

Bringing Light to the Darkness

Cover Sheet

Adventure by Paul Schmidt

1st Frost '00 - 26th Ice

Player Characters

Father Rowan	Wiccan	Human	Male	Scribe
Turf	Namer	Elf	Male	
Glynn	Air	Elf	Male	
Ithilmor	Celestial	Elf	Female	
Bleyse	Fire	Elf	Male	
Killramadram (Drum)	Non-mage	Giant	Male	
Basalic	Earth	Human	Male	

Plane - Greyhawk/Astral/Alusia

Places visited

Greyhawk City

Delrenbrass

Paraelemental Plane of Ice

Istven

Gnome city in the UnderDark

Githyanki City in Astral

Gunlion Hill on Brastor

Employer - Father Heizuus O'Connor

Major NPCs encountered

Lawfakir

Ignatious Knobnose

Kessel - a priest of Pelor

Trusty Jack

Mission - Find the Light of Reason and re-establish the Church of Chantris in Gunlion Hill.

Bringing Light to the Darkness

Basalic

Met my fellow adventurers:

Glynn. A 6'4" elf who professed to be an air mage

Ithilmor. A female elf 5'8" with long black hair wearing dark plate mail. She's a Star Celestial and a priestess of Elbereth.

Turf. 6' tall, stocky elf with long white hair and furrowed brow. He's a Namer. His cape was dark purple with shimmering runes.

Kil...(something) 'Drum'. 9'6" hill giant warrior in plate mail.

Father Rowan. Short human. Priest of Chantris and wiccan.

Bleyse - Elven male firemage

And I'm Basalic. Earth mage and warrior.

Turf became the party leader while Father Rowan was the military scientist and scribe.

Our mission was to aid Father Heizuus O'Conner from the Reformed Church of Chantris. He had a vision, after being blown off his roof by a lightning strike, of setting up a church in the Dark Circle, specifically at Gunlion Hill and spoke about finding the Light of Reason in a place called the Silvery Vault. He had also caught a certain gnome, Ignatious Knobnose, trying to steal from his church. After visiting penance upon him, Heizuus brought him to Seagate to get assistance.

After some persuasion, Ignatious agreed to lead us to the edge of the Circle, but no further, claiming he was cursed to commit treason against friends. He also claimed he was cursed with good luck. Could do with a bit of that myself sometimes. However we would have to wait a week for him to return as he had urgent business to conduct.

While we waited, I put Lessers on everyone and paid Scratch for a 12 point Greater at cost. Some of us also learnt Grenado as it would be useful in throwing Holy Water. I ended up keeping three vials of what Father Rowan had made up.

8th Frost.

However, at the end of the week, there was no sign of Ignatious. Turf went to the plane of Greyhawk to investigate. There, he discovered that Ignatious had been incarcerated by the Greyhawk Tax Department for failure to pay taxes. Turf soon discovered that trying to get information out of them was like trying to get blood out of a stone - and they wanted payment for everything, with interest. Even talking to someone cost money, payable in advance.

After being cleaned out by them, and getting nowhere, Turf then visited Lawfakir. Lawfakir was willing to pay to get Ignatious out but, in return, he had a problem with his library. So Turf went back to fetch the rest of us.

So we went through Dead Man's Alley and into the plane of Greyhawk, making sure we had copper coin to distract the tentacled entity lurking in the mists. I later discovered it was a Lurker from the Beyond. When we got to Lawfakir's place, we discovered he wanted the library shelves

dusted. Seemed simple enough but nothing about Lawfakir's library is simple. People going in there have to be very careful about what they do and even what they think, otherwise strange things happen to them. Even trying to think about nothing doesn't help. After several misadventures we finally emerged from there, but not before most of us were scathed in body or soul. We then retreated back to Seagate for further preparations.

However we did discover that the Silvery Vault was something to do with the Astral Plane and that we may need to retrieve something from a very cold place, presumably the Paraelemental Plane of Ice.

9th Frost

Visited the Temple of Celestron on Greyhawk. There, after spending most of the day going through their library, we found out that the Silvery Vault was another term for the Astral Plane and that the Light of Reason referred to an angelic being that had been destroyed by the forces of Darkness.

They suggested that the Temple of Pelor may have more information. There, they told us that they required assistance because an evil force was spiriting children away to some dark fate. Of course, none of us were going to stand for such nonsense so we agreed to do something about it. The person to contact was Father Kessel, the priest in charge of a subchurch down at the docks.

.2.

So we headed down there. We didn't want to attract attention so the elves in the party were wearing robes and hoods. Unfortunately the guards were curious about what was under the hoods. Father Rowan tried to hint that they should be isolated because of possible infection. This caused Drum to declare in a loud voice "Unclean! Unclean!" This caused the local populace and guards to be extremely nervous and we got an armed escort - straight to the unclean area just outside the city. So much for being discrete.

Father Rowan and Bleyse did what they could for the poor unfortunates there. Then the elven, Nyronesse ambassador, Ewayne, arrived and she, and her escort, conducted us to the dockside temple of Pellor, without further incident.

Kessel was a large man, 6' 10" wearing a two handed sword on his back. He has had to use it to defend the temple and his charges.

He told us that the children were being stolen by some river gypsies who take them by barge upriver to Nyr Dyv, an inland sea, presumably to be sold into slavery. These gypsies keep to themselves and dislike cats. After some planning we hired a barge so we could keep an eye on them and follow them when they left.

According to DAs, the gypsies were human. Father Rowan obtained a rat familiar and sent it aboard the barge. Not much suspicious yet although we did find a room containing silvered restraints and chains downbelow. The manacles were hobbit sized.

We watched as bales of goods were loaded on the barge. Just then Turf DAed one of the gypsies and discovered he was a wererat. At the same time the rat detected children inside the bales. Then their barge captain shoed up. I DAed him and determined that he was a Greater Lycanthrope wererat and had a mixture of charm and wiccan spells. So Father Rowan put a Protection from Weres on the bow and centre of our barge.

10th Frost.

Kessel had supplied 14 crew along with the barge and we made plans to take them out. Finally, at midnight, we struck. Turf did Wiccan Counterspells all around and Father Rowan did a Summon Lycanthrope with the idea of getting an unwary captain into our trap. But, believe it or not, someone else appeared, a person by the name of Brannis who was also a Greater Werecat.

After making apologies and explaining what we were up to, Father Rowan tried again. This time we got the captain but he realised what was going on and was ordering his men to hold him back. So we went on the offensive. Turf and I charged over while Ithemore swept the deck with blackfire. A mass of rats were also swarming onto our barge and up the gangplank after me. However, a blast of fire from Bleyse took care of them.

