which you have taught to come hither or shun forever...' with

that there was a great toss of a Purple Javelin at his position from the Shadowings and Gemidiah was gone in a flash of time."

Adventure 33

Have the Purple Javelin (1074), be a male Gemidiahist Priest (Base 20) and gain a Mark of Divinity, +1 action and +6 Priest +?. One time.

Adventure 333

Have the Purple Javelin (1074), be any Troll or a Halfling with an evil religion, gain a Mark of Evil, +6 to Berserker, Priest and Covert, +?. One time.

Legend 36 - THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SENTIENT SINNERS

When the World was yet young, the Ancient Gods lived in person among the created peoples to rule over them in a serene Golden Age of prosperity and peace. But when the peoples multiplied, their self-confidence grew and they swarmed away from the sway of the Divine Seats. Soon free-will became a pretext for misbehavior and sin, and crime and adultery took a flight (and horrid musical novelty called in-door stone-clapping).

Seeing that greed and fighting and intemperance more and more got a hold of their flocks, The Ancients spoke: "Shall our poor Ears have to listen to the noise of their endless quibbling and babbling forever?! Shall our noses have to bare the smell of their hairy bodies and breaths till eternity?! Come, let us make an end to these little pests, these pains that wallow in their inequities like pigs in the mud!". And in unity the Serene Powers created many kinds of monsters that since roam the lands. And although these beasts took a heavy toll of the life of the peoples, the people multiplied and sinned even more - "For tomorrow we may die!"

So again The Ancients took council, and out of the seed of all the monsters they had created, they made one enormous Beast, a Chimera the size of a mountain. And one of The Ancients pulled out one of his own Eyes and place it on the forehead of the monstrous being, where it flickered like lightning. When the Beast walked, the earth shook (THUMB, THUMB), the gaze of its one Eye set forests in fire and stoned all flesh, and the peoples fled in utter panic before it. Satisfied The Ancients reclined on their Seats - this would solve the problem once and for all! No mortal flesh would remain alive, and a new Serenity would soon dawn.

But among the Ancient Gods there was one who did not agree, whether out of vanity or out of mercy, that is not known; his name was Rantah. And he went to one of the peoples (some say it were the ancestors of the mead-loving Dwarves) and ordered them to make 7000 jars of red beer. And when the Beast came their way (THUMP, THUMP) they quickly poured the jars out on the ground, as Rantah had commanded. And when the Beast saw the pool of red fluid on the ground it eagerly advanced, thinking it was a pool of blood. Greedily it gulped down the red substance - oh how sweet its taste! - and soon found that its massive legs felt oddly rubbery, and its little brain dozy. So when it saw, in the surface of the red pool, the reflection of its own head and of the furious Eye gazing up, it staggered and tripped and fell to the ground (THUMB, THUMB, THUD!)- and broke its neck under its own weight.

When the Ancients Gods saw that their plan had failed, and that the sentient beings they had created proved ineradicable like weeds, they shrug their mighty shoulders, and serenely retreated upwards to the Heavens, leaving the peoples to their dubious fate down there in the mud.

Adventure 36: Have 7 jars of Red Beer (1153) and have one Monster Prisoner -Wyvern, Manticora, Swamp Dragon, Iron Drake, Astral Drake, Ice Drake, Cloud Drake, Harpy, Lammassu or Gorgon. Gain 7 PC, 2 Str, 2 Con and a Mark of Battle.

Legend 38 - Sarn's Seer

Be Sarn, be in a Sarn Guild Strength 20, have one Silverleaf, be an Arcanist: learn Scry Force. Adv. 38. 18 times

Legend 39 - Cat's meow

Be Maratase, have 2 Catnip(1154) and target a Maratase pop segment: gain 1000 Maratase and some? Adventure 39

Legend 40 - Giant Steps:

Be a Giant, have two Big Foots (1155) and gain the Power and strength to project yourself forward. Adventure 40...once

Legend 41 - Father Gaspar

Father Gaspar lead a crusade against the Trolls. Have his weapon and do adventure 606 to continue his work.

Legend 42

Sungar had many spellings of his name...he was illeterate... and had a hatred for Trolls. Have his weapon, do adventure 612.

Legend 43 - Affliction is an Addiction

Have the weapon of Affliction, be a Lycanthrope, do adventure 613 to turn a slot of yours to Werewolves...once.

Legend 44 - Sorantan's Gifts

Have his weapons 614-615-616, do adventure 616 target your force in the province, gain +6 Admin plus more and more.

Legend 45

Rison's story is a jangle of sorts, have his Jangles, be a rumor-monger, gain more rumors in a sort of jangled way...adventure 635

Legend 46

Go to the province of the Twin Towers, there a priest can say a prayer and by doing Adv. 911 will reach an accord with one's divinity.

