

### Thursday (EarthDay)

We arrived at the Breaks waystation in the Mere there to meet with Sir Clavados accompanied by Wolf. They arrived bearing Moragar's inheritance between them, Sir Clavados also carrying, but not wearing the vambraces of King Michael's armour.

In attendance were Draal Llothspawn (me, the undeniable hero of this tale), Baroness Ksandra, Ffrank, Dayleth, Aamil, Marko, Michael, Farsh, Smudge, Silverheart, Bill Jingle, Caradac, Tornado, Dame Layla Wulfric Baneguard and Daniel our Pathfinder. We would be generally led by Wulfric making most of the decisions and Tornado being the combat coordinator.

Our mission was to cleanse Moragar's Inheritance of the Chaos taint that it had become infected by. While Moragar's was successfully strengthening our spirits once more and would soon need to leave to go to another plane, it was also spreading a Chaos taint along with its strengthening presence. The belief was that this was turning peoples against each other, making them more suspicious of each other. In this time when the Valley people need to work together to hold our lands and secure a Land at the next time of reasoning this was a pretty bad thing.

Complications: Duke Zengarrad T'grath, aka the Duke of Torment, aka The Mindscreamer a powerful Hephath we think was behind all of this somehow. He also had some connection to the pieces of the armour of King Michael that have recently been discovered. We aren't sure the why or how of his involvement, but it is there. Reportedly King Michael left his armour behind in Halmaddon's heights before his ascension, and it vanished overnight, very trustworthy those knights.

There was some discussion as to who would carry Moragar's Inheritance, Silverheart, Michael and Smudge being the candidates, and who would wear the armour. The three agreed to trade off carrying duties and agreed that those carrying it would wear the armour so that the relic could not be disarmed from them, that being one of the properties of the arm guards. Moragar's can only be born by 2 good high priests (who also have no evil sphere connection which let out all except the three named). Moragar's was impressive

indeed, those carrying it became permanently Invoked in the good sphere (as well as unable to harm anyone). Heals were more commonly and easily cast than I have ever seen before! Oh, for the avoidance of doubt, if you are attuned to the Evil Sphere, don't try to pick up Moragar's, you won't like it. I speak from personal experience – I just had to try, I just had to know what it would do, some temptations **are** worth giving in to.

Soon after they had given us our briefing Sir Calvados and Wolf left.

We were soon attacked by undead spirits coming from the nearby marshes we thought. In the end we discovered that one of these undead was a type of undead called an Alip, a spirit of a woman who drowned and was buried nearby. She was drawn by our strong spirits, seeking to take them for her own, needless to say we did not give up our spirits and beat them to the ground. Baroness Ksndra and Silverheart, our Humakti, eventually worked out that we needed to dig up the bones of the Alip where they were buried on the nearby graveyard and destroy her in the presence of the bones to prevent her from returning each night. That would be a job for another night, (the next one as it happens).

We then went off to the nearby Node of Good Knowledge in the swamp – ah yes, this is why Sir Calvados and Wolf had asked us to meet at this place. It was so that Michael could use his seer stuff to try get some clue for what we should do to try cleaning the Inheritance boosting his seer stuff at the Node. We left him in the centre of the node playing with the Inheritance and doing all his usual seer bollocks stuff. Withdrawing a sensible distance (21ft minimum) from the Node I was just commenting to Tornado that it is at time like this creature would spring out of Moragar's to try stop the investigation, when lo and behold a massive chaos hammer (AOE range 20ft, YES!) and creatures sprung up around Michael to stop him investigating. Some people thought I was very dodgy for saying such things but 1) I am a Drow and expected to be dodgy and 2) this is the first (or second, or firth) time something like this has happened to me. We charged in and dispatched the Chaos Hepaths rather than let them murder Michael, probably for the best. They were the usual Chaos Hepath stuff that we are familiar with, their blows striking against your weakest defences and each able to deliver a few powerful invocations/spells. Nothing particularly unusual or extraordinary challenging.