Turf had leapt from barge to barge and was engaging the gypsies on the deck. Meanwhile I had charged up with my glaive in an attempt to get the captain. I hit but I got the strong impression from his reaction that he wanted to be scratched on the back a little lower to relieve an itch. The captain then leapt on Turf in an attempt to infect him with lycanthrope. That didn't work but, while I was drawing my sword, the captain leapt into the water with Turf. A lightning bolt went in after the captain and a swarm of rats emerged. I threw Turf a rope and hauled him out.

While the others dealt with the remaining rats, I went and rescued the children. I found eighteen of them, ranging in ages from 5 to 9. By the time I had seen them safely to the town guard, the others were mopping up. Cats were also plowing into the rats. Turf had a rat in a cage, a rat with a white streak in its fur, the last surviving part of the greater wererat.

During the cleanup, a coffer containing 1000sp had been found. This had been turned over to the town guard. A search was then made of the barge and a couple of rings and other stuff was found in a rat sized hole, presumably the greater wererat's private stash. With some difficulty we were able to get it out.

The wererat, after changing into a rather small person, wanted to negotiate and also wanted to be released 20 miles downstream from the city. So we took him there. He told us that he was working for himself and had blackmail material on quite a few important people in the city. Evidence, and a treasure cache, was in a room underneath a local inn. He also had knowledge on the Scarlet Brotherhood, a group of evil wizards. One of the ambassadors to Greyhawk City was a priest of Nerull.

The wererat was released but Bleyse, Ithemor, and Turf attacked and killed it. For a short time I thought that this was a dishonourable act but, upon reflection, it was probably the best thing to do as it was likely to perform more evil acts elsewhere.

The rings were checked out and were shown to be size alteration and water walking. Upon investigation we discovered that the secret room had been cleaned out and several other wererats and other flunkies had fled. We passed the information gained to Kessel then went to check out the ambassador. However we discovered from his servant that he had been called away unexpectedly. Another villain had scarpered.

.3.

One of the carpets was magical so Turf divinated it. It was a Carpet of Arriving. There was also a small metal cylinder linked to it which would point at anyone standing on the carpet. Inside the cylinder was something that seemed to be very similar to a Dark Sphere. We suspected that it was shot at any unauthorised arrivals. So Turf dissipated it, taking eight hours to do so. When he finally banished it, the cylinder folded into a sphere and vanished.

The next thing to do was to remove the death curses that Ithilmor, Bleyse and Turf had picked up so we headed off to the Temple of Istar. They wanted poetry from Bleyse, summing up his life, a song from Ithilmor describing her aspirations and a dance from Turf describing his soul. They would then have to swallow a gem.

While they were composing their epics, Father Rowan explained our mission so him and I were invited to view a special tapestry that the priests had on their loom. It was a Tapestry of Fate and, by closely examining the threads we were able to view various events. What we saw was a battle between the Suel and the Precluni that had occurred several hundred years ago. It was a terrible battle and the priests were calling down devastating magic. A grey mist rolled across the battlefield and, after it passed, all that was left was grey dust. Another scene showed the opposition calling down multicoloured fire which pulverized everything it touched. A third scene showed refugees fleeing a city that was being destroyed by these fireballs.

We learnt that two great empires went to war. Suel had called down the devastation on the Precluni who had retaliated with their holy fire. However the gods had tried to prevent this from happening and, when that failed, they turned away from their people in disgust. One of them was Phauklton, the deity of Light and Reason. As I put it, the first casualties in any war is reason and truth.

The symbols of Phauklton was a book and a candle. A related deity was still active in the area but it was believed the two were not connected. Also Phauklton and Chantris had made several holy items that were fated not to be used in Greyhawk.

Once the curses were removed, and the performances were interesting to say the least, we headed back to the Temple of Celestron to see what aid they could give us to a journey into the Astral. They had some ungelents that would protect us against wandering minds at a cost of 1000sp each. So Father Rowan paid them by creating Amulets of Luck. This took several days.

19th Frost

Finally we were ready to go. At sunrise we were at a stone circle outside the city, with various spells on us. Just as the sun rose above the horizon we were projected into the Astral. I

immediately put Trollskins on everyone as time passes very slowly on the Astral and the spells would last a long time.

It did indeed appear that we were in a silvery vault for that was the predominant colour around us. Mental attributes were the order of the day here and we discovered that it was sheer willpower, not physical strength that determined how fast we moved.

Father Rowan summoned a familiar to act as a guide. When it arrived, we initially thought it was a dove but then it transformed into a small slightly feathered humanoid with a tinge of green. It was a ghaele. His most powerful magic was 'ray of light'.

Turf (referring to FR) - "He follows me"

FR - "Only because you're the slowest bugger on the block".

As we progressed, small wisps of light were escaping from our heads. These were stray thoughts so we fought to keep tight rein on them. However, a short while later, Bleyse complained about being tired. We rested for a while, giving some of us the chance to purify, but after that, Bleyse was still tired. Turf tried using his healer skills but then he complained of being tired too. Finally Father Rowan did some sort of exorcism and the stray thought causing the problem left both of them and went back to Drum.

FR - "I'm a priest. I know what I'm doing"

We were heading towards the Living Sea, a place which contained the ocean of a world that had spilled into the Astral. We had been told that, near there, was what we were looking for.

Suddenly we detected other minds approaching. We could see something that looked like a cross between a squid and a fish and it was accompanied by a pack of very black dogs with flaming grey eyes. The creature was an abolith and the dogs were most likely Hell Hounds. This pack was rapidly gaining on us and combat looked certain until we noticed that there was a silver cord trailing from the abolith and disappearing into the void. Turf shot at it with a flaming arrow and severed the cord. The entire pack dissipated.

A while later, the silvery vault darkened and we felt ourselves being buffeted about by a psychic wind. Flashes of lightning flickered around. A ray of light was created and we followed it. Soon we were out of the storm.

The next encounter was with small floating islands of earth and we headed towards the largest one, half a mile across, which we discovered was inhabited. But, as we approached, we bounced off a barrier surrounding it. One of the inhabitants rose from the surface. He was carrying a halberd and had a nasty gash down one side which looked fresh.

We asked for directions and were told we were two weeks away from the Living Sea and that there were a large number of githyanki in the way. They were a race we had to be wary of.

This island had a small group of people on it that were suffering from various disorders. Also

there was a permanent silvery/blue colour pool that led to the plane of Anthon, specifically to the Church of their deity, Dalt, a god of artisans and traps and locks. These people had been sent through in the belief that their deity would cure them of their afflictions.

