

The following adventure was created on Tower of the Sun as part of an idea started by Beowuuf. It was a community gamebook, in which several people traded off writing sections until we reached the end. It was not planned out . . . it was very spontaneous . . . and the following people apologize for writing it:

*Black Cat
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*Hazeale
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The Lone Wolf Christmas Special: Blue Robes Rising

The Story so Far . . .

In Holmgard they are celebrating the local holiday of the “Jolly Fat Kai.” This is an annual celebration of the local legend of a Kai Lord who gave all the good Sommlending children severed Giak heads, and all the bad children the rest of the Giak.

You are Lone Wolf, Grand Master of the Kai . . . and you are running late. You are on your way to a party but you need to stop and buy Banedon a birthday gift, as the holiday lands on the same day as his venerable birth. Most of the shops are closed, and you really can't be bothered to forge Banedon another Kai Weapon, especially since you know he just goes out and trades them for chocolate on Boxing Day (the holiday when Sommlending parents got rid of the afore mentioned Giak parts before they stunk out the house).

There are many ways to party, but only one involves a minimum of danger. With a wise choice of Kai Disciplines and a great deal of courage, any player should be able to get smashed, no matter how weak their initial COMBAT SKILL or ENDURANCE points score.

The honour and memory of the Kai Lords will go with you on your grand journey.

Good luck!

1

You walk down a street, despairing of ever finding an open shop, when a hopeful sight greets you – not just one but two shafts of light from open doorways signify too open shops! They both sound perfect too.

If you wish to enter Aunt Sahdi's Plant and Herb Emporium, turn to **2**.

If you would rather enter Honest Zagarna's Spawned House of Kai Torture and Pain, turn to **3**.

2

Aunt Sahdi is a hot busty blonde around 20 years of age and with legs soooo long. One suspects she isn't really an aunt. She purrs at you and rubs her leg against yours.

If you wish to succumb to her seduction go to **4**.

If you're gay, go to **5**.

3

In the Honest Zagarna's Spawned House of Kai Torture and Pain you see a vast array of products that would make the perfect gift for anyone's favourite wannabe necromancer and black sorcerer.

You hesitate in front of a display of miniaturized Giak heads. You think you recognize one of them from your youth. Suddenly, the owner of the shop appears from a secret door leading god knows where.

"Can I help you?" the Old Man asks.

"Yes," you reply. "I'm looking for a gift for my boyfr—errr . . . for my good friend. He's 25 years old, has wavy blonde hair and a sweet looking, um, look."

The old man rubs his chin thoughtfully. "I see . . ." He goes to one corner of the store and grabs a doll representing a dwarf. "This doll will make your friend happy."

"That's good!"

"But I must warn you that we put an evil spell on it."

"That's bad!"

"But if you buy the doll, you'll get a free frosted frog. It tastes great!"

"That's good!"

"But we also put an evil spell on the frosted frog."

"That's bad!"

"But the frosted frog comes with a nice mug of Bor Brew from Bor."

"That's good!"

"But the Bor Brew from Bor contains Potassium Benzoate."

". . ."

"That is bad," the old man prompts.

"Can I go now?" you ask.

If you decide to buy the doll and leave, go to section **4**.

If you decide to leave without buying anything, you will have to go to the other shop instead. Turn to **2**.

4

Things were said, items were purchased, and now it's time to party. That evening, at the bash, everybody quickly becomes drunk and no one really knows what they are doing.

You're very drunk yourself, and end up mistakenly giving Banedon's gift to a dwarf that looks like the magician.

If you have bought the dwarf doll at Honest Zagarna's Spawned House of Kai Torture and Pain, turn to **6**.

If the gift comes from Aunt Sahdi's Plant and Herb Emporium, turn to **7**.

5

Sahdi mutters a profuse apology and you spend the next two hours hearing how you should definitely meet her brother Colin as he's a nice boy who has only recently moved to Holmgard and doesn't know anyone there but would like to and his favourite colour is . . .

This goes on and on. As you try to leave she reminds you that you came in for a gift – she gives you something from under her counter that she says should be a delightful gift for anyone.

You try to give her money but she waves it away. This is good for you, as actually it's quite a tacky and dodgy gift that reminds you of one a Kai Initiate gave you earlier in the evening. In fact they could be matching items.

Turn to **4**.

6

You hand the little doll to the dwarf, who – despite being pretty tipsy – gets rather offended that you are offering such a girly gift to such a surly and brawny fellow. He throws it on the ground and steps on it – well, he tries to step on it, but his foot hits a loose board that, in the best of slapstick tradition, swings up and smacks him in the head.

As he falls backward into unconsciousness, you reach for the doll. The other dwarves look around to see what made the noise – and they all see you extending your hands wildly into the air over their fallen friend, who has a nice reddish knot forming on his forehead. This does not look good for the Homestar Runner.

If you have the Kai Discipline of Mind Over Matter, turn to **15**.

Otherwise, you have no choice but to fight the enraged yet drunken dwarves. Turn to **14**.

7

As you know, you didn't get a gift from Sahdi's emporium that is fit for anyone else to partake of. So you ended up forging a Kai Weapon after all. The dwarf really likes the flaming sword you hand him, and starts swinging it drunkenly around, decapitating some Bor Brew kegs to the showered delight of all.

Unfortunately a not-so-drunk Banedon comes over expecting his gift. Luckily, you recall that some dodgy gift a young Kai Initiate gave you is still in your cloak.

Do you wish to give Banedon the dodgy Initiate gift? Turn to **8**.

If you wish to admit you have no gift, turn to **9**.

8

“Oh.” says a rather startled Banedon as you pull the gift out from your tunic. “Well, I must say it is remarkably life like . . .” He takes it from you appreciatively, starting to play with it unconsciously. “Head's a little big though . . .”

The bobble-headed Giak doll is perhaps a little tasteless, but it is cute nonetheless, and absolutely captivating for a drunk man. After a while all the dwarf crew and some of the Kai come round to play with it – including the Kai Initiate who gave it to you! His face falls upon seeing the gift, and he looks at you with an expression that is both sad and aghast.

“You rotter!” he screams, “That was my gift to you!”

Banedon looks upset, the dwarves look angry, and the Kai Initiate . . . well, who cares about him, he's only an Initiate.

If you possess a second dodgy gift, turn to **19**.

If you wish to fight the drunken dwarfs, turn to **14**.

If you possess the Kai Discipline of Mindblast and wish to use it on the annoying Initiate first, turn to **18**.

9

"I have no gift." You utter this with the perfect confidence of a Kai, hoping that the virtue of your truthfulness will prevail over your fault. "Err . . . at least I'm not like that croaky Rimoah," you hurriedly add, attempting to simmer the situation by revoking the old magician's multitude of dishonest acts at the previous year's party.

You come to the realization that your plan is not working when your Sixth Sense directs your attention to Banedon's swelling eyes and the trickle of a tear falling from them.

If you wish to laugh this off as a joke and pull out the dodgy gift, turn to **8**.

Otherwise, take a deep breath and utter a prayer to Kai, then pick a number from the Random Number Table.

If the number you have picked is 0–5, turn to **11**.

If the number is 6 or higher, turn to **12**.

10

You tell the dwarves that you are not a spy and they seem relieved. They even appear to be suddenly friendly . . . maybe a little too friendly? They take you by the arms and nearly drag you inside the room where they make their Brew, laughing and giggling all the way there. "We'll show you our secrets since you told us that you are not a spy," says one of the dwarves with a wink.

You finally come to a foot-bridge overlooking a big room. Underneath you, several brewing-vats are filled with the mixture that the people of Bor call their Brew.

"We'll have to cross the foot-bridge to get your Brew. I'll be right behind you" says the dwarf that had greeted you earlier at the door.

Leading the way, you are halfway across the bridge when you hear laughter behind you. You turn around to see that none of the dwarves followed you.

One of them then pulls a lever and the bridge collapses under you opens. You start falling, but being a Grand Master Kai you manage to hang on to something. It could be the bridge. It could be the beard of a dwarf that got too close. It could be the shattered remnants of your former life. You decide.

Pick a number from the Random Number Table.

If the number is 0–3, you lose your grip and fall into the brewing-vat, dying a rapid death.

In this case you'll be happy to know that your friends at the Kai Monastery end up drinking you, as you'll be part of a special delivery of the Dwarves' new brew, Kai Lord Edition.

If the number is 4–6, you climb back on the foot-bridge and attack the dwarves. Turn to section **26**.

If the number is 7–9, you use your mental powers to blow apart the dwarves' minds, they topple forward, falling into the brewing-vats below you. That's great for you, because you have just created the Bor Brew Dwarf Edition, and you have enough of it to bring it back to the party. Turn to section **31**.

