

Well it's bin a wile since we got back an we figga if nowun else is gonna tell our story we will.

Da KFW under Kal have been toogevva for ages and dun lotsa stuff for da White Retreat sortin out da mists an fings. So we gavvered for wot we hope ain't da last time for one last push to snot da Saldorians and sort out da mists so dat da Shadowsdall didn't start kickin da Valley.

Who was dere, wot was all named Hero by da way,

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| Kal, | Paladin of King Micheal |
| Gart, | Hospittaler Priest |
| Suliman, | Hospittaler Priest |
| Puke, | High Priest of the Reapers Sect |
| Weech, | Druid Priest |
| Piski, | Druid Priestess |
| Tsika, | Grey Gauntlet Priest |
| Alabrion, | Sorcerer of the Temple of Earth |
| Dretch, | Wizard of the Yellow Guild |
| Ansell, | Wizard of the Red School |
| Mandrake, | Crusader Veteran |
| Gravesong, | Crusader Veteran |
| Erf, | Druid Priest and scouty type |
| Caradac, | Seeker Journeyman (refused title of hero and ran off) |

Dere was also Taigan Five-Moons who was a traitor scumbag (as you'll find out) so we ain't putting him in dis list.

Prologue – or wot happened before.

Da mists on Orin Rakatha have been moving out of three areas an no-one knew why. 'Cause da biggest area of blankness was around our towers da Shadowsfall didn't like it and blamed us. Da KFW found out dat it was actually da Saldorians along wiv da Melneboneans (known as

Melnobs from now on) wot was behind it in a plan called "Project Saviour" which our smart cookies reckoned was about savin' Orin Rakatha from anything not hooman. Anyways we've been messin' up dere plans for a while but not getting very far. Den a Mistweaver told us to go to a Moot where we cud find stuff out. Now we knew dat da Saldorians had a dodgy mistweaver or two (actually turned out to be 2 an a bit cause one weren't too bad) doin' da bad stuff to da mists so we'se decided to stick our noses in. Oh and we'd done a deal wiv Alberto Cerulean an his funky new travel arrangements (frew da Setiva or summit which is dead dodgy don't go dere unless da fate of da world rides on yure shoulders cause it is weird an dangerous. . . luckily fur us da fate of da world did ride our shoulders so we used it quite a bit. . . it was still horrid though!) so we'se could get about. So we headed down to Kamuts place first and Kal got into trubble wivout Us, Gart, Suliman an Tsika so he'll have ta tell dat bit. Den we'se headed off to da Valgrind Pass for da meeting which is where our tale begins.

Day One,

Da group all got back toogevver and exchanged some tales about what we'd bin up too over da past weeks (wiv some stories more believable dan uvvers eh Erf). Wiv us was Clowdio who was one of Alberto Cerulians numerous cusins and he proved most helpful frew da misshun incase we forget to mention him (or his awful bloody hat) again.

Anyway we ventooed onto da Setiva which is from what we understand like a separate spongy layer to da big cake of Orange Rakatha. . . imagine a layer of yummy cream. . well below dat but sorta stuck to it is dis Setiva and above it dere is annuver layer of da mists which makes up da whole fing like. Right so's we is on da Setiva an' it's getting really dark Clowdio reckoned we had to find some lights ta follow which wud mark Pafs frew da Setiva so we planed to fan out and find some. Den he mentioned that in order not to get confused an stuff dere had two be free sacrifices, hearing, sight and speech each one taken from one of our group while we was dere, dis became a bit of a runnin' feme everything we used da pafs.

After a bit of OFAT we spotted a couple of figures comin' out of da woods. It turned out to be a couple of river people looking to buy silf in da "festival of lights". It turned out dat sa Setiva is full of stories da help shape Orange Rakafa into da way it is, and it looked like dis was one of dem. We chatted for a while until a larger group of people came out of da woods, it was a Melnob Lord and retinue wiv a Hepaf of War and various uvver greeblies.