Because time flowed very slowly here, they weren't suffering so much, but if they returned through the portal, their afflictions would rapidly turn fatal. So Father Rowan and Bleyse cooked up a plan to help these people. Bleyse would cast Cleansing Flame on each one of them and we'd throw them back through the portal. Once they were back in real time, the spell would kick in and they would hopefully be cured. The interesting aspect of this spell was that the targets would be surrounded in fire that appeared to be causing them pain. It was going to look rather dramatic at the other end. So, as not to alarm the people still to be cast on, we erected a tent around the portal and led the people in, one at a time.

There was a service in progress in the temple at the time so the priests and congregation were rather surprised when people wreathed in flame came hurtling through the portal and rolling down the steps from the altar. then announcing they were cured. One of the priests cautiously came up to see what was going on. When Father Rowan offered him a cleansing, he decided he had urgent business elsewhere.

Once they had finished, Bleyse caused pyrotechnics to fly through the portal while Rowan created an image of Dalt, three times the size. Somehow I suspect there is going to be a religious upsurge on this world.

We continued on our way. After a while we could see a mass of water ahead of us. Between that and us was some sort of fortification, which looked like two pyramids joined base to base. Turf concentrated on the Light of Reason and he got the impression that the fortification was where we had to go. So we headed in that direction.

As we approached, a boat left the structure and headed towards us. On board were 20 githyanki in baroque armour. Once it approached, three of the occupants wanted to know what we wanted while the rest covered them. Father Rowan explained our mission and requested an audience with the head person. Initially they wanted us to come inside but finally it was agreed they would come to us.

So we waited. Soon another group of five arrowed in. With them was a very old githyanki. Again Father Rowan explained that we were searching for the Light of Reason. They wanted proof that he was a Priest of Chantris so he blessed them. They were satisfied with that so we were led inside with an assurance of safe conduct.

We were led deep into the edifice and finally encountered a pair of wooden doors. A light was shining through them. Once they were opened we could see that the light was emanating from a candle flame floating in the middle of the room. There was no candle

We were told there was a candle here but it had been stolen by some renegade Githyanki and hidden somewhere deep in their city. They had been influenced by one of their race, a female, who had become a lich and proclaimed herself to be their ancient liberator from the Calimar,

Gith. All of these Githyanki were mad because of the influence of the unlit candle. Once those within the citadel were sane because of the Light.

Only Gith himself could free the race from their insanity and his essence lay somewhere on the ParaElemental Plane of Ice. There may be other things there that would help us as well.

So we headed back to the colour portal, a turquoise/blue one, that we had come through, that Turf had initially marked. Once through we returned to see Lawfakir as we needed advice and protections in order to survive on the Plane of Ice.

.4.

Unfortunately Lawfakir wasn't able to help us at this stage as he had other matters to urgently deal with. We could free him up by defeating a demon that was confined in a summoning room in some underground chambers. Those caverns had been cleansed of loot years ago. A basilisk was roaming the area and a blue dragon was located nearby. There was also a bunch of priests of Nerull that needed to be dealt to as well. It was them we decided to 'visit'.

We had to avoid those strange children to get to the priests of Fharlanghn. Their head priest, Tallus, supplied us with a set of six 'distance sticks' that could locate any stick in the set. Also, Saydar had been there and had drawn a map of the area called Delvinbrass, where we were going to but, when we saw it, it was worse than useless. I think I'll learn Artisan Cartographer after this as I was sure I could do a better job.

20th Frost

They portalled us to Chandel through the druid circle at dawn the next day and appeared in a summoning circle. There we were blessed by the priests of Heironeous who was a warrior deity into honour and chivalry. Sounds like my sort of person. Their paladins were currently fighting the remnants of the priests of Iuz and their minions.

We journeyed to their outpost near the front line, crossing a lake on the way. By evening we were at the outpost where we spent the night.

24th Frost

It had taken us three days to get this far but finally we reached the outskirts of the elven area called the Timeless Trees. The elves there conducted us to a clearing with a large oak tree within it, where lived the Proctor. We were treated well but Father Rowan was very paranoid claiming that the last time he was here, they had tried to burn him. I suspect he had offended them in some way.

Delrenbrass used to be a castle but was now in ruins. Undead can walk around during the day.

We were then escorted to the border where we camped and rested.

After a hike, reached the overgrown ruins. I did some DAs and determined that the effect here was very similar to the Dark Circle. Part of the ruins had been a large stone floor and it was here that Turf found a rectangular ward, some sort of Forbiddance which was focused inwards. We

suspected it was keeping some sort of Horror in. Engraved in the floor was a portrait of a woman holding a wand in one hand and a scarab in the other. So Father Rowan traced the outline of the wand and there was a clicking sound as a stone slab, at one end, moved away revealing a descending spiral staircase.

Bleyse was able to transform into a skeleton so he decided to do so at this point, scaring our elven escorts. We went down the stairwell and reached a landing, 60 feet down, where there was a door. We opened it and went in.

The Englepoons had been here before us and this place had been trashed. Hardly anything had been left undisturbed in their search for loot. Engleton had even left his mark on one of the walls. Also there was a blocked stairwell, going up.

There was definitely nothing here so we descended further until we reached another landing, another 60ft down. Initially there was no obvious sign of a door but I was able to find it. Inside was another trashed room and another descending staircase. There was a ward on the staircase against something called a vang.

Down to the next landing. Down here, there was a large hole and it looked like something had busted out from below. I tried using my night vision eyecusps so I could see better and discovered my Night Vision talent was enhanced to work in colour. Useful.

The hole must have been at least 500ft deep so I used a Wall of Stone as a ramp over it so we could get to the stairs beyond. Down further we discovered some bodies. Most were wearing robes of Iuz but there was also a priestess of Nerull.

Just then, from above, there was a bang. We went up to investigate and discovered that the Wall of Stone had been smashed from below. Also a Wall of Iron was blocking the landing on the other side of the hole. Ithilmor created a Darksphere and used it to start boring a hole in the Wall of Iron so we could see what lay beyond. Turf took a look and suddenly started attacking the wall in a berserk rage. However, our more immediate concern was, was there something down here on this side of the wall, how many were there, and how much peril were we in.

.5.

We figured that we were being blocked in so that something could attack us from below. There could also be another one behind the top. We needed to regain a tactical advantage. So I put another Wall of Stone over the gap in my original just as Glynn, Bleyse, and Father Rowen threw spells through the gap at whatever was below. I then reinforced the Wall of Iron with another Wall of Stone. A scraping sound could be heard on the other side of the iron wall then a crash, as if the wall itself had fallen over. So I threw up a second Wall of Stone and Ithilmor bored a hole in it, four feet above the floor. Hands of Earth were put up between the two Walls.

