

There are tales of dank and fetid swamps; of mountains shrouded within shadowy mists.

Tales of restless spirits and twisted abominations.

Tales of an island whose secrets lie locked within ancient ruins and mountaintop lairs, guarded by unspeakable horrors and feral, draconic beasts.

## Tales...of Darkmoor

Yet, for those few who are brave enough, cunning enough, or pure enough of heart, these seemingly insurmountable dangers are but stepping stones to riches, fame, and glory.

-----*Presentation of the Heros*-----

### Barak the Bemuscled

A towering bulk of a man, Barak leads by strength of arm and heart. Although perhaps a bit light of brain, his courage is as plain as the cleft on his chin.

### Lightstep Silvertongue

Glib of tongue and fleet of foot, this happy-go-lucky troubadour can talk his way out of almost any situation, and run fast enough to escape the rest.

### The Journey Begins (*Barak's theme recapped*)

Rumor has it that the secrets of Darkmoor Isle lie buried deep within a haunted tomb, locked behind an impassable gate, lost somewhere within a stenchous, marshy fen. And so, with Barak in the lead, our two heros are off to the fun!

### Brother Humbelton the Unremarkable

They soon meet a traveling pilgrim; a simple, pious man seeking to spread the good word of peace and love by the example of his iron will and mighty faith. And who could possibly need conversion more than the wretched denizens of Darkmoor Isle.

-----*The Adventure on Darkmoor Island*-----

### Bludge, Ogre of the Fen

A twisted tower of muscle and matted fur, Bludge has hands like hams and eyes like rotten grapefruits. With an odor that could curdle milk at 100 paces, he's the perfect paradigm of a mindless Neanderthal.

### Lightstep Saves the Day

Lightstep's silver tongue hath charms to soothe the savage beast.

Rather than resort to bloodshed, he uses compliments such as, "Is that your hair, or did a compost heap implode on your head?"

Blushing at the flattery, Bludge allows our heros to pass, foppishly brushing back his hair with a decaying deer carcass.

## **Barak Lifts the Gate of the Titans**

Gargantuan and hewn of solid stone, this enormous relic of an earlier age is the perfect challenge for Barak's bulging biceps.

## **The Tomb of Misery**

Far from miserable, these ostensibly merry spirits frolic an unholy gavotte. Unfortunately, they'd like our heroes to join the party in the afterlife!

## **Humbelton Soothes the Spirits of Darkmoor**

Deep in meditation, Humbelton gently guides the errant spirits to their final resting place. They resist, but in the end it is his simple faith which triumphs.

## **Night on Blackmyst Mountain**

Even though the tomb proved a "dead" end, it contained ancient runes which, once translated by Lightstep, indicate that the mysterious secrets of the Isle lie atop the bleak, windswept crags of Blackmyst mountain. At Lightstep's urging, our group travels under the cover of night.

## **The Great Wurm of Darkmoor**

Terror beyond horror! Horror beyond words! In a cloud of sulfurous flames and a blast of primal fear, a terrible and ancient dragon; a bejeweled and awesome juggernaut of destruction and death rains dread and draconic fire down upon our heroes. They each try in vain to resist...

## **Barak Falls**

## **Lightstep is Silenced**

## **Humbelton Succumbs**

## **The Heroes Rally**

Reaching for one another's hands in the darkness and flames of despair, our heroes realize that while alone they are lost, together they may yet stand. With a rallying cry, now united, they rail fiercely against the monolithic evil.

In the end, our heroes carry the day, and victory is theirs at last. But a greater treasure than gold or glory was won by each on that dark Isle. To know thyself, in both strength and weakness, and to find a friend with whom to stand abreast against the tide of darkness, these are indeed the greatest jewels of all. May we all have such insight and such companions as we assail the trials of our own Darkmoor Isles.