11

Kai advises you that there is only one thing to do, so you pucker your lips and close your eyes, reaching out your hands to draw Banedon close. But when you plant the kiss, it tastes . . . beardy. You open your eyes quickly and see that you have grabbed the dwarven bo'sun.

"You . . . you cheat!" Banedon's stream of tears, shed in betrayal of his true feelings for you, is more than enough to put any man off his tab. The dwarves, all members of his Skyrider ship, turn as one and give you very menacing looks that, combined with their drunken belches and easily reached Bor pistols, does not bode well for you.

If you try to make amends with the drunken dwarves, turn to **13**.

Otherwise draw your weapon and prepare for a fight, turn to **14**.

12

Kai is either listening to your prayers, or is so drunk that His divine retribution mis-fires and hits a poor old mage behind you. In any case, the old mage slips, trips, falls, and whips across the floor in a dazzling display of fleetness of foot, flinging his staff at you in the process.

"Thanks!" you say, grabbing the staff and handing it to Banedon as if it this was all pre-planned. You even throw in a raucous 'ta-da!' Inexplicably the dwarves all reach for their guns at this, and Banedon is forced to explain that 'ta-da' is roughly translated as 'small bottom' in dwarven, and is considered a terrible insult.

But soon, the mistake is understood and laughter replaces disaster.

Banedon is overly pleased with his gift and you both get rip-roaringly drunk along with his dwarven crew.

However, soon a great danger faces the party – you have just drunk the last of the the Bor Brew.

If you wish to try to reason with the dwarves looking at the empty keg you have finished it off, go to **13**.

Otherwise, you will need to sneak out and find some brew from somewhere – luckily, a drunk Banedon is on hand to help you (note this fact with a Biro under 'Knuckles' on the back of your *Left Hand*).

You think of where to go from here. The drunk Banedon suggest the Bor Embassy, but you're sceptical. The chance of them giving up their brew to a pair of humans is slim. You remember hearing that the Kai Initiates have been brewing their own brew of late. But would it be good enough for the dwarves?

If you wish to head for the Kai Monastery to get some of the new fangled Kai Brew, turn to **16**.

Or if you'd rather take Banedon's advice and go to the dwarven embassy, turn to **17**.

4

You've found the secret section four! Bet you were all excited to read about your hot adventure with Aunt Sahdi. But guess what? The title of this is not "Aunt Sahdi's Hot Adventures." No, no. You are LONE Wolf, remember? Your chances of making it with the opposite sex are about as good as a Szall's chance against Darklord Gnaag.

We spared you the pain of reading how you spent your whole time with Aunt Sahdi making very bad Kai pick up lines, until she got bored, slapped you, and kicked your sorry Kai ass out on the streets. I bet you feel proud of yourself now. But then, we tried to keep your dignity. It was you who found this secret section and ruined it. Good job, Grand Master Kai.

The only thing that will rid you of your shame now is to end your life here.

13

You begin to lecture the dwarven crew on how civilization is following a downward spiral which is only accelerated by wanton violence and a lust for destruction. They sway slightly back and forth, like tall pines blown by an inebriated breeze.

The one standing right in front of you staggers back a step and his eyes cross. His field of vision splits, and he sees double.

"EY! There'sh two of 'em now! It's shome kind of trick! Flee for shafety Mashter Nabedon!" he shouts in a slurred yet determined voice. "I'll take the left on the one!"

Both of you can draw your weaponsh and fight the dwarvesh.

Turn to **14**.

14

As you draw your weapon, all the dwarves look at you without any sign of emotion. You look at them too. They are not moving. You decide to show them your skills, just to scare them.

"YAAAHHH! YO-YIP! ARRRR! YAH! YAOOOOOO-YA! AIIIIIIIIIEYA!" you scream as you swing your weapon in the air, displaying all the prowess of the Drunken Kai Master Fist Fu style of Weaponskill. You finish by sketching a giant "K" on a white tablecloth with the point of your blade.

Bored and not scared in the least, every dwarf in the room takes out their Bor Pistol and points it at you.

If you still wish to fight them, you hear a sound like thunder. Turn back to section **1**, as you're the proud new owner of 138 bullets.

If you decide to drop your weapon, turn to section **20**.

15

You concentrate your ridiculously powerful Telekenesis on the group and as one all the dwarve's belts fly off and their pants fall to the ground. The hairy men trip all over themselves in their consternation and soon all of them are laughing and drinking again and commenting what a great party it is. Even Banedon cheers up, to your great relief, as you tell the classic story of how you rescued him from Kaag years ago.

But disaster is never far in Magnamund. Before long, the Bor Brew runs dry. As you are the least drunk member of the party, you are sent out to retrieve more beer.

The Kai have been brewing their own of late, though it's a well known fact dwarves scorn it. However, to get real Bor Brew at this time of night in the quantities you require will be a difficult task indeed. You could try the dwarven embassy, but they guard their Bor Brew with their lives.

If you wish to head for the Kai Monastery to get some of the new fangled Kai beer, turn to **16**.

Or if you'd rather search out the dwarven embassy and acquire Bor Brew from them, turn to **17**.

16

Only . . . Kai Lords have oaths that prevent the possibility of alcohol in their beverages. Either that, or they've hidden the good stuff really well. When you come back with Monastery Mineral Water the dwarves are enraged. Your life and your quest end here.

17.

The night is brisk, and you walk quickly, soon coming to the Bor Embassy. You knock on the door. A dwarf opens it and looks at you with a suspicious eye.

"Yeah? Whadizit?"

"Hi . . . errr . . . I would like to get some Bor Brew from you . . . I have a party right now and we are missing good booze. Errr . . ." you finish.

The dwarf looks at you with a more suspicious eye.

"Errr . . . There's a lot of dwarves with me, and they know what they want, hehe . . ." you add, which makes this particular dwarf relax his gaze. "Okay, come in. I'll take you to the Master Brewer," he says.

After crossing a few corridors, you arrive at small courtyard. Suddenly, the dwarf in front of you turns around and jams a Bor Pistol into your face. Immediately, twenty or so other dwarves appear at windows around the yard and scream at you in unison.

"YOU ARE KAI COME TO STEAL OUR SECRETS ON HOW WE MAKE OUR BREW SO DELICIOUS! THIS IS INDUSTRIAL SPYING! ADMIT IT: YOU'RE A SPY!"

If you wish to say that the dwarf is wrong and that you are not a spy, turn to **10**.

If you say that you are a spy, turn to **24**.

18

Aaaaaaaarrrrrrrrggggggghhhhhnnnnnnnnnnnnnggggggggggh hhhhhhheeeeeeeep!" screams the young Initiate, and you smile, since you were the one that told him he'd better bloody well practice his Mindshield. Did he listen? Did he heck.

"Don't mind him, he's a little bit mental, we call him Bewildered Chicken," you say. Everyone laughs and all social and political tensions are forgotten. Banedon begins telling the story of the Jolly Fat Kai, thumping the bo'sun's head every so often for emphasis. You're not worried about the Kai Initiate, he is actually too drunk to remember all this, so no scarring will happen, but this does subconsciously teach him some humility and he's bound

to become a damn good student because of it. And look, if you really feel bad, don't worry, your Sixth Sense tells you he'll retain a vague memory of you doing something evil and so will put laxatives in your Kai Brew at the Feast of Fehmarn. So everyone is happy.

Unfortunately, with all tensions forgotten the beer goes quickly. As someone who is the least drunk, and as a Kai Supreme master, it is your sacred mission to find some more . . . and quickly, before Banedon's repeated thumping of the bo'sun's head gets him in trouble.

Where to get beer? The Kai have been brewing their own of late, though it's a well known fact dwarves scorn it. However, to get real Bor Brew at this time of night in the quantities you require will be a difficult task indeed. You could try the dwarven embassy, but they guard their Bor Brew with their lives.

You are just contemplating this when you are approached by the young Initiate.

"Hehehehhhe, I know wheretheresh a shhhhecret shhhhtashhh of Kai Brew!" he says, giggling all the while. "Shhhhhhhhhh, dontsh tellsh Kaigranshmashterlonewolfshhhhh."

If you wish to go with the Initiate for some Kai Brew, turn to **23**.

If you would rather go directly to the monastery yourself and investigate, turn to **16**.

Or if you think it's more worthwhile to search out the dwarven embassy, turn to **17**.

19

You take out the other bobble headed Giak doll that has been poking you in the chest most of the night, and present it to the Initiate, hoping it's the one he gave you. Luckily he's too drunk to be able to tell, and besides they are just so darn cute (Readers: Bobble Headed Giak Dolls are available from all good toy retailers in time for the Feast of Fehmarn MS 1503, order now)!