Seconds ticked by while we kept watch. Cracks then formed in the first wall and a foul smelling liquid oozed into the gap. The water itself was summoned from the elemental plane so Turf was able to banish much of it. Unfortunately that left the sludge and gunk that the Horror was adding to it including several maggoty creatures. Thank goodness for Glynn's air magics otherwise we would

have been overcome by the stench. Ithilmor used her Sphere of Darkness to clean up as much as the filth as possible.

Just then some lamprey like creatures slithered from below. Glynn was bitten by one and his leg did wither. Another spat a noxious liquid that hit me in the mouth and caused my tongue to drop out, stopping me from further spell casting. Bleyse used Cleansing Flames on both of us to stop any further damage and I drank some Holy Water to make sure.

The lampreys were Hellfired but not before Father Rowan's leg was also infected. Glynn spied a small tendril coming at us from below so several Dragonflames and Lightning Bolts were hurled in that direction. The tendril retreated rapidly.

Meanwhile the top Wall of Stone had crumbled some more and the filth flow rate was increasing. Bleyse was watching the rear and he put up a Wall of Fire behind us. The Horror was trying to influence us by whispering temptations into our minds but we did not listen to it. Instead we wanted to advance on it and smite it muchly. Since I couldn't counter my Walls, Father Rowan used an Earth Tremour.

As the stone walls came down, we could see the Wall of Iron glowing white and could feel the heat, as if from a forge, pouring from it. Steam was rising from the dirty water. If that went over, there was going to be a rather nasty explosion. So we raced through the Wall of Fire and Father Rowan put up a Wall of Thorns to protect us from flying shrapnel or molten metal.

Indeed there was an explosion but the Wall of Thorns was effective in protecting us. However, something started to affect it and it tried to attack us. So Father Rowan threw a Hellfire at it.

That wasn't all though. The bodies down the bottom took on an unnatural life and also attacked us. Ithilmor and Father Rowan destroyed with the power of their deities while Drum and I dealt to them with weapons.

As we tried to advance up the stairs, another Wall of Iron appeared before us. Ithilmor tried to drill through it with the Darksphere but lost control and Turf had to banish the sphere before we had that to worry about as well.

I spotted a secret door in the wall that might serve as an escape route but Father Rowan didn't trust it. He was probably right. Instead he used another Earth Tremour to bring down the iron wall. A large amount of fouled water rushed towards us and we clung, as high as we could, to the walls as it passed by beneath us. There were tentacles in the filth which sought us out. I triggered a Self Immolate and defended myself and my comrades as they hurled spells at them. Turf, Drum, and Ithilmor were knocked off their perches. Turf was fortunate he had a Ring of Water Walking although creatures still attacked his feet and ankles causing them to break. Turf collapsed.

Once the immolation was up I dropped and waded into those tentacles. Meanwhile Ithilmor called upon Elbereth for protection which caused the corruption to shrink away. Drum had also swallowed some of the stuff and now vile looking creatures were working their way out of him. Much of his flesh was ripped away. Father Rowan threw Hellfires at the creatures while Bleyse, who was also

immolated, used Cleansing Flames on those who needed it.

While this was going on, the Horror had sneaked back and suddenly assaulted us with spells. It threw a Razor Orb, basically a ball of razor sharpness, at Glynn. It stripped much of his flesh on his left side. Another Razor Orb was launched at Bleyse but Father Rowan bravely interposed himself. He then threw a Hellfire at it and it retreated.

We healed up as best we could and regenerated what we could, including my tongue. As we were finishing off, the corridor above darkened as the Horror approached. Everyone that could hurled spell after spell of destructive force at it. It backed off. We advanced. Ithilmor extracted her harp and began to play a melody designed to boost our will. So we laid into it. It threw back Bleyse's Dragonflames at us but the Fire Armour protected us from that. Turf was hit badly and so was Drum and Glynn. Fortunately the Blessing of Hieronimus deflected the worse of that but that was a one shot deal.

Drum triggered a Quickness and we pressed home our attack, all the time bolstered by Ithilmor's music. More spells thudded into it and I charged in with my glaive. The creature decided to retreat into the Astral Plane. Fortunately Father Rowan could see into the Astral and could channel the other's spells to it.

Finally it was vanquished and we rested and healed up. Ithilmor had stopped playing and was looking very weary. It was then we realised that she had been playing only one song the entire time. We wondered if that was the only one in her repertoire.

.5.

Now that the creature had been vanquished, we decided to have a look around. The place where I had marked the secret door proved to be a Dragon Ward, marking a Horror free zone. There was a small crack there so Drum tried a potion of Gaseous Form so he could seep in and have a look at what was beyond. Unfortunately he didn't return.

So I tried to use a Tunnelling to open the wall in order to rescue him but ended up being grabbed by golden fibers and sucked into the wall. They lost the tug-of-war, only managing to retain an arm. So, in desperation, Father Rowan called upon Chantris and discovered there was something rather important to Chantris on the other side. His invocation also opened the door.

On the other side was a short corridor leading to a semi-circular room. Forty two holes, containing ballistae bolts, the size of tree trunks, pointed into the room. The roof consisted of a metal plate with spikes pointing downwards and the floor was warm, probably because there was Elemental Fire underneath it. After a quick divination the party determined it was a trap designed to smite Horrors.

Father Rowan could detect that Drum and myself, along with several other entities, were inside the wall so he sought to retrieve us by tugging on a mystical thread, linking us with the Ward. Unfortunately he tugged at the wrong thread and brought a Horror inside the trap.

Of course that set it off and the result was pandemonium among the party and a dead Horror as it was skewered, spiked, and barbecued in very short order. The party didn't escape uninjured either.

Ithilmor lost a leg, as well as her favorite boot, Turf also lost a leg, and Bleyse had an arm ripped out by the passage of those giant bolts. Turf also nearly fell in the pit but Glynn put a Feather Fall on him, giving Father Rowan enough time to fly over and pull him out.

After taking several hours to heal and reattach limbs as best they could, Turf tried to Summon us but that didn't work. However they did find another way to the left that bypassed the trap, emerging in a place that was Holy to Chantris. They had to crawl down a narrow passageway that had small spikes on the roof before emerging in a room where there was only room enough for one person to stand. A secret door was also in the wall.

Once the party had made their way, one by one, through there, they found themselves in a room which contained the desiccated body of a dwarf. Another door lead out into a city street, a city that was underground. From their description, it sounded like the one that I had been in on my last adventure called Perlanth. It was dark and gloomy and the walls were covered in patterns and artwork. Several discarded instruments of war lay about. The place felt haunted.