Back to the investigations for round 2, this time no interference. Michael came up with something about we are in the right place at the right time. While we were there a Halmadonian scout tried to sneak up to us, but I spotted him and alerted everyone. There was a lot of suspicion about him, but the long and the short of it is that he was here to deliver a package to us, being a journal and a letter. Halfran the wise he was called,

seemed unwise to try sneak up on us. The journal was stolen from other Halmadonians and the letter from his Master Alluvial the Pure. He had been guided here by Law (pronounced with a capital L the way he said it) and instructed to pass over the items to us.

Returning back to the Waystation we met a bunch of Halmadonians (Purity) who demanded we turn over our "escorted" Halmadonian and the stuff he took from them. After some rather pointless discussion we murdered them and left their bodies littering the ground. If it hadn't been raining I'm sure we would have tidied them up into some corpse pile around the back. I'm sure that many people felt somewhat justified by the discussion and the obdurate nature of the Halmadonians, before we began the murdering, but each to their own, if it makes them happy, so be it.

Now inside, out of the rain we read the book and the letter. Seer Mirzā Ghulām, guided by Law, had written the book, and had protected the book by embodying some of his spirit strength into it. I'm guessing that protects the book from scrying and casual destruction. We were to discover that the binding had a further purpose which we were to discover later, that of allowing us to communicate with the Seer at a Node of Law. It's not that the seer though we were idiots and couldn't be trusted to follow his written instructions, oh nooooo, not at all. The book was full of information, directly pertaining to the actions needed to purify the Inheritance and lots of supporting background material concerning, Chaos, Law, Caliban, The Lords of Singularity and the Hallowed Halls of Justice. I will submit the book's contents, to the library as soon as possible, I feel many will find them interesting. Most seers have 1 good use in them, that's why they spin all their mystical nonsense out as long as possible. If this was his, he was making it count.

In summary, teleport to a Node of Law, as indicated in the map in the book, acquire 2 different special components, perform a suitable ritual (ritual primus) to purify the components. On the next day teleport to a different Node of Law (also with a map), acquiring 2 further components and again purifying them at the Law Node. With all 4 components acquired and purified perform a further ritual with them to project ourselves directly into the Inheritance. Once inside Moragar's Inheritance confront the corruption and destroy it.

The source of the corruption was the spirit of a Balor who had been destroyed 2-3 years ago at the time of ascension of a good sphere. As it was being destroyed Duke Zengarrad T'grath had grabbed the remnants of the spirit and had used it to taint Moragar's.

While this was being read (very carefully) we were attacked by a couple of waves of Psionic Hepaths. Now these were very annoying, their blows were pure psionic power and bypassed magical, physical, and power defences directly, only pure psionic defences were effective. The blows would leave you stunned for a few seconds, if caught alone you could be beaten to death, unable to defend yourself. Fortunately, Michael had Psi Blessed us all and Caradac had brewed long lasting Psi potions that I think everyone had drunk so we all had a reasonable level of defence. These Hepaths were taken as proof of the Duke's involvement, as we had expected.

Another group of Halmadonians turned up, led by Sir William Bly (Order of Charity). I found him to be a charismatic leader with a forceful but reasonable personality. I was, in spite of myself impressed with him. He was distressed at the bodies of the other Halmadonians but understood that sometime things happen. He was most concerned with what was going to happen with Moragar's Inheritance, should we succeed (or fail) to cleanse it, and that it should be moving on to another plane to spread its influence. The Halmadonian scout (Halfran the wise, though I thought of him as more of a Halfwit) who brought to book and the letter to us departed with him. We agreed to speak with Sir William on this matter later, once we had cleansed Moragar's.

### **Friday. (FireDay)**

A morning wake-up attack by the Circle Aflame. None of this chatting stuff, straight in and at us, clearly looking for Moragar's Inheritance. Black Uruks, Steel Boys, Warriors, Priests, all the usual lot. A fine melee to warm us up for the rest of the day. Only, well, why do they want the Inheritance?