Banedon and the Initiate then proceed to stage fights with the two dolls, using magic to animate them, and everyone gathers round to watch the two duke it out. They also start huge bets on which one will win. Aww, Kai bless the children.

It is of course above the principles of the Kai to engage in such base activity. Pick one random number from the *Random Number Table* to represent the amount of Gold Crowns you pickpocket from the guests instead while they aren't looking.

Just as you start to size up a Mastercraft Broadsword a Knight of the White Mountain is carrying, your Sixth Sense urges you to look over at the Bor Brew kegs. The current gambling activity has led to less drinking, but you spot that somehow the kegs are empty anyway! You then spot a shadowy figure darting out of the room.

If you wish to pursue this figure, turn to **25**.

If you decide to address the very real danger of angry guests without Bor Brew, you have only one choice – look for a substitute. You could try to find some new fangled Kai Brew at the monetary or you could go to the dwarven embassy and beg.

If you would wish to go to the monetary, turn to **16**.

If you wish to go to the dwarven embassy, turn to **17**.

20

You throw up your hands and force a smile. And then . . . you dance! As you Macarena your way towards the fuming dwarfs, you suddenly recall a chapter from the Book of the Magnakai that reveals dwarves go insane at this time of the year. The information has come too late. The light begins to dim and the coarsely feel of bushy beard begins prickling your face. The dwarfs have surrounded you and are closing in to do Kai knows what.

As you squat down in despair, you notice a shadow furiously elbowing his way towards you. “Don’t touch him!” the shadow screams in a low booming voice. “He is mine!”

It is the bo’sun! And it’s your best ticket for getting out of here. As the short legs waddle towards your open embrace, you notice a bitter face amongst the crowd. It is Banedon. And behind him you notice a third face.

It is the Kai Initiate and he attempting to hide his mirth at your predicament by covering his mouth.

If you wish to ignore the faces and carry on embracing the bo’sun, turn to **21**.

If you wish to skirt around the parameter for a way to reach Banedon, chancing the dwarven orgy, turn to **22**.

If you decide it’s time to Mindblast the annoying Kai Initiate with a vengeance, turn to **18**.

21

You can hear some mage-like sobbing off to one side and angry mutters all around, but you carry on embracing the bo’sun as if your life depended on it – which unfortunately it does.

However, the craziness of the dwarves was not exaggerated. The bo’sun has already had more Bor Brew than is good for him, and he decides that it would be a fantastic idea to ballroom dance around the room with you . . . and apparently that means spinning you wildly.

You cannot escape his clingy embrace as he whirls you around and around, faster and faster. Finally you break loose, but only due to laws of physics and the principle of drunk dwarven grip. You are flung across the room, where you smash your head against the far wall and then become violently sick.

Such a display is hardly becoming of a Kai – you are stripped of your Kai rank, booted out of both the party and Sommerlund, and are forced to live a life of destitution picking up coppers for reading people’s minds or training cute animals. The Kai Initiate grows up to become the new Grand Master. Eventually you give up all dignity whatsoever and enter politics.

Your credibility and your quest end here

22

“Ere, we ’aven’t finished with ye yet!” says one of the dwarves as you try to push round them to get to Banedon. “Dear Kai,” you say to the dwarves with genuine emotion as you see Banedon’s dreamy eyes all misted up.

“Look at your captain! He needs some Bor Brew!”

The dwarfs are suitably cowed for having put wanton satisfying violence ahead of wanton drunkenness. One of the dwarfs rushes over to the kegs and makes an awful discovery . . .

“Lads . . . there’s. . . there’s no brew left!”

Banedon looks suddenly worse than before. The dwarves take turns looking horrified. All around you the guests start to get belligerent. Crystal Star brothers start challenging Dessi mages to magical duels, Knights of the Realm and Knights of the White Mountain square off to see whose honour code is more honourable, and even the Kai Initiate . . . eh, who cares about him, he’s only an Initiate.

“Wait, who is that over there?” you yell before the madness can get out of hand. A shadowy figure looks around with a face that screams guilt as everyone stops what they are doing to stare at him. It looks at the guests. He spends a moment deliberating, then legs it.

“Stop him, LW!” say the dwarves as one. The bo’sun pushes a Bor Rifle into your hands. The previous disagreements are forgotten as all look to their saviour to once again ride forth save Magnamund . . . or at least the party.

And there won’t be any riding . . . no one’s willing to lend you their horse.

If you wish to pursue this vile and evil figure anyways, turn to **25**. Oh, and remember you have a Bor Rifle now . . . really, write it down, repeat it to yourself a few times, maybe get a friend to text the information to you every five minutes. This could be the most important bit of info you have EVER needed to know, like, ever, and you know how terrible your memory is. So repeat after me . . . you have a Bor Rifle. Remember. Bor . . . Rifle. Rifle of Bor. Got it?

Or if that’s too much for you to keep track of, you can hand back the rifle and head off to the Kai Monastery to fetch some new fangled Kai Brew, turn to **16**

23

The Kai Initiate hums an annoying and annoyingly catchy local tune which gets stuck in your head as he drunkenly leads you to a broom cupboard. He kneels down, apparently looking for something. You bend down to see what it could be.

Suddenly you feel a pain in your head. The ‘Kai Initiate’ jumps up with an inhuman screech, pulling back the hood of his Kai Cloak to reveal the hideous visage of a Helghast. It is a spawn of the Darklord, one of their fell captains, and it is attacking you with its Mindforce.

Nah, not really, I was only joking. It is just the Kai Initiate and you’re just drunk and he’s still just looking at whatever he’s looking at. Well, unless you feel this adventure has lacked combat – if you actually want to fight a Helghast, then turn to **35**

Otherwise, the Initiate finally finds what he’s looking for. He reaches in and pulls out . . . a small cat and a bottle.

“Ahahahahahah! Fffffoundssshh youshhh!” he says. “Sheee, whatsh weee do isssh, we feedshh all the borsh brew to thishshshsh kitty andsh then it extracsh all the bad dwarfsh shtuff out and pees out good ol’ Kai Brew!”

No wonder the Bor Brew disappeared so fast! “We?” you ask.

“Yesh, the cat . . .”

“But you said two of you feed the cat?”

“Oh, me anna thatsh shushpishous robed figuresh!” says the Kai Initiate pointing behind you.

A suspicious looking robed figure is coming around the corner, and looks guilty when you pass your spot check. He drops the empty bottle he was holding and legs it.

Do you wish to run after this strange figure? Turn to **25**.

Do you wish to just run for it period, before all the guests probably kill each other and you? Turn to **28**.

Do you wish to force feed the cat pee to the Initiate for fun? Turn to **27**.

24

The Dwarves are momentarily shocked as you tell them that yes, you are a spy trying to steal their secrets.

“So can I just jump through the secrets stuff and just take a barrel or five?” you ask hopefully.

The murderous look in the eyes of the dwarves tells you that the answer is a solid no, but then a voice whispers in your ear and something that feels oddly like a bottle is stuffed in to your pocket.

“You can take this, young one. Now run for your life!”

You heed the voice’s advice and take a running leap away from the dwarves, along the corridor, and finally out the front door of the embassy as axes and bullets fly past your head. Not waiting for them to catch up, you take off into the surrounding city and after five minutes of solid running, you decide to stop, rest, take the axe from between your shoulder blades and investigate the bottle in your pocket. You uncork it and take a huge sniff, hoping the aroma of Bor Brew will perk you up after all that running.

What you actually do is immediately empty the contents of your stomach behind the nearest tree.

It’s Dwarven pee. That man gave you his piss. You can hear the Dwarves laughing at you . . . literally, because their voices carry a long ways. You curse them in a very loud voice then take off at a run again in case they heard you.

You arrive back at the party empty handed. Or are you? You see that really annoying Kai Initiate standing by the empty barrels of brew. He sees you and is about to call out to the others that you’ve returned. You have to do something, FAST!

If you decide to avert disaster by giving the dwarf pee to the Initiate, in the hopes it renders him unconscious (or worse) turn to **27**.

If you wish to run for it, despite your aching legs, turn to **28**.

If you want to act natural and talk to Banedon, turn to **29**.

Or if you wish to blame everything on the Kai Initiate, turn to **30**.

25

You rush out of the room faster than a speeding Telchoi and give chase to the shadowy figure. You are surprised by the speed it shows. No matter how fast you run, it is always one step ahead of you. However, your Kai abilities keep you on its trail nonetheless, until at last you trap it in a dead end.