In true Valley fashion we kicked dere heads in but not before Ansell got himself killed and Taigan and Us got bits lopped off by da Heptaf who was shattered and severing limbs left and right. One of da Hepaf fings also set us on fire which wouldn't go out. . . dat was strange but didn't seem to hurt after da initial blam. Da Melnob lord legged it by calling on dere Hepath of Cowardice "Straasha" or summit. Git. We tidied up da group a bit and got ready to move off, as

our scouts had spotted some lights ta follow.

Along da pafs we got involved with da River peoples story. It turned out dat once upon a time da river folk used to be traders up and down da river (shocking eh?) well one of dem got a bit nosey so him and 'is mates went and landed on the Central Isle where dey had a bit of a tussle with da Shadowsmeet. Well da Mystics interrupted da fite and told da River peeps dat if dey wanted to learn so much about da uvver races den dey could be in charge of bringing dere leaders to da central isle and chat wiv em. So it was dat da river folk became ferrymen for da mystics and were allowed to stay on da Isle (which pissed off da Shadowsmeet we fink).

We had annuver vision of da Shaodwsmeet (or where dey fall at dis point?) talking to a load of tribes (before da Towers and da mist) about not moving around too much and keeping to dere communities to stop banditry. Dey said dat people cud move about but only wiv a Shadowsmeet guard/guide group. . control freak gits.

Clowdio den offered to take us out of da Cetiva to da waystation we was headin' too. We would all wake up slowly back on OR. Well we fort dis sounded a bit dangerous so went for da "Rude Awakening" which was very rude. . and not in a good way. We all awoke abruptly in da middle of da waystation surrounded by Saldorians in dere pants and completely screwed as though we'd been evil priested almost to death. We beat da Saldorians to death but Suliman was killed and it was a slow process as dere was wards being put up and all sorts.

Turned out we'd dropped into a Saldorian Lab, and dere was a half eviscerated Mistweaver on da table (well his trunk and head anyway) which Piski chatted wiv for a bit trying to sort him out. Every now an den he would scream and a load of Misty-hordlingly but not quite things popped up and gave us a kicking, eventually we had to put it out of it's misery cause it couldn't be saved.

We're sure summit else happened? Oh yeah later in da night some scouts turned up from da Checkered Tower. Apparently dere method of scouting is to run up to whoever dey meet and get hit for a bit den run back and tell dere group what da foe can do so dey can get ready for it. . barking mad. So if you see scouts from Checkered Tower, hit 'em wiv weapons you are no good wiv, and cast tiny spells as though it is all you have at your disposal. . den when dey come back give 'em a shock. Anyway. Dey was looking for some undying chap (tall, lithe, black robe, two swords some sort of symbol but can't remember what) who had summit to do wiv a horn and a brother who ain't nuffin but a dead memory? It was all very confusing and we was very tired.

Dere was lots of notes and letters found wiv da Saldorians so lots of people worked hard on dem to find out more info. Some of it confirmed uvver stuff we had which said dat the Melnobs and Saldorians were da ones messin' wiv da mists so we said we'd give dis to da Mistweavers on da morrow.

Day Two,

Wiv a nice breakfast eaten and Ansell finishing his seventy sixth big fireskin on people we got ready to move off and go to da Mistweaver moot. Clowdio seemed quite impressed we was going to try and get into a moot.

Sum Shadowsfall turned up and we told 'em about da problems wiv da mists and how we woz getting on. Dey was not happy about us using da Setiva and killing Melnobs (who was allowed to us it) an invadin' waystations from da inside, we said sorry. Clowdio got chopped for breakin da laws or summit. But he was OK really fanks to sum invocation or summit.

Moving off we had a few scuffles of minor importance until we came across a bunch of towerless chatting away. Turned out dey used to be in da Azard-dan place and were pissed off at being kicked out and not given somewhere else to stay, not dat dey wanted to live with anyone anyway da way some of em talked. Dey had a new boss and were setting up shop in da mistless areas, when dey found out we was gonna sort out da mists dey got aggro. Den dere boss showed up who was a daughter of Beffelim a big broad wiv a huge horn and a bad attitude. She ende dup kicking off and we had a vicious scrap wiv em. Labby hit a great entrapment on dere healer so da towerless whent down pretty quick but Befy da Bird was nails. She ended up turning into a big cloud of gas and drifting away which was irritating. Tsikia was a bit of a Popsicle having been forzed so Us and Mandrake used our Croosader field dressing training to elixir him and save his life.