We teleported to the first Law Node in the lands of Liara Tinwe. Bloody Elves. Obviously arriving at the bottom of a hill, a long muddy steep hill. Does Orin Rakatha not have any downhill or flat? We made our way upwards guided by Michael's "law sense" murdering a few hoardlings along the way until we encountered some elves. Well, I say we, rather it was me alone. I was keeping going slowly upwards by myself well ahead when I encountered the elf scout. Words were exchanged, he annoyed me first and I then annoyed him right back. Bloody Elves. He should consider himself lucky he wasn't murdered. I was being diplomatic, but there are limits. Bloody Elves. After that, I waited patiently, and quietly until the others arrived and let them lead the negotiations.

There were some additional problems with Baron Ksandra's family. Her brother had done "something" and she was generally unwelcome. Bloody Elves with their attitude; "We don't like you because your brother's a twat." Because we were on an important mission the others of the group were able to talk the elves around and she was given permission to enter their lands unhindered until the following morning. I do notice that they did not extend such permission to me, until I specifically asked, "an oversight" the elven leader, Cele Amandil, said. Yes, of course, an oversight. And later there wouldn't have been a "lets kill the trespassing Drow incident" would there? Nooooo, of course not.

We had to listen to some elven ceremony in memory about a bunch of elves that died fighting against the Dymwann. I think they gave aid in response to a call by Quicksilver in some earlier quest and many of them died. Two of their bodies had been recovered, but eight were still lost. I (and all the others present) remained respectfully silent through this ceremony and did not ruin it. People's ceremonies and rituals are as important to them as mine are to me. It is petty beyond belief to interfere with such whether you agree with them or not. People who despoil or desecrate such should be murdered, there should be no place for such incivility in society. Here are the names of the eight lost, the prince and the members of his entourage.

- Prince Gul Arth Lithuidir
- Harna Dewron
- Gaer Harnedir
- Ariollin Arasdaer
- Maltecet Galeidir
- Pel Osgaron
- Brethilon Thiliedir
- Camaendir Thiliedir

I think they asked us to bring back the bodies (or word of them) if opportunity came. This will shock you, but I would do that. I am **always** grateful to those who have sacrificed themselves for my benefit, weather I know it at the time or not. I will **always** strongly people to continue to do that in the future. If offering my gratitude is all it takes then they are very welcome to it.

We pressed on into the Laire Tinwe lands seeking a pure specific flower one of the Components a flower known a flower of Axantál or more commonly Lawsfoot. Fighting against hoardlings and the very forest that had been roused by Chaos creatures and the taint on Moragar's. Our scouts searched far and wide while the more martial of us fought off

the angry forest until they reported that he had found the special flower. I think it was Amil who found the flower, but I am not certain of that. The scouts did so well, that we did in fact gain two of them.

Withdrawing from the Elven lands we continued towards the Law Node fighting some more Chaos beasts, after one such encounter, we met up with someone from Caliban (Wulfrik's home plane). Harald Wolfsbane is a senior member of the Baneguard (Wulfrik's order), one of its masters in fact. He knew Wulfrik of old, being a family friend or mentor. Recently he had joined the Order of the Broken Arrow, being motivated, or rather guided by law. Under the influence of such guidance, he had come to this place to meet Wulfrik but didn't really know why.

After some discussion Wulfrik revealed that we were searching for the Heart of a Ygethmore, some sort of great Chaos Beast from Caliban. Caliban is a place of great conflict between Law and Chaos, and the Baneguard are champions of Law. Upon learning this Harald knew of one the beast called the Sundering Beast. He was astonished that we would confront it but gave Wulfrik his blessing and the lore to call it. Nobody would normally willingly confront it as it had slain hundreds of champions over the years. Confronting a mighty Chaos Beast and defeating it was a necessary rite for Wulfrik to become a full member of the Baneguard, and Harald was willing stand by to witness it. The calling would summon the beast such that only Wulfrik would be able to harm it, the rest of us were to fight its legion. I can't tell you how bitterly disappointed I was to be told that there was no point to me fighting the mighty Sundering Beast and that I would simply have to contend with its minions.