Legend 48

Many years ago in the age of the Great Dragon Riders there were two close companions. One was a bald dwarf who was cursed by the Hive Queen

High Priestess to lose his beard forever. The other was one of the ugliest trolls you could ever have seen. The two were fighting companions and slew many dragons each and together. Their unusual friendship was legendary until an argument caused them to part. A petty argument over a spilt beer with each blaming the other. For many years they refused to speak to each other and did as much as they could to avoid each other until the day that they both arrived at the lair of a Platinum Dragon. It was three days before they spoke. Three days of silence as each camped within easy calling distance of the other. Each knew that on their own they could not defeat the dragon but neither being willing to be the one who broke the silence.

It was the dragon that broke the silence in the end as it came out of its lair and smelt the scent of the two Dragon Riders. As soon as it came swooping out of the sky towards the campsite the two friends fell into the automatic routine of fighting side-by-side once more. Together they fought, together they won and together they celebrated their victory. If you have an empty beer glass then do adventure 48 (if a troll) or 148 (Dwarf). Gain the title Reunited Friend, and continue the path others valued.

Story of the First Rune

The story of the First Rune has always been sung, but the why of Runes has been a mystery to all. Know that the Runes are the language of the Arcane, and that this Life Shield will allow you to do Adventure 958 to give up the item and change your condition from any dead to life!

The 'Netters Sister...

In a small troll village south of the Drake Cliffs, the residents had started to fish in a shallow bay. Being too dense to swim, trolls normally stay clear of water, but the teenagers in this village were remarkable in their anti-traditional mannerism. The teens would wade out into the bay and standing in the water up to their chests, the trolls would fling around a net to capture their tasty meals. Immediately upon capturing something, they would bite up the heads of the fish to as to insure there was no trouble getting it to the dinner pot, as well as to enjoy a quick immediate reward for their efforts as is the practise of teenage trolls everywhere. These odd trolls were sometimes called 'netters' by the rest of the villagers, who would make fun of them but still share in their meals.

One of the Netters had a small sister who always wanted to join her brother netting, but was too short to go to the waters his height allowed him to obtain. No amount of pleading and temper could dissuade the brother from his usual spot.

One day, seeing a fallen meldorian tree in the bay floating by with a small Cynod Bird asleep on it, the sister jumped on the trunk and floated out to her astonished borther, who scratched his head wondering what type of magic this floating was.

Suddenly the Cynod Bird woke up and took flight squawking past the sister in a violent lurch. Started by the noise she fell off the log and was drowned.

It is said to this day that the cry of the Cynod Bird brings ill luck to trolls.

Rune Gauntlet (RP i933 Rune Gauntlet, i934 Sinister Rune Glove)

During the Age of Chaos there was a Giant whose name was struck out from the legends of names. He had come upon a special helm that would make him invisible as he moved about the nomad plains and played with the folk there much to his own amusement and the distress of them he visited. One day he happened upon a rainbow pool and watched in awe as a dragon drank from the pool and washed his hands only to emerge as an Elf. In a flash the Elf was gone but not before he caught a glimpse of a glove on his left hand with a Rune on it, on top of it a gauntlet also marked with Runes. He tested the pool and the waters and found that they had no residual magical aura but the rainbow was rather distracting for a while. Several years later he saw the same Elf and again the Elf rubbed his hands and was transformed to a Hawk-roc with a wingspan larger than small barns. A year latter to the day he saw the Hawk-roc come to light near the Drake Coast and there again it rubbed its talons and transformed to a halfling. This the Giant could not resist and he sprang at the creature pinning him down before he could get his strength up. He then stripped him of his left glove and gauntlet and forced him to give him the ritual of changing. This was placed on an inscription inside the glove as the Giant disappeared. Once a year the Giant was able to change into any race or creature he wanted and spread the victims of his merriment across all species...but he who knows no time can wait for revenge like no other, but that is another story and for another time.

The Rune of Changing may be activated many ways. One of the methods is via a Special Action which requires that you have equipped the left rune glove (#???) and a Rune Gauntlet (#933) and give up 13 pieces of silver.

A copy of this page must be sent in with the blanks filled in....

Character _____ # _____

Will seek to change into a race of _____ # _____ (If Known)

Today's month-year in the North Island is _____ / _____

WARNING: once REQUESTED you may not make another request for 1 full game year. Additionally the higher the base CF of the race you wish to join the greater instability of the transformation which may result in failure of the spell, insanity, damage, curse, loss of bodily functions and all round ill side affects. Maximum chance of failure tops out at 70% for such things as Ancient Dragons...no other information on chances is available.