

We were chosen, or volunteered in some instances, to go to one of the Points of Power that controlled the DarkWind in order to destroy the control and thus wrest this tool from the hands of the Dymwann. However fearing that we would have to travel on the Plane of the Sleepless Dead we sought to contact Kleinwort Ironfist, who has an amulet that gives protection, in order that we borrow the amulet.

One problem that we had was that the Kalid had unleashed the Crimson Feast (their were creatures) against the Dymwann in the area that we had to travel through to get to the village, so we knew that we would have to fight these creatures. Brains had arranged to borrow a silver sword from his guild and this proved to be a wise decision indeed. We had several encounters with the were creatures of the feast until arriving at the agreed campsite where we met the representatives of Kleinwort. Once there we rested, until someone turned up, who called himself the white bishop – a piece of the game. Those who were also pieces of the game felt their pieces grow cold just before he arrived.

What is the game? Well you may ask. It's a little difficult to explain, but there are two players and some of the members of our towers are pieces in the game and wear tokens of this chess pieces – we are the black side, there is a white side the two sides are in opposition.

I engaged the Bishop in discussion distracting him whilst Ariakis (who is a piece of the game) cast a Touch of Death. The Bishop told us that he had been sent here by his player to inform us that outside influences were affecting the game. We then slew the Bishop, fearing that this was a move in the game. After considering what he had told us Gus resurrected him (well, we all make mistakes, but better a dead potential enemy than a live one). As Gus was casting the invocation the Referee (of the Game) appeared, and as we had not looted the body and were resurrecting it we were awarded a free move.

Understandably the Bishop was somewhat irritated at having been killed – he told us that this was not a part of the game and that he was not doing a move, when we remarked that it would have been wiser had he said this before he seemed somewhat unreceptive to our suggestions. We spoke at some length and when there was another attack by the Crimson Feast he left. This time the Feast were lead by a human, obviously someone of import, we managed to negotiate with him in the middle of the battle and he drew his creatures back, after further discussions he agreed to hold out of the area we would be travelling through for a couple of days. The rest of the night passed uneventfully. In the morning we were attacked by a group of Astral Warriors that we finally drove off – we speculated that these were sendings from the White Knight (who was known to be a Githyanki). The game pieces grew cold - the Bishop appeared once more, and this time spoke some more about the game, he made it very clear this time as he approached our camp that this was not a move (shows he can learn after all). We spoke at some length, and he gave us a scroll that teleported the one who opened it (Araikis) away to

have a tattoo of a jester implanted on his arm, a Jester figure appeared in place of Ariakis, one we could not slay, until it vanished being replaced by Ariakis. Not knowing what to make of this we set off travelling towards the village.

At the top of a hill there was a figure in grey – the Referee. He offered to allow us to play our free move, and would be willing to offer some advice, but first wanted to know what we thought we should do. Ariakis suggested that we might go home, and the Referee accepted that suggestion, saying what a good move it was. We had been teleported (or more properly planar shifted) to Ariakis' home plane, the Plane of the Eternal Flame. Understandably some people were upset with this, however we had no choice but to accept.

We travelled on through the plane, and met some forest creatures that at first we took for the Feast, but we dispatched these, although not totally without trouble. Then we met some inhabitants of the realm, who greeted the arrival of High Prince Ariakis with joy, they advised us of the local conditions after some prompting. That Ariakis' father was dead and that Ariakis was now the rightful king, but while he had been away the Grand Vizier had taken charge, and now ruled.

Following their advice about the local condition and the movements of the Grand Vizier we moved to investigate a set of caves. These caves were guarded by Fire Elementals and undead, these we dispatched, and we searched the caves. Within them we found the Royal regalia of House Ashkarevon, protected by a forbidding that we could not penetrate. The power of Evil was strong in this area, and those who clung to the evil sphere were strengthened, whilst those who clung to the good sphere were weakened.

After a while Nerak (Black Knight in the Game) moved in accordance with the dictates of the Game and banished Mordar, whose presence was anathema to this place – saving Mordar from the damage that was being inflicted upon him by the evil. Many in the group were disturbed at this, but it was a move in the game, and nothing could be done about it. We met one who had previously been a retainer of House Ashkarevon, now serving the Grand Vizier, in return for more power he offered to turn his coat and help us, we accepted his offer and he provided us with the information about the ritual necessary to bring down the forbidding that we could not penetrate.

We moved to capture a sacrifice that we needed, as well as the items of regalia, principally the Dagger of the Eternal Flame. Forming a cohesive unit we easily defeated the foes who opposed

us and captured what we needed. Moving back to the caves we had an inter-party dispute, as some were unwilling to allow us to perform the sacrifice, and would not let us into the cave.

Grabbing the girl we split and half made our way round the back and ran down to the spot where the forbidding was, only to run straight into the Grand Viziers elite guard. Running back up out of the cave with the guard in hot pursuit we summoned our comrades who came to support us. A battle took place in which Nerak was slain by priest amongst the guard, finally the guard fled. Immediately following the battle some of us pressed on into the cave, whilst the others were recovering, to perform the sacrifice. An act at which we were successful, also recovering the regalia. Speaking to our turncoat once more he agreed to summon the remaining members of the council to our camp later that night.

Leaving the cave we made our way back to a camp we had espied earlier in the day, but on the way were attacked by a group of Astral Warriors. These were finally dispatched, but left us very weak and drained of resources. After recovering for a while, we arrived back at camp, there preparing for the meeting later that evening.

A few hours later after dusk the Grand Vizier arrived with his entourage. We engaged them in conversation long enough for myself and Ariakis to invoke and for Scrope to Dark Engulf one, then a fight kicked off in which we totally dominated due to our cohesiveness and actions, both Ariakis and myself dropping foe by the powers of evil we wielded. After defeating these we set a watch for the rest of the night.

An hour or so later the Referee appeared and awarded Ariakis the King Piece, as he had acquired the regalia, promoting him from Pawn. A pawn which I then acquired. This it seems finished the move, but somewhat unusually the referee did not return us to Orin Rakatha.

Setting a watch the rest of the night passed uneventfully. In the morning we tried several times to return using several mechanisms but nothing worked, leaving us in a difficult position, when we were attacked by the Grand Vizier once more this time accompanied by fire creatures and undead. We fought him a long battle which ultimately we won – I note in passing my disruption of his invocation by leaping on him with a Sus Ann, Cause Mortal combination.

After this a Githyanki Knight appeared, this was the young lord of who I have written of before

when I accompanied a group travelling to the Oracle. This knight sought to recover his honour by engaging in single combat with one who had born his blade. Brains took up the challenge and (I believe) deliberately lost in order to restore the Gith's honour. Full of himself at winning the Gith transported us back from this demi-plane to Orin Rakatha, near to the Village.

There we met with Kleinwort's representatives (rather than Kleinwort himself as he was engage in battling undead at the time) and they passed over the amulet to us as had been arranged. We then took our leave of them and moved on a couple more days to the agreed meeting point with the Concillium, ready for our strike on the Dymwann.

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