We wandered on for a bit more and had a few more scrapes but nuffin deadly or def-defying.

Den we was introduced to a bunch of hordlings, lots of hordlings which we kicked down a really really really really long paf, whenever we thought we were almost dere it just seemed to stretch on further, scary. Anyway we battered them and cast a some heals and rested and medded and stuff and den prepared to move on.

After a nice scenic walk we was met by a Celestial Bureacreacy person who looked after a shrine where da mists first appeared on Orange Rakatha, dis is where da Mistweavers were meeting. Dey told us dat it was rare to ever get to go to a meetin and dat we must pass sum tests. Dere was a big nosed Goblin at da top of da hill and some uvver trolls but a Valley scout was also dere tellin' us dat de Assistant Guildleader of da Yellow Guild mr Davrok Thunder had been jumped and knocked unconscious or killed by a big hordling sounding suspiciously like Befy (big horn we fort earlier, never got her real name). So off we set leaving Caradac on watch and Piski chatting wiv da hordlings. We found Befy almost straight away and she put up a big freezing mist fing wot was a pain to fight in and we all got a right kicking. As it turned out though Caradac spotted da scout turn into mist and vanish so we worked out dat it was a diversion and went back to talk to big-nose.

Bognose had some forms to fill in about where we were from and who we'd killed and how big his nose was an stuff. All very odd. So we got put into groups dependin on how gud our answers were, til we all got in the right group and got let frew da ward.

Now fings got a bit tricky and we had a running chat/fite wiv a cupple of trolls and a mistweaver about what we woz doing, and wot da mists did and stuff. Very strange. In de end it turned out to be da last test which we passed just about and we cud go to da moot.

In da moot dey would only speak to Piski who did a great job of giving up our evidence (after Gart ran back and fetched it cause we left it down da paf. Dere was also a Shadowsfall dere who blamed da Checkered Tower and a Kalid (master Path of da Dof-Load-arse) who blamed someone we can't remember. Well da Mistweavers weren't much impressed with us 'specially when Gart tried to Exorcise da gobby mean one, so we got chucked out of da moot. We had a chat wiv da Shadowsfall chappy and Taigan chatted wiv Master Path about summit. Turned out dat dere was some uvver Kalid in da area and we needed to job dem and get summit off one of dem cause it was important.

Well while we prepped to go kick da Kalid dey rudely attacked us in our dark little glade, horrid undead and strong warriors and priests gave us a sound kicking and da fight did not go well fur us. We won fru in da end and killed em all but couldn't find an item. Which was bad. The truly sad thing though was that Tsika had been slain.

Tsika had no spirit strength left and had moved on permanently so Suliman did what he does and performed da ritual of passing on him. We all told da Sphere what we found of Tsika and Suliman and Tsika battled death together in a spiritual sense and won. Tsika came back to life but Suliman had to give of his own spirit to do da scrap. Sad but it was his choice.

We moved off again retracing our steps, Taigan talking to us about some weird stuff like which of da group we'd kill if we had to to save da 'Liance and why. First sign of strangeness we ad from him really, well beyond da normal strangeness of him.

Just along da paf we found a Kalid Corpse wiv a note "Simple Fools" stuck on him and a scroll tube with some interesting notes. Da notes talked about da Kalid using da Saldorian and Melnob experiments and taking over and using da mists for dere own ends. Gits.

We hurried back to da waystation for sum grub and beer.

When dere our Mistweaver from da Valley came in for a chat and told us dat we cud stop da Melnobs plan by going to da three points where da mists were being bugged up by dodgy Mistweavers. Da plan was to go into da Setiva (where dis was all takin' place) and stop da Mistweavers doin' dere rituals and stuff which would solve da problem, until da nex time dey cud try which wud be about 6 hours or so.

Just as we split up dere were two birds talking about a tourney beyond da end of da world and whether dey was going. We ignored em and pressed on. Weird vision things.