The figure turns and you see its eyes glowing bright red in the moonlight. It moves its hands around in the air and suddenly a portal opens at the end of the ally. It gives an evil chuckle. "Come, Kai Lord . . . we are all waiting for you . . ."

Who is this? What manner of creature would taunt you so? You have no time to ponder such things. The creature is leaping for the portal.

If you have a Bor rifle and wish to use it, turn to **32**.

If you wish to leap in after it, turn to **33**.

If you wish to sneak off to a different party and sort it out later, turn to **34**.

26

You face you taunters and attackers, the Dwarven Gunners of Bor. Your hand goes to your hip and you draw the Sommerswerd – the Sword of the Sun. Its perfectly crafted blade glows with godly power and a divine radiance washes over all present, highlighting every crag in the shocked and terrified beardy faces.

"Sorry lads, its been jabbing me in the hip all night," you say and put it down on the ground beside you. You then adopt a perfect boxing posture that Storm Hawk, your old (and usually drunk) mentor, taught you back in the day. "Come on lads, one at a time," you say. They respond by pointing Bor Rifles at you.

If you are alone, your bullet riddled body will fall down into the vats below and make a rather nice Bor Brew vintage -- and everyone who drinks it (Read: the entire population of Bor) will die of lead poisoning. Eventually.

It takes a few years. However, *your* life and quest end here.

If a drunk Banedon is with you, however, you are shocked to see the blue robed figure dart in front of you. "Don't worry woofie woofie, I'll handleses thish lot!"

"Hey, it's master Banedon!" the dwarves shout.

"Hahahahaha, tasteses my rat! I meansh my wrath!"

"How's it going Master Banedon?"

"Yesh, lightning boltsh all round for yoush!"

"Been anywhere nice lately?"

"SHASHAM!"

Banedon succeeds in catching his robe on fire, and you and the dwarfs work together to put it out.

"Sorry, I guess if master Banedon is willing to defend you then it's alright for you to threaten us!" say the dwarves. You ask about the possibility of getting some Bor Brew then, as Banedon carries on trying to attack a vat.

"Sorry Grandmaster, I'm afraid Banedon bought the last of it." One of the dwarfs points to a suspicious robed figure hovering around the vats, trying not to be seen. "Wait a minute . . ." the dwarf stares at the figure and then at the real Banedon, finally putting two and two together. "Oi, you, stop!"

The figure turns and runs past the real Banedon.

"SHASHAM!" the mage calls in a terrifying voice.

The dwarves need to put out Banedon again and, as you are a Kai Lord (and also the person with the longest legs), it falls to you to run the figure down. They thrust a nice Bor rifle into your hands to help you. Make note of this on your office wall.

Turn to **25**.

27

You not only give the pee to the Initiate, you grab the hapless Kai and force it down his throat, bottle and all, as a berserker rage comes over you. The Initiate sputters as he chokes on the pee and hard glass. You watch him die with a smile on your face and realize you could get used to doing things like this. You do not return to the party, but disappear into the night without a trace.

The next day, the current leader of the Nad-Adez Konkor is murdered as he's taking a piss outside Kaag, and a mysterious new Kai takes his place as head of the Dark Brotherhood.

The lives of many people end here.

28

You flee the scene of the party and make your way past the city gates where you eventually come to a large hill. Here you stop to catch your breath and get your bearings. You're feeling the mixture of physical exertion with alcohol and it's not doing good things to your Kai senses. You need sleep.

You look around for a suitable spot.

But hey . . . this hill seems sort've familiar . . .

If you wish to sleep on the road to Holmgard, robbers be damned!, turn to **44**.

If you wish to sleep by the river, the cold be damned!, turn to **45**.

If you wish to sleep in the graveyard of the ancients, screaming torment be damned!, turn to **46**.

If you wish to return to the city, turn to **47**.

29

"So, Banedon, what do you think on the current Vassagonian situation?" you ask, coming into the party, and Banedon starts pontificating on one of his loves – bad mouthing other nations drunkenly with a torrent of racial slurs and epithets.

Everyone gathers around, staring at you, suspecting that your clever question is a ruse tactics. Suddenly all the swords, staves and rifles are being levelled at you. You ignore them with the arrogance of the Kai, instead moving Banedon onto the subject of the Nuoma, and exactly what they can do with their godly weapons of goodness.

After a minute of this, no one can quite remember why they wanted to do bad things to you.

"Hey, ladsshshhs, we've foundsh thishshsh!" says the Kai Initiate from the back of the room. Bottle and bottles of Kai Brew are distributed to the guests. Most take them gratefully, the dwarfs reluctantly, but then they all start to realise something is wrong. It tastes a bit . . . catty. Rifles are raised, swords drawn, and large staves wielded (as an obvious overcompensation for certain deficiencies). Everyone gives the Kai Initiate an evil look. Just

then a cat climbs out of the cupboard he was rummaging through and shakes itself vigorously. Violence is not far away.

“Hey, Banedon, what do you think of the Shianti?” you say in a display of quick thinking. His ridiculous display of physical anger makes everyone forget their tensions again and roar with laughter. The taste of cat is forgotten as everyone gets roaringly drunk on Kai Brew.

At some point, you see a strange robed figure in the background run off, but you’re too drunk to pursue them and besides, the party is going great, so who cares?

The bash will be remembered in Holmgard legend, and you have saved all the guests from tearing each other (and you) apart. Perhaps it would have been best if you had found the identity of the robed figure, and perhaps it would have been a better idea not to have woken up in bed with the Kai Initiate, but you can still feel a sense of pride that you have defended the ideals of the Kai and got everyone completely hammered.

Congratulations Lone Wolf! But Magnamund will need your help again in the near future, so be sure to keep an eye out for The Easter Frolick of Doom!

30

You point your lying Kai arm in the direction of the poor Initiate, and with your lying Kai mouth tell a pack of lies about how the Initiate drank all the Bor Brew as you point your lying kai finger directly at him.

The dwarfs look unimpressed with your Kai lies, and all pull out their Bor rifles of justice. This is followed by firing them.

The Kai Initiate looks shocked as about 138.7 bullets strike him in the chest and he falls down dead. You are mortified, filled with sick horror at the atrocity you have had a hand in creating, while all the dwarves sober up instantly in disbelief . . . no, sorry, I can’t keep a straight face. No one cares, he’s just an Initiate after all.

If it helps, what happens next could partially vindicate your lying Kai lies. A suspicious robed figure walks into the hall and looks around guiltily.

“Here, Bob, where’s that Bor Brew, Fluffy’s getting . . . oh poot.” So saying, the figure legs it out of the door.

You have no idea what this is all about, but that has never stopped you from leaping into hot pursuit and heroic derring-do. The point being it’s not going to stop you now.

Turn to 25.

31

You return triumphant to the party, Bor Brew kegs in tow. Suddenly, Banedon appears at your shoulder and immediately grabs a tankard.

Everyone thinks it is the best they have ever tasted and praises your name. While Banedon gets even more wasted, you recount your epic adventure to the rest of the group, adding in more spawn of Naar and daring Kai Discipline usage (just so they don’t think *anyone* could have done this) and leaving out some of the more boring aspects like dwarf slaughter and nearly falling to your doom.

“Hey, wait a minute” says the bo’sun suddenly, pulling out a stray hair from his drink. “This tastes like the beard hair of the Bor Diplomat!”

“Hey! You’re right!” Banedon says.

“How do you know what his beard hair tastes like!” you ask Banedon, shocked and hurt. Of course, a better question should have been ‘Why are all the dwarfs suddenly pointing Bor Rifles at me?’

You don’t really get either question answered, although anyone staring at your bullet ridden corpse five seconds later could have told you the answer to the second one.

You life and mission end here for being a nasty murderer. So there.

32

You jam your right leg into the ground, coming to a screeching stop. You have suddenly remembered the rusty Bor rifle tucked into the back of your pants.

“Frreeeezzchh! Duunnschh moovesss!” you scream at the figure as you pull it out, mimicking the lines of a famous dwarf you had secretly stalked during your teenage years. “I hasss a Borrrrsch riflsss! Andsch i wiills shootss youuu!” Your grammar begins jumbling up with excitement as you drool uncontrollably over your new treasure. To your surprise, your gibberish most be comprehensible, because the figure obediently halts.

You know this is your moment. With great precision, you draw the rifle to your eye and takes aim at the figure’s head. To your annoyance, the figure swims about amazingly as you tremble with excitement, “Kekeke,” you snigger to yourself, while the rifle jumps with your every spasm. Coolly, you let your finger rest on the trigger. Holding your breath and naively calling upon your Grand Weaponmastery even though it’s not gun related, you squeeze the trigger hard.