Turf continued following the threads and found a spot where there had been a battle. The other Guild party must have been here as well as inscribed upon the wall was 'Saidarr woz hear' and 'We kicked it's butt - Engleton'. Turf corrected Saydar's spelling before the party continued on.

The threads led to a marble building with eight doors. On the other side of the door that the party chose was a garden. The threads continued on into an amphitheater. In the centre they entered a bowl where they were all tangled up.

Turf summoned us and succeeded. They also detected that some of the others in the Ward were horror marked but others were not, so we summoned them out as well. Two of them were a Nethermancer and a Wizard. They agreed to come with us back to Greyhawk.

When we got back to the stairs we continued looking around and discovered, at the bottom of the hole, the Horror's lair. There was nothing of interest. Bleyse spotted a ruddy light and discovered a tiny piece of Elemental Fire trapped in a stone. Bleyse took it with him. We also found the bodies of two Vang, both killed by fire and lightning. We had killed them in the battle without our knowing.

Another half a day got us back to the elven village.

29th Frost.

Arrived back at Greyhawk where Lawfakir put us in the bodies of Ice Elementals so we could survive on the ParaElemental Plane of Ice for a time. Once there we quickly retrieved as many items as we could before we were forced to return. Unfortunately none of them was the Faith of Gith. To find it we would need to talk to the Oldest Ice Elemental who ruled the place.

.6.

It would be three days until Lawfakir would be able to send us back through to the ParaElemental Plane so we cooled our heels and did a bit of training in the interim. Turf and Ithilmor tried a local bathhouse, the Wheel. While there, Turf had a horrible misunderstanding with the proprietor, an elf

called Violet who was also an E&E. The subject of children came up and Turf, thinking they were referring to the Children of Yelran, said that he didn't like them. Because of that he was questioned while under the influence of a potion of truth then, once they were satisfied, attempted to wipe his memory of the incident. They didn't succeed and Turf was offended. So was Ithilmor when she discovered that they had deleted her memory of her witnessing the incident.

Meanwhile, Bleyse, Father Rowan, and I were rat hunting in the city sewers in an attempt to determine how Bleyse's magic had changed. During this I thought I saw a tentacle in there but concluded it must have been an eel. Father Rowan wasn't so sure. Anyway, several fried rats later, we discovered that Bleyse's Bolt of Fire was now a talent instead of a spell. Bleyse was extremely pleased.

After cleansing, we headed back to Lawfakir's place where we discovered Ignatious had gone down in the library some time ago but hadn't returned. It was decided to go in after him. I was not happy about this, especially after what had happened last time, and I was determined to be more careful. However, all we could find was that he had either rendered himself indelectable or had walked into an area where time had stopped. Even the Book of Days had no record of his presence.

2nd Snow

Finally Lawfakir was ready and, properly prepared, we headed into the ParaElemental Plane. There, we found the Oldest Elemental and Father Rowan negotiated for the Ice we wanted. Finally agreement was reached. We could have the Faith of Gith but we would have to take the Disbelief of Ygerne as well. I later discovered that Ygerne was a Calimar and this Ice contained his disbelief in the Gods. We agreed. It might actually come in useful. In return we gave him back the Evercold ice we had previously taken. On the way back we collected the frozen sounds of our passage and the frozen conversation.

The other thing we needed to get was some Calimar brains so that Lawfakir could manufacture Mind Cloak potions. To get those we would need to go into the UnderDark. The closest entry point was near the town of Istvan, several hundred miles to the west. Turf and I had been here before on my previous adventure. It took us a few days to fly there.

4th Snow

Finally arrived at Istvan and met with the local ruler, Prince Reynard who was still grateful to us after the last adventure. We stayed there overnight and Father Rowan went out to bless the fields and the pregnant women. Later on Ithilmor spoke at length on the glories of Elbereth until well into the night. I don't think I heard the end of it.

5th Snow

Provisions and equipment had been given to us and we descended down, past the dwarven guard post, and into the tunnels. The first part were well travelled but soon we were in new territory. The rocks started off as igneous but soon we encountered sedimentary rock and flowstone. After a while the walls were scalloped, which told us that a beholder was about. Fortunately we didn't encounter it. I did collect some samples of green and purple crystals.

That night, we rested in a side passage. Late that night, a scraping sound was heard and it was

decided to investigate. It proved to be a large slug that was passing by. Soon the others were assailing it with spells and it quickly expired. I then created a Tunnel and dropped the corpse in it so it wasn't blocking the corridor. We then moved to another location to continue resting.

6th Snow

We came to a fork in the limestone tunnel and took the right hand side. This took us to a large cavern containing fungi. They proved not to be harmful so we continued on until we reached the top of a cliff. It was at least 150 feet high and stretched either side as far as we could see. At the bottom was a large open area. We decided to climb down. On the way down we saw flying creatures in the air.

We moved quietly so not to attract their attention and made our way into the fungi. Spores rose around us which had some sort of effect on us but they were easily resisted. Bleyse decided to take a sample of a mushroom. As he did it exploded, showering the area with spores. Father Rowan was caught in the shower and his bare arm developed a poisonous rash which he was able to neutralise. He was not happy with Bleyse at all.

Turf noticed that the flying creatures were following us and we soon determined they were observing the disturbances that we were making in the surrounding mushrooms as we progressed. To distract them, Father Rowan cast an Earth Tremor at an area in the distance. He also put up a Light to shield our progress. The creatures did investigate the area where the tremor occurred and proceeded to drop rocks on it. I read the aura of one and discovered it was an urdu, a kind of kobold. So we waited very quietly.

Finally they left. Father Rowan removed the light spells. As he did so, we saw a rainbow pattern of light moving through the cavern. Then we spotted something dark and reptilian flying towards us. It headed towards the light spells that remained and put them out. We could then see it was a 50' long dragon, more specifically a shadow dragon. It was able to make its shadow move independently and that was snuffing the ground looking for us. We stayed very still and quiet.

As we watched the shadow got more solid while the flying form became vapourous. As it did so Turf put down shadow counters and we prepared for the fight that seemed inevitable.

.8.

The first volley was a combination of Hellfire, Dragonflames, and Bolt of Starfire. That only really hurt it so Bleyse used a scroll to quicken us and we prepared for the next round. Drum charged in bravely but the beast swatted him, snatched up the body and ate it.

I was putting Trollskins in people, Ithilmor first followed by Bleyse, while the spell casters gave it another volley. As it charged in, the shadow separated from the beast so there were effectively two of them. It then breathed upon us and we discovered many of our abilities were halved.

Glynn hit it with a Lightning bolt which caused some harm but also caused the bound rainbow light around it to shatter and fall around us. The effect was different depending on what colour we were hit with. I was petrified while the others were afflicted with lightning or fire.