We split into three groups of five. Each group was balanced so's we cud do everyfing we might need. Wiv us went Kal, Puke, Alabrion and Caradac. We stepped onto da Setiva after sayin' goodbye to da uvvers and with Cardac blinded, us dumb and Puke deaf and all of us feeling at least six- or seven-boding at this stage.

We came across a couple of pretty pathetic little creatures tripping us up and stuff. Soon kicked em in and following da trail of lights we found a large tent. Da trail seemed to end with a ring of lights around da tent. . den a figure strode our of da night toward us dressed in white wiv a gold

face. . . it was a story teller who did a nice poemy thing and started to tell us dat Tom was having a party . . . he gestured to da tent

“Come Friends” came the call, “Have a drink”. . well dis was more like it. Turned out we was in annuver story and da river people was having a wedding feast. Cormac or summit was da bestist man and Tom was getting’ hitched to his bird ‘cause he’d finally knocked er up which was apparently da custom in dem days. So’s we had a few glasses of mole-juice, sang some songs and generally had a nice time.

Den Tom’s dodgy brother showed up he was pissed off cause Tom wouldn’t join him in some dealin wiv a different group or summit. Toms bird went to talk to him and we heard a deathly scream and saw da bird collapse and Tom’s dodgy brother leggin’ it. Git.

Da storyblokey turned up again and set da scene for da next bit. Tom had been sulking for a year and most of a day about his dead missus (not sure why if getting a bird knocked up is how you find a wife, we’d be out looking for a new missus) and his businesses were doing crap. We was guests again for more mole-juice but less singing, trying to get Tom to say goodbye. Unfortunatly his missus was a bit nasty and came back as an undead fing screamed, we fell over and it all went dark. Afterwards we got told dat a load of undead stormed da tent, Alabron turned into a rock, Kal and Puke got paralysed and Caradac heroically chopped all da teeming hordes of undead to bits on his own while parrying for da fallen and using Puke as a weapons rack. At least da was da story.

A bit later we had a visitor. Kamut (an Ashnazi) whose waystation it turned out we was at da Setiva version of popped in. Kal and Puke had met im before but we hadn’t. He gave us some dollys in exchane for our blood, and told Puke and Kal to go and have babies within a year or he’d get them (da babies not Kal and Puke). Da dollys would protect us against going blind and stuff but we only had two. He talked for a while about strength and stuff but we didn’t really understand. Kal seems to know what he was about if you is interested in Ashnazi den talk to him about em. Kamut told us dat we was trapped in da story until we broke it which was his way of protecting his place. He gave us a page dat we fink he nicked off a story-teller which could let us break out of da Cetiva we fort.

A bit later, and several mole-juices down we had someone knocking on the sides of the tent turned out to be a blind and dumb chap in a white robe. He spent a long time trying to tell us stuff by writing on our bodies but we didn’t really get what he was on about. Summit about

Michael, Kind nor Saint. . we fink he might have been a Seer. . . we don't really remember what happened wiv dat actually. It was very odd.

We went to bed, it was quite cosy.

Day Three,

In da morning Cormac came back wiv some fruit and hot bun things which was very nice, we drank some fruit juice too since da mole juice had attracted badgers da night which had camped in our gob. We soon realised dat we was a bit trapped in da story and couldn't really go anywhere since our road ended here. Da amulet we had which marked when da Mistweavers could do dere fing was telling us da time was over and dey hadn't showed up, so we decided to try retracing our steps back to da uvvers and make sure dey was OK. We all agreed not to tell dem how perilous all our partying had been in case dey had had a bad time.

We didn't get far when we was ambushed by a couple of green magic things which wiv da help of a poisoned crossbow embarrassed us immensely. Let's just say we all survived and we all owe Alabrion a few beers.