Pick a number from the Random Number Table. If your number is 0–6, the Bor rifle gets clogged by your saliva and backfires. Your Magnakai Discipline of Nexus protects you from the backlash but now you can mark the rifle as a piece of Bor Crap on your Special Item list.

If your number is 7–9, you still bloody miss your target.

In either case, the figure extends its right hand, his fingers slowly closing into a thumbs-down sign. The ultimate diss! You almost go crazy. No one has ever dared to do that to the only Kai Supreme Master. This behaviour somehow reminds you of an annoying Kai Initiate that you know.

Luckily, you always have a contingency plan for every situation. Grunting, you flip the rifle backwards, grabbing it by its barrel as you prepare to hurl it at the shadowy figure. “You . . . eat my Bor rifle!” As if it was yours in the first place. As the spinning rifle leaves your grip, you silently wonder if it will hit.

If you withstood Aunt Sadhi’s dirty advances earlier, or have never been there, Kai blesses you with perfect accuracy, turn to **41**.

If you’ve been naughty there, turn to **42**.

33

You take a deep breathe and leap through the portal after the mysterious robed figure. You shoot through a dazzling series of lights and colours (and you think you see Kai Lord’s wandering book, floating in limbo) before you are thrown into a long brightly lit hallway,

which connects to several other similarly styled hallways. Along the walls of the hallways are doors. There must be thousands of them.

You've never been here before, but that old sage guy who kept showing up throughout your quests told you about this place. This is the hallway of portals. Each door leads to a different place on Magnamund. But only one with the power to traverse this place can open the doors. Otherwise, they will forever be stuck here, wandering the hallways as a lost being.

Fortunately, you are Lone Wolf. You can do everything, so you don't need to worry.

But in case you wondered what it would be like, here one of those lost beings comes now. He is wearing a shirt the make of which you've never seen before and is wearing a nametag that says "Hello. I'm John Grant." He approaches you and looks you up and down quizzically.

"Have we met before?" he asks. "I was just on my way from the fighting tournament, when I think I took a wrong turn. Do you know the way to England?"

You have no time to reply, for down the hallway, you hear running footsteps. Your powers of tracking tell you they belong to the robed figure! You rush after him, leaving John Grant as a marker for the door you just came through.

"This is the last test, Lone Wolf," the voice of the mysterious figures calls. "Choose the right door, and catch me. Choose the wrong door, and let the fates decide your course. But this is it. This is the end, no matter what you do."

You round the corner in time to hear a door slam shut. You look around in desperation and then you see that five of the doors are marked differently. Someone has scratched designs in their frames. You look back around the corner to see Grant preparing to wander off. If you don't go back now, you'll have no way of knowing which door you came through! You either have to leave or submit to this final test.

If you wish to go through the door marked with a number 5, turn to **36**.

If you wish to go through the door marked with a Rose, turn to **37**.

If you wish to go through the door marked with a skull, turn to **38**.

If you wish to go through the door marked "TOTS," turn to **39**.

If you wish to go through the door marked "51", turn to **51**.

If you wish to go back through the door you came from, and go check out a different party, turn to **34**.

If you would rather wander the halls as a lost being with John Grant, turn to **40**.

34

You decide that a strange robed figure jumping through what appears to be a portal and beckoning you to follow is not a figure to be trusted. Also, you remember that you like Banedon's figure better so you ignore the man and turn away. The portal closes behind you and you find yourself alone in the dark and lonely ally.

"So . . . I'm alone . . ." you say out loud to break the silence. "Where was that party that I heard was being thrown by the NAK? Maybe I'll go and see if I can gatecrash!"

You enthusiastically set off towards the NAK party, whistling as you go.

After three hours and many, many wrong turns, you finally find yourself at the party and prepare to join in the entertainment.

“My friends!” you shout, standing on a table and brandishing your sword. “Let us enjoy this party as equals! Look! I throw down my sword, you no longer have to fear me!” You throw your sword aside, drawing a sharp squeal from the man it punctures. You hurriedly try to talk over it. “We can have this night as equals, then tomorrow . . . tomorrow we can be enemies again and I can kick your butts!”

Strangely enough, you don’t hear the enthusiastic applause you were expecting, but no one is trying to kill you, either, so you decide to make the most of it. You quickly find a drinking partner and show them your drinking skills, taking no notice of the queer looks being thrown at you.

The next morning, you awaken to find yourself already standing. You try to move your arms in a routine Kai stretch, but they are tied! What happened? The last thing you remember was seeing Banedon’s gleeful face . . .

Your eyes snap open and you look around in horror. You are naked and tied to a post in the middle of the Monastery grounds. Even worse, there is a strange looking Kai Initiate leering at you . . . or rather at your lower half. Like the true warrior you are, you stand up straight, take a deep breath and . . .

“HEEEEEELLPP!”

Well, help finally arrives, an hour and a half later!

Well done! You survived the NAK . . . only to be dominated by an Initiate. The shame involved is unmentionable. So we won’t mention it. Good thing no one knows . . . yet. These things travel like wild fire through a monastery. You are blackmailed into oblivion.

Your financial quarter ends here.

35

Suddenly a dorky man dressed in a black robe appears out of nowhere, shakes your hand, and hands you a document entitled “New Lone Wolf Legendary Fights – the Helghast.” It is written by someone named Zipp. The man tips his non existent hat to you and disappears in a cloud of pink smoke.

You open the book to see a moving picture of you fighting a Helghast in the old days, before drunken parties and dwarves eager for hot love action. You are intrigued by the moving picture, yet also frightened of what it could . Your hand reaches out to touch the image. . .

If you touch the picture, turn to:

http://homepage.ntlworld.com/outspaced/PDFs/Zipp_Dementia_-_Helghast_Fight.pdf

If you pull yourself away from the book, close it and turn to **28**.

If you think this is shameless advertising, turn to the other page **35**.

35

Helghast: COMBAT SKILL 23 ENDURANCE 33

The foul creature is attacking you with a powerful Mindforce. Luckily, as a Supreme Kai Master you have your Mindshield and Psi-screen and Kai-screen (in case Kai is so drunk he

falls off his cloud onto your head) and Kai-potency. So you won't lose any EP nor any CS. Except you couldn't lose them anyway, could you? You never rolled any stats because you don't think about those things. Too late now, isn't it? And unless you think that LW takes the Sommerswerd to parties in case there's a stuck cork in a wine bottle, you don't have any magical weapons either, do you?

So really, you are stuck rolling random numbers at a CR of -23 since the Helghast has 23 more points than nothingness, and you can't even take EP points off of it! Yah-boo. Then again, you don't actually have any EP, so it can't reduce yours. However, an instant kill will still count, so really . . . sooner or later your life and quest end here.

Ok, ok, you could decide to play with your Book 20 rolled LW character sheet that you found laying about. In which case, really, that poor cut little Helghast doesn't stand a snowball's chance in the Plane of Light, does it? It widdles into its Kai cloak disguise as you destroy it with Kai Alchemy (shh, don't tell people who didn't have combat scores they could have used Kai alchemy) or whack it with the Sommerswerd or whatever it is you heroically decide to do.

Unfortunately, that still leaves you with the problem of no brew.

If you wish to head for the Kai Monastery to look for some Kai Brew, turn to **16**.

Or if you'd rather search out the dwarven embassy and acquire Bor Brew from them, turn to **17**.

36

You walk through the door with trepidation . . . only to discover that it's a normal door leading to a plant and herb emporium. You have a strange feeling you should be remembering something important when it comes to you. It's the evening before the Jolly Fat Kai party, and you still need to get Banedon a gift.

Aunt Sahdi is a hot busty blonde around 20 years of age and with legs soooo long. One suspects she isn't really an aunt. She purrs at you, rubbing her leg against yours.

"What can I do for you, big boy?" she asks

"Do you have any flowers? Blue ones . . . blue like the dreamy eyes of my best friend . . . a blue you could find yourself melting into . . . a blue like the mountain stream . . . blue like the soft robes of a Brother of the Crystal Star . . . blue robes that highlight the form so well in soft billowing curves . . ."

Turn to **5** and be ashamed of yourself for not having spotted that this was why the door was labelled five!

37

You open the door and are pulled into darkness. You scream, but no sound comes from your mouth. You look around you, but nothing is there to be seen. You take a deep breath, but you don't smell anything. You open your mouth and lick the air around you, trying to get at least a sensation from one of your senses, but the nothingness surrounding you doesn't taste like . . . well, anything. Finally, you try to touch yourself, just to make sure that you are not dead. You feel your scruffy fingers on your chest and . . . well, you kinda like it.