Turf leapt in to engage it, followed by Glynn. Both of them were struck down, Glynn near fatally but Turf used an Ice which gives him the effects of a three week journey for an instance of time. With that he healed up Glynn and himself as well as restoring me to flesh. This also gave time for the dragon weakening to wear off. Once we 'returned' we healed the others then went forth to assault the beast. My travelling companions and myself also got their Trollskins. Turf was able to afflict it with arthritis.

The dragon decided to retreat and we followed it. Father Rowan sought to summon it but nothing happened so we concluded it was in its lair. As we got close, our shadow wings suddenly vanished. Glynn was able to cast feather fall on all of us except Bleyse, but Father Rowan, who was on his flying throne, was able to catch him.

The cliff face was warded and the only way in was through narrow fissures in the rock. So Turf countered the wards and I put a Tunnelling in the rock. That brought an instant response and the dragon emerged from its lair. It had also taken healing and a quickening from the magics stored inside so we were basically back to square one.

Its shadow split from it and both creatures were accompanied by the shadow of a warhorse and Bleyse's shadow. Somehow the dragon had stolen that earlier. They sought to attack us from all directions but Turf used a Convergent Ice to keep drawing them to that spot. More spells rained upon it and it was soon apparent it had put a Protection from Fire on as well. I tried to attack it but got swatted and dashed against the ground before being swallowed. It tried to attack Glynn but Turf valiantly got in the way.

It breathed again, weakening the remaining party members while Glynn attempted to petrify it with a cockatrice feather. Unfortunately it didn't have any effect. Ithilmor drew a dagger and made a very serendipitous strike, managing to shatter a scale which had the binding rune for Bleyse's shadow.

Glynn's next attempt with the feather was successful and the dragon's body was petrified. Its essence passed to its shadow and the shadow of the warhorse also shattered. The original shadow took on the original form and lashed out, devouring Ithilmor and slamming a claw into Turf. Glynn tried to attack it but it rolled on him, crushing him.

Bleyse must have fallen as well for, at that point, Father Rowan was the only one left. He managed to stay out of breath weapon range and fired Hellfire after Hellfire at it until it lay still. Everytime it twitched, it got Hellfired again.

Father Rowan then retrieved our bodies, except Drum as he was giant sized, from within the belly of the dragon. He then managed to reanimate Glynn, using one of the ices we had retrieved, and used that to enter the dragon's lair and retrieve all the treasure, mainly potions. Many of them were useful for restoring and healing and those were used to return us all to life. The elves were rapidly aged by this process so potions of youth and Turf's wish ring were required to fix that. At least seven days passed while this was going on.

Among the treasure was also a Great Ruby and a Great Sapphire. Both contained a liquid. The ruby one increased strength while the sapphire liquid increased magical aptitude. Also the remains can

be fashioned into a gem which also had magical properties. The ruby gem can be attached to a sword allowing an additional attack, or an amulet is made which helps military scientists conduct sieges or the can be ground down and fed to a beast which enables it to talk. If it already can talk then it becomes a spell caster. The sapphire gem can be fashioned into an amulet which helps resist mind magic or it can be used as a lens for penetrating illusions.

A sword of shadows was also in the lair plus Drum managed to prepare enough dragonskin to prepare three suits of armour. Father Rowan decided to use the dragon's head to make a new battlethrone while the rest of us were collecting dragon teeth and claws. I was especially interested to find out if any useful amulets could be made from them.

Bleyse discovered that his shadow had shattered so he gathered up all the pieces and discovered there wasn't enough for a full shadow so he decided to mix in part of the dragon's shadow as well. This proved to be a really bad idea but we didn't discover that until we returned to Ishvar.

15th Snow

Finally arrived at Ishvan and reported what we had discovered. We had dinner and drinks that night. Turf and Father Rowan had got suspicious of Bleyse as he had obtained some personality quirks, such as insisting to eat raw meat, so they got him drunk and Father Rowan hypnotised him. They discovered that part of the dragon's essence had got inside Bleyse and was seeking to take him over so Turf used the shadow sword to remove the dragon's spirit from Bleyse.

.9.

18th Snow

Arrived back at Greyhawk and discovered that Lawfakir had the third in the set, a Great Beryl. So it was decided to combine the three of them. The liquid of the Beryl increased endurance. After some discussion Lawfakir was left with nine doses while the rest were split among us. I got three of them and chose to increase my Magic Resistance, Endurance and Fatigue by one each. We then traded the Ruby gem for the Beryl gem as that was the one Lawfakir wanted. To our surprise he then swallowed it. By now I was getting suspicious about Lawfakir's true nature. But whatever it was, it seemed irrelevant.

Nearly a fortnight passed while the gems were fashioned into amulets, armour was repaired, and we did some training. We couldn't get another Blessing from Heironeous at this stage but I did find out some more about their Order. I'm finding their philosophy very interesting.

29th Snow

Headed back to Ishvan

2nd Ice

Arrived at Ishvan. Met up with Trusty Adams again and, while sharing drinks, discovered that there is a Calimar city nearby underground. They travel in a minimum group of four and several slaves. All the Calimar in the group are mind linked and they can emit some sort of powerful mind blast. They can also do dimensional walking. He warned us to avoid the Elder Brain as it is very powerful, also that the Calimar have a preference for brains with high magical aptitude and dexterity. Light does foul them up though.

5th Ice

After entering the Underdark, it took us three days to reach the trading post of the kua-toa. They had several slave pens there containing various beings including humans, elves, duergar and svirfnebelin. The kua-toan made us an offer for Turf but we turned them down. Instead we purchased the slaves with the intent of freeing them later. Some drow tried to interfere but were sharply rebuked.

Once we left the area we let the slaves go, gave them provisions, and they left. However, the svirfnebelin offered to take us to their city as they knew of a shortcut to the Calimar. So we went with them. Once there, we were recompensed for our purchases.

7th Ice

We spent two days here getting our armour enchanted and discussing our plans with the deep gnomes. They finally agreed to help us but only if it wouldn't endanger their city as the Calimar had a tendency to go on rampages when they're annoyed. So we decided to leave clues indicating the drow did it.

10th Ice

One of their illusionists, Klakk, led us to a likely place for an ambush along a trade route. It took us three days to get there. He put up an illusionary wall and we settled down to wait.

15th Ice

Five days later, a skeletal bat flew down the corridor, followed by four skeletal lizards. Fortunately they saw nothing out of the ordinary. Following them were four bugbear and four drow who were magically linked to something further back. Finally there were fifty four bugbear, 16 drow, and, according to those who could see them, eight indetectable Calimar. That was when we let them have it.