So, we prepared (invoked) and call the Sundering Beast. It was a hard fight, probably the hardest we had faced on this quest to this point. With every blow it could sunder you (rendering all your protections useless) and it had a great number of supporting chaos beasts. Wulfrik fought it, pretty much alone as the rest of us fought off everything else. Silverheart and Michael, dual-wielding Moragar's together went up and down the battle-line time and time again passing out heals right and left. Believe you me, they were needed! There were a few moments where it looked tricky, after the sundering beast broke all of Wulfrik's arms and legs but Spark sprang through the lines of combat like a gazelle, ran to Wulfrik, picked him up and ran back with him through the battle once more. After Silverheart/Michael's heals Wulfrik went straight back into the melee against the Sundering Beast. In the end we triumphed and ripped the heart of the beast out of the body.

I'm not sure if this counted as the challenge for Wulfrik to be accepted as a full

Baneguard, or if Wulfrick declined this as he has a challenge with the Duke of Pride coming up in a few weeks' time. A mighty Chaos beast is a significant accomplishment, but a Duke of the Abyss is something else indeed!

We soon arrived at the Node of Law. On the way, a scout from the Senatus Empire "scouted" us out (Ranger Blackstone). His mistress Arbiter Juliana Benedictus wished to meet with us and discuss the disposition of Moragar's Inheritance, we arranged for her to come and see us that evening at Breaks Waystation. The passage of such a powerful relic was known to her. The scout was playing up the whole "I have deep mystical seer powers" bullshit, but that was just his "thing" to get close. I was having none of this while we were performing the cleansing rituals.

We performed the first ritual over the flower, which succeeded, and it summoned a copy of Moragar's Inheritance. It also summoned a vision of the two Onkles at the height of their power along with a bunch of Chaos and/or Psionic Hepaths. The faces of the Onkles were clearly marked with multiple runes of Duke Zengarrad T'grath. After a few seconds of discussion amongst themselves the contents of which I was not aware as I was of course standing the requisite 21 ft back standard minimum distance they noticed us and launched an attack. A very hard fight ensued, the vision was ended by the destruction of the Onkles. I'm not entirely sure of all their capabilities but it appeared that striking the Onkles powered up their ability to cast high level spells/magic whilst also damaging them.

After healing up we again performed the ritual this time on the heart of the Sundering Beast, giving us a second copy of Moragar's Inheritance. Another vision, but this time of the Onkles slightly further back in their past. They each had but one rune of Duke Zengarrad T'grath on their faces. They were meeting with the Alluvial the Pure in the Abyss in this vision and seemed both friendly and familiar with him, greeting him by name and shaking his hand. Alluvial the Pure was perceived by us as a blank, we could not make out his face. This sort of thing has been done before by Duke Zengarrad T'grath, inserting or overwriting details in a vision. Again, after a short time they noticed us standing by and calling us Hepaths they attacked us assisted by Alluvial. The Onkles were slightly less powerful and less aggressive than before. Alluvial the Pure attacked using Psionic powers and blows, this convinced me that he was a Duke Zengarrad T'grath's insert/overwrite/alteration. We were the victors once again.

Investigating the two copies of the Inheritance the Baroness discovered one was Evil aspected and one was Black magic aspected. Both were charged with multiple high-level effects that would be released upon anyone taking them up. Like Moragar's they could only

be carried by someone attuned to the relevant element/sphere. I took the Evil one up and Tornado (who is a purple sorcerer these days) took up the Black one. Neither of us were particularly troubled by these protective magics/invocations upon the copies. I had a small moment so show off, in an understated way as ever, when I took up the Evil one somewhat nonchalantly with the line "I'll be fine". I wasn't quite as cocksure as I pretended to be, after all I had handled Moragar's directly that morning and had paid the price for it. Still, it's not just about doing something amazing, it's all about looking good while you do something amazing.

We returned to the base via Tornado's teleport.

Later that evening we were joined by the Senatus Empire Ambassador, Arbiter Juliana Benedictus. She was very interested in the Inheritance and wanted to know what our intentions were once it was cleansed. She seemed confident that we would cleanse it – very diplomatic of her to inflate our egos by implying there was no change of failure on our part. She offered for the Empire to take the Inheritance and carry it from Plane to Plane but did admit that it would be taken to Planes that would benefit the Empire to have it on. Moragar's is a tool of Law, and the Empire is quite Lawful, and this would be spreading Law which was a part of Moragar's purpose. We declined to commit ourselves to her and the Empire at the time and agreed to consult with her once we had cleansed Moragar's.