Suddenly, a white dot appears in front of you. That dot gets bigger and bigger and all of a sudden, you fall on a pack of cushions. It is less dark than a minute ago, but you can't still figure out where you are. And then, a door opens. Many shadows come in. A light is turned on. The shadows all let out a gasp of surprise as they see you.

You have landed on a male slave and killed him. The slave was in a room normally used by the female leaders of Telchos to . . . errr . . . have fun . . . with men . . . And luckily for you, the shadows that were surrounding you are these leaders of Telchos. Since the slave was killed by you, you have to take his place, and so the Telchoi have to . . . have fun with you.

You spend the next several hours running around the room, trying to avoid the Telchoi, because you don't like women. Sadly, one of them catches you and she . . . errr . . . you know . . . What Lone Wolf does with Banedon? But this time it's more like . . . errr . . . What Haz does with his girlfriend in the shower?

Well, anyways, you forgot to bring the blue pills that High Pimp Rimoah gives you every week, and so the Telcharim don't quite get what they want from you. They torture you and kill you. Your last thought is for your lost Banedy.

Your life and quest end here in a situation that many men would have liked to be in.

38

Skulls are usually a bad sign . . . but everything about this crazy adventure has been ass backwards. Maybe in this case, death can equal life, and a new beginning.

And hopefully some painkillers, too, you think as you push open the door. You're beginning to feel a hangover coming on.

A blast of cold air greets you as the door opens. You are just thinking that this isn't a good sign and perhaps you'd like to try one of the other doors when an invisible force pulls you through the doorway and behind you there is a click of finality.

HELLO.

"Where is this?" you ask the robed skeleton who has appeared next to you.

THIS IS NOWHERE. AND EVERYWHERE. YOU ARE CURRENTLY FALLING THROUGH AN ETERNITY OF CHOICES. WOULD YOU CARE FOR SOME TEA?

"But how do I get out?"

OH? YOU WANT OUT? BUT THE CRUMPETS ARE DELICIOUS. WELL, IF YOU'RE SURE. ALL YOU NEED DO IS CHOOSE. THESE ARE THE PATHS OF YOUR LIFE, AFTER ALL. JUST MAKE A CHOICE.

You don't really understand what the skeleton is telling you, so instead you close your eyes and concentrate on meditating. As the Book of Magnakai says, one must be able to relax before they can assess any situation. You quiet your thoughts and let your being spread out.

I WOULDN'T DO THAT IF I WERE YOU. NOT HERE.

But it's too late. Usually meditation is a very calming practice. But in the realm of infinite possibilities, it's a very dangerous practice. Anything can happen. And that gives all those odd outcomes a chance to come leaking out of the wordworks.

When you come to, you are laying in what is unmistakably a coffin. You try to move, but find that your body doesn't respond. You let your significant mental powers explore your

environment, and are shocked at what you discover. You are quite near to Holmgard. But the year is wrong. This would mean . . . dear lord, it's the day of the attack on the Kai Monastery! You must go help them! But you cannot . . . for you are trapped in the Graveyard of the Ancients. The only way you'll ever move again is if your younger self succumbs to the ancient evil you have become. But more likely, you'll just be blown up by the Vordak gem.

You are Lone Wolf. And you have ended your existence back where it all began, so long ago.

39

You open the door and let out a sigh of relief: you are back at the party! Or so it seems . . . Many things have changed since you went after that mysterious figure. Perhaps it is because many hours have gone by while you were in the inter-dimensional hallway?

You notice that now Banedon is wearing a light purple robe and he is holding a handbag. You also notice that many new people have joined the fun. There are still many dwarves, but they are not the same ones from before. And there are other new faces too: Kai Lords, Brothers of the Crystal Star, even Dark Spawn. You try to make your way to the bar by pushing past the people in your way. There, you grab a glass of an unknown alcoholic liquid that was on the counter and start to look around the room.

At least they managed to get more brew.

You see a dwarf talking to a Knight of the Realm in a language you don't recognize; the Knight answers in the same. They don't speak their heritage languages, but they seem to both understand each other. On a stage, a Kai Lord is handing over awards to different people in the room while, on another stage, a man who is obviously part of some dark cult is asking people to pay attention as he is about to announce the winner of a lottery draw. As he says that, all the guests grab their ticket and look at the evil appearing man in the hopes that it will be their turn to win. Sadly, there can only be one winner, and that winner is a Kai Lord that you've never heard of before. But you give a small cheer for your brethren anyways.

While the people go back to what they were doing before the announcement, you notice two figures wearing yellow robes exchanging a torrid kiss together. Once they are done (five minutes later) you notice that one of the figures is a giant cat (obviously, you think, but . . . why?). You also notice that, all around the room, there's people walking aimlessly, not talking nor exchanging any signs with anybody present at the party.

Sometimes, you see them disappearing behind a door for a few minutes, and when they come back, they are holding documents. You question what these guys are doing and whether it is exactly legal.

In a corner of the room, you see a man has been attached to the wall with chains and the people are throwing tomatoes at him. You recognize the poor man since you've met him a few minutes ago: it's John Grant! Almost everyone is booing and throwing things at him, except one guy (a Knight of the White Mountain, as it seems) that is running around shouting to people to stop doing that. They should praise the poor bloke, he says (obviously, you think, but . . . why?).

Suddenly, you see that a fight has broken out in another part of the room: a Kai Lord is fighting with a dwarf. You hear that the reason of their fight is that they don't agree with each other about the best Bor Brew in Magnamund. The battle seems to have given an idea to a group of triplets (!) that are now inviting people to join a fighting tournament that will be held soon. A Brother of the Crystal Star, or on closer inspection, a Sister of the Crystal Star, is asking to fight with another girl . . . but you sense that this is not a normal girl: it's a Nadziranim that has taken the shape of a female (obviously, but . . . why?! The barman then attracts your attention: "Mister Banedon Mercury is asked to the phone! Mister Banedon Mercury?" You didn't know that Mercury was Baendon's last name.

On the far-side wall of the room there's a fireplace that is heating the entire place. A giant wolf is sleeping in front of it, but you see that the paws he is resting his head on are gripping a blue sword. And then, all of a sudden, an evil presence makes its way in the room. It's Darklord Vashna! The evil creature opens the door from which many of the silent guys have been going through and closes it behind him. He then reappears a few minutes later and shouts that he has just added a new document in the room behind the door. Immediately, most of the participants of the party (and all the silent guests) leap to and try to enter the room and get a copy of the new document.

Just a few minutes later, a pirate joins the party and goes on the main stage. Grabbing the microphone, he starts talking: "My friend, it is that time again! It's time for a purge!" Immediately after saying that, all the people pull out their weapons, except the silent guys, who are wondering what is going on. And all hell then breaks loose: the people that have been silent are murdered, killed, strangled, chopped up, exploded... It's a terrible bloodbath!

Because you've never said a word since you came back at the party, some people try to kill you too. You pull out the Sommerswerd, but you notice that, instead of shooting white light, it is now shooting a rainbow! You can't defend yourself with that piece of junk! You soon are overwhelmed and fall into darkness.

When you wake up, you are still in the room. Banedon is also there. Most of the people who pulled out weapons are still there, too. There's even a few of the silent guys left, probably because they have been resurrected. Banedon walks over to you.

"Ah, Lone Wolf, we were expecting you!" As he talks, you notice that everything that he says appears over his head.

"What the heck happened here? Why are you wearing a purple robe?" you ask.

"You are in a parallel universe of Aon, you are at the Tower of the Sun! Welcome!"

"A parallel universe?!?" you ask.

Banedon then laughs very loudly, and the word LOL appears over his head.

"There's some echo in here! Yes, you are in a parallel universe! We have been expecting you for a while. There was a prophecy saying that you were going to come back, and we only got the confirmation of this a few months ago! Everyone! Lone Wolf is back!"

You look at Banedon, not knowing what to say. "But . . . to come back in a place, I must have been to that place before!" you finally say.

Banedon lies on the floor and start rolling around while laughing. The word ROFL appears over his head. When he stands up again, he wipes his eyes and says: "You have been here already . . . virtually!"

You don't understand what he means by "virtually," but it doesn't matter now as you become distracted by the fact that you have the word n00b hanging over your head.

"Don't worry" says Banedon, "You'll understand soon enough how this place works... Things are a little bit different in this universe."

"So . . . errr . . . your last name is really Mercury?" you ask.

"Yes, my full name here is Banedon Mercury, but you can call me Banedy . . . You know, I'm so happy to see you that I'm going to sing a song for you".