Not far on from dat we bumped into da story-teller again who took us through da next part of da tale. Apparently Tom had tracked his dodgy brother down to a building and wanted to talk to him. So he went inside while we chatted wiv a cupple of blokes wearing stuff wot looked like Kalid blue an black but we was years before dem surely? From inside we heard a bit of a ruck kick off so we charged to help Tom, cause in da story we was his mates. During da fight it became clear dat da boss was a vampire and caused us a few problems. We fort it was a good idea to attack Kal and Puke, Puke touched us and it all went dark. When we woke up da uvvers had finished of da gits and we woz having a beer and chat about what we did next. We'd found a scroll of "Shield of Air" which we fort we might need for our bit of da story where Tom would fight an evil knight wiv a shield of air and spear of fire.

We pushed on and bumped into a bunch of Melnob gits. Dey gave us some grief so we killed em for being badly dressed and stole their gear. It was a load of maps of stars and fings which Alabrion took to read later.

Not far along we bumped back into da Story-teller. It turned out Tom had been killed and was now on da Plane of Sleepless Dead in a place called Bedlam. Guess where we woz goin? Caradac started talking so we had actually left da Cetiva and we approached a spooky looking building. Dere was a skelly in a bedroom crying so we charged into da main room and fort a flesh creature, vampire bitch and uvver undead stuff. We kicked em in but it was a nasty scrap.

We wandered around da building looking at severed heads, alters, flags and all cunningly managed to avoid da two doors at da end wiv Wards on. We broke em both open and found an Elven girl wiv a Spear a good 3 times her height and Tom, twitching and not really seeing anything. We fink he was a bit bonkers.

We legged it out into da Cetiva again and had a chat wiv da Elven bird. She was of da Pax-Silvani elves apparently and told us a story about a Rod dat some Elf bunged a Hepath in and ended up killing a load of elves. She gave us da Spear of Fire and bugged off. Tom vanished.

At dis point da amulet began to tell Kal dat da time was getting close for da Mistweaver ritool so we had to head back to da Tent, pretty sharpish. We got dere and it was quiet. Den a bunch of River people showed up for a chat. Dey was wondering if Tom should be put back in charge (we wos Eldars now not Toms mates) or not. We said no, perhaps he should go on a quest to a tourney? Dey agreed it might give him a purpose in life and vanished.

We hung around for a long long time poised ready to go, Alabrion prepped an cast a couple of 'Quakes hoping to catch da Mistweaver but never manged it. As it was we'd bin dobbed in and we heard a challenge called from da big miserable Mistweaver dat Gart had Exorcised earlier (although he still looked a bit plump to us). He called us out to face him and his thirty mates. So to save da world da five of us stepped up to take on a hoooge bunch of trolls, goblins and of course da Mistweaver. We scrapped and fort for ages, back to back. Caradac was cut down by Trolls unable to dodge all of da horde, Alabrion turned into a Rock again and well we got butchered by da Mistweaver and fell. We walked in da warm desert again, where everyfing was simple, den Kal asked if we woz OK. Turned out we had been killed and ress'd while Caradac was recovering from being Elixired. It turns out dat Alabrion dived out of his Rocky form with an Earthquake on his fingers and him, Puke and Kal managed to beat enough of da Hordlings to snot and chase off da Mistweaver. So hurrah.

While we were deciding what to do da Storyteller turned up lookin' to finish da tale of Tom. So

we used what we had and dem bastards made us fight a duel wiv Tom which was over pretty quick as he was a doddering old git. We got to keep da Spear which looked OK.

Wiv dat done we followed da trail back to da waystation to find da uvvers. We got back and after a bit of a stand off wiv Taigan and da uvvers who fort we might be visions we got a beer.

Da uvers had good news and really bad news. Tsika had been slain again in combat and could not be recovered. Dey had his body wiv dem which we put somewhere safe to take back for a heroes cremation. Sulimans group had kicked over a Melnob lady and Dretchs group had found an AstroLab which was a device for doing stuff to do wiv rituals. What we needed to do was use da lab to find a place for a big ritual using da Rob of Doo-nah-car-eee-an or summit. Dis was wot da Melnobs was really up to.

We had some beers and a chat about what we needed to do da next day. We decided to go to da Wraifs Head where we fink dis Rod was which da Melnobs was gonna go and rob using da Cetiva as a way in.