Some more discussions happened with her to which I was not a party over the course of the meal. The upshot of which is that she had an enchanted goblet that was suitable for carrying pure water and she knew the ritual of dedicating water to Law. Holy Water of Law was one of the components we needed for the ritual.

She wasn't entirely sure why she had brought the goblet with her but had felt that it would be a good idea. She was easily persuaded to load us the goblet and was willing to cast the purification ritual and bestow a blessing of Arkyn the Just. She too wanted Moragar's to be cleansed. I felt she was certainly doing this also to show what good neighbours the Empire was. On a personal note, I felt she was a tricky as one could be, but very smooth with it, an excellent Ambassador. Of course she is trustworthy, because you need to be trusted, you do need to keep your word and hold to your agreements. But there can be a lot of wiggle room in agreements.

After finishing our meal, we set out quickly to get the water from a nearby pure stream.



We had a very limited amount of time to return the water to the Ambassador for her to perform the dedication. Amil ran it back, I believe protected by Dayleth – and they made it in plenty of time. On the way back we encountered the undead lead by the Alip once more (as we had expected). We skirmished with these undead until someone (Smudge I think) returned with the bones from her grave and then we laid her to rest permanently.

The night was still young, the Ambassador left soon after. Our next arrival I think was a group of Circle Aflame, a Steel beast (or two), a couple of Uruk-Hai trolls and a bunch of hard warriors. Then some Psionic Hepaths tried to cut us up into small pieces, then Alluvial the Pure along with another member of the Order of the Broken Arrow (this was a chat which I shall describe in a few moments) then another final assault by the Circle Aflame. After all that Wolf and the Pathfinders took over the guarding of the Waystation for the night.

When Sir Alluvia the Pure turned up, there was a lot of distrust because of the vision where he had met the Onkles. He explained all this in some detail, that he had met them three times in the Abyss and that they had grown colder and more distant each time and that only the last time had they had symbols on their faces. Sir Alluvial is a member of the Order of Broken Arrow, he is self-declared or chosen by the Law Sphere the order is quite small and scattered. He wanted to take Moragar's Inheritance on behalf of the order to take it from Plane to Plane on its journey. While he did not have Planar travelling capabilities, he was sure that the Law Sphere would provide. In my experience I have found that the spheres provide best for those who provide for themselves. Interestingly he was completely unaffected by Psi – it was felt this gave him protection against Duke Zengarrad T'grath. Another two fascinating facts about him. He possesses the gauntlets of the armour of King Michael – we wanted them but thought murdering him for them was unbecoming. He was also able to pick up Moragar's Inheritance by himself, alone. My understanding is that it requires two Good High Priests/Paladins or one High Priest sworn to Moragar to do this. We did not make any agreement with him at the time, but he promised to return upon the morrow in the hope we would gift it to him them, once Moragar's was cleansed.

### **Saturday. (SteelDay)**

Let's start with a morning "ambush" by our trusty pathfinders who have been taken over by Hive parasites (Cause Fatal Disease on Bill in the kitchen being the most amusing). Some people had some very rude awakenings in their beds (Aamil).

This was some information provided from Bill Jingle and Michael: The Hive is an interplanar travelling swarm of man-sized psionic insects. They arrive on a plane, infiltrate, spread, breed, eat everything and then move on. They are here on Orin Rakatha, now. They can implant parasites in people and take them over. Capturing people, they can make superior clones by growing a pod about that person, keeping them alive and the pod person clone has access to their knowledge. Alchemical potions can disguise the psionic residue so it's not easy to discover who is or is not a pod person. Killed pod people explode in a burst of acid. Parasite/Pod People have acid for blood – not sure if it's both or just Pod People. Exploratory surgery can remove the parasite and free the person from control. I think 2 “families” have already infiltrated the Black Tower. I think we need a proper inquisition to root this out. Everyone goes under the knife, no exceptions.