Banedy Mercury goes on the stage while many other people join him. He then starts signing:

*"You are the champion, my friend,
and you'll keep on fighting,
till the end.*

*You are the champion,
You are the champion,
Naar is the loser,
'Cause you are the champion,
In this world!!!!!!!"*

Congratulations! You've ended up on the best community website about yourself (Lone Wolf) of the internet!

If you are one of those silent dudes that were at the party not talking to anybody and simply taking everything from the download section, you are going to be murdered (virtually) soon if you don't try talking to us!

If you have already talked to us in the forums, you already know how cool this place is!
Keep having fun!

And if you are thinking that this is not a good ending because you don't know what happened to the real Banedon in the real universe of Aon, then you can try to play this adventure again from the beginning!

40

You decide not to risk the strange humour of the narrators of this journey nor your life by jumping through doors after robed figures. You walk back over to catch JG for a nice little chat about the Legends. His hint of a Scottish accent and his perceptions on life are delightful, and you spend many wonderful hours learning the actually insightful and relevant justifications for his choices in those novels. You even learn a little about his home town of Aberdeen – the nice beach and wonderful dialect of Doric.

You are now enlightened. Happiness is yours. You finally understand the thinking behind the books and the reverence he holds for Magnamund.

Until you screw it up by saying:

"Really, what sort of name is Qinefer, why would I go out with someone called that?"

Grant angrily boots you through the nearest door. You are sent into a freezing whirlwind. The foul winds rip your clothing off and you tumble disoriented to hard ground.

You dust yourself off, and look around. You are close to where the party was, but judging by the light it's the next day already. You shrug and prepare to enjoy a bracing stroll, deciding

to make your way back to the monastery and see how everything went. You wave to every happy passer-by you see. Birds are singing . . . the sun is shining . . . love is in your heart . . . but before this can turn into a musical, something breaks the mood.

Turn to **43**.

41

The butt of the rifle sails into the face of the robed figure. He goes down and the horrible wibbly wobbly swirly portal thing goes away. The horrible wibbly wobbly swirly feeling in your head remains, but that's because you drank way too much.

"At last, we shall see who this treacherous villain truly is!" you say to the gang of misfits who have gathered around in interest – some strange hobo and his dog, a fashionable knight of the realm, some fiery red-headed female Telchoi warrior wearing a chainmail bikini, and some studious sister of the crystal star wearing glasses and a turtleneck robe.

"And the villain is – Mr Peterson!" you say in shock as the hood falls back to reveal the face of the Kai Monastery's gardener.

"Wait, why does he have a Doomstone?" asks the dog.

"Ha-ha, Lone Wolf, because it is I, your worst Darklord nemesis!" he takes off his Mr Peterson mask to show a Darklord breathing helm.

"Archlord Gnaag???"

"**BLEEPing** Gnaag, no it's not that **BLEEPing** twerp, Mr 'ooh, look at me, I have the power to throw people in holes and get **BLEEPed** apart by the **404ERRORing** Sommerswerd in my own castle,'. I mean really, why the hell does he get not one but three **FORMATERROR** illustrations in the books and a **BLEEPing** central portrait on a **BLEEPing** front cover?"

"Sorry Haakon, but you know how these things go," you say encouragingly.

"**CANNOTFINDIMAGE** off! **BLEEPing** Haakon, no I am not that **BLEEPed** up Darth Vader wannabe . . . **BLEEPing** Haakon . . . you know he only had one orb of death, don't you, the **BLEEPing** twerp."

"Vashna?"

"**404ERROR** no, man! It's me, Zagarna!"

"Oh, sorry, didn't recognise you"

"Of course you **BLEEPing** didn't, that's cause I never **BLEEPing** got a **BLEEPing** picture or description, did I?"

"Well, people could kind of tell it was you in *The Magnamund Companion* . . . you know, behind Gnaag."

"Oh, thanks a bunch!"

"And there were those small pictures in the Legends books . . ."

"**INCLUDEPICTURE** you."

"Sorry."

The Darklord stands up to his full impressive height, whipping off his cloak and letting his second mouth laugh an evil laugh.

“Oh yes, I got a tent. A **BLEEP**ing tent! Thanks so **BLEEP**ing much. Yet I had the last laugh you stupid **NUMERICSE**RROR, you throw a **BLEEP**ing Bor rifle better than you shoot a sword . . . because you missed me back in book 2! Ha-ha-ha-ha!”

“Oh, so you’ve been covering in the shadows ever since.”

“**INSERTPICTURE** you.”

“Um . . . so . . . how’ve you been then?”

“Ha-hah, powerful with my recovered Doomstone! I’ve been corrupting minds – like your party, Even now the guests are poised to kill each other, all because of this little gem!”

“Oh, so . . . basically . . . I’ve just got to destroy the Doomstone, and you’ll be **BLEEP**ed then?”

“Hah, like to see you try, you little brat! Look who else has come back!”

“Gnaag?”

“**ERROR** you, no!” Zagarna gestures behind him. In the shadows another robed figure is visible. This one does not immediately pull off its hood so much as . . . fall slowly forwards.

“Hahaha, watch out for the cobbles there, Vonotar!” Zagarna walks over and picks up the robed faded skeleton. “Say hello to Lone Wolf, Vonotar,” he says, then his second mouth badly disguises an “Allo Mr Wolfie!” while Zagarna waves one skeletal hand enthusiastically.

“Zagarna . . . he’s dead . . .”

“He can still have you mate!”

“Look . . . ow, stop it . . . this is . . . ow, stop it . . . getting silly . . . ow, stop it.” Zagarna keeps whipping a skeletal hand (the power ring one, so it hurts more) at you.

“What are you gonna **NOTFOUND**ing do about it, eh, Kai boy?”

If you wish to unsheathe the Sommerswerd, the Sword of the Sun, and let its divine radiance wash over Zagarna and dissolve him into nothingness, turn to **50**.

If you hated the fact that you never got to kill Gnaag properly, nor Zagarna for that matter, then what the heck . . . a cloud goes over the sun and the moon is in the fifth house and it’s a Tuesday and you have lost a shoe so the Sommerswerd does not discharge its full might. You are locked into deadly combat with your mortal enemy who is trying to whip Vonotar’s skeleton at you. He also has a Doomstone. You must fight him, for the sake of the party, and probably Magnamund after that . . . who knows.

Darklord Zagarna (with Doomstone): **COMBAT SKILL 56** **ENDURANCE 60**

Owing to the Doomstone, Zagarna is immune to all forms of psychic attack except Kai-ray. For the first three rounds of combat, reduce your **COMBAT SKILL** by 2 points as you will have to use your Deliverance and Grand Nexus disciplines to undo the effects of the alcohol. Double all **ENDURANCE** losses you suffer due to Zagarna’s extra maw.

If you win, turn to **50**.

. . . then Kai blesses you with a bad case of crabs. They itch terribly and, thus distracted, your thrown piece of scrap metal misses and clangs noisily into the street, causing several dogs to start barking.

The figure laughs at you. “My turn,” it says, releasing a bolt of blue energy at your chest. Drunk as you are, you cannot dodge it, and are knocked unconscious on impact. But hey, it annihilates all the crabs!

When you awake it is the morning and all that remains of your duel is a bad hangover. You are naked in the street, as you have been picked over by the early morning cutpurses. But fortunately, you are Lone Wolf. You have a great body, even if your face leaves something to be desired. You stride back to the Kai Monastery, not quite remembering the details of last night, feeling there is definitely something you’re forgetting.

Turn to **43**.

43

You do not get a chance to walk far, a troop of the King’s finest guards leap out from whatever concealed places they managed to find and quickly surround you.

“Good god, man, where are your clothes!” they say, aghast.

“A Kai warrior needs no clothes!” he replies in a deep booming voice. “His honour is all the garment he needs! His blade is coated with righteousness! His justice is his plate mail, his vigour his shield, his courage sort’ve like mismatched greaves, his purpose like one of those hats . . . you know, the ones with the chainmail at the back to protect your neck . . .”

You prattle on for a while, as the guards look at each other incredulously.

Your arrest has been ordered . . . but no one wants to touch you while you are naked. Well except for Bob, and to be fair everyone is a little suspicious of *his* lack of Adam’s apple and high pitched voice, so *he’s* sent to go fetch you some more clothes, much to *his* annoyance.

By the time ‘Bob’ comes back he has another Kai in tow – it’s the Initiate from the party. Had they not looked for clothes to drape over you they would not have found him covered in blood and cowering in the laundry basket at the monastery.

“Why have you got extra bumps on the front of your armoured codpiece?” asks the Kai Initiate. “Space for extra padding?”

“Shut up!” ‘Bob’ says, thumping the Initiate on the head and pointing to you. “This man is the last known survivor of the massacre of the party last night . . . umm . . . except you, now.”