Father Rowan dropped a bright light while Bleyse, Ithilmor and Glynn blasted them with dragonflames, blackfire and lightning. I was trying to isolate them with a Wall of Stone but the spell failed to work. After those spells there wasn't much left apart from six of the Calimar. The other two went up like charcoal brickettes. Drum and Turf charged in and killed three more (they could see them but I couldn't) and the remainder fell to Father Rowan's hellfire.

We then arranged things so it looked like that they had been attacked by the drow, specifically House Everhate, and the other house badges were defaced. Hopefully that should cause strife among the drow as well. Finally we looted everything that could be of use, including their supply of potions.

We headed back to Ishven as fast as possible taking two days. On the way, the Calimar brains dissolved into goo. Another three days later and we were at Greyhawk.

20st Ice

It turned out that Lawfakir only needed one of the Calimar brains to make the mind cloak potions we required so the rest were put in storage.

However, the potions were not long in coming. Once they were ready, we went back to the Priests of Celestron to send us back into the Astral Plane. All they wanted for that was a piece of Githyanki forged metal. We also had the spare brains with us and we left one with them so they could make their own potions. They knew of the Githyanki city that we were aiming for and told us that there were somewhere between 3 to 4 thousand of them. The city was built on loose debris and we would need to go straight to the trading area on arrival. Virtually all the inhabitants are paranoid and murderous.

There was a similar race to the Githyanki called the Githzereldi. The Githzereldi are chaos mages whereas the Githyanki are mind mages. Also we could tell the difference by the armour as Githzereldi don't usually wear any.

21st Ice.

Came dawn and we were projected into the Astral. Once there, we sought to travel to the pyramid we had been before. However we encountered three waterspout like shapes which drew our attention. These were actually conduits between planes. Fortunately we managed to avoid them. One of the spouts led to Hell itself and our passage must have attracted some attention as we were being followed. Just in case, I put a Diamond Weapon on Drum's glaive.

It turned out to be the boatman himself, Charon, and he offered to give us a lift to any place we wanted for a small fee. We declined the offer and departed the area.

A while later we encountered a boat with 16 Githyanki wearing silver armour and wielding silver swords. These were Gith from the city and immediately attacked, starting by creating a minefield of void mines. We managed to get through that although Glynn scraped past one and lost a foot. There followed an exchange of spellfire and bow fire. Turf, Drum and I surrounded Bleyse for his protection. Ithilmor fell from the arrow fire while the rest of us were also hit, fortunately not as seriously.

Finally we closed into melee range. One Gith struck at Drum with his silver sword and decapitated him. Turf and I laid into them and fought them back while the others dealt to them with spells. Once the battle was over, the last one surrendered.

He called himself Githkom. In exchange for a portion of the Calimar brain, which the Gith prize highly, we obtained a safe route to the city before we released him. Just before he left he told us that his commander would like to face Turf in the Arena. We then healed up and used a couple of potions to bring Drum back to life.

At Turf's insistence, we stopped at the Temple of Dalt. Not much to see except we noticed that the temple was being renovated. I sense a spiritual revival coming on.

Finally reached the pyramid. When they saw the Faith of Gith, they were extremely pleased. We presented the Faith to the Light which caused both to grow. We then steeped our weapons, including my battleaxe and glaive, into the Light which made them more blessed. Ithilmor even put some of the Light in a phial.

We thanked our hosts and left for the city. When we arrived there, we felt time begin to flow again and gravity against our feet. A small amount of brain was given to the gatekeepers and we were let in to the trading area where we were led to spartan accommodations. A party of Githyanki soon arrived and informed us that Turf was to fight a duel of honour with one of their House. We agreed to the battle and managed to convince them to let us watch and also that they would allow us to enter the Lower City if Turf won.

After they left, we prepared Turf with every enhancing magic and potion that we could think of before he entered the arena. We then discovered his opponent was the House Progenitor, a Death Knight.

The duel proceeded with Turf and the knight exchanging blows, some of which connected. At one point Ithilmor threw a flower at Turf. Anyway, after a short while Turf was able to defeat it. For a short while I thought the crowd were going to mob us in revenge but Ithilmor used an Ice of Enjoyable Ending and the crowd went wild, cheering Turf's victory and allowing him to walk off the sands unmolested. We then decided to spy out the Lower City and find the Candle while Turf's enchantments remained.

.11.

Father Rowan used a potion to convince the Gith guards that we had been granted an audience in the Palace of the Gith, located in the Lower City. A large wall separated the trading area from the Lower City which was made of a Bound material and was also heavily warded. At the gate, the bolts were brought back and the gate opened, revealing a tunnel, 25ft thick. The wall itself was also lined with heavy ballistae which had enough power to launch a bolt into the Astral where it would travel on until stopped. Someone referred to this place as being a fully operational Star of Doom.

Beyond the wall we noticed that many of the buildings were Horror corrupted and there were a few listless Githyanki wandering about. There seemed to be no reason for their meanderings.

Our escort took us to the Palace, which was also where the Faith of Gith seemed to be leading us, opened the door for us and let us in. Inside was a large audience chamber which was lined with thrones on each side. A larger one was at the end. We could hear the sound of water dripping upon stone. No wards could be detected around the area.

The Faith pulled us towards one of the thrones on the right so that's where we went. Down a stairway, with slightly yielding stairs, and through the door at the bottom into a hallway. I was able to get a Generic True Name from the stair's aura - Stone Building. I should have been more suspicious. Still no traps or wards were detected. The hallway was lined with oak panels with blood red carpeting on the floor.

Paintings lined the walls. One of them was of a tall, thin man, wielding a cane. As we went by we noticed that the eyes were following us. Then, ahead of us, a person came around the corner, who Daed to be a Greater Lycanthrope. When Father Rowan told us we had been summoned here, he told us to pass on.

We kept going, following the direction that the Faith was leading us. The sound of water dripping was getting louder. Another stairway led us down to a hallway with green carpet. At the end a spiral staircase went up and at the end was a door that was warded with an alarm. Turf had to channel his counterspell through Father Rowan and, during that process, Father Rowan lost his Name. However the ward was dissipated.

On the other side of the door was a well appointed room which looked like a library. There were also a number of candles, some of which were lit. The Faith reacted to one of the unlit ones. So everyone looted, removing several books and all the candles. Two of them were magical. Bleyse wanted to inscribe 'Saydar was here' on one wall.

Drum discovered a hollow space behind one wall. When it was opened, a steep stairway going down was revealed. Turf decided to drink the potion of treasure finding and sensed some behind another wall. He cast a spell that ripped the wall open and revealed another room with red, fleshy, walls containing lots of treasure. As we entered to carry it all off, the walls began to shake and close themselves up again. Drum stood in the portal to keep them open while Father Rowan attempted to soothe the pain on the building.