We teleported off to the second node of law to collect the last ingredient and perform the rituals. All we need now is the blood of a living Lythiiri (Lythiiri is a Drow word referring to a seer, dedicated to the evil sphere only).

On arrival we were immediately attacked by a guardian group of spiders and mushroom men. Naturally the teleport in locations are well guarded. Amusingly, halfway through the fight an Umber Hulk burst from the ground. Its gaze was confusing (Mass Feeblemind) and its blows were very powerful indeed. We worked our way through these creatures watched by a Drow scout (from house Morcarelin). I spoke with him, telling him that we were looking for their seer who was in the area and apologized for killing their creatures. I saw little point in disassembling, the seer would end up knowing we were coming. The scout was astonished that we knew they were in the area but agreed to carry my message. My status as a Drow with no house was acknowledged (there is a Drow word for this – Zarx) and would cause issues later.

We travelled up towards the Law Node and skirmished with several sets of Drow and their guardian creatures (spiders and mushroom men) until eventually we encountered the seer and her guards. I tried to persuade the seer (Halissa Darkstone 12th Priest of House Morfeaglin) to willingly give her blood. She did not understand the thrust of my arguments. A foolish girl supported only by the status and position of her father, she needs to learn to stand on her own achievements and to reach out and make alliances with others. After some rather sharp and pointed comments were strongly expressed by my comrades, she saw the error of her ways and came to understand that it would be best to accede to my arguments. She “willingly” provided her blood, and we parted company, leaving the bodies of most of her retinue and spiders on the ground.

We arrived at the Node of Law with all the components necessary. We performed the ritual on the water and saw another vision, one further back in the Onkles history exactly as we expected. This time the Onkles had no marks of Duke Zengarrad T'grath on their faces, but they were being harassed and heckled by several Chaos Hepaths. The Hepaths were trying to tempt the Onkles in various ways, it's clear these were from Duke Zengarrad T'grath. After a few seconds the Onkles again perceived us and we offered them aid by destroying the Hepaths. When the last one died the vision faded but we were able to get from the Onkles that there were being continually harassed and tempted by these Hepaths. This looks to be the way that the Duke spread his influence to them. As the vision faded left behind was another copy of Moragar's Inheritance, this time Fire aspected and Baroness Ksndra took that one up.

The final component ritual on the blessed Holy Water of Law summoned an altogether different vision. This time there were no Onkles, instead there was a Mind Flayer and a bunch of Psionic Hepaths. This was an altogether a far more difficult fight than most, one of the hardest we experienced though in the end we did triumph. In particular Duke Zengarrad T'grath was able to exert control on anyone with his enmity or who wore a piece of King Michael's armour. Fighting them and the monsters at the same time was quite daunting. Several people called on their Iron will not to be overcome by the Duke's Domination and a good job too - Michael and Caradac in particular. I particularly enjoyed this fight blinding Farsh several times who had been taken over by the Duke to render him ineffective.

After this we now had all the pieces of the final ritual available to us. Seer Mirzā Ghulām offered some more guidance about what we would need to do inside Moragar's Inheritance. We would need the name of the summoner, the name of the summoned and the ritual of summoning/binding in order to perform the cleansing. We performed the final capstone ritual and projected ourselves willingly into Moragar's Inheritance, having to explicitly agree to this at the relevant moment.

A moment of transfiguration, or transformation and we found ourselves in a world that was all slightly out of phase with our normal sense of reality. Experimentation and investigation soon revealed that the rules here were slightly different from normal.

- All good sphere casters were permanently invoked in the good sphere.
- Nobody could cast any ritual invocations from any sphere.

- The Evil sphere was completely severed.
- Black Magic was completely unavailable.
- Red Magic was completely unavailable.

As an evil High Priest/Black Sorcerer I did feel somewhat put upon as if the world was all against me, so, no different from any other day really.

Our first encounter was with none other than Moragar himself, or his remnant or spirit or embodiment in some form. He was clearly mad, or rather damaged. He recited some flowery phrases that clearly had meaning to him, concerning a man and his legacy as people spoke to him. I was not able to record them, but the sense that they were important to him was clear. Seeking solace in ritual is not unknown to me, it provides a sense comfort and stability in times of great stress. Throughout our time in Moragar's realm some people from the party did confer with Moragar. I was not privy to their conversations as I generally stayed away from him. My presence was simply not welcome, our natures are too dissimilar. There was nothing to be gained by forcing my presence upon him.