“Yes, I saw it all! Only I know the truth of what happened!”

“So, tell us if this man is innocent or if we’ll have to throw him into the Daziarn for all time. Er, or until he finds another way out.”

If you have used Mindblast on the Initiate, inadvertently killed him, or been otherwise horrid to the poor fellow, turn to **48**.

Otherwise, pick a number from the *Random Number Table*.

If you picked a 1–4, turn to **48**.

If you picked a 5–9, turn to **48**.

If you’ve picked 0 . . . turn to **48**.

What? Look, we're getting near the end you know, we can't just use up sections willy-nilly to make you feel better, especially when you know you are doomed. Go on, just *turn to 48*.

Oh, alright, if you wish to have the illusion of choice, turn to **49**.

44

You feel terrible, but you try to get some sleep, cursing your hangover to the deepest hells of the Daziarn. You try to get comfortable, but your head throbs painfully, your stomach keeps lurching, and your limbs ache.

You focus your Kai powers to try and relieve your discomfort, but it does you no good, this is the mother of all hangovers.

It takes you a less-than-good hour to realize sleeping *in* the road is not the best idea, and you move to sleep on the side of the road instead. Your drunken state and sudden lack of horses walking over your body allows you to finally fall into sleep. You awaken refreshed the next morning, and make the walk back to the monastery, trying to remember what had happened the previous night.

Pick a number from the *Random Number Table*.

If you picked 0–4, you make your way as normal. Turn to **47**.

If you picked 5–9, you slept a little too soundly. Thieves have stolen your belt pouch, weapons, special items, clothes, boots and motorcycle. And the fillings out of your teeth. You will just have to grin and bear it (pun intended) and walk back naked. Turn to **43**.

45

It's damp by the river. Your back is cramped. The mud is squelchy. A fish flops onto your head halfway through the night. But your discipline of Nexus keeps you warm enough to fend off influenza and pneumonia.

You have a bizarre dream of chasing a man down an endless corridor of hallways while he jeers at you and throws taunts your way. Because it's a dream, the taunts take physical form and you have to dodge them or be struck down. Finally, the man stops at the end of the hall and, taunting you to follow him, leaps through a single door.

You hesitate. This dream is feeling awfully life like . . . you can no longer feel the wet of the river at all . . . it's like you've left your body behind.

If you wish to follow him, turn to **33**.

Or if you decide it's time to wake up, say goodbye to the various bugs crawling over you, and head back to the city, turn to **47**.

46

The Graveyard of the Ancients is a place of . . . dead . . . ancient . . . things, really. Hence the name.

Some say that unknown terrors lurk beneath its treacherous and crumbling earth, that an ancient evil barely sleeps here, an evil that was old even before the footsteps of the Darklords were heard across the Durncrag Range.

Those people say that the evil was pushed to the outskirts of Holmgard when the Sommlending first arrived, pushed back by the godly blade of the Sommerswerd, and has waited with the patience of the unending for an opportunity to avenge itself and reclaim what once was its own.

Whatever, you are Lone Wolf, Kai Supreme Master and out and out hero, so you don't particularly care about anything lower than a God, and even then they aren't anything you can't beat in a fair fight.

You have the best night's sleep of your life, interrupted briefly when the earth caved in where you lay. A shambling monstrosity of pure evil swarmed by Crypt-spawn emerged from the dank stale smelling corridor, and gently propped you back up on the ground above and apologised for disturbing you, sir, sorry sir, have a good sleep sir.

You feel refreshed in the morning, mostly because some bloody Szall kids have stolen your clothes on a bet and you are faced with the bracing air of first light. You decide it's probably time to go back to the Kai Monastery to see what happened last night and get some new clothes.

A tomb slowly opens up across the way, but upon seeing not only you, but a naked you, the tomb slams back quickly and the sound of tumbling bodies and whipping tentacles finally ending in a resounding 'thud' can be heard, followed by lots of terrified shushing.

It's good to be a Kai Supreme Master!

Turn to **43**.

47

As you walk down the main street, you are suddenly jumped by guards from all directions. They are the King's best men, and they have caught you half drunk and mostly unawares, just like your Kai brethren were caught by the Darklords ages ago!

You left your Sommerswerd back at the monastery, and so all you have to fight with are your fists and whatever else you may have picked up during this crazy adventure. But it's not enough. Even if you have a Giak bobble toy. It's just not enough. You are dragged, kicking and puking, to the king, who looks at you sadly as a father looks at a depraved son.

Long story short, it seems the party guests really did slaughter each other, and as you ran from the scene of the crime, you are being charged with their murder! Your fate is set. You will be cast into the Daziarn, from which there can be no escape.

Thinking on this, you think it's not so bad. I mean, you've been there before. It's like a summer home for you. You'll be out in a week or two. Of course, by that time twenty years will have passed on Magnamund, and who knows what shape the world will be in?

Whatever service you were providing in the defense of Magnamund ends here . . . at least for a while.

48

The Kai Initiate is actually an OK bloke once you get to know him, and his experiences at the party (and more importantly, the after party massacre) have matured him. Not as much as if, you know, he had perhaps been told to go chop wood rather than attending the party and then found the massacre afterwards, but still.

He sings your praises for the attempts you made to do daring and heroic things, and states that the whole massacre incident was an unfortunate and unavoidable side effect of being a dwarven party.

Speaking of unfortunate effects, the kai Initiate experiences one of his own as he is distracted by the armour of the 'Bob'. His story also starts to lack focus as he focuses on something else instead.

"My name's Bob too," says the Initiate suddenly, woefully inept at any decent chat up lines. I mean, hey, he was taught by you.

Guard 'Bob' seems taken in nonetheless, while the rest of the guards seem more interested in taking you in, now that the Kai Initiate has shut up. Luckily the arrest (and worse, having to lose any food you ate watching the two lovebirds) is avoided when something unexpected happens . . .

Turn to **49**.

49

Suddenly a screech makes everyone look up. A shadow is growing larger . . . over the sand as it were. And then, with a huge crunch, Banedon's *Skyrider* lands . . . on top of the Kai Initiate. The gangplank goes down and Nolrim, the helmsman, jumps out. "Awright!" he says. "Where's the party!"

The officials and you have trouble explaining to the lost dwarf that the party was yesterday . . . and that they are all dead.

"All dead? All dead? Why all dead?!"

The dwarf swears revenge on the bastard who did it. You're not even sure who did it anymore, so you blame it on the Ceners, as you usually do.

"Come," Nolrim says. "We have no time to mourn the dead. We leave at once to destroy the Cener stronghold at Ruel!"

You are about to embark on a bizarre adventure involving slap stick, nudity, and lots of gratuitous sex. Oh, and Ceners. But I'm sure that none of that interests you, so we'll end it here instead, with a hearty congratulations to you for surviving the party that will be talked about for years! You may not have succeeded at keeping anyone alive, but since when have you been good at that?

50

"You **INCLUDEPICTURE MERGEFORMATINET**ing twerp!" says Zagarna as your powerful blade puts an end to him and the mis-used body of Vonotar once and for all.

A sense of peace overwhelms you as you look at the burnt and charred area where your foe once stood. A single blow smashes the Doomstone to pieces. Another cleaves the dog's head from its body – really, a talking dog? Has to be a Helghast in disguise.

With the Doomstone destroyed and Zagarna's evil machinations finished, you return to the party a hero.

Out of the influence of the Doomstone, Dwarf and Kai drink each other's brew as the Kai open up their stores and the Dwarves let everyone have access to theirs.

The Kai Initiate cops off with a very nice guard he meets and is the best student you could ever ask for . . . mostly because he goes off to marry her and so you don't have to answer his questions like all the other whining students.

Aunt Sahdi takes over Honest Zagarna's shop and meets a very nice young handyman as it is being done up. He even has a gay brother for her brother to hang out with.

For you, Lone Wolf, your mission is complete, and the satisfaction of a job well done is . . . well, it's not enough, is it? But it's ok, as you and Banedon get to find a nice quiet corner of the party and play 'Prisoners of Kaag'.

Congratulations Lone Wolf!

51

Well, now you've gone and done it. You've messed everything up! The gamebook was supposed to end on section 50! This creates a paradox as soon as you open the door.

But it's too late for regrets now. The door opens and a blast of wind hits your face. You are staring into darkness . Little black arms suddenly appear in this darkness and wrap themselves around you. You try to resist, but it's impossible. You are pulled through the door.

You fall for a short time, and then suddenly there is light. You are in a small room with a single candle and only one door leading out. You feel like you've been here before

To take this door, turn to **51**.