Den we heard banging and fire-building behind da hedge so we went to investigate. Turns out a Melnob and a load of mates were causing trouble. We slowly started da fight as no-one was really up for it following a rucks wiv da Mistweavers. It got ugly really quick as da Melnobs and Hepaths were pretty nails, especially dere boss who had a really hot sword and a shield-man as a pair dey was quite hard. Just as da fight seemed to turn to it's worst point, Luke was among us. He had died before reaching da waystation wiv Kals group and his Spirit has passed on. So we woz a bit surprised. Turns out he done enuf good in his life (which we cudda told ya, ask anyone in da KFW) to be taken up to da Good Sphere and was apparently waitin' in line when he saw his old mates in trouble. Wiv him dancing around all over da place wiv tons of curing we kicked da crap out of da Melnobs, and he came back for a beer.

A bits later dere was some lurvely singing and some figures in white wiv lights. Luke said dey had come to get him so we pushed him behind us and da KFW was ready to stop anyone takin' our mate. As it happened it was good fink, he's skipped da queue and is now in a good place. We miss you Luke, but hope you're happy.

We had a drink and went ta bed.

Day Four,

We all got up a bit groggy from da last few days which was tough. But now we had a plan and new wot to do. So wiv Clowdio in tow we set off frew da Cetiva to da Wraifs Head to stop da Melnobs robbing da place.

When we got dere we heard a bunch of Saldorians fightin inside. Something about free thought and not nicking anything except wot dey came for. Dey disintegrated da bodies and tidied up.

We found a big ward dat some of da uvvers had seen before. We opened it to get to da Saldorians and went fru annuver ward which dispelled all our magic and fort some elementals for a bit. Once we'd smashed up da elementals we taunted some Saldorians who were da uvver side of a big power ward in da building.

While taunting we was attacked by a large group of Saldorians, who we kicked senseless. Dey had a key on dem which would let da uvver saldorians out of da Wards dey was stuck in. We pondered what to do for a while.

After a bit some Halmadonians approached. Dey fort we was robbers and told Kal to go back (he was off to go speak to 'em by himself) and join his mates 'cause they were here for a scrap. We battled wiv em for a long time, back and forf. Dey was pretty nails wiv plenty of healin and some seriously hard warriors (turned out dere was knights wiv em who are always nails) an a sorcerer who we killed and dey ress'd. Parley was called and Kal chatted wiv em and told em what was really happening. Dey sort of believed us and told us to carry on wiv our work, we struck a deal with da Saldorians dat dey would come out, give us the Rod and bugger off. Kal was going to let 'em go but he got betrayed.

While all da chatting was going on we was tending to Ansell who was dying his final death. Den some Halmadonnian type came over and cast summit and Ansell seemed OK again. So dey weren't too bad. Turns out Ansell was one of da last Pax Silvani.

Taigan went in to chat wiv da Saldorians to bring dem out wiv da key we had. We were all

waiting a safe distance away as agreed by Kal. As dey left da building dey gave Taigan a Rod, and summit else. Taigan den started attacking dem and we ran to help him figuring da Saldorians had betrayed us. While we fort da Saldorians Taigan legged it, Suliman chased after him figuring he was feared or summit. We followed to check both of em was OK (most of the Saldorians was dead anyway) Taigan was running quick but he took a minute to pull off his Tabard (which was Lukes) and throw it down, sprinting off with two rods (da one we wanted with a Hephath in it and da Rob of Ultimate Beguilement apparently) dressed in Kalid blue and black da filthy traitor!

Feelin' dejected we staggered back to da Wraifs head and licked our wounds. Taigan had gone wiv stuff we needed, traitored us and gone to help da Kalid control da mists. Luckily Erf and Caradac were skilled in seeking and managed to find his trail. We tracked him for a bit to a very dark crossroads where we found a large group of Kalid.