The most comprehensible thing he spoke at first was "My mind is clouded by fire." And he was able to indicate a general direction of the clouding. We followed the crude directions he gave us only to encounter a group of fire elementals that were completely and utterly immune to everything we could do. Thanks Moragar! Pressing on further we found the focus of the ritual set out. There were pieces of a picture which had to be reassembled, this wasn't easy under pressure, on a slippy, angled surface, but after about half an hour (and the use of Caradac's shield as a flat, stable surface) Baron Ksndra managed to correctly place all 20 pieces and reveal the face of the Hephath, The Tainted One. During this time the others of us mostly stood around the ritual circle, holding off the invulnerable elementals to give the assemblers time and space. Once the image was recreated the invulnerability of the elementals was banished and then they were soon destroyed. Fire became available to cast at this point.

Now Moragar's mind was still clouded by evil, but he had recovered somewhat, he was able to give us one of the 3 elements we needed to clean the realm. Though clouded by evil he was able to sense to focus and indicated a direction. We swiftly travelled there as dusk began to approach, to find another ritual circle with a gathering of Spirits inside. The ward holding them prevented us from discerning their nature until it was broken. Once it was broken, we didn't need our invocations to tell what they were, they were all too happy to tell us, up close and personal.

- Spirit of Harm
- Spirit of Cause Fatal Disease
- Spirit of Power Drain 128
- Spirit of Cause Mortal 7
- Spirit of Pain

These were stronger than the usual spirits and needed I think 2 or 3 of each of the opposed invocations to lay them to rest. The main complication being that we could not cast ritual power at this time. To a group of experienced adventures, nay heroes and luminaries such as ourselves, this wasn't that much of an impediment. Out came the scrolls, amulets and potions from pockets, pouches and bags and down went the evil spirits. After this, ritual Good power became available to cast once more and up went our spirits! Wulfrick came within moments of dying to a fatal disease and Dame Layla was saved only by her guardian or good spirit from the Harm followed by a Power Drain.

Moragar recovered further. His mind clouded by darkness was still clear enough to guide us to the final ritual site. Here there were 4 elementals of darkness that sprung forth from candles. When the darkness elementals were destroyed a few seconds later they regenerated and stepped forwards to engage us once more. While we battled these off Tornado investigated and discovered that the candles, not the ritual were magical and ranked. The sorcerers in the party were able to dispel the candles and once out the elementals did not regenerate after being destroyed again.

Now Moragar was healed of Darkness, Evil and File, only Chaos remained. We now needed to summon the Tainted One, the remnant of the Balor that had been bound in here. To do this we needed the name of the summoned, the name of the summoner and the binding ritual all of which we now had. We prepared for this, the final battle to cleanse Moragar's Inheritance. 3 of our number Caradac, Smudge and Wulfrick bore weapons empowered by law rituals from the seer's book that could harm the beast. Their job was to assail it until it died. Each of them had an assigned priest whose sole job was to keep them alive. The rest of us were to face the army of the beast.

Using the ritual Spark called the Tainted One who came in response to the summoning. He did not come alone a legion of Chaos Hepaths came with him. We fought, our three champions stayed on the beast, the rest of us kept everything else off our three champions. As the Tainted One was finally weakened and began to fall Spark tore the binding ritual in two and then the weapons of the three chosen melees broke the Tainted One, slaying it.

We awoke a few moments later, back in the waystation.

Thought I did not participate in the discussions with Moragar I did gather one critical piece of information from Moragar which I will present now. A name and title.

“Duke Zengarrad T’grath, Aspect of Chaos, Aspect of the Greater Mind”

Here are some of my speculations. Psi is a sphere (see the document about the Necronomicon which I have previously written up) and we mortals generally access Sphere’s through Aspects. I wonder if most of the Valley’s access to the sphere of the mind is being facilitated through Duke Zengarrad T’grath and this is how he learnt of Moragar’s Inheritance. I believe that the exact source of Psi training is still obscure. I will also note the recent arrival of the Hive on Orin Rakatha, and wonder at any linkage or involvement with the Aspect of the Greater Mind because of this.