Just then there was the sound of running feet and a Horror burst in. It looked very strange and even it's very form defied all logic. It was also wanting us to Hate. However I refused to succumb to that as hate is not the Way of the Warrior. For to hate your enemy is to give your enemy the means to defeat you. So says Hieronimus. Unfortunately all my other companions succumbed and while they were trying to defeat the Horror, they were also fighting each other as Hate consumed them. I did my best to defeat the Horror but I wasn't having much luck in that regard. Even a frozen arthritis didn't work.

Glynn was still poking around in the treasure. While he was doing that the Gaunt Man appeared and asked if he needed assistance. Glynn declined his offer then uncovered a black candle. Thinking that was the Candle we were looking for, he went to light it with the Faith of Gith but discovered he couldn't let go of it. Meanwhile Ithilmor was being transformed into a rather strange creature by the influence of Hate but was strong enough in her faith of Elbereth to shake off the influence of Hate. Father Rowan was able to do the same with his inner faith in Chantris.

Ithilmor then called upon Elbereth using the Ice of Splendour and the Phial containing the Light of Reason. Father Rowan suddenly realised that Glynn was holding a Darkness Device instead of a candle. The Light fell upon the Horror and it was dissipated. At the same time the illusion around the building vanished and it was revealed to be made of flesh instead of stone. A scream came from the treasure room.

We rushed in there and discovered the Gaunt Man held in a vortex of Astral Energy. At his feet was a smaller, white, candle. We grabbed that, left everything else, and fled. Glynn used a Lightning Bolt to shatter an exit and from there we flew to the wall of the Inner City, where we magically linked ourselves to a ballistae bolt and launched ourselves swiftly into the Astral.

Finally we reached the pyramid where the sane Githyanki were. We lit the Candle with the Light of Reason then rested. Turf managed to contact a mage he had met here before who was able to

restore Ithilmor to her former beauty.

Among the books we had found were two tomes, one the Tome of Faith and the other the Tome of Forms. Turf read the Tome of Forms while Father Rowan and Ithilmor read the Tome of Faith. The rest of us continued training. We stayed there for a subjective time of 67 days but only two passed on the Prime Material.

.12.

23rd Ice

We returned to Greyhawk after doing training and discovering that only one candle could hold the Flame at a time. Lawfakir was easily found but there was still no sign of Ignatious. So we headed for Seagate, determined to find our own way. Besides, Glynn had been there before. Once there we collected Heizuus.

Glynn took us to a guardhouse in Seagate, near the Guild, mounted up against a wall. A couple of guards were present and we discovered that they were guarding a portal into something called a Middlemarch, some sort of mini-plane shortcut that would take us very close to Gunlion Hill. Apparently, on the last adventure, another Guild party had accidentally created it. So, after obtaining Ducal permission to use it, we went through. There was also a claim that we would have to pay tax to Baron Scratch but that seemed ridiculous.

We came out by a river near a pine forest. A few minutes later, Bumble, a local sprite, arrived to be our guide. We followed him and, as we progressed, the terrain suddenly changed. We were now near a halfling village. Some halflings tried to hassle us but Father Rowan ended up getting the ringleader to empty his pockets.

A short while later we reached a hill in a forest clearing. We then went seven times widdershins around it and it changed to a castle. An elf opened the door who introduced himself as Ferrana. He had some sort of curse which exposure to the Light of Reason was able to remove.

From there, we used the faerie silver road to reach the end of the valley. It was a rather desolate area but there was a gnome village. There we met a forester, a human with a fox head. He was going to guide us to the top of the hill and past the evil hordes. All we had to do was to make sure we stayed in his footsteps.

It took us half a day to get to the top then went down the slope, around a boulder, and we're back on Alusia, in the Brastor Holdings, and only 12 miles away from Gunlion Hill. We followed Father Heizuus closer to the hill. The keep on the top of the hill was being rebuilt. The quarry, around the back of the hill, was still in use. Barbarian type humans were being forced to work it as slave labour. There is a main entrance to the hill and a postern gate near the quarry.

25th Ice

We spent two days scouting the area. What we discovered were several wards guarding against anyone who was not dark or earth aspect. Turf, Drum and Father Rowan went scouting even closer. Turf used a potion of etherialness to get inside and find the main watersource. Once there he dropped some fear ice in it.

26th Ice

We moved in. A storm was summoned, followed by an earth tremour and lightning bolts. There was an exodus out of the quarry into the hill itself. We rushed in through a Tunnelling into a courtyard then charged down to some large double doors. Glynn blew them open, revealing some terrified trolls on the other side. We vanquished them then headed down the ramp after I left a Wall of Stone to stop pursuit.

About this stage a toroid, mounted on some sort of magical device started up. Basically it distorted magic in the vicinity. Drum tried to break down the door ahead but he was drained by it.

The door was busted down revealing seven more trolls, armed with crossbows carrying bolts the size of small trees. Bleyse let loose a dragonflames and crisped three of them. One fired a bolt with hit Turf. Drum ripped the crossbow from the troll while Glynn's lightning bolt took care of another two.

As a secret door out of here was discovered, a bunch of hobgoblins were spotted coming down the ramp. Bleyse hosed them down with dragonflames. Meanwhile we discovered that this place had been built by Priests of Chantris.

After the trolls were defeated we opened the secret door, slide down a menhir, and entered what looked like a natural cavern with a dirt floor. There was an insubstantial entity in here which looked like an undead drow, but rapidly became substantial. I couldn't hold it with a Hands of Earth. We then noticed there was a small gem embedded in one tooth and soon realised it was a Gem of Entrapment when Drum suddenly vanished.

I threw my bola at it and managed to entangle one arm while Turf charged in. During the fight, the black candle appeared but Father Rowan put Essence of Forgiveness on it and the candle vanished.

It had a Rod of Cancellation that it had used to neutralise Turf's special defense cloak. Finally it blew up and the tooth with the gem in it fell out. The lich, for that was what it was, made a leap for the menhir and vanished as it made contact.

I managed to use my gemsmith skills to free Drum while the others soaked the menhir in Holy Water to break the connection to Massada, presumably where Rashak's Tower is located. Finally the Light of Reason was introduced to the menhir. Instantly the silver road reformed from the menhir into the Middlemarch and grass sprang up all over the floor. As the hill filled with light, all the creatures fled. Finally the Light area stopped in a ten to fifteen mile radius around the hill, still five miles short of Brastor itself.

So Heizuss moved in to re establish the church within the hill. Meanwhile we returned to the Guild via the Middlemarch.