We engaged them in combat, da betrayed KFW now down three of our number (Piski was taken ill and couldn't be wiv us dat day) against da Traitor, Master Path 1st Sorcerer of da Dothloadass Kalid Legion, a bunch of Knights of the Shroud and strong Kalid Wizards and Priests. Da KFW fought valiantly. Puke felling da traitor wiv a Touch of Death early in the combat and everyone else pushing wiv all dere strength. In the middle of da fight Suliman (who was out of power) began to parry blows from Master Path who sort to slay Dretch but was killed in da process, Erf using an amulet to resurrect him before he hit da floor. Wiv Suliman back from his visit to da spheres da fight grew more fierce, in da dark da KFW was split chasing Kalid and Undead through hedge and glade. Eventually all were killed or fled and da bodies pulled together and looted, da traitor thrown with his Master Path to rot hopefully. We had won, but at terrible cost. Dretch, Caradac, Gart, Suliman, Alabrion and Puke were all slain and Ansell cut down his spirit moved on, beyond da reach of even Suliman. We were a battered group and it turned out only da Rod of Dunakarion (whatever it was wiv a Hephath in it) was recovered and not da Ultimate Beguiling jobbie.

We slowly made our way back to da waystation with Clowdio, patched up but low on resources still feeling da shock of Taigans treachery and da loss of so many lives, especially Ansell whose lithe elven form was a heavy burden to bear.

We hadn't been back long when da three male Melnob lords strode in giving us gip. Dey talked down to us, telling us to give us da Rod. We told 'em to go and **** themselves but politely cause we didn't want a kickin' but da thought wos dere. Dey told us dat dey was usin' da Saldorians and all dey wanted was to get rid of da mists so dey could free da Hephath in da Rod and make wishes. Dey had a back-up plan do of taking it to da Setiva and doin' summit else.

Dey told us dat in da morning when da Laydees had put on dere make-up dey would be back to give us a beating.

Knowing what we knew we figured we had to go and sort out da Hepathic rod which would mean dat all dis would be over. So dat meant building an Astro-Lab and our expert Hepafologist (Alabrion) had to work out where we had to get to on da Setiva. So Erf, Alarbion and Puke (and us a bit later but we only held stuff straight while da uvvers did da work) worked long into da night while everyone else got some kip (except Piski and Gart who was giggling about Puke and Erf in da "Luv Shack" togevver). Eventually we's found da right spot on da map by linking up stars and stuff, it was all very tricky. We virtually collapsed where we woz and went to sleep after dat.

Day Five,

In da morning we all got up and started doing brekky and da usual stuff. We figured we'd better move quick so's we prepped to move out sharpish, wiv Ansell dead dere was lots less casting in da morning.

Just as we was about to move off from da buildin' a stream of Melnob slave warriors began to file onto our field, followed by some Hepafic gribbles and 5 Melnob Lords and Ladies with da magic pot (wot we promised to send back to da King of da 4 and 1 counties and his three bints) and a stinking attitude.

Rather dan take any of dere crap dis time Kal ordered da line up and we faced off. Dey said it was too late to bargain and dey was taking da rod off our corpses. A very long and hard fight kicked off, each of da Melnob Lords was docking hard but eventually we whittled away dere slave support and off'd all da Hepafs but Straasha. We killed one of da bastards but pain bint lobbed a slave into da magic pot and ressed da git. Lucky for da KFW we had Dretch wiv us and she virtually kicked da front line into action wiv da force of her shoutin' until one by one da Melnob gits started mewling for Straasha to flee wiv dem, cheeky gits. Some of dem dropped dere stuff in da hurry to get away from us. Eventually one of da birds was left behind, alone and straasha wouldn't take her, which was funny. So we beat da crap out of her and she died. One down four to go. Sadly Weech was killed fairly early in da scrap so we had to Res him.

Wiv everyone healed up and a second breakfast enjoyed we moved off to finish da story. Alabrion had done tons of translatin of about a hundred books of Hepafology and he reckoned if

he could open a portal to da Abyss and summon dis Hepaf wiv a long long long long name he could chuck im back in da Abyss an da rod would no longer be a fret.