As we recovered from the days exertions and ate a very welcome meal, Nerak, favoured of Lloth arrived along with 2 other high-ranking Drow from the Drow nation Talice Darkfire, 7th Sorcerer of House Morcaraelin and Laysin Ghoublade 8th Warrior of House Morcaraelin. Drow Politics now follow – these are interesting to me so I shall detail them, for those who are not, you can skip ahead 5 paragraphs or so.

Nerak had been appointed by Lady Kevralyn Soulfire, Blessed of Lloth to raise a new Drow house amongst the Valley peoples. He had also been given an item that allowed him to open a portal onto the Plane of Darkness to where Lord Eremor Shaderiver leader of the Black School of Magic, was currently residing. Lord Eremor and most of the Black School had been lost when the Valley was attacked by Pentar/Khald a few years ago. Nerak began organising a small group of no more than 6 to go and rescue Lord Eremor. Meanwhile the two Drow had come to have a pleasant talk with me. This mostly involved a few very polite threats to get myself sorted out into a Drow house sooner rather than later. Or Else. There was also the matter of Zalfurion Nightspell (who may be considered Lady Kevralyn Soulfire’s enemy) and I took the time to assure them that I was not allied with him in any way. The previous house amongst the Valley peoples, House Tumdurgal was no longer recognised as such. While I had been away for a decade numerous events had transpired, and my previous house was gone. This has in fact, been a matter of some great personal concern

to me, but I've tried to avoid colouring this report with those matters.

We left shortly thereafter to travel to the Plane of Dark near the border with the Plane of Shadows where Lord Eremor was located. It transpires that Lord Eremor (and many of the Black School with him) had taken refuge with an Elemental Prince. The Prince was being attacked from Shadow by the Mistress of Scarecrows who is allied with Zalfurion Nightspell but with our assistance the invaders to his realm were destroyed. These creatures that were attacking can inflict Mana Corruption, which destroys all the mana in your body, something that will slay most wizards and sorcerers. Dame Layla, Smudge, Farsh and Amil who all have no mana were ideally placed to destroy these creatures.

After some more discussions the upshot of this is that Lord Eremor (plus Black School) should now have returned to the Valley. Lord Eremor has established a new Drow house, called Tumdurgal with a symbol of a scorpion, Nerak and Myself as the first members of that house. During these discussions, quite to my astonishment, Smudge spoke eloquently recommending me to Lord Eremor.

Nerak left the planar transportation device with Lord Eremor, and we returned to join the ongoing discussions regarding Moragar's Inheritance. At some point in the evening while we were handling Lord Eremor's situation Circle Aflame boss guy turned up and said that it was clear they weren't going to get Moragar's from us so were leaving things alone now.

At this time, we were the current owners of Moragar's Inheritance and the disposition of it at this time was solely up to us. There had been a lot of ongoing discussion amongst our group as well as talks with the interested parties from Circle Aflame (led by Ongûlûn the Hunter), Halmadonian order of Charity (Sir William Bly), Senatus Empire (Arbiter Juliana Benedictus) and The Order of the Broken Arrow (Alluvial the Pure). I have edited most of these out as this report is more than long enough as is. Do I believe that the decision is one that all the members of the Party supported (I do suspect the influence of cleansed Moragar's is already at work).

The final resolution is that we presented Moragar's Inheritance to Alluvial the Pure and appointed the Order of the Broken Arrow as the keepers and guardians/guides of Moragar's Inheritance. We also gained agreement from both the Senatus Empire and the Halmadonians that they would help the Order to ensure that Moragar's would continue its grand procession amongst the Planes. The exact details of the arrangement were to be

agreed by the three but primacy in this endeavour was the Orders.

I do have one final note, I will end this report with a piece of good news. Smudge was accepted by Alluvia the Pure as a Knight of the Order of the Broken Arrow, his heart's desire achieved. Congratulations Smudge.