We's arrived on da Setiva in a clear sunny glade. A story-teller was waiting for da strangers to tell it a tale (it didn't have a book which was dead odd, dese fings always have books). We figured dis must be da Melnobs wot had arranged to tell it dis tale. We's started da ritool to open a gate to da Abyss to send our pet Hepaf frew once he turned up. Kal did dis wiv Suliman and Alabrion while da rest of us had a chat, drink and relaxed. We started da tale once da gate was open and after a few false starts, and some stunning acting from da KFW recreating dere early adventoors we got onto da tale of da Pax Silvani and da creation of da Hepafic rod. Eventually we'se got to da bit where da Hepath was released in battle. Some elves popped up and we butchered dem. Den it all went a bit quiet and creepy and da BIGGEST ugliest Hepath fing was striding into da glade. It was at least ten feet tall wiv a huge big copper and caustic stuff dripping form it's fangs. Alabrion (or resident Hepath expert) must have been off taking a pee cause Erf stepped forward wiv da Rod to try and control da fing. It went OK until it decided to chop Dretchs arm off in one chop. But Erf eventually got it back to da edge of da circle when da Hepaf said "ahh but you didn't use my true name!" and suddenly a couple of dozen Hepaths sprang form da Abyssal gate Kal had opened.

Predictably a huge fight kicked off da KFW formed a tite knot fighting Hepafs on all sides. After a longs time fitin we realised we had to get da boss in da gate and shut it. Alabrion took up da rod and using da Hepafs true name started to command it once more. Dis went on for ages as da big gnarly beast was forced step by step into da circle and da KFW tried to keep da hordes of hepafs from Alabrion. Eventually da big beastie was in da circle wiv Gart but Alabrion was able to let Gart out wivout da Hepaf being freed so it was OK (despite Gart telling him to just shut da fing! Very selfless bloke Gart). Den da Hepaf asked Labby if he wanted to make a wish, power and stuff. Alabrion despite pretty much every member of da KFW expecting him to take da power and wishes, cause he's been talking about it ever since we got da Canticles, told da Hepaf he weren't interested and we all cheered. Turns out Labby had been pu off a bit by Straasha's abaondonement of da Bint in da fight earlier dat day. Dere is a lot of power in Hepaf summonin but it all lies wiv da Hepaf.

Once da gate closed da little Hepafs all vanished and we all collapsed to da ground in relief. Clowdio took us back to da Waystation where we's recuperated for a bit, gathered our stuff, and our fallen and made our way back to da Kern Valley.

Epilouge – or wot 'as happened since

- **Luke Montoya** who was wiv us for ages was named Hero for his actions in da field despite being part of da good sphere now.
- **Tsika** was given a good send off, we burnt his body like he wanted and got pissed
- We all said goodbye to **Ansell** in a quieter ceremony
- Kal has been promoted to **Sir Kal**, Knight of the Order of King Michael
- **Mandrake** has been promoted to Champion of the Crusaders

Summary -

- We had da wrong end of da stick entirely most of da time. Da Saldorians did want da mists messed wiv but da Melnobs was clearly in control of it all just so dey could get dis Hepaf out what was stuck in da mists from years ago.
 - Da Kalid were lookin' to take advantage of any situation and got away wiv da Rod of Ultimate Beguilement which don't sounds good. Da Kalid is our alliances biggest fret.
 - Sum of da Melnobs got away (well most of dem actually) dey could be trubble in da future. We's like to go an kick 'em if anywun happens to have trubble wiv dem send us a note we'll come.
 - Da Setiva is a dodgy place, not recommended unless you is saving da world.
 - Da River people have an interesting past. Dey is still clearly an important part of da story behind Orin Rakatha if anyone knows any more let us know.
 - Da Saldorians need sorting out, dey failed dis time but we's need to keep an eye on dem trying anyfing like dis again.

Remember dis is only whats we remember at da moment dere is probably loads we missed out, especially personal heroism in da fights. We is sure any of da KFW is happy to talk about dis, especially if you buy em a beer (we'll drink Kals for him). We hopes da uvver groups when we wos split up will tell da tale of dere days cause dey sounded good, and we need to read about how Tsika fell for da last time, and how Mandrake got a doorway to fight his Mistweaver in.

Dats da end of da tale. For Now.

Gravesong

Veteran Crusader

White